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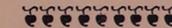
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Principal's Message

If I have a message to give to the Belleville High School pupils at this time, it is the simple message "To put heart in your every day work and play". Make your work and play your own. Feel that it belongs to you and is the product of your own mind and hand. We all like what we can call our own.

Half-hearted work and play is in the long run a habit of mind. The same thing can be said of whole-hearted work and play. Putting heart into your work and play is an excellent habit, it means success.

In order to form this good habit, however, each one must have a good healthy body. This means a proper balance of work and play; a proper balance of work and rest. It also means careful attention to diet and above all temperance in all things.

Putting heart into your work and play means the developing of a cheerful disposition and what is more to be desired than that which leads to happiness!

"Work when you work and play when you play
That is the way to be happy and gay".

—P. C. MacLaurin



THE ELEVATOR STAFF, 1926

From left to right, top row: Kathryn Gallagher, Miss Laidley, Leslie Pearsall, Murray Bonnycastle, Mr. Nation, Miss Young, Trula Mason. Middle Row: Gardiner Duff, Lorna Ridley, Dorothy Robinson, Lorine Sprague, Clair Stewart. Bottom Row: Jim Cooke, Alfred Ellis.

This is the Elevator staff. Aren't they a fine looking group? I ask you, don't you wish you were one? Well———maybe.



✠

Editorial Staff

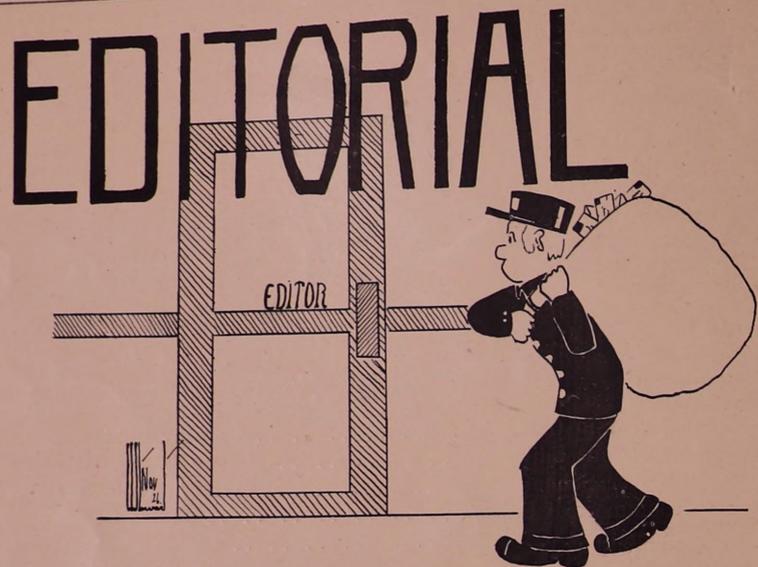
- Editor-in-Chief Dorothy Robinson
- Assistant Editor Murray Bonnycastle
- Lower School Editor Kathryn Gallagher
- Commercial Editor James Cooke
- Society Lorine Sprague
- Exchange Dorothy Bishop
- Girls' Sports Lorna Ridley
- Boys' Sports Gardiner Duff
- Cartoon Editor Clair Stewart
- Secretary Trula Mason

Staff Advisors

- Miss Young Miss Laidley Mr. Nation
- Typists Commercial Class
- Business Manager Leslie Pearsall



T. Matlyn
The Mistletoe



Mr. Napier Moore, the Editor of MacLean's Magazine, was to give a talk on "Magazines" at the Convention of Editors in Toronto. When he rose to speak, however, he said, "There are a thousand and one things I could tell you about a magazine." I didn't believe him then. I do now. Writing the editorial is just ONE thing, but nevertheless, it is a ticklish piece of business for an unskilled person like myself to attempt.

One thought, however, comes to my mind at once, and that is,—endless thanks to our advertisers who have made this school publication possible. Read their ads. and patronize them.

Believing in the old adage, "Everything comes to him who waits," I patiently wait, hoping to get an inspiration which will help me to continue. Then the brilliant idea comes. I decide to open one of our exchanges and read the editorial there. Behold, when I timidly but anxiously peep at the heading, I read, "Is the Hudson Bay Railroad Necessary?" Ye gods! How do I know? I close the book with a bang.

Another period of waiting,—and hoping. Perfect blankness!

After all, then, must I use the time-worn topic, the New Collegiate? Perhaps in the end I have a right to mention it, for now it seems more real than ever before. We used to be like the lad who paddled down the stream, on and on, riding on the moonbeam, and striv-

ing, one day to reach the moon. We kept on from year to year, living in hope of getting our Collegiate, talking and dreaming of it, and yet it seemed always as far away as ever.

But now; why, its almost here, isn't it? Haven't we seen the plans? Haven't we heard Mr. MacLaurin vividly describe it? Haven't we even seen the words, "New Collegiate Institute" printed in glaring headlines on the front pages of our daily newspapers?

And some day in the near future, when we are plodding up Campbell Street hill, our eyes cast downward and our backs bent with the load of our books, we will suddenly look up. There, on the summit of the hill we will see,—not the old red building that has served us faithfully all these years, but a new collegiate,—large, beautiful and distinctive. That will be our goal.

The Elevator wishes its readers a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

THAT CONVENTION

WHAT? WHERE? WHEN? WHY? HOW?

A complete story or news item, we learned, must contain answers to the foregoing questions. Noow to make this a complete news item.

WHAT?—A convention planned by the Sigma Delta Chi Fraternity, the Women's Press Club, and the University Extension Department.

WHERE?—At the University of Toronto.

WHEN?—Friday and Saturday, October 29 and 30, 1926.

WHY?—To work up a greater interest throughout the schools of Ontario in literary and journalistic work, and to increase the number of schools producing magazines in the province.

HOW?—By inviting the collegiates and high schools in Ontario to send delegates to this convention, and by having people who are very prominent in journalism as speakers. Representatives were sent from schools as far north as North Bay, as far west as London, as far south as St. Catharines, and as far east as Pembroke. The Belleville delegates were Miss Young, Murray Bonnycastle, Leslie Pearsall and Dorothy Robinson.

And here is an account of our trip.

On Thursday afternoon, the "fairer" portion of our party set out by train for Toronto, arriving there about 8.30 p.m. (Our boys evidently preferred taking a slow train which arrived late at night, to travelling in the company of "us women"). Fortunately, we managed to secure rooms together (that is, Miss Young and myself) with friends.

We went to bed in the wee sma' hours of the morning.

Eight o'clock came too soon, bringing with it the usual buzzing alarm clocks, "daily dozens", shiny noses, and hasty breakfasts.

Then we walked to Convocation Hall where the Convention was to be held. It was interesting to watch the crowds of pupils and teachers there from different schools, and to judge their intelligence from their appearance and demeanour while they were lined up for registration. They all appeared so young, and yet they wore serious, important expressions, fully realizing, I suppose, the honor and responsibility which was theirs in representing their respective schools. Our own eager young faces, of course, looked very serious and intelligent also, and added (?) much to the beauty of the scene.

One might think that the students, being away from home, might feel free to be unruly. On the other hand, we were all very meek and demure, staying closely with our own particular school group. Our teachers were the ones to "run wild",—er—that is, every now and again, they would rush from us frantically, to meet some teacher whom they had not seen since college days.

Finally we were all summoned into the Hall, and the Convention proper commenced. Sir Robert Falconer, President of the University of Toronto, gave a welcoming address on behalf of the University, and Mr. George Scroggie,

Past President of the Canadian Daily Newspapers Association, also welcomed us on behalf of the Press. Then, one by one, the schools gave their yells and the old B.H.S. Hip-rah, Zip-rah resounded through the Hall almost as loudly as that of London C.C.I., which, by the way, sent twenty-three delegates.

Shortly after lunch, we assembled for field trips. The Belleville group decided to make a tour of the Varsity Press Building, which was indeed interesting. There we saw almost every phase of work done in a printing office, from the setting up of type by the huge linotype machine, to the backing and binding of books. Not being versed in the intricacies of machinery, however, I will not attempt to make any extensive description.

After this trip, we went to the Mining Building where Miss Lucy Doyle, the "Cornelia" of the Toronto Telegram, gave us an engaging talk on "Women's Place in Journalism." She told us a great deal about editing a woman's page, or, as some men would describe it,—a page devoted to fashions, passions and rations. She pointed out that women, being more observing than the opposite sex, were, therefore, much better along certain branches of journalism, (such as editing a woman's page, as I suppose some perverse male would remark.)

On Friday evening, a banquet was given at Wymilwood for the lady delegates. Wymilwood is a residence for University girls, and is one of the loveliest homes imaginable for them. Each room we entered, we would declare more lovely than the others. The Green Room, as it was called, was especially appealing to the Belleville delegates. Here, the Queen of Roumania had tea during her visit in Toronto. Instead of naming the different rooms, the drawing room, the reception room, etc., they were known as the Red Room, the Grey Room, and so forth, each being decorated in the colour mentioned.

Dainty place-cards in the dining room had been made by our hostesses, with funny little silhouettes pasted on them, and when we found ourselves seated, we became aware that we were among strangers. We had a jolly time becoming acquainted, and conversation proved easy.

And the banquet itself.

One could tell that our school-girl appetites had been thought of, and delicious things of every description were served to us.

After the banquet, a few short toasts were given, and we were taught the Varsity yell. We spent the next hour wandering through the various rooms, getting acquainted with more

people, and obtaining souvenir signatures on our place-cards. When we left Wymilwood, we gave three hearty cheers and a tiger for the girls who had spent so much time and thought in preparation for us, and voted them the best of hostesses,—for they certainly were.

In conclusion, to all of those who aspire to be writers, I would pass along the word which each speaker at the Convention strove to point out to us. They said that in journalistic work:

1. It is absolutely essential that you interest your reader.

2. Simplicity of phrase and clearness of expression is needed.

Lastly, have confidence in yourself, for genius is only the ability to see the true use of common things.

—Dorothy Robinson

EDITORIAL

There always seems to be a peculiar, probably entirely personal, distinction in having taken part in the very first of anything. That is one of the minor satisfactions one feels in having attended the convention of secondary school editors at Toronto, because it was the first of its kind in Canada. Outside the real heart of the thing, there were also the interesting inspections of Convocation Hall, Hart House and the Globe Office, not mentioning the very fine banquet with which the male delegates of the convention were served at Hart House, while the female delegates dined at Wymilwood.

Hart House is, I believe, the finest thing of its kind on the continent. It is built round a quadrangle and contains facilities for almost everything—sports, art, literature, music. The largest swimming pool under cover in Canada is here, an art room that is the only non-commercial place in Toronto where one-man exhibits are held, reading rooms and the editorial offices of "The Varsity" the University paper, and a music room in which only very fine recitals are given. This does not begin to touch on the completeness of Hart House—its very finished little theatre, its billiard-room, its photographic department, its gymnasium.

The great hall where we had our banquet is a large place with a quite baronial atmosphere; very high oak ceilings, oak panelled walls, great windows high up in the wall, between which

are life size oil-paintings of past presidents of the University. In one end of the hall there is a very large fire-place, in which logs were burning. There are over one hundred of us, and yet we took up only a small section of the hall.

After the banquet and the toasts that followed, we met the girls at Wymilwood and the party divided, part to go through the home of McLean's Magazine and part to go through the Globe newspaper office. We chose the latter. It was after ten o'clock when we arrived, and already the morning edition was beginning to get under way. It was a fascinating and untidy place just as one has imagined a newspaper office should be. The arrangement of departments and rooms seemed very complicated, but is probably very systematic. We "did" the place thoroughly from cellar to garret and were not finished until midnight.

It was made particularly interesting by the fact that that afternoon Mr. McManus of the Globe had given us a vivid talk on the organization of a newspaper which explained many things which might otherwise have seemed rather pointless to us. Mr. McManus told us of the great system and speed necessary in the preparation of a big newspaper.

Mr. Ashworth's address earlier in the day was fascinating to all. Mr. Ashworth is a foreign correspondent, and he told us about some of his experiences in England, Europe and Africa.

Mr. Gardner's talk on engraving the next morning was one of the most applicable addresses that we heard. He gave much useful advice concerning illustrations in school magazines.

Mr. Moore, editor of McLean's, was the last speaker at the convention. His talk was more in the nature of a discussion. We asked him questions, and he discussed them from a personal and general standpoint. Many excellent points were brought up during this and the general discussions that followed, which without doubt will be of great benefit to all those present.

The convention came to a close at noon of the second day, and we were presented with seats for the McGill-Varsity Rugby Game which we all enjoyed immensely in spite of the rain.

—Murray Bonnycastle



A RETROSPECT

Our school year 1925-26 would have been one of the most successful years known, had it not been for our principal's absence during the first half of the term, and secondly, there was no Elevator published. Perhaps it is fitting, therefore, to review the outstanding events of the past year in this year's school paper.

Our principal, Mr. MacLaurin, who had been working too hard at his duties, was forced to take a complete rest, and from September to the new year, Mr. Stilwell filled in the breach, and took the position of Acting-Principal. Too much cannot be said in praise of the capable manner in which he carried on the work of the school.

Our Commencement Exercises were held in Griffin's Opera House in November, 1925. The feature of the programme was an address given by Hon. G. H. Ferguson, the Minister of Education.

Louise Wallbridge was presented with the Memorial Scholarship, value \$100; and Margaret Ried won the First Carter Scholarship, value \$100.

The Literary Society, headed by the late Mac Farrell, had one of the most successful years known. The public meetings were held each month in the City Hall, and were all well attended, due, no doubt, to the Society's new plan of scattering the Form stunts throughout the year, by staging two or three stunts at each meeting. At the end of the year, it was found that Form IVB had won the Stunt Shield, presented by Miss Young, for the best stunt. This was a school-room act entitled "Peter Projects", and was skilfully done by the IVth Formers.

Other interesting features of the year's pro-

gramme were the inter-form debates. The debating shield was won by Form IIB, Eileen MacLaurin, Violet Rigby, Alan Sprague and Cyril Mott being the winners in the final debate.

The Oratorical Contest displayed the speaking ability in the school and the winners were Laurie Robson, Alan Sprague and Kathryn Gallagher.

In March, the High School play was presented in Griffin's Theatre to a packed house. It was "The Admirable Crichton", written by Sir J. M. Barrie. Alice McIntosh and Percy Cole took the leading roles and were supported by a fine caste. The play was ably directed by Miss Young, and Cecil Facer was the capable stage manager. The whole thing proved a huge success.

Along the sports line, the year was also very successful. On Field Day, Jean Ramsay, Elsie Doolittle and Ethel Adams were the winners of the girls' events.

In basketball, IIC (Commercial) won the inter-form series. The inter-school series, senior, was won by the B. H. S. team, making it the third consecutive year for such an honour. The junior basketball team did not do so well.

The baseball shield was won by Form IIB. Last year the B. H. S. was instrumental in bringing about the formation of the Hastings County High School Baseball League. It proved to be very successful and the B. H. S. girls won the cup presented by the Kiwanis Club.

In the boys' sports, the champions for the year were Donald Ketcheson, Charles Galway, Clifford Ketcheson and James Cooke.

The Vth Form was victorious in both inter-form hockey and baseball.

TWELFTH DAY

(Without our homework done)

A one-act play, with the following cast:—

Hero Mr. Stilwell
Villain Rod Palmer
Martyr Arnold Bryant
Others 5th Form members

Scene 1—5th Form

Thunder and Lightning

Enter Mr. Stilwell with an algebra in his hand.

(Silence is heard all over the room).

LORNA S. (in a stage whisper)—Help me hence, ho! He advances with a lengthy stride and a grim countenance,

MR. STILWELL (to the class)—We must finish this exercise ere close of day. Ethel waits. (To Arnold) How goes the homework, boy?

ARNOLD—I dare do all that may become a man; who dares do more is none!

MR. STILWELL—Speak! How many didst thou get?

ARNOLD—Out of the seven which thou didst assign unto us, I succeeded with none, although I made brave attempts withal.

MR. STILWELL—What, none? I'll hang thee for it. But tell me, where didst thou go wrong?

ARNOLD—Faith, that is the thing which I don't know. I beg of thee, hold peace! If thou wouldst tell me—

ROD—I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse; question enrages him.

MR. STILWELL—Well bide with me at sharp four bells, patch!

ROD—Ha! ha! Farewell! We'll toll toll the knell of Arnold Henry Bryant.

ARNOLD—Oh Hell! 'Tis well you keep the ruby of your cheeks while mine is blanched with fear. Laugh not, coward! Thou'lt reap thy rich reward.

ROD—Never! I have almost forgot the taste of fears. Nevertheless I'll send my prayers with thee.

ARNOLD—Aye more than that! I'll borrow thy solutions to these intriguing problems.

ROD—Oh ghastly fate! Thou'lt not because that I myself did not succeed in reproducing the answers. Thou'lt not tell on me?

ARNOLD—I would I were a better man! Then duty might call out to me and bid me to the task. But no, I will not snitch.

ROD—Ah blessed child. Thou art too kind. I'll do the same for you some day. Thou giv'st sleep again to my nights. Sleep that knits the ravelled sleeve of care—

ARNOLD—Get thee gone! Tomorrow we'll hear ourselves again.

MR. STILWELL — Wherefore was that cry? (Looking at Walter) Didst thou speak?

WALTER—Aye, I fail to see where thou dost get that answer. (Mr. Stilwell and he immediately launch into a heated argument. To Chas. K. in a whisper). He corners me but doggedly I must fight the course. Ah! that's his point. Now am I conquered.

ROD (triumphantly to Arnold) — Present fears are less than horrible imaginings. How I didst dread this space, but it seems I shall escape unharmed. (Mr. Stilwell stalks up and down the aisles casting searching glances at the diligent, dignified occupants of 5th).

LORNA R—He draws near! May the gods of chance preserve me.

ALLAN (to Ethel)—Didst thou succeed with the twenty-second mystery? (She nods) Then wouldst thou be so kind as to help a fellow in distress? (She explains the question). Oh yes, a slight mistake on my part.

MR. STILWELL (pausing by the desk of the valiant Rod)—Well, I presume you have conquered the mystic seven, yet you seem not at peace with your conscience!

ROD—Sir, it is with regret I speak. I—I—er—they are undone so let me endure your wrath. Within three periods have I felt it coming.

MR. STILWELL—Eager thou art, I'm sure, to get along! Thou should'st be transported from this lofty form to the infant first where mayhap thou'dst learn to use thy tongue— etc., etc.

(Rod's manly head is bowed in shame. Suddenly through the gloom and terror breaks the welcome sound of "the bell").

Exit Mr. Stilwell.

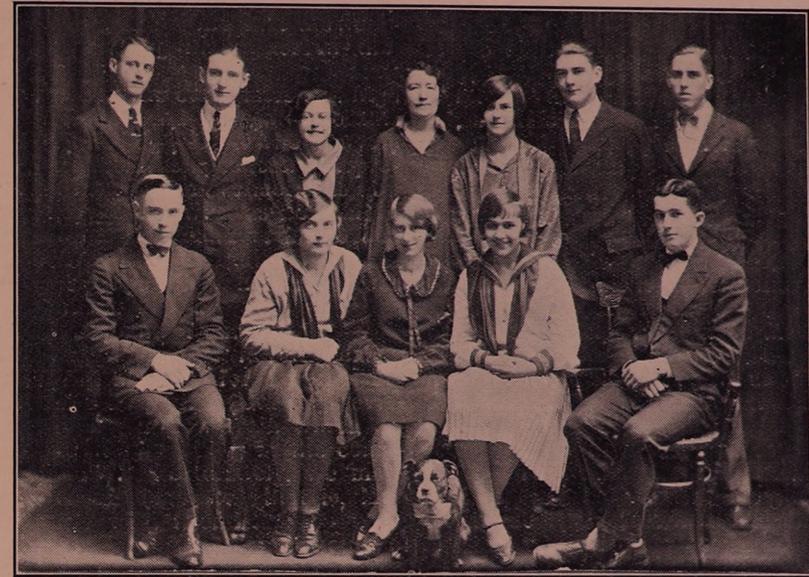
ROD (deeply humiliated) — 'Tis safer to confess of problems which annoy, than by deception dwell in doubtful joy.

CURTAIN

HIDDEN MORAL—There's no use trying to fool Mr. Stilwell.



THE LITERARY SOCIETY



From left to right, standing: Eugene Hitchon, Alan Sprague, Jean MacLaurin, Miss Young, Bernice Davison, Allan Gay, Milton Davison. Sitting: Walter Prentice, Eileen MacLaurin, Dorothy Robinson, Lorine Sprague, "Bud" Galway.

The Literary Society is one of the most active organizations in the school. In fact it is THE ORGANIZATION.

In May, 1926, the officers for the following term were elected with these results:—

- Honorary President Miss Young
- President Dorothy Robinson
- Vice-President Allan Gay
- Secretary Lorine Sprague
- Upper School Rep. Walter Prentice
- Middle School Reps.—Milton Davison and Eileen MacLaurin.
- Lower School Reps. — Eugene Hitchon and Jean MacLaurin.
- Commercial Rep. Bernice Davison

Early in the term this executive met and drew up the year's program to consist of a stunt night, a series of interform debates, an oratorical contest as well as other interesting evenings.

The first meeting was held in October, and took the form of stunt night for the higher forms.

"A Male Beauty Contest", which the 5th

Form gave, was very popular with the audience and the boys proved their good sportsmanship by appearing on the stage in gaudy bathing suits, barrels, bathrobes and slickers.

IVB's stunt was called "Songs with Emotions", and in this, songs were sung behind the scenes while they were enacted on the stage. An especially pleasing part in this stunt was the song and actions "Thanks for the Buggy Ride."

IVA staged a mystery drama called "Wolves of the Night" which was extremely clever, and well played. This was supposed to be a moving picture, and hence there were no words spoken although there was plenty of action.

IIIB presented a hospital scene, with Doctor I. Cutem and Doctor I. Sendum T. Sleep performing the operations. This was very pleasing, as was "Comin' Thru' the Rye," given by IIIC.

The latter stunt was a quaint song and dance which took us back to the ante-Charleston days.

In January, we hold our annual Oratorical

Contest, and many entries are expected.

The School Play will be presented in March probably and its success is assured if we can judge from former years.

Near the close of last year, our Society decided to award a special Literary Pin to people who had helped along literary lines throughout the year. The conditions which must be ful-

filled were outlined, and we found at the close of the term that almost forty pins had been won.

Surely this proves what a wonderful asset to the school our Literary Society is, in bringing out the talent of the pupils, and thus starting them on the road to better things.



BELLEVILLE HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

OUR ORCHESTRA

Shortly after school began, in September, a startling notice was posted on the doors,—startling, for it mentioned the words "High School Orchestra," an expression we have scarcely heard in the school since Ab. Adams' time.

Several responded, and, to our surprise found that the sponsor of the notice was Mr. Thomas, who, by the way, is a wonder with the trombone.

The following are in the orchestra:—
Mr. Thomas Trombone

- Bill Farrell Cornet
- Arthur Jones Cornet
- Harvey Sprague Violin
- Tom Byrne Banjo
- Laurison Kelly Traps
- Robert Orr Violin
- Ethel Adams Piano

Due to the kindness of the "Y" authorities in letting us use the lecture room, we are making rapid progress and expect to make our debut at the Girls' Athletic Revue.

We also take this opportunity of thanking the Literary Society which, to advance our equipment, gave us a kettle-drum.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

I shall never forget my first glimpse of our hero. He was a short, rather well-built Italian of middle age, and had a peculiar smile which showed to advantage his pearly teeth as white as his face was brown. His hair was so scanty as to be a poor advertisement for a hair-growing establishment. His hat might have once been respectable but an unfortunate accident had left it as flat as a married man's payroll. The rest of his attire was less impressive, but there was about his whole person, an air of distinction, of garlic.

Christopher worked as a fruit dealer, and seldom used his head for anything outside of

keeping his ears apart. One day it struck him that the earth was as flat as a potato, and, having as much money as a South Sea Islander has clothes, he decided to borrow a few greenbacks off the King of Spain.

The King was about as interested in Columbus as an Eskimo in straw hats, and showed the door with a dramatic gesture of the movie extra in the role of an oil magnate.

However, Columbus was meant to be a great man, and the Queen, seeing him so unhappy, presented him with a stock of jewels as high as his landlord's rent. Now that he lacked only a crew, the King became interested

enough in his enterprise to ship him a load of prisoners, C.O.D.

The journey was about as eventful as a night in a Chinese opium den, written by an American author who has never been to China. As an admiral, Christopher was as disappointing as the attendance at an amateur opera company's first night.

The crew were happy as long as Columbus lent them his cat for rugby, and spent their leisure hours singing "Yo! ho! ho! and a Bottle of Rum", and "She Was Just a Sailor's Sweetheart". The time was to come when rugby grew tiring, and "Yo! ho! ho! and a Bottle of Rum" grew as dead as the admiral's cat which someone had kicked overboard. They learned "She Was Just a Sailor's Sweetheart" so that there was no longer any use singing it.

In the moment of impending disaster, Christopher was as cool as a nigger from the Southern States at the North Pole. The crew, however, was as insistent as an insurance agent with the prospect of a million dollar policy in front of him, and forced their superior officer

to come to terms. As a result, Christopher promised to return home inside of three days, with the reluctance of a Bengal tiger giving up a dinner of "fresh Hindu a la carte". They struck land three days later, much to the gratification of Columbo who sat up all night singing "Hi! Ho! Americo!" while the dog did the Charleston and the cat sang those delightful Hawaii melodies for which cats in general are famous.

Christopher's return was as unexpected as a heat wave in Siberia, and as welcome as a bill collector's. The King felt, however, that Christopher must receive some reward so he appointed the explorer Spanish Ambassador to a cannibal island.

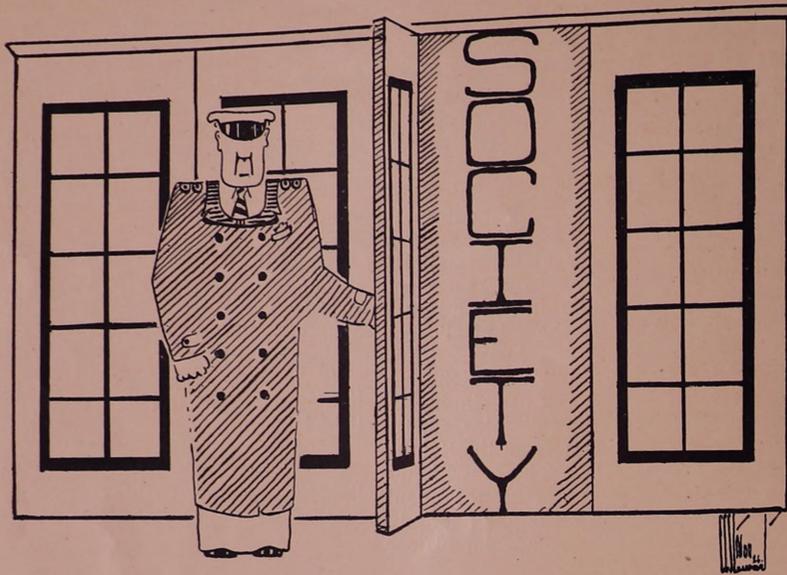
Christopher then disappeared from the lime-light altogether, but an ominous article published in the social column of November's issue of "Cannibal's Delight", states that the natives of "Eat 'Em Up" Island enjoyed a delightful repast on a white man who called himself—Christopher Columbus.

—Alfred Ellis

WINNERS OF THE YOUNG DEBATING SHIELD, 1925-26



Violet Rigby, Alan Sprague, Cyril Mott, Eileen MacLaurin



After a lapse of a year the Belleville High School is overjoyed at being informed that the Elevator is again to be published—the elevator that lifts us ever up, but never down.

The passage of time has robbed us of many of our popular and brilliant students, but has also filled the halls of Belleville High School with many new faces, who, in time, will take the places left by our senior students. The school deeply regrets the loss of its old students, many of whom are now claimed by the various colleges and business institutions of the country. Their careers and future successes will be followed with interest.

The Belleville High School has also lost a number of its popular and highly esteemed teachers; but mingled with the regret the school feels at its loss are its heartiest wishes extended to them for the future.

The school also extends a hearty welcome to the new teachers.

The following is a list of teachers, graduates and students who left the Belleville High School during the year 1925-26.

Teachers:

Mr. Davis—Teaching at High School, St. Catharines.

Mrs. Davis—St. Catharines.

Mr. Hawking—Teaching in High School, Parry Sound.

Mr. Elliot—Farming at Ilderton.

Mr. Smith—Teaching in Collegiate, Smith's Falls.

Miss Sinclair Living at home in Toronto.

Ex-Pupils:

Queen's University—Norman Reid, Donald Ketcheson, Gordon Gray, Raymond Arnott, Frank Follwell, Donald Garrison.

Peterborough Normal—Harry Redfern, Veva Lloyd, Laura Robson, Irene Grills, Susie McFarlane, Ella Earle, Mary Mills, Jean Leavens.

Toronto Normal—Rosamond Van Allen, Marjorie Heagle, Marjorie Hudgins, Ruth Bond.

Toronto University—William Pinkerton, Robert Empson, William Connor.

Ontario Business College—James Lafferty, Gerald Hurley, Helen Luscombe, Evelyn Cook, Alda Sills, Annie Safe, Charles Kenny, Mary Gartley, Lorne Cole, Madeline Bell, Ruth Cronk.

Alemite Co.—Carl Ray, Murray Hall, Earl Darrah.

Lattimer's Drug Store—St. Clair Moffat, Robert Boyes.

Corbyville Alcohol Co.—Maybell Pope, Nellie Lywood.

Quinte Hotel—Donald Wheeler, Frank Pringle.

Deacon Shirt Factory—Beulah Harkins, Agnes Tracey.

At Home—Elizabeth Lewis, Vivian Lewis, Kathleen Woodley, Jennie Adams, Mary Webster, Jack Truaisch, Rosamonde Burley, Archie

Buck, Dorothea Newson, Daisy Morris, Grace Simmons, Hazel Rickley, George Pope, Jack Murphy, Lawrence Mason, Mary McCoy, Elsie Smallhorn, Irene Hick, Edith Henderson, Myrtle Gould, Oakley Gough, Thomas Emmons, Kenneth Clarke, Windsor Bushell, Grace Appleton, Bernice Baker.

Jack Robertson—Albert College.

Elda Robertson—Toronto Technical School.

Jane and Caroline Parker—Porto Rico.

Lorne Morton—Ostrom's Drug Store.

Lawrence Wray—Royal Military College, Kingston.

Evelyn Whalen—The Walker Store.

Thomas Wells—C.P.R. Telegraph Co.

Dwight Wells—Bank of Commerce, Carleton Place.

Lila Sprague—Standard Manufacturing Co., Akron, Ohio.

Elvera Scott—Standard Bank.

Clifford Ketcheson—Bank of Commerce, Toronto.

Margaret Holway—Regent Theatre.

George Faulkner—McGill University, Montreal.

John Evans—Bank of Montreal.

Fred Croft—Gilbert's Bakery.

Ormonde Butler—Butler and Payne, Law Office.

Jack Belair—Loyola College, Montreal.

Dorothy Pearce—Rochester.

Grace Philp—Black's Candy Store.

Mary Murray—Cobourg.

Tom Lewis—Quinte Service Station.

Cecil Stephens—Campbellford.

Donald Roe—Imperial Oil Co.

James Large—Garnett Dobbs, plumber.

Mary Gulliver—Training at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.

Jean Galway—McLaughlin's Garage.

Wilfred Flower—St. Mary's College, Brockville.

Kenneth Ray—Hamilton.

Laura Dougherty—Woolworth's.

Earl McFee—Green's, butcher.

Blake Weese—Western Canada.

Madeline Seeney—McIntosh Bros.

Benjamin Safe—A. Safe & Co.

Edward Royle—Tarlinton's, confectioner.

Florence Roper—Delaney's.

Lois Kirkpatrick—Nova Scotia.

Allan Hickin—Standard Bank.

Lewis Cole—Belleville Hardware.

John Black—Agent for Rawleigh's.

Willis Brenton—Working on farm.

Hazel Barber—Moore's Candy Store.

Clement Allen—At home.

Violet Rigby—Dickens & Son.

Catherine Russell—Teaching music at home.

Thomas Wells—C. N. R. Telegraph Co.

Marjorie Taylor—Montreal.

William Hurst—Royal Bank.

Gertrude Lazier—Kellaway's, grocer.

Alice Sulman—Victoria College, Toronto.

Carol McArthur—MacDonald College, Guelph.

Norman Ward—Toronto.

Gertrude Colden—Conservative Committee Rooms.

The following is a list of the ex-pupils we have been unable to locate:

Keith Roblin, Laura Hodges, John Philips, Eugene Mangold, Thomas McEwen, George MacDonald, Donald Longwell, Henry Logue, Leslie Wilson, Alma Weese, Elmer Urch, Catharine Torrence, Alice Tompkins, Margaret Thrasher, George Taylor, Elsie Russell, James Roper, Marion Roche, Maxwell Shorey, Earl Ketcheson, Francis Kavanagh, Pheobe Jumper, Irene Juby, Percival Jordon, Mildred Johnston, Lilly Ireland, Laura Helm, Mary Hunt, Elsie Hunt, Rita Hamilton, Isabell Hinds, Jessie Frink, Violet Frickey, Charles Dolan, Evelyn Crosby, Emma Cory, Mary Connor, Marie Benson, Winifred Aikens, Eugene Adams, Myrtle Adams, Irene Mitchell.

OUR SCHOOL DANCE

October 29, 1926

Waltzes — foxtrots! waltzes — foxtrots! Dance! — School Dance! The High School Dance! That event so looked forward to had come at last and there we were whirling over the shiny, slippery floor of Johnstone's Academy to the lively strains of Johnstone's Orchestra. Waltzes—foxtrots! in the gay, orange and black decorated hall, representative of Hallowe'en.

The novelty dance! What a racket! Horns, whistles and all manner of noise-makers were wielded by the otherwise quiet (?) B. H. S. students. Caps adorned fair heads, dark heads, medium-coloured heads—big heads, little heads, and medium sized heads.

And the spot dance! While Miss Clarke and Mr. Nation were showing the High Schoolers how to dance the music stopped and, lo! they were on the spot! Of course the prize had to be given to them.

Refreshments at midnight. Can you imagine a more delightful dance? I can't.

I really musn't forget to mention Miss Brandon and Raymond Ross, the entertainment committee—and the patronesses: Miss Merry, Miss Clarke and Miss Brandon. Maybe I had

better mention the patrons also—Mr. Howard, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Nation.

In the wee small hours of the morning the National Anthem was played. The dance was over!

But never mind, we'll have another one next year.

FIFTH FORM MASQUERADE

There was a sound of revelry by night, and Fifth Form's Capital had gathered there—

Yes, sir! The glorious Fifth had a masquerade. On November 1st, 1926, the merry fifth formers, although they were scarcely recognizable, gathered at the home of Louise Wallbridge. Costumes varied from burly clowns to Little Red Riding Hood. Mr. Howard appeared on the scene lastly, but not leastly, "au Shiek", Miss Chown came "a la . . . something". We don't know what but it was "a la". These worthy guests acted as judges. Their task was not an easy one. At least that's what they told us. By "us" I mean the rest of us.

After much deliberation on the matter, the prizes were given to Mildred Lloyd, dressed as a question mark, and Tommy Martin in the garb of a lady—"The Great Impersonation".

Games, contests and dancing were indulged in until somebody announced—"Now for the eats!"

A dash was made for partners, and another dash was made for the dining-room. Here, Miss Chown presided.

After a dainty repast, we danced until—well, never mind—when the party broke up and the happy couples went home amid a shower of—rain.

The next morning was an ideal morning after the night before.

Wedding Bells

COLE—GILBERT

The marriage of Miss Grace Gilbert and Mr. Percy Cole took place in Toronto on September 6th, 1926, at the Metropolitan United Church. The young couple are at present residing in Rochester.

JONES—BAKER

Miss Illah Baker, former domestic science teacher at the Belleville High School was married to Mr. Clarence Jones of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Kitchener, on September 7th, 1926. The ceremony was performed at the bride's home in Winchester. Mr. and Mrs. Jones are now residing in Kitchener.

BROCKHURST—JANNEMAN

On October 7th, 1926, Miss Ruth Janneman and Mr. Reginald Brockhurst were united in the marriage at the bride's home, Belleville. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Baker. The young couple have taken up residence in the city.

LAPUM—SNELL

Miss Ruth Snell of the High School staff was married to Mr. J. V. Lapum on August 21st, 1926. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. F. E. Malott. Mr. and Mrs. Lapum are now residing in Belleville.

Obituary



JOHN MacKENNA FARRELL

In the passing of Mac Farrell the school has received a grievous loss, for Mac was one of her brightest sons. Not only was he a student who always measured up, but he was a boy whose friendship everyone cherished. He had the time always for a kindly word and an encouraging smile.

It has been said "If it is your wish to have a certain task done, ask a busy man to complete it for you".

Though he was busy all the time he was ready to take on something extra. Perhaps it was a part in the High School Play or in Athletics; it may have been debating or doing his bit for his Sunday School and Church. He was there. Mac could be relied upon.

Mac entered the B. H.S. with the highest honour the Public School could award him—the coveted Governor General's Medal. He maintained the same record throughout his

High School life, latterly winning the Blackburn prize.

Appreciating his sterling worth, the students honoured him with various offices. The last year of his course he occupied the highest position of honour the Student Body could award him, the Presidency of the Literary Society. Mac was a member of the Tuxis Square of John St. Church and had the honour of representing Belleville at the Boys' Parliament held at Toronto for the Province of Ontario. However, it is due to his school life that he will be mostly remembered and it will be a long time, before the stirring debates in which he spoke so eloquently will be forgotten. He was victorious in sixteen debates.

It is hard to understand just why so exemplary a life should be cut off after a short duration of seventeen years; why the sorrowing mother and father should be robbed of such a son, whose life was an open book. Yet there must be a purpose behind it all, for the Father who has made the Universe and guides the stars in their course does not do things haphazardly. His is a set purpose. Somewhere that spirit, energy and fire which directed Mac's life is being utilized for some glorious undertaking.

It is not Mac, for whom we should grieve, but those who have been bereft of his presence and the friend who, never again will have the advantage of enjoying his sunny genial personality. Though he is gone, let him ever remain fresh in our memories; let us recall the many sterling qualities that made up his character, and as far as possible let them remain examples to be copied.

—C. W. E.

MR. E. F. MILBURN, M.A.

Fifty-two years devoted to teaching in one High School is a record which has few equals in Ontario. After Mr. Milburn was graduated from Trinity University, Toronto, he was appointed as a teacher on the Belleville High School staff. At that time there were only two teachers on the staff.

Mr. Milburn was an honor graduate and Gold Medallist in Classics and during his long years of service taught, at some time or other all the subjects on the school curriculum. For several years he was the principal of the school and met with a large measure of success. Possessed of a remarkably fine physique, he was an outstanding athlete. His hobbies were music and boating.

In 1920 Mr. Milburn retired from active teaching, although he was connected with the school until the time of his death in 1925.

MISS M. F. LIBBY, B.A.

Miss Libby became a member of the Belleville High School teaching staff in 1910. Prior to this time she had taught at Cobourg and Collingwood.

Miss Libby was an honour graduate in Moderns and English from Victoria University. Following graduation Miss Libby studied in Germany and France.

Miss Libby was not only a splendid teacher, but she took an active interest in all phases of school life.

During the War years Miss Libby held special classes of instruction in French for officers who were going overseas. She also organized Knitting Circles amongst the High School girls and took a prominent part in raising funds for the Memorial Scholarship and Memorial Tablet.

In 1921 Miss Libby resigned from the Belleville staff and accepted a position on the Oakwood Collegiate, Toronto. It was with very deep regret that her many Belleville friends learned of her death in Toronto in November, 1926.

RUTH HELM

Ruth Helm, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Helm, passed away suddenly on Thursday, April 1, 1926, at her home at Avondale. The school was greatly shocked when it became known that she had been instantly killed by an auto bus.

Ruth was with us nearly two years, taking a Commercial Course, and during that time she made many friends in the High School.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to the bereaved parents and sisters.

WALTER WM. SCRIVEN

Walter Wm. Scriven, aged seventeen years, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Scriven, West Dundas St., passed away at the Belleville General Hospital on October 21st, 1926, after an illness of nine months.

Walter was a former student at the Belleville High School and during his school term made many friends and was beloved by all who knew him.

On leaving school Walter entered the employ of The Ontario and was held in high esteem by his employer and fellow employees. The school extends its deepest sympathy to the Scriven family.

The Night Before the Morning After

It was Thursday night. After a supper of roast pork, pickles, oysters, and whipped cream, I retired to my room to study for a Latin exam. On Friday. As I sat down before my desk, I noticed a Western Story Magazine on it. I picked it up and idly turned the pages, thinking, "No, I won't read it, for I must study." However, temptation won out and I settled down to read one story. That one story lengthened into two, three, four. As I finished the fourth story, I glanced at the clock. Horrors! It was ten-thirty. I must go to bed. I undressed, and was soon in dreamland.

It was very strange, but here I was riding towards the school on a mule. People were walking or driving past me in old-fashioned chaises, dressed in the styles of "seventy-six." As I neared the school, I noticed a difference. The school was still there, but it was painted in all the colors of the rainbow. On each side of the front door, two giant lions were tugging and straining on their leashes. I was frightened. Nevertheless, I plucked up courage and walked past them into the school. I passed down the hall whose walls were covered completely with crude pictures of cave-men and such like.

I walked into the Assembly Hall. It was feebly lit by large candles stuck in the tops of whiskey bottles. Guns of all kinds were hanging on the walls. As I seated myself on a long bench before an equally long table, I saw the principal driving up to the front steps in a Master Six McLaughlin. He stepped out, dressed in full regalia like a cowboy, with a Winchester rifle sticking out of one holster, and an old blunderbuss out of the other.

The room was a bedlam of noise which the principal tried again and again to quell. At last, in desperation, he pulled a revolver out of a holster on the wall and fired at the group of students. The bullet went so slowly that they were all able to dodge it easily. It hit a tiny feather and fell to the floor in several pieces. At last, quiet was restored, and a secretary, dressed in a tuxedo and a monstrous monocle in

Poor Nig! How could Miss Young possibly ask him to write a poem on "Lights?" Doesn't she know that all the poems he writes are about brunettes?

one eye, distributed various coloured papers to the pupils. The paper that I received was coloured a very bright red and printed in Chinese characters.

I deciphered the first question, and read it. It read thus:

"Why is the school situated on the extreme south of a seven-sided square on whose sides are drawn equilateral oblongs which are inscribed on the insides of circles whose sides tend to curl slightly outward, instead of on the north west corner of an eight sided triangle on whose sides stand dummy policemen, directing the traffic of fire-flies, bugs, etc?"

The solution was slow in coming but at last it arrived, carried on the back of a snail. It was so long that I didn't write out the solution but instead, I wrote on the foolscap:

"Dear Sir:

I hope these few million lines catch you some time today. Problem Number One on the paper was rather lengthy and complicated and I didn't bother writing it down because I thought you would understand it if I told you that I knew it perfectly.

Yours,

Hans Schmidt."

As I folded the foolscap into a perfect circle, I said to myself that I hoped he wasn't from Missouri. and had to be shown.

I walked up to the front of the room and handed my paper to the principal. He read it over, then pulling his blunderbuss, pointed it at me and shot at me, crying at the same time, "You're fired!" I screamed and — thump —

I was sitting on the floor of my bedroom, in a very disordered frame of mind. The clock on my desk pointed to eight forty-five. I must hurry to get to the school by nine o'clock. I hurriedly dressed and ran to school, without any breakfast and with my extraordinary dream still fresh in my mind. Needless to say, Latin was all Greek to me that day, and the mark I made was too insignificant to write down here.

—W. N. C., IVB.

Gardiner Duff, our he-man, declares that you can't get a kick out of anything like you can out of rugby.

—o—o—

SUPERVISING (As a Fifth Former Sees it)

Fifth Form people were quite in demand around the school when Miss Brandon and Mr. Stilwell were absent. In fact, they were needed so badly, that even I was selected, one day, to supervise a form,—for one hectic period.

I gazed at Mr. MacLaurin with my mouth wide open, when he announced my duty to me. I didn't know whether to feel complimented or punished, but I respectfully gathered up my books and followed him.

He led me to a second form, and as we entered the room, I wondered what kind of an expression I should wear. I looked at him. He had that 'I-must-be-obeyed' look on his face, and held his head up with a superior sort of air, but in his eyes, there was that merry twinkle that we all know so well.

I am afraid I looked rather meek, but as soon as he was gone, I threw my shoulders back, faced the class sternly, and twinkled my eyes at the pupils, as he had done. To my surprise, the pupils all began twinkling their eyes back at me. They smiled sweetly, and one pupil said:—

"Are you going to be here all period?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Hooray!"

Again I didn't know whether to be pleased or displeased. At first, I flattered myself, that he liked my appearance, and thus was glad that I was staying. However, in a moment, I changed my opinion as I saw him gleefully flourish a moving picture magazine. I concluded that he had recognized my incapacities, and was going to take advantage of them.

"Put away all books except Geometries," I thundered, "and learn Problems Five and Six. In about fifteen minutes I shall send some of you to the board to write them."

Then came a fearful din as they shoved their books into their desks, and brought out their Geometries.

On closer observation of the class, I found that I was personally acquainted with fully half its members. These people looked at me from time to time with trusting glances (which of course I had to return), and they soon became firm in the conviction that it would not be they who would be sent to the board.

The girls, I will say, behaved. After they had persuaded me to write some verses in a

few autograph books, they settled down to do nothing worse than day-dream, and occasionally they would whisper.

The boys were different. Thinking my disposition too sweet, perhaps, they proceeded to sour it by imitating Dempsey-Tunney fights, tickling each other, and winking at me.

One boy, whom I knew well, seated near my desk said:

"Will Mr. MacLaurin be back here again?"

"He might," I said grimly.

"Aw, I bet he won't. I'm not going to study anyway."

"Yes, you are!" I exclaimed firmly.

"No, I'm not!" he exclaimed more firmly still.

What was I to do with him? I couldn't have an argument because he might become cross since he had red hair. (Yes, I'll call it red, just to spite him, although most people consider it auburn). I couldn't have a fist fight, for, in that, above all things, he would win out. I wouldn't send him to the office and he knew it. I put forth a last effort; I changed the expression in my eyes to a pleading look.

Ah! It worked. He settled down and became quiet.

A moment later, another friend of mine in a red sweater held up his hand and said:—

"Will you teach us the next theorem, please?"

Brr-r-r! Shivers went up and down my spinal column, but I bravely said:

"Do you know both these problems?"

"No, but I wanted you to go ahead with the next theorem."

"Thank goodness," I thought, "that he doesn't know these yet."

Aloud I said, "Well as soon as you think you can write the problems, you may go to the board and do so."

Immediately there was a rush for the board. My friend in the red sweater soon followed.

I began to worry. I hastily borrowed a girl's geometry on the sly, and spent a few minutes feverishly reviewing Problems Five and Six. Then I successfully smuggled the book back to her.

My pupils at the board were certainly industrious. They did their problems in less time

than any Fifth Form student could, I am almost certain, and then they stood back, waiting for me to declare my approval of their work.

It was just a jumble of letters to me, and although I could have done the problems myself, it took me a long time to become perfectly sure that their solutions were correct. I had to be doubly careful for the boys' eyes were shining mischievously, making me think that they were trying to "put something over on me." I felt very self-conscious, too, when I had my back to the class. I imagined that the boys were dancing around like imps, and that the girls were talking about my ruffled shingle.

As soon as one group finished, another group would hurry to the board. I began to have qualms that, after all, I might be forced by these diligent people to teach the next theorem.

Just as I was marvelling at the quietness of the class, the red-headed boy by my desk said:

"See the picture I drew of you! Isn't that pretty good?"

He presented to me a picture so flattering that I couldn't become angry. Nevertheless, after the first momentary chuckle, I exclaimed:

"Haven't you been learning Geometry?"

"No."

"Well, go up to the board and try writing out Problem Five anyway."

Again came the answer, "I won't," followed by a grin, as if he thought I were joking.

I practised Mr. MacLaurin's 'I-must-be-obeyed' look on him.

He rose and took his place at the board.

My bright pupil in the red sweater had succeeded with his problems, and was at his desk. He had an open-text book before him, and he looked puzzled. Soon he raised his hand and asked if he could speak to me for a moment. I walked over to his desk, thinking that he wished a part of the next theorem explained. Instead of that, he said in a confidential semi-whisper:

"Say will you do my Latin homework for me?"

"No!" I declared loudly, and I strode back to my desk.

Shortly afterwards the bell rang. I stood by the door, waiting to welcome the next teacher. When she came she remarked:

"Well, how do you like this form? Isn't it nice?"

"Yes, it's lovely," I replied dryly, and I sped down the hall.

—D.R.



BOYS' ATHLETICS

Our Officers:

President—Mr. Howard.

Secretary—Gardiner Duff.

Treasurer—Jack Redfern.

The boys in the school this year are very fortunate in having so able an instructor as Mr. Howard. He is untiring and helps the boys whenever they find themselves in need. A good example of this is that Mr. Howard was the most regular attendant at the 7 a.m. practices held by the rugby squad. Strange to say, the boys did not take a liking to this hour. It is supposed they were afraid to lose their beauty sleep. These practices were soon dropped to the satisfaction of all concerned.

FIELD DAY

They are coming around the home stretch now; we see a long-legged sprinter, representing Trenton High School, creeping up on our speedy Galway; they are almost neck and neck. Who is going to win? We scarcely breathe, but to our great joy, Galway wins by a foot, thus upholding B. H. S.

In the morning at the school campus, field events were run off with great results in all classes. In the afternoon, the various track events were held and it was found, after totaling the day's events, that the 1926 champions of B. H. S. were:

Senior—Jack Redfern.

Intermediate—Walter Prentice and Raymond Ross.

Junior—Arnold Ridley.

The intermediate was very close, W. Prentice capturing all the morning events while R. Ross won the sprints in the afternoon, creating a tie for the championship.

Our good senior relay team, composed of Gillen, Redfern, Ross and Galway, upheld the honor of the school by defeating our ancient rivals from Trenton, both at that town and at home. The Form Cup was captured by Form V.

At the district Track Meet for High School Boys, held at Kingston, the following earned the right to go to the Provincial Meet at Toronto, by getting one first place or more: Bud Galway, Raymond Ross, Jack Redfern, H. Follwell and the Junior Relay Team, who excelled themselves. This team consisted of M. Gillen, J. Cook, W. VanTassel and T. Byrne.

The Provincial meet did not bring much luck to our boys, due to their lack of training in comparison with those from larger cities. They were forced to come home empty handed.

BOWLING

The B. H. S. is again represented this year in the Junior Fall League, and through the fact that all the members of our team are steady bowlers, they should be well on their way to another championship. The school wishes them the best of luck. This year's team is composed

FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS



From left to right in top row: Raymond Ross, Jack Redfern
Bottom Row: Arnold Ridley, Walter Prentice

of F. Faulkner, A. Salisbury, A. McFee, J. Redfern and J. Mason.

RUGBY

The Rugby team of 1926 was of the best material that the High School has ever produced, but owing to the experience of bad breaks, it had the honour of not winning a game, although it lessened the score every game.

When it was first decided to have a Rugby team, we started having practices every morning at seven a.m., and once in a while some one would get up to the school in time to play "kick" with our coach, Mr. Howard; but we always had more than a team out to practise when we got out at 3.30.

1st GAME

Our first game was with Albert College and when the final whistle blew, the score stood 20-0 with the High School at the tail end.

2nd GAME

The second game, as the first, was played at the New Albert College Stadium against the Albert College warriors, which was nothing more or less than a mud hole with pools of water here and there to wash the mud off, after much slipping and sliding the game ended but this time we were only beaten by fifteen points.

3rd GAME

The third game was played with Deseronto at the college stadium; for this game the field was not so bad—it was worse, and to add to our misery it was snowing. We soon found that the Deseronto hardheads were too much for us, but, nevertheless, we continued the struggle and were beaten 12-0.

4th GAME

The fourth game was a return game with Deseronto and when our mud-bespattered warriors left the field, we found ourselves defeated 10-0.

5th GAME

As we were all tired of playing water-polo instead of rugby we decided to play the fifth game at the old Albert College grounds, where there was not so much water showering the field. As you will have noticed, the High School had not as yet secured a single point but this game we had a new and heavier line and by consistent efforts we managed to gain yards several times and secured one point by a rouge so that at the end of the game the score stood 11-1.

6th GAME

The sixth game was also played at the Old Albert College Stadium against Picton; it was

played on Saturday and the weather conditions were ideal, but owing to the fact that most of our regular players had to work, we again ended the small end of the score which was 6-0.

7th GAME

The seventh game was our return game with Picton and when we arrived in the said town and were ready to play, the shadows of night were already starting to creep across the field. When we placed the ball for our kick off we had

we lost. This game was played on Thanksgiving Day, which dawned bright and clear. The ground was in excellent condition. When the afternoon finally rolled around and the whistle blew to start the game, there was a large crowd of spectators to watch it. All through the game every man played his best; as the players fought and battled up and down the field, neither side gaining a point, time had to be called every few minutes, due to players getting hurt, but they all got up and bravely fought on. When the

B. H. S. RUGBY TEAM



Mr. Howard, Ross, Naphan, Redfern, Darrah, Palmer, Morgan, Latchford, Chadwick, Duff, Miles, McQuaid, Sills, Cousins, Twiddy, Byrnes, Colling, Bryant, Galway.

to pull the grass away from around the ball in order to see it and when the game was nicely started, the yardsticks arrived so that we could guess at how many yards we made; after each buck we had an argument to see where the ball was to be placed and which side should have it. When the game ended, they had won by a score of 5-2. After the game, however, they treated us to refreshments and thus consoled our feelings so that when we left, we once more felt kindly towards them.

THE BEST GAME OF THE SEASON!

I leave this game until the last and call it "The Best Game of the Season," because it was played against the ex-students of B. H. S., and we were highly elated that they didn't defeat us worse than they did, although we were sorry

final whistle blew it was found that neither side had a point so it was decided to fight it out without delay. After a short rest, the weary players again dragged themselves onto the field and for six more long minutes they battled until, by a wonderful end run and fake play, the ex-students secured a touch down. We again kicked off and after three more minutes of hard playing the ex-students succeeded in forcing a safety touch which gave them two more points; just as we were getting our own back, the final whistle blew and after the usual three cheers we all agreed that it was the best game of the season.

As you, no doubt, have noticed we decreased the score with every game so that goes to prove if we play enough games we will eventually win one. However, as the season is al-

most over, we are afraid it will not be this year. But next year—watch us.

The line up is:—Halves, J. Redfern, R. Ross, C. Galway; Flying Wing, P. Latchford; Quarter, C. Colling and G. Duff; Outsides, V. Naphin, J. Cousins; Middles, K. Chadwick, G. Miles; Insides, K. Hall, L. Twiddy; Subs, T. Byrne, L. Pearsall, R. Palmer, W. Morgan, L. McQuaid, C. Sills, M. Gillen, A. McFee.

Coach, Mr. Howard; Business Manager, Arnold Bryant; Captain, R. Ross.

SHOOTING

This year, although the boys did not partake in the Dominion competition at Toronto, they held a match at the Butts. There were some excellent shots made. The prize winners were:

In the 100 yards—Seven shooters were tied. This had to be shot off, and the winners were Churchill, Dalrymple, McFee and Lazier.

In the 200 yards—Davison, McFee, Churchill and Lazier.

The best senior, all round—Davison, McFee, Churchill, Lazier.

There was also a junior class which was made up of those who had never shot in the school before. The four best all-round shots were made by Sprague, Burt, Hinchey and Smith.

PROSPECTS FOR THE FUTURE

In the Interscholastic Group in which the B. H. S. Hockey Team will enter, the boys should go a long way. Most of last year's team is intact, and with such stars as Ross, Colling, Galway and Kerr, the boys feel confident of a good showing. Good luck!

Although only two of last year's smart basketball team are back, there is an abundance of new material, and the boys are turning out to practices faithfully, under the capable direction of Mr. Nation.

Most of last year's baseball team are back again this year. They have the good record of never having lost a game in the exhibition series with Trenton, Stirling, Madoc or Tweed.

We hope the boys will do as well next spring. The Cadet Corps looks very promising under the tuition of Mr. Howard. The officers for this year are:

Commanding Officer, Bud Galway.
Adjutant, R. Ross.
Captains, R. Palmer, F. Faulkner.
Platoon Commanders, V. Naphan, K. Chadwick, M. Davison, F. Lazier.
Commander of Signallers, G. Duff.
B. S. M., C. Colling.

GIRL'S ATHLETICS

FIELD DAY

"From Greenland's icy mountains—"

We are sure that's where the wind came from that blew all day, Friday, Oct. 8. The gods were certainly against us, else would they have picked that special day to let the winds run loose? Nevertheless, many braved the elements, both

FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS



Jean Ramsay
Francis Thompson, Mary Blakely

in the morning and afternoon, although the number of entries was smaller than usual.

At the close of the various events it was found the new champions were:

Jean Ramsay, senior.
Mary Blakely, intermediate.
Frances Thompson, junior.

In the inter-form relay, the Upper School team won. This team included Margaret Fairbairn, Ethel Adams, Patricia Jarrell, and Ida Follwell. Unfortunately, the inter-school team, composed of Elsie Doolittle, Frances Thompson, Jean MacLaurin, and Ethel Adams, lost to Trenton and forfeited a box of chocolates to the winning team.

It is also very interesting to know, that, for the first time in several years, the junior champion, Frances Thompson, is a first former.

SHOOTING

It's all very well for us to go down to the Armouries and shoot at targets, but when a bat

comes along, a thing which should be shot at, we are scared to death. A few days ago, a bat really visited us and we immediately grabbed our hats and coats and fled.

However, the shooting is progressing rapidly, and by Christmas time we hope to shoot for ducks. Sergeant Stanley is an excellent instructor and he says our scores so far this year have been very good. The officers for this term are:

Hon. President—Miss Merry.
President—Mildred Lloyd.
1st Vice-Pres.—Ena Potter.
2nd Vice-Pres.—Eileen MacLaurin.
Treasurer—Florence Ventress.
Treasurer—Margaret Fairbairn.

There are about twelve on the team and we hope to carry off 100 per cent. targets.

the untiring efforts of Cleo Colling and Mr. Gerow, for I know at times, the practices must have been rather trying.

Because of the success of the school league, a summer league, "The Bay of Quinte League," was started. Teams from Napanee, Deseronto, and the Beavers and High School teams from Belleville were entered. The High School team won the Eastern Ontario Championship, and then entered the semi-finals. The Toronto "Nationals" won both games, thus putting the B.H.S. team out of the running.

BASKETBALL

Another cup has been won by the High School. The junior team just won the Bay of Quinte League Cup. Trenton, Napanee, Picton and Belleville, were entered in this league. The juniors did not lose a game, and for the first

B. H. S. GIRLS' BASEBALL TEAM



Standing: A. Wilkins, P. Jarrell, J. Ramsay, Cleo Colling, M. Holway, E. Cooke, L. Ridley. Sitting: A. Kelleher, J. Adams, M. Fairbairn, A. Wilkins, I. Follwell, M. Adams.

BASEBALL

This year an experiment was tried in the realm of baseball. A new league was formed similar to the basketball league, including Tweed, Stirling, Madoc and Belleville high schools. A cup, kindly donated by the Kiwanis Club of Belleville, was put up for competition. At the end of the league it was found that the cup would stay in Belleville for a year, at least.

The success of this team is due largely to

time in five years were successful in winning the junior league. This was due, no doubt, to the untiring efforts of Miss Merry and the coach, Farley Faulkner. The senior team, however, lost the first game with Trenton, but finished second in the league. This was also the first game which the seniors have lost in two years. After Christmas, this game will be continued with Kingston and Peterboro, thus giving the senior team a chance for further honors. They have held the cup for the last three years.

GIRLS' SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM



D. Bishop, P. Jarrell, M. Roberts, M. Fairbairn, E. Blackburn,
A. Wilkins, L. Sprague.

TRENTON VS. B. H. S.

The Trenton Junior and Senior Girls' Basketball teams played B. H. S. at the Y.M.C.A. here on Oct. 20. The games resulted in scores of 25-14 for the Belleville Juniors, and 37-25 for Trenton seniors. The line-up was:

Trenton Jrs.—M. Bellyou, C. McTear, G. Bell-you, (E. Filion), C. Hutton, A. Galna, V. Neal.

Belleville Jrs.—A. Wilkins, J. Fairbairn, Lina Haines, J. MacLaurin, P. Jarrell, T. Warham.

Trenton Srs.—E. Black, N. Haines, L. Paro, M. Croft, K. Dodswell, C. Bowen.

Belleville Srs.—M. Blakely, M. Roberts, L. Sprague, M. Fairbairn, E. Potter, (D. Bishop), J. Ramsay.

DESERONTO VS. B. H. S.

On Oct. 14th, Belleville Junior girls' basketball team motored to Deseronto to have a try-out game with Deseronto High School, which resulted in a score of 25-8 for Deseronto.

Deseronto had a stronger team than Belleville on the whole. At the end of the first period the score was 4-4, but during the second and third periods, Deseronto girls were many baskets ahead. The lineup was:

Deseronto—Thelma Foote, Eileen Normile, Jenny Perry, A. Wagar, A. Gaulin, J. Generaux.

Belleville—Jean Fairbairn, Elsie Doolittle, Bernice Davison, Ethel Wheeler, Bessie Doolittle, Mary Cruiji, Phyllis Davie, Jean MacLaurin.

DESERONTO VS. B. H. S.

On Oct. 16, the return game was played

The B. H. S. Juniors played a good game but were beaten by the Deseronto team 25-18. The defence on the part of the Belleville Juniors was especially good. The referees were Ralph Morden and Miss Merry.

NAPANEE VS. B. H. S.

On Oct. 30, the B. H. S. senior and junior basketball teams defeated those of Napanee Collegiate Institute, at the Y.M.C.A. The senior game resulted in the score of 28-12, and the junior 16-13.

The senior game showed great skill on the part of the Belleville girls who had the advantage over Napanee from the first. The teams made very few fouls.

The Junior game was closer, Belleville succeeding in defeating Napanee by only three points. After the games, refreshments were served to the Napanee visitors in the lecture room of the "Y." R. Morden was the referee. The line up was:

Senior N. C. I. — K. Gleason, M. Daly, M. Rickley, E. Harrison, G. Boyce, M. Roblin.

Senior B. H. S. — M. Blakely, M. Roberts, J. Ramsay, L. Sprague, M. Fairbairn, P. Jarrell.

Junior N. C. I. — A. Cavanaugh, R. Dickson, E. Aylesworth, D. Wilson, M. Douglas, M. Grass.

Junior B. H. S. — L. Haines, A. Wilkins, E. Potter, M. Adams, T. Warham, J. MacLaurin.

PICKTON VS. B. H. S.

On Nov. 12, in Picton, B. H. S. won both senior and junior games from P. C. I.

The junior team was in excellent form and

it was difficult for Picton team to break up their combination. Lina Haines and Mary Adams did splendid work. The score was 24-11.

The Senior game showed more competition and it was only through many clever passes and shots, that Belleville succeeded in winning the game by one point. The score was 16-15. Miss Blewett of Picton, was the referee.

After the games held in the Collegiate gym., a dainty luncheon was served in the science room

to the Belleville visitors. The line-ups were:

Picton Seniors—R. Crimmon, K. Stevenson, R. Clapp, M. Hudgins, M. Cahon, H. Mills.

B. H. S. Seniors—M. Blakely, M. Roberts, D. Bishop, L. Sprague, J. Ramsay, M. Fairbairn.

Picton Juniors—M. Currie, H. Collier, D. French, J. Lyons, M. Thompson.

B. H. S. Juniors—L. Haines, A. Wilkins, E. Wheeler, M. Adams, T. Warham, P. Jarrell.

GIRLS' JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM



Standing: A. Wilkins, P. Jarrell, E. MacLaurin, E. Wheeler, J. Fairbairn, J. Croft, T. Warham. Sitting: A. Wilkins, E. Potter, Farley Faulkner, L. Haines, M. Adams.

When you've worried because you were afraid you wouldn't have enough material to fill eighty pages, and you've sat up until after midnight, racking your brains for an inspiration, and found none,—and you've left your school work undone for about forty days and nights, and therefore understand nothing about it—and they tell you that the Christmas exams. are going to be hard—and you've read proofs until the lines seemed blurred into each other and you've visited the printing office so often that you dream the big machine down there is gobbling you up—don't you feel hopeless?

And then, when the printer tells you that he has plenty of material, and the last proof is in his hands, and he says: "Leave everything else to me," and you at last have time to get that hair-cut, and the teachers still smile at you, des-

pite your undone homework—Oh Boy. Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?

—THE EDITOR.

—o—o—

By the way, we wonder what a harlem can be. Nig Ross told us that Mr. Howard was so pleased with the Fifth Form girls, and with his sheik costume at our masquerade, that he was seriously contemplating starting a harlem.

—o—o—

Last year the boys complained because the girls did not attend their rugby games. This year, they complain because the girls attend in great numbers. Can we never please these changeable males? How did they ever guess that some of us were ah —, slightly interested in their opponents, the A. C. boys?—Vth.



Our exchange in this edition is rather small, due both to the shortness of time and to the fact that last year's "Elevator" contained no exchange. By Easter, we hope to print a more extensive list. However we have enjoyed those we received and gratefully acknowledge them.

LIST OF EXCHANGES

"Broadcaster" Parry Sound H. S., Parry Sound.

"Acta Nostra" Guelph C. I., Guelph.

"Northland Echo" North Bay C. I., North Bay.

"Magnet" Jarvis C. I., Toronto.

"Times" Kingston C. I., Kingston.

"Torpedo" H. S. Commerce, Toronto.

"Review" Trinity University, Toronto.

"Acta Victoriana" Victoria College, Toronto.

"Techtonian" Technical School, Toronto.

"Vox Lycei" Ottawa C. I., Ottawa.

"St. John's College," Winnipeg.

"Broadcaster"—We enjoyed your magazine very much, but jokes take up a lot of space. Don't you think that more school news would be a decided improvement? Why not try a few cuts of the students or perhaps a Jumble Page?

"Acta Nostra" — Your first venture is a great success. We think the form sketches a splendid idea. Try an Exchange column, and some short stories would help, too. Your cartoons are good.

"Northland Echo"—Your magazine is fine. A rather small exchange and no Table of Contents but a very complete report of school activities. Keep up the good work.

"Magnet"—A perfectly splendid literary department, good jokes, and a large exchange. A few more cartoons might help. All the material is well arranged.

"Times"—You have a fine magazine, but might we offer a few criticisms? Your "Who's Who" section is rather large for the size of your publication, and a few cartoons would brighten up your pages. Otherwise, we thoroughly enjoyed it and wish you every success for the future.

"Torpedo"—You have produced an interesting magazine. The literary section is all that could be desired. Congratulations on your athletic attainments. Perhaps you could improve on the arrangement of your material.

"Review"—A fine summary of college activities together with a good literary department. A large exchange list.

"Acta Victoriana"—We can't criticize your publication. Your material is fine and you have some very interesting stories and articles.

"Techtonian"—A splendid magazine. Your literary department is fine and we especially appreciated your poetry. The two prize poems and stories are certainly worthy of the honour. Good luck to you!

"Vox Lycei"—Good work. You must have a fine school. A bright and interesting exchange. Come again!

"St. John's College"—Your weekly paper is fine. Your report of club activities seems quite complete. Congratulations on your rugby teams.

WHAT OTHERS THINK OF THE ELEVATOR

"Torpedo"—An unexpected pleasure was ours when we read your paper. It was only marred a little by the lack of a Contents' Page. We would certainly suggest one.

FOUND IN SOME OF THE EXCHANGES
Young lady (giving oral)—If the women

leave our educational institutions, what will follow? What will follow, I say?

Male voice from the rear—I will!

Teacher—What is the meaning of 'alter ego'?

Student—It means 'the other I.'

Teacher—An example please.

Student—He winked his alter ego.

Debator—I want land reform, I want housing reform, I want educational reform, I want — "Chloroform," shouts a voice from the rear.

Dentist—What kind of filling do you want in your tooth, son?

Young One—Chocolate, please.

Frank—So Bill has been arrested again. I suppose there's a woman in the case, as usual.

Fred—Yes, a Miss Demeanour.

Young Lady—Is it dangerous to step on that street car rail?

Second Ditto—Not unless you put your foot on the wire overhead.

A MOTOR TRIP TO THE OCEAN

Have you ever been to the Ocean? Well, won't you join our party? There are only four of us going and we have room for one more in the car. You seem rather dubious about accepting, but my dear, let me tell you, it's the chance of a lifetime. A few years ago I took this same trip with my father and mother, and have always been anxious to travel the same ground again. Let me tell you something of what I remember about it.

On leaving here, we motored as far as Prescott, where we crossed the St. Lawrence on a ferry, to Ogdensburg. From there we gradually cut across New York State to Lake Champlain. We motored along its shores for about half a day. The weather was fine and clear, bringing out every detail of beauty of the trees along the shore, the shadows on the calm water.

It took us nearly three days before we finally reached the Ocean. During these three days we had the most delightful drive through sections of the White Mountains. The roads were splendid and we sped up one hill and down another, along spacious avenues, with sunlight trickling through the leaves of the trees. Here and there were small mountain streams and torrents rushing along over rocks and pebbles.

Finally we reached Portland, Maine, and from there went to Old Orchard, only a few miles away. Here we had our first glimpse of the mighty Ocean. The broad stretch of sand lay before us, and beyond that, the breakers were rolling in. We could hardly wait to get into our bathing suits, to have our first dip.

We spent practically the whole of the next two days on the beach. It was very fascinating, battling with the waves and swimming in the clear, cool water. Or, when tired of that, we

could make wonderful castles in the sand. Once we hired a "pontoon," a very light boat, with two rudders, and propelled by oars. This rode on the top of the water, and it was very thrilling to bob up and down on the waves, now up on the crest, now down in the trough.

The blue sky, the blue water, the yellow sand, and the exhilarating, salty air made an ideal setting for a summer outing. The ocean was equally beautiful at night, with the stars and moon shining on it, and the water softly lapping against the sand.

One evening a small cruiser anchored a short distance from shore. It was interesting to see how the crew landed. They came in to shore as far as they could in a "dorry"; then a few "tars" waded in to shore carrying the others, one by one on their backs.

After two days, we set out again in the motor and worked our way along the coast. The shore became more rocky. Although it was raining a little, that day, we had a picnic on the rocks right by the water, and it was charming to see and hear the waves dashing on the rocks and wonder "what the wild waves were saying."

We finally came to the most interesting little town of Gloucester. West Gloucester, the outskirts, is a typical fishing port. We visited the docks and saw all the fish spread out to dry, and others ready for curing. We saw some fishing vessels, including the "Columbia," which was built to race against the "Bluenose."

There is a little Catholic Church, called the "Lady of Good Voyage," with two domes, built high up on a hill. It used to be said that sailors far out at sea could see these domes and know that they were near home. In the tower in the little church, are the carillon bells. There

are only a few sets of these in America, and the ones at Gloucester are very famous. Concerts are given on them by a Belgian player, once every month.

Plymouth served as another interesting town from a historical standpoint. We saw the rock on which the Pilgrim Fathers were supposed to have first landed. We also saw the graveyard where many of the "Fathers" were buried, and monuments to them.

The quaintest town of all was Provincetown, away out at the very end of Cape Cod. This is a regular artists' village. There seemed to be only one long street, which was narrow, bordered on each side by small cottages, very likely fishermen's homes. There were also shops with paintings in the windows. Many people were hurrying about, who looked suspiciously like artists. They certainly knew where to go for their material, for there never was a better,

and more picturesque place to find it. Here, too, was a reminder of the Pilgrim Fathers. Away up on the top of a hill was a huge stone column, erected to them.

Along the coast were many coast guard houses. It made it especially interesting to really see these, after reading about them in stories. On our homeward journey, we spent a night at Lake George, in the heart of the Adirondack Mountains. This is a beautiful lake, surrounded by mountains, but somehow the Ocean had affected us and it was hard to appreciate a "mere teacup," after the wide expanse of boundless water.

This whole trip took twelve days. Have I sufficiently interested you to persuade you to join us? I thought you wouldn't be able to resist such a temptation. So go home and pack your grip and be ready early Monday morning, and hope for good weather. —L. W., Vth.

THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

Perhaps I do not need to remind my readers that there is such a thing as a Commercial Department in the Belleville High School. It is very evident that parents are beginning to realize the value of a commercial education for their children, by the continued increase in the number of students in this department during the past four or five years.

The Commercial Department has been organized for about eight years. Up to about five years ago this department, or the "Commercial", as it was commonly termed, had not assumed its present proportion. But, however, since Miss Brown became the head of this department, she has kept it increasing rapidly in "Health, Wealth and Prosperity", every year seeing an increase in number of students, graduates, award winners, influence, equipment, etc. When Miss Brown first came to the High School there were two rooms and a section of the Assembly Hall constituting the Commercial Department. There was one whole room, the second was a partitioned-off section of the girls' cloak-room, upstairs, where they nearly froze to death in the winter. (I might mention that in the last two years this combined typing room and cloak room has been made into a whole form but a part of the partition was left to prevent the roof falling in on the half frozen pupils.) The other room was a corner of the Assembly Hall. This same hall

has since been entirely partitioned-off and the space is now occupied by four or five forms, four at least of which are now Commercial forms. There were somewhere between seventy and eighty pupils studying Commercial. Miss Brown was the only "Commercial" teacher but was well assisted by Miss Saunders. Since the advent of Miss Brown, however, these conditions have been altogether changed. There are now over one hundred and fifty pupils studying the Commercial Course. The equipment has been also greatly improved.

There are six Commercial Forms all kept busy working every period during the day. There is one third form Commercial, namely, 3A, which has outlined for it a full programme of study for an entire year, and it has even been whispered that there will be a fourth year commercial form and Fourth Year Diplomas will be granted instead of the Second Year Diplomas which have hitherto been given. There are now three teachers devoting their full time to Commercial work. These are all taking a very active interest in the progress of the Commercial Department. A new department, that of General Science, taught by Mr. Thomas, has been added to the curriculum of the third form. This includes a general outline of Botany, Zoology, Physics and Chemistry.

The Commercial Department obtained great honours in the field of Athletics. Elsie Doo-

little captured the girls' Intermediate Championship on 1925's Field Day, and Jim Cooke won the boys' Junior Championship for the same year. The boys' Commercial Hockey team made the General Lower School boys stand on their toes for the Lower School Hockey shield and only lost by a very close margin. The girls' Commercial Baseball team carried off the Girls' Baseball honours last year. The girls' basketball team in 1B Commercial walked off with the Lower School Basketball honours this year, too.

Many typing awards have been obtained during the year 1926, three Silver Medals for 45 words per minute, ten Card-cases for 35 words and eleven Primary Remington Certificates for 25 words; while twenty-five Bronze Medals (40 words) and eight Silver Emblems (50 words) and thirty-five Primary Underwood Certificates for 30 words were won in the Underwood tests.

I would like to say something about the Night School Commercial Classes. There are about fifty pupils attending the Night School Classes. Many of these are Commercial graduates coming back for the sole purpose of keeping in trim for the position that is always in the offing. I do not mean by this that our graduates are all left at the mercy of this cold world, no—not a bit of it—many of them are holding the most important positions in this city. Some are cashiers in our large stores. Others are stenographers in lawyers' offices and banks. One of the City Clerk's stenographers is a Commercial graduate. As regards the Night School typing awards the following medals, etc., have been won: One Remington Silver Medal for 45 words, two Remington Card Cases for 35 words, one Remington Gold Medal for 55 words, one Underwood award for 60 words, two Underwood Bronze Emblems for 40 words, three Underwood Silver Medals for 50 words.

Speed tests are typed exactly in compliance with the World's International Typewriting Contest rules. All tests are typed in double spacing, for fifteen minutes, Remington tests are typed for ten minutes only, but a maximum of five mistakes must not be exceeded. Ten words are taken off for every error in the tests.

The following are the graduates from the Commercial Department during the year 1926: First Class Honours—James Cooke, Sadie Doran, Bessie Duesberry, Irene Hick, Annie Mitchell, George Pope, Annie Safe.

Second Class Honours—Mildred Johnston, Vera Johnston, Mary Mason, Mary McCoy, Grace Morbey, Tom Wells, Elvera Scott.

Third Class Honours—Evelyn Badgley, Bernice Baker, Audrey Kelleher, Mabel Pope, Margaret Redfern.

Pass—Laura Dougherty, Blake Weese.

I would like to acquaint the general public with the fact that almost all of the material in this "Elevator" is first typewritten by the second and third year Commercial Forms and then sent down to the printing house all ready for the printers. This practice has been carried on for several years and means about two or three weeks' typing for those in the Commercial Department. This work is done gratis and goes to show how important a part the "Commercials" take in the making of our well-known School Magazine.

Last year the Commercial Classes typed lengthy reports and specifications to hasten the erection of the new school. Miss Elvera Scott was an important medium, thus proving her genius for tabulations. The Commercial classes also typed the parts of the High School play.

I would like to terminate this editorial by wishing the Commercial Department the best of wishes for a bright and progressive future.

—Jim Cooke



CANON RONDER

A story suggested by Hugh Walpole's
"Cathedral"

This is the last composition written by Mac Farrel in the High School. The subject was his own choice. Having read and enjoyed Hugh Walpole's "The Cathedral", he felt a desire to add a chapter of his own to Canon Ronder's story. To those who have read Walpole's novel, the composition will be of special interest and it will be evident that Mac had caught the spirit of the story: to those that have not read the story, the literary merit of the composition will have, we believe, sufficient appeal to justify its publication.

Ronder stepped jauntily into the Cathedral, humming snatches of a half-forgotten tune. He was well satisfied with himself, for but yesterday he had been elected to the post of Arch-deacon, a position he had long desired.

Ever since that day, now ten years past, when he had successfully opposed Brandon, Ronder had steadily risen in position and influence. The appointment of a new Bishop had aided him, and today he had more influence than even Brandon had had.

Strange how Brandon came into his thoughts. Could not the man sleep quietly in his grave? Ten years—and still the man haunted him.

A cloud passed over Ronder's face as he walked slowly down the aisle. The pleasure of his position fled from him. He suddenly felt very small and mean. Above him a bell tolled the hour, and the echoes reverberated back and forth across the vault. What an immense, what a permanent thing the Cathedral was!

The service concluded, Ronder lingered; just why, he did not know. Brandon, Brandon, Brandon, was ever in his thoughts; Brandon, and the Black Bishop. That was a new theme. That tomb in the shadow with its life-like image haunted him, side by side with the face of Brandon.

Suddenly Ronder sat erect. Hanging from a hook in front of him was a large black key, the key of the Black Bishop's tomb. He had never seen the interior of the tomb. So far as he knew, no one had entered it for years. It would be interesting to open the little door and enter that mysterious tomb. Furthermore it would free his thoughts of Brandon for a time.

With a quick stride Ronder walked down the aisle, entered the deserted room in the tower, fitted the key in the iron door at the end of the tomb and descended the three or

four steps into the interior. At the bottom he turned to look at the iron grill above the door, which admitted a dim light. A hand was just closing the door.

Ronder made a leap toward the entrance, just as the key grated in the lock. A low, drunken laugh sounded; a cultured voice, the voice of Davray, the painter, mocked him for an instant.

"So, Canon Ronder, you, too, are in the power of the Cathedral. Adieu."

Hours later Ronder was still pacing his prison. He had ceased to call, realizing that until a search was organized no one would enter the tower room. The daylight had faded to darkness and now a faint light was again coming through the grill above the door of the tomb. A wandering beam of light played on the gilded coffin of the Black Bishop, set in the middle of the flagged pavement. What if they did not come in time? Would he not speedily become a second inmate of the tomb, albeit one less honoured in death?

Ronder started to call again. He called until he was hoarse, until his head swam and his senses reeled, yet he heard only the echoes of his own voice. With a choking cry he fell to the floor.

He seemed to be flying through space yet he felt no motion. Was this death?

He was in an immense chamber, so immense that he could see only the vaulted roof above him. The sense of rushing through space was still with him until an immense throne appeared before him, and a voice called his name so that it echoed from wall to wall of the hall. A saintly figure was seated on the throne, a bunch of keys in his right hand, the staff of justice in his left. Ronder trembled.

A flourish of trumpets, silence, and then a voice speaking as from infinity, a voice gentle yet stern, a voice that one could trust, a voice that one would heed.

"Ronder, a soul once consecrated to God, to His service and to His praise, blessed with opportunity, gifted with power of speech and mind, thou, O man, hast sinned against thy Master. Thou hast worshipped power, committed murder in thy heart, denied thy God, coveted that which is thy neighbour's, and yielded in diverse other ways to the temptings of unrighteousness and sin. No longer art thou fit to be called man. There is but one

way; return to earth, repent, become a true servant."

The voice faded and then darkness came, broken only by a single guiding star.

Ronder awoke in his little room, where anxious friends had brought him after finding him unconscious beside the coffin of the Black Bishop. Before him he saw in imagination a life of which he could be truly proud. He confided his secret to no one, yet all recognized

a wonderful change in him, and all loved him, recognizing his love for them.

In a little cemetery of crosses in Northern France there stands a single granite shaft erected in memory of a hero. It bears this inscription:

"In memory of Bishop Ronder, who died on this field, Nov. 14, 1915, the beloved Chaplain and friend of the Ninth Division."

—J. M. Farrell

LEGENDARY CONSTELLATIONS

"All through her silent watches, gliding slow, Her constellations come, climb the heavens, and go."

Star-gazing is still an entrancing occupation but perhaps not so common as in the olden days of the great Greek astronomers. Through the ages stars burn out and new stars are born, yet there are many, many stars that have lived since before the first man. It is most interesting to learn how these were named, for even the most common star has connected with it a romantic history.

The most familiar constellation perhaps, is the Bears or the two Dippers, by which the Polaris or North Star is found. Have you ever wondered why their tails are so long? It was Jupiter who placed them in their conspicuous position, and in order to put them there, he swung them up by their tails. As a natural consequence the tails stretched. The Indians have a charming story about the Bears. The four stars in the bowl is the bear who is pursued by the three hunters in the handle. The first hunter carries a bow and arrow to kill him, the second one a pot in which to boil him, while the third carries the kindling to make the pot boil. Round and round the Polaris they chase him, but only catch him once a year, when his blood then dyes our autumn leaves.

According to the old myths, Laurus, which is found in the Hyades cluster, earned his place in the heavens in a very romantic manner. The king of Phoenecia, it is said, had a little daughter named Europa. One day while she

was playing in the meadow with her comrades she was spirited off to heaven by a large white bull. Laurus is that bull whom Zeus placed among the stars. Since only his shoulders could be seen above the water when he swam to Crete with her on his back, just his shoulders may be seen in the constellation.

Everyone knows the hero of the heavens, whether his name be known or not. His diagonal sword and his fearless stride are his prominent distinguishing marks. On each shoulder and on each leg he boasts a star, while his sword is inlaid with three similar gems. Many are the legends told of his bold figure, but the most memorable one relates that when Orion became old he went to live with his friend Artemis on the isle of Crete. It seems he became rather boastful in his old age and made the bold announcement that he was going to kill all the wild creatures on the island. The animals objected to this so the scorpion bit him. Zeus carried both of them to the sky and ever since the scorpion avoids Orion, for they are very rarely seen at the same time.

Although many people who make a detailed study of stars do not care for the retold legends concerning them, those who are mildly interested find it one of the charms. One feels more personally acquainted with the stars. We wonder too if the stars discovered in the more modern years will have as charming myths for future star-gazers.

—Trula Mason





VERSE and VERSUS

DUSK

Prize Poem

Oh! the blackness of night comes majestically stealing,
Velvety soft,
Like a fan slowly opening across the sky's ceiling
So far aloft;
In its deepening gloom, comes a white crystal star,
Another red
Like an ominous ruby of blood glows afar;
Straight ahead,
Liquid and lustrous, a faint creamy light,
Where the moon
Is floating toward the horizon, and night
With it soon
Will be here with its diamond-jewelled ebony spread;
But towers
Of shadow are now, and, until it is fled,
Dusk is ours.

—Murray C. Bonnycastle.

WINTER'S SNOW FAIRY

The snow has come; great fleecy flakes
Are falling gently,—silently.
A peace comes with them; all is still;
The world is clothed in purity.
Where once the roofs were bare and brown,
A blanket white is softly spread;
The cedars glisten, and the pine
Scarcely inclines its snow-crowned head.
Ah! Now the dark clouds drift away,
And after they have gone to rest,
The sun sends out one transient ray,
Then slowly sinks into the west.
The shadows creep; another night
Steals softly to us, and the day,
With heavy, fast-retreating wings
Has fled into eternity.

The moon, a pure and radiant orb,
From heaven casts its silvery light,
And, as each star is born, it shines
And twinkles far into the night.

A fairy man of snow has touched
The old world with his elfish hand;
Or, are we sure 'tis but the earth,
And not a magic fairyland?

I gaze in awe and wonderment
From snowy sward to moon afar,
And murmur, "Mother Nature,—Oh,
How truly marvellous you are!"

—D. R., 5th

NOVEMBER

A spot of blue in a billowy sky,
And a windy, blustery day,
A hillside decked with autumn leaves,
With a smell of damp decay.
An icy stream thro' a grey vale flowing,
The bare trees all astir,
The withered flower by the roadside blowing,
Wild ducks wings awhir.
This is November, beginning of slumber,
Month of Thanksgiving, and Indian Summer.

—Trula Mason

DAWN

A cloak of silence enfolds all the earth;
One by one
The myriad stars disappear;
The moon long since has sunk below the horizon,
A pale, silver globe,
The first gleams of light shoot up from
The earth's rim,
Painting the clouds with a rosy brush
Held in the hands of the Master Artist.
As though a messenger had heralded the dawn,
Slumbering Nature awakens;
Birds twitter merrily in the trees,
Flowers open,
The sun rises in all his golden glory,—
Another day begins.

—L. Naylor, IIB.

ABOUT TWO WEEKS BEFORE CHRISTMAS

When we feel it comin' near,
Just about this time of year,
A feeling of ecstatic thrilling joy
Runs up and down the back
Of Mary, Anne, or Jack,
And every single other girl or boy.

It's worth having one's nose chilled
Just to see shop windows filled
With a thousand thousand gorgeous things and
more,

Coloured things that brightly blaze,
In the kind electric rays
Oh! that tiny train a-runnin' round the floor.

When at last fond eyes must go
Home through feath'ry falling snow,
It's with gladdened hearts and hopes that look
ahead

To the magic velvet light
And the sleigh bells of the night
The sweet suspense of Christmas Eve in bed.

—M. Bonnycastle

THE GAY CHRISTMAS TIME

Junior Prize Poem

'Tis Christmas-time, and the Christmas chimes
Are ringing through the air.
Yes, bells are ringing, glad hearts are singing
There's happiness everywhere.

There's no boy or girl in this merry world
Who's not singing a song today.
With laughter and shout, they put sadness to
rout

And everyone's happy and gay.
I am writing this rhyme to the gay Christmas-
time,

With a heart that's as light as can be,
So all give a cheer for the bright New Year
And come and be happy with me.

—Uldene Gleason, 2A Commercial

A POOR FISH

A Ballad

A little fish said to himself,
"I want to swim away,
Across the stony hard sea-shelf
Way out into the bay."

The sky was bright, his heart was light,
As he set out that day,
He thought that he had done just right
In going to the bay.

He swam along the pebbly beach,
Along the bright sea-shore,
And saw a worm, just within reach
And farther on some more.

"That looks so good to me," said he,
"I think I'll take a bite,"
And rushed right in, from out at sea
To take just one small mite.

And then he very gently took
One little bite, at first,
Then taking just one careful look
He took it for its worth.

One bite was quite enough for him,
He never wished for more,
The fish now sing a dirge for him,
Along the bright sea-shore.

—Allan Gay

"The poetry of earth is never dead".
At least that's what the poet Keats has said.
But sometimes it is hard to think it true;
You see, in High Schools, poets seem so few,
And so our teacher asked us all to write
Our own reaction to all kinds of light.
It need not rhyme, she said, or even scan;
But, perhaps, a spark of genius it might fan,
If only we would write as moderns do,
Untrammelled by a hackneyed law or two.
And so we wrote the very best we could—
Our teacher says that some of it is good.
She says the very latest thing in verse,
Is called "vers libre", and ours is that — no
worse

Than lots she's read in magazines well-known;
Keep on; we'll get a real poetic tone.

—M. Y.

LIGHTS

There's the bold, bright light of a searchlight,
And candle-light soft and low,
And fire-light red and flickering,
And street lights all in a row.

There's the light from a wee small cottage,
And light from a castle high,
There's light from the starry heavens,
And light from the sun in the sky.

There's light from the moon and its members,
And the flare of a forest fire.
There's light from campfire embers,
And light from a light-house spire.

There's the mellow light of twilight,
And the red of a new-born day.
There's the changing lights of northern nights,
As they shimmer and dance and play.

There's the quiet light of gloaming
When the world's work is done,
And you and I come roaming
To the welcome light of home.

—Arnold Bryant

LIGHTS

I stood upon the hillside
And watched the last, lingering finger of light
Left by the dying sun.
Came Twilight,
Creeping upon the unsuspecting village,
Throwing its illusive shadows before its face,
Driving me before it down the hillside
To the little village down below.
I watched the mellow light fill the empty win-
dows,
Bringing a look of peace to the home,
Flitting tirelessly back and forth, went the fire-
flies,
Shining their tiny lamp for so brief a space.
Off towards the marshy land
I saw the ghostly blue light of the will o' the
wisp
Shunned and doomed to wander on alone.
The moon, a proud aristocrat, shines its silvery
beam
Upon the earth,
Lending its cold light more selfishly each night.
Winding down the highway,
A mere ribbon shining in the night,
Flashed the roving eyes of modern dragons—
Never ceasing.
Walking down the quiet street,
I passed a house, full to overflowing with youth
and laughter,
Each window telling the silent night
Of the joyous doings within.
Glancing in at the windows of lowly houses,
I saw the fire's ruddy glow
Paint the faces of those who watched and
dreamed
By its light.

—Phyllis Davie, Form 2D

LIGHTS

Lights!
Well, I have never thought of them before;
But when you come to think,
There are different lights,
As there are different stages of Life.
In the beginning,
There was light.
A beautiful bright all-over light
So called day.
The darkness even, has lights;
A pretty softly stealing light,
Which the moon helps to make,
Then a twinkling light,
Made by the stars as they start to peep out,
Of the quickly darkening blue of the sky.

—Twila Warham, IIC

They twinkle mischievously as the "tiny spark-
les",

In a happy child's eyes,
And mirrored in the softly rippled lake
Which reflects or lights it proudly back to us.
Have you ever watched the sun sink in the west,
Or rise in the east?
"Yes", you say,
"Oh! how glorious," or "What a light!"
As the different colors blend.
But, these are all God's wonderful lights.
Now, man has also light.
Artificial light,
Yet grand and illuminating in its way.
Take the camp-fire with its bright merry
flames,
Does it not give the watcher a warm dreamy
feeling?

As do also the long, leaping, red tongues
That crack and lick angrily at the blackened
Bricks of a fire-place.
Oh, yes! and
There are electric lights,
Man's make,
Also fascinating in its own way.
Have you never been gazing from a rise or hill
Down the long tree-lined avenue,
Illuminated by many tiny bulbs?
Or
Have you been on the river bank
Gazing at the lighted city?
Or
Seen the many prettily colored lights of a boat
Sliding softly across the water,
Making all manner of leering faces?
Or better still,
Probably you have been fortunate enough
To gaze upon the thrilling lights of Broadway
Theatres, stores and beauty parlors,
All trying to peer brighter, thro' their tiny,
glaring eyes.

That's light!
Have you ever been by the train track
When that large solitary eye or light
Rushes nearer, hypnotizing you to the loss of
all motion?
It reminds me of some ugly creature, creeping
swiftly upon me.
A fascinating light also,
Is the deep light that burns and smoulders,
In each eye of a cat or wild animal,
You can notice it plainly,
As fiery pin points
If you are on the dark highways some night.

The following poem was found in one of
Mac's books just after his passing. We, of the
English Department of the B. H. S. are not
familiar with the poem and do not know if it
was just a favourite of his, or was, as is thought
by some of his friends, the product of his pen.
Should any of our Exchanges recognize the
poem, we will be glad if they will communicate
with us.

DREAMS

I dreamed my dream of kingly power,
Of regal wealth, of sovereign power and show,
Of golden thrones, and more than golden har-
vests,
And all were mine to use, yet though
I searched among the whole great glittering
storehouse,
I found not what I sought and passed it by
I saw the wealth, I saw the power, leave me,
And let them pass without a single sigh.

I dreamed my dream of highest wisdom
Of fame, yes, fame, which would endure
Till earth and sky had passed from out the liv-
ing.

I passed it by, and passing saw no lure.
In even these, there yet was something missing,
To be a sage, but yet to never love
Were worthless; so I scorned the tempting
vision,
Then turned again to see what fate might give.

And then I dreamed the dream of heaven,
Of love, of hearts knit in love's bonds,
I heard the music, saw the joyous concourse
And welcomed it,—as from a thousand tongues
There came to me the triumph of the living,
The riches of the richest, the power of the great
For love and happiness must ever dwell to-
gether.
My only wish, my dream to be my fate.

CHRISTMAS ON THE FRONTIER

Senior Prize Story

Down the black patch, the plow worked its
way, and back again, until the sun dropped to-
ward the horizon. Wearily, David McMasters
unhitched, slowly he turned his team toward
the sod shack and stables.

A girl pushed open the door of the shack and
waved a welcome. She leaned forward eagerly.
"Don't take the harness off. Let's drive
in to the post office to the sing tonight!" She
followed his glance. "Oh! Oh! the clouds are
all black!" She hesitated, then leaned toward
him coaxingly. "But if it doesn't storm, let's
go!"

Inside the tiny sod house, a rosy two-year-
old baby crowed at her coming. She picked
up the child and stood by the window, looking
up the long slope behind the shack. A round
something shot by the corner. The girl gasp-
ed.

"My new tub! I—"
She dropped the baby into his chair by the
window. The child gurgled, "Mamma—tub!"
Hurriedly, she nodded, caught up a coat and
ran.

The tub was bounding up the hill like a thing
possessed. Swiftly she pursued it, almost
touched it, missed it a second time, ran on and
disappeared in the coming darkness.

David McMasters pushed the door open,

slammed it behind him, and braced himself
against it.

"Nancy?" He stepped to the window.

"Where's mother, sonny?"

The baby pointed out the window.

"Mamma—tub!" "Mamma—tub—run!"

David was out of the door and around the
corner of the shack, shouting, hands cupped to
his mouth.

"Nancy, Oh, Nancy!"

Again he called and listened. Once more
he called, fought his way down the hill and out
to the stable. Swiftly he hitched the horses
to the wagon. He ran to the shack, bundled
the baby warmly and carried him to the wagon.
Into the thick wall of snow the team plunged
along the road up the hill.

Throughout the darkness, David sent his
cry:

"Nancy! Nancy! Nancy!"

Where was he going? What could he do?
There was no one near. The nearest neighbours
were the Claires who lived four miles across
the hills. The four miles seemed multiplied
by ten. A faint glimmer blurred like a star
high up in the snow. The horses struggled
towards it. Still David sang and called. A
latch rattled and a light flashed out in the dark-
ness.

Claire's voice came through the storm.

"Hello! That you, McMasters?"

"Yes. Nancy ran out after a tub chasing it up the hill this way". He pulled at the reins. "I've got to find her."

"Wait a minute man! We'll leave the baby with my wife in the shack here. I'll be with you in a minute."

They faced the never-ending snowfall. David stirred and spoke hoarsely. "I've thought she might be near enough to hear me if I called. I've been singing."

"All right, old man. If you're tired, I can take it up."

The frontiersman's far-reaching cry rang out through the drive to McMaster's shack. No one was there, the shack was deserted. They quietly closed it up and McMasters went to stay with the Claires.

Quickly the news spread that Nancy McMasters was missing. The snowfall was over three feet on the level, and old frontiersmen shook their heads. Nancy had been out four days.

Not until the first week of December were the roads clear so that Sunday School could meet in the general store. A general shout of welcome greeted each newcomer but the hail turned to a gasp when McMasters followed the Claires through the doorway.

The Sunday School was called to order, a little later than usual, and followed the routine course.

Before the last hymn the superintendent rose. "It's three weeks until Christmas. Some of us thought that having lost—"

David McMasters stood up. "I would like to help with the singing, if you care to have me." He sat down quickly. In a low voice, without looking up he said:

"She wanted me to come. It is all I can do."

Quietly the superintendent gave out the closing hymn and the school was dismissed.

At last came Christmas night—Christmas on the frontier.

The frontiers-folk crowded into the small room until it could hold no more.

A hush fell over the room. David's brave eyes held the people and his clear tenor rose to guide them:

"Hark the herald angels sing,

Glory to the new-born King—"
The prairie audience held its breath and their minds recalled happy homes in the far east. Then the children shouted for the presents. A Santa Claus in home-made costume entered and began to distribute the gifts.

With an impressive air, Santa Claus announced:

"Miss Anderson, our postmistress!"
A well-scraped buffalo-horn, swinging by a ribbon, tied through jagged holes on opposite sides of the rim, was presented with an adult look of sympathy. The remaining collection of buffalo-horns and moccasins were distributed to politely grateful recipients.

The superintendent rose.
"There is one more favour we would like to ask; that Mr. McMasters sing the last carol, "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear", alone."

David's white face lifted. He rose and stood before his neighbours, thin and gaunt. His voice rose and filled the warm room, floating through the open doorway.

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old;
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold.
Peace on the..."

The music died on his lips. Wide, strange eyes stared over the people to the door. McMasters moved swiftly toward the door. Everybody turned. In the open doorway stood Nancy, clad in soft doeskin. Slowly she lifted her pale face and stretched out her arms to the man before her.

"I heard—David! Oh! I can't believe it yet—that I am here. I want you to know what saved me. When I couldn't get down the hill against the wind after chasing the tub, I tried to run on to Claires'. I got cold and tired, and I fell down. When I woke up, I was in a teepee over on the reservation. They could not bring me back because the ice melted next day. But tonight, the ice was frozen and they brought me to the cross-roads. I heard your singing."

Softly, the border people slipped from the room. Within the room, David knelt, adoring mother and child.

—Tom Martyn



Sanctuary.

SCRAPS



FIFTH FORM

MR. STILWELL (to Fifth Form which is becoming quite noisy)—Well, Satan always finds work for idle hands to do, and so I will give you these problems to solve.

We always knew that Mr. Stilwell was very particular about his appearance, but nevertheless, we were slightly shocked in Geometry period the other day when he asked the whole class if any of us saw anything wrong with his figure.

MILDRED—You are the goal of my ambition.
About 12.30 that night, Mildred's father kicked the goal.

How long do you think Miss Chown and Gladys Parry took to decide "whom they loved best" at the Fifth Form Masquerade? We had better not tell. However, we will say that it didn't take Mr. Howard very long to decide.

C. EARLE (rushing into Fifth Form as the last bell ceases ringing)—Hey, wait for me, till I take my coat and hat off.

G. DUFF (at ten minutes to twelve)—Tell Mr. MacLaurin to ring the bell. I'm through work for the morning.

MISS HITCHON (trying to catch Kelly) — Clinton, how do you spell Massachusetts?

CLINTON (bound not to be caught) — M-a-s-s and a period.

MR. HILL (dictating) — The snail has a

shell which is conical in shape.
T. MARTIN—Did you say that the snail had a shell which was comical in shape?

MISS CHOWN (to C. Kerr who is slow in translating)—Come, Charlie, wake up!
CHARLIE (translating)—At last! I am here.

MR. HILL (in Botany period) — The leaf changes its composition.
TOMMY (shocked)—Mr. Hill! Did you say it changes its combination?

Famous Sayings of Famous Teachers

MISS CHOWN — A pencil in my hand is worth three on my desk.

MISS HITCHON — Stop that supercilious smiling.

MISS YOUNG—Don't look at me like that, Cleo.

MR. STILWELL—A man's liberality varies inversely as his bank account.

MR. NATION—I have never yet descended to keeping in Fifth Formers.

MR. MacLAURIN — Small quantities give better results.

MR. HOWARD—Say, can't you girls in the corner stop talking about the son, moon and stars?

MR. HILL—There will be no more wars, nation against nation. The wars in future will be wars, nations against insects.

A spoilt little boy is our Tommy, Who declares that he doesn't eat candy, But despite his refutes, he is full to the boots, Except in the period of Botany.



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FORM IVB

Even the gloomy Fourth has a touch of hum-
our in it. One pupil declared on an examina-
tion that "Late, Late, So Late" was based on
the parable of the ten Virgils.

—:—:—
"If"

If you have never seen Perry White's "Baby
Face",
If you have never watched Tommy Montague
do the latest step,
If you have never heard Bill Fartell play the
cornet,
If you have never listened to Beatty Wellbanks
whistle,
You have missed something,
Perhaps?

—:—:—
FORM IVA

Who's Who in IVA

Miss Marion Ketcheson—
Born: Presumably in Ireland.
Educated: Quite extensively.
Occupation: Electioneering.
Hobby: Chicken suppers.
Recreation: Long distance sprinting.

Miss D. Roblin—
Born: Yes and it wasn't yesterday.
Educated: Correspondence School.
Occupation: Asking questions.
Hobby: Eating ice-cream.
Recreation: Mild flirtations.

Miss Mary Day—
Born: Unfortunately.
Educated: Not yet.
Occupation: Specializing in Ancient History
and Latin.
Hobby: Charlestoneing.
Recreation: Rugby matches.

Miss Alice McIntosh—
Born: ?
Educated: Slowly but surely.
Occupation: Getting away with as much as
possible.
Hobby: Chasing the last bell.
Recreation: Amusing Mr. MacLaurin with
poetical selections.

John N. Davis—
Born: Doubtless.
Educated: Occasionally.
Occupation: Too busy.
Hobby: Chickens.
Recreation: Snooker and Boston.
Ambition: None.

Earl W. Elliot—
Born: Alas.
Educated: O.S.D.
Occupation: General nuisance.
Ambition: The menagerie.
Recreation: Long walks.

Carl Sills—
Born: Feb 31, 19?
Educated: Webster's Dictionary.
Occupation: Superannuated.
Hobby: Cigar bands.
Recreation: Drawback on rugby team.

Kenneth Moul—
Born: Out on the farm.
Educated: Mimico.
Occupation: Who knows?
Hobby: French pronunciation.
Recreation: Gum.
Ambition: Oratory.

—:—:—
FORM IIIC

What Would Happen If:
Jack Cooke got a haircut.
Twila Warham became serious.
Marjorie Hill came to school without her
homework done.
Mr. Howard didn't say, "Find yourselves
something to do."
The New Collegiate was built.
Arthur Liddle grew big.
Eileen fell in love with work (instead of ?).
The B.H.S. Rugby Team won a game.
Harold Mott didn't talk out loud.
IIIC learned some algebra?

—:—:—
FORM IIIB

L.S. (pensively)—Do you believe in love at
first sight?
M.C.—No. The first time I saw Donald he
was in a limousine, and I fell madly in love
with him. I found out later that it was bor-
rowed.

—:—:—
FORM IIIA

Editor's Note—This is the form that helped
make the Elevator a success. They willingly
gave their time in making type-written copies
of the substance in our magazine, before it was
sent to the printer. Great credit is due Miss
Brown and her class for their splendid co-oper-
ation and so I say, "Thank you."

—:—:—
EARL BOWDEN—Gee, I'm fast!
ARTHUR JONES—Yes,—fast asleep.

—:—:—
MR. THOMAS—Bacteria are reproduced by

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Front Street

parting in the centre, thus forming two bacteria.

J. Churchill—Yes,—two into one goes twice.

Colin Brown—Gee, I can shoot.

Elmer Adams—Yeh,—the bull.

FIRST—Why on earth is that fellow attempting to jump with his overcoat on?

SECOND—It's a spring overcoat, can't you see?

AUDREY—John M. says I am one girl in a thousand.

LOLA—What a hopeless minority.

MR. THOMAS—Say, Daisy? don't you know anything?

DAISY—No.

MR. THOMAS—Well, answer my question then.

ELSIE (to Audrey —How's John?

AUDREY—Which one do you mean?

A COMPOSITION ON A HORSE

The horse is a very noble beast; he eats oats and sawdust. He goes on four legs. He does not stay out late at night, nor make faces at his little sister, nor tease his Grandmother; he does not have to write Compositions, nor make fires, nor wash his face in the morning (I wish I was a horse). There are many different kinds of horses: saw-horse, omnibus horse, war horse, hoss radish, rhynocery hoss, hoss-pistol, Colt's revolver, hoss-chestnut and a donkey (He ain't got nuthin' to do with the subject but we'll throw him in). There's only one kind that's good to eat, and that's hoss-pistol— I mean hoss-radish. Hoss chestnuts is good to pelt girls with. Some folks like a reddish hoss; then again, some like a milk white steed, with flowin' tail and main erect; but for me, give me a coal black steed, with fiery red nostrils and flashin' eye, or gimme death! I forgot to mention a hoss has a tail, and can unfold it like Hamlet or any other animal.



LOWER SCHOOL

LOWER SCHOOL EDITORIAL

At last, Lower School has made a place for itself in the "Elevator". In past years, we were content to sit back and let Middle and Upper School send in the majority of the contributions. This year, however, Lower School pupils decided not to be left behind, but to make up for their past neglect. This year, so many contributions were sent in from them that Lower School was given a section in which to display its talent.

The moment word reached Lower School that there was to be a Christmas number of the "Elevator", every pupil was enthused and many volunteered to assist in supplying mater-

ial. When the material was called for, it was sent in sheaves. Short stories, cartoons, jokes and other well-written articles, poured in to the editors, who were well pleased with the Lower School efforts. Lower School sent as many short stories as Upper and Middle School. In the Cartoon Contest, great skill was shown in the work sent in by many of the first and second form students.

The "Elevator" staff appreciates the cooperation of Lower School, in helping to make the "Elevator" a successful undertaking, and unite in wishing Lower School teachers and pupils a very Merry Christmas.

—Kathryn Gallagher



The "Slicker" Age

PRIZE CARTOON BY MITCHELL GILLEN

SELECTING A GIFT FOR BETTY

Junior Prize Story

With a sigh, I sat down in a chair before the fire, and racked my brain to think of a suitable Christmas gift for my favourite niece. Any bachelor will sympathize with me, I am sure. Ever since Betty had reached the age of thirteen, until this Christmas, I had approached this same task with a sinking heart, and every year, it had seemed to grow harder. While she was still a young child, it was easy enough to select a gift for her, but now—well, I could hardly present a young lady of eighteen with a mama doll, or a fluffy white rabbit, such as would have delighted her heart when she was a little tot of five or six.

Wearily I picked up a magazine and glanced through the pages. It was a Christmas number and the smiling faces, brightly pictured in nearly every advertisement, roused me to bitter thoughts of them. They seemed to find it easy enough, lucky creatures.

The longer I thought, the better I realized how hopeless was my task. I thought so long and so hard that I must have dozed off finally.

Suddenly, however, I was roused from my slumber by the tramping of many feet, and the cries of voices. Looking up, with a start, I was astonished to see an army of business-like little pygmies tumbling into the room. As I looked at them, I perceived that each one was carrying some articles such as fountain pens, pearl necklaces, watches, books, and the like.

The foremost of them rushed forward. He bore with him a beautiful jade fountain pen which he held up for me to see.

"A gift for your niece, you say?" (I hadn't). "then, sir, I know I have been able to procure for you just the thing. This pen, which is the most beautiful piece of art we have been able to make, is the ideal gift for young and old alike. Its beauty and usefulness will appeal to the heart of any girl. It—"

"Oh, keep quiet," came a blustering voice from the rear, and another little man pushed his way up to the front. He was carrying with him a purple velvet case such as are seen in jewellers' windows. Panting from the exertion, he placed it on the floor and opened it. Inside, a beautiful gold wrist watch reposed on a bed of white satin.

"This watch," he said with unmistakable pride, "is not alone an ornament of great beauty, but it is also the most useful gift any girl could desire. I am sure—"

I interrupted him.

"Betty already has a watch", I informed him and he retired with a scowl.

Another little mannikin, who had been trying to attract my attention for some time, rushed up. He placed at my feet a cake of colored soap.

"This soap," said he, "will always keep her skin soft and smooth. She will realize that it is the one gift worth having. Her complexion will always—" He was seized by a fit of coughing here, and another pygmy took advantage of this and started in on his speech.

A fourth, a fifth, and a sixth, came up and made their speeches and displayed their wares. Their wrangling and shrill voices grated on my ears. My head throbbed, and I could not bear it another moment. I jumped up from my chair.

"Get out," I shouted. "I am tired of your wrangling and I will not hear you another instant. Get out, I say, all of you."

Their babble ceased and with backward and reproachful glances they hurried out as suddenly as they had come. I watched them until the last had disappeared. Then, I turned back to the fire. Well, at least, I had got rid of them. Slowly, I sank into a heavy sleep.

It was not until early dawn that I was awakened by the milkman at the door. I thought of my experience of the night before, and frowned. I had still to get Betty a present.

Suddenly, I had an idea. I went down to a large department store. I bade the mystified saleswoman to wrap up twenty-five gifts suitable for a girl of eighteen. These were placed on a table, and I was blindfolded. I was then turned around several times. With my cane outstretched, I walked shakily to the table. I poked about until I touched something. Then I took the handkerchief from my eyes.

"Send that to—" I ordered (giving Betty's address) "and send the bill to me." Then I went home, mightily pleased with myself.

It is Christmas morning. I wonder what Betty is unwrapping as a Christmas present from me.

Betty Burrows, Form 4F

LOWER SCHOOL SCRAPS

FORM 1A

Student (being arrested)—But officer, I'm a student.

Officer—Ignorance is no excuse.

—:—:—

Master—I never knew a person could get so much noise out of a piano.

Bob—That's nothing. Just beginner's luck.

—:—:—

Number 1646501 (jumping up in rage after prison show)—Darn it, a serial, and I am to be hung next week.

—:—:—

City Girl (on the farm)—Why what's that?

Farmer—That is a sheep.

City Girl—But what is that on its back?

Farmer—That's wool.

City Girl—Aw, I bet it's half cotton.

FORM 1B

Miss Merry—Fred, I am accustomed to call my pupils by their surname. What is yours?

Fred (stopping his Composition)—Darling.

Miss Merry—Resume your work, FRED.

—:—:—

I wonder what would happen if:

Jean Croft had her shorthand done.

Bessie Doolittle didn't chew her nails.

If Marion Lauder quit powdering her nose.

Eva Caddick didn't have to stay in for Mr.

Thomas.

If Bob Taylor wasn't always making eyes at Bessie S.

If E Ethier stopped flirting with Victor Hannah.

If Arnold Brown's feet touched the floor.

FORM 1C

First—Poor old Churchill. He is so shortsighted, he's working himself to death.

Second—What's short sight got to do with it?

First—Well, he can't see when the teacher ain't looking, so he has to keep on working all the time.

FORM 1D

First—What is your son going to be when he gets through college?

Second—An old man, I'm afraid.

FORM 1E

Who invented the hole in the doughnut?
Oh, some fresh air fiend, I suppose.

—:—:—

Professor—I will use my hat to represent Mars. Are there any questions before I go on?

Student—Yes, is Mars inhabited?

FORM 1F

Miss Merry (in history)—And he marched up the Richelieu River. (We wonder how).

—:—:—

1F is recovering from an attack of Autograph-hobia. The disease, which broke out about three weeks ago, spread rapidly through the class with somewhat disastrous results. The recovery is a welcome relief to the teachers who are growing tired of threatening to destroy autograph albums.

—:—:—

Rome wasn't built in a day, pupils of Ye Olde Time Belleville High School, so you may get your new Collegiate some day.

—:—:—

The person who wrote "It ain't going to rain no more", could not have been referring to the Fall of 1926, or if he was, he certainly possessed the golden quality of optimism.

—:—:—

Miss Chown (in French period, correcting a sentence)—Donald, where's your pa? (pas)
We wonder why she wants to know.

—:—:—

We have always thought Alice's language irreproachable, but we find we have been sadly deceived. The other day, when asked by Miss Chown for a French sentence she started out, "Aux dame—" Shocking, isn't it?

—:—:—

What to give a few of 1F's pupils for Christmas:

A. Belair—A box of note-paper.

Mary Butler—An algebra text book with all the leaves in it.

D. Duncan—A Latin text book to leave at school, not at home.

Betty Burrows—A foolscap pad and a few scribbblers.

L. Burke—An alarm clock.

Andrew Whalen—A megaphone.

T. Luscombe—A large mirror.

FORM 1G

We were seated in the parlour
When she began to pout,
And I failed to understand
What it was all about.

"I never want to see your face,"
She sobbed, "You're such a fright,"
So I got an inspiration,
And turned out the parlour light.

FORM IIA

"Where is the best form in the school?"

Said a visitor one day,

"Why, don't you know, like everyone knows,
That it is 2 Commercial A?"

—:—:—

There is a Hospital in IVA for the treatment of talkative people. No fee.

—:—:—

Miss Fenwick gives IIA Commercial Law, which almost kills them when they have to go to court in IIB.

—:—:—

IIA was detained for French because they did not memorize O Canada.

(A long silence).

Mr. H.—You will stay here until you learn it if it takes till six o'clock.

Sighs. Then—Please, Mr. Howard, when do we serve tea?

—:—:—

Teacher (to small boy)—Bill, when is the best time to pick apples?

Bill—When the dog is tied up.

—:—:—

Teacher—Where is fishing carried on in Ontario?

Boy—In the Trout River and the Bay of Quinte.

FORM IIB

First—Are you a messenger boy, my lad?

Second—Oh, no, it's my sore toe that makes me walk so slowly.

—:—:—

Mr. Thomas—If you want to learn anything properly, you should always start at the bottom, you know.

John—Oh, but that wouldn't help me.

Mr. Thomas—And why not, my lad?

John—Because I want to learn how to swim.

FORM IIC

First—Where were you born?

Second—In London.

First—What part?

Figure in the softest and fluffiest of dresses slipped quietly in. Mother musn't be wakened. The dainty shoes came off and stockings and feet ascended the stairs. Soon the dress was hanging on its peg and somebody slipped into bed. Sleep was not far off, and she had such nice eyes.

—Gladys Parry

Mr. N.—Why do you say they are like old maids?

Pupil—Because they have no "bo" in the future.

—:—:—

Mr. J. (to Canniff)—I'm afraid you can't manage that problem.

Canniff—I'm used to handling big things.

Mr. J.—For instance, what?

Canniff—My feet.

FORM IID

The gum-chewing girl and the cud-chewing cow

There is a difference, you will allow.

What is the difference? Oh, I have it now, it's the thoughtful look on the face of the cow.

—:—:—

One day as I chanced to pass

A beaver was damming a river,

And a man who had run out of gas

Was doing the same to his flivver.

—:—:—

His sister called him Willie,

His mother called him Will

But when he went to school

To Dad 'twas Bill, Bill, Bill.

—:—:—

He managed to get the nearest one who had lately come to our neighborhood. Then I allowed many watchful days and nights, fear and anxiety filling our hearts for the fair sweet child who lay so near death's door. Oh! how eagerly I looked forward in those days to the doctor's coming! Indeed, he made his way to the hearts of all in our home. Finally the day of the crisis came, and the doctor, after spending many hours in the sick-room, imparted to us the glad news that Connie would be spared to us. How great was our joy at the happy tidings!

"Then, before making his departure the doctor, looking at me, remarked on how pale I had become from confinement in the sick room,

LOWER SCH

FORM 1A

Student (being arrested)—But officer, I'm student.

Officer—Ignorance is no excuse.

Master—I never knew a person could get so

—Faith Stillman

Mr. Nation—Countryman, what does 'duco' mean?

Claire—Oh, it's a new kind of paint.

Farley (in Geometry period)—Miss Clarke are we having Indian summer now?

Miss Clarke—No, we are having Geometry now.

From a schoolboy's dictionary:

French—A language composed mostly of grave accents.

Latin—A language believed to be dead, but still at large in the schools.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

Oh, what a shame! If you had only informed us sooner, Mr. Thomas, the account of your marriage could have graced the Society Column. Why didn't you tell us? Of course, we noticed the bright, expectant look on your face, and we heard you whistling more than once as you passed down the hall, but how were we to guess the cause of it all? Oh, well, we won't disappoint you this time, but the next time (if any) that it happens, we would be pleased to receive a full account of it at an

early date, as we find it rather hard to scrape up the particulars of such things as staff weddings. Anyway, here's yours in big letters:

WEDDING BELLS

Thomas—Moore—

At Christ Church, Guelph, on November 27, 1926, Miss Vera Moore was united in marriage to Mr. H. L. Thomas, of the Belleville High School teaching staff. The happy couple are now residing in Belleville.

THE SCHOOL DANCE

Dorothy burst into the house, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks flaming. Her mother knew something was up. Dorothy always came in like that when there was.

"Mother!" gasped Dorothy, "Mother, the school is going to give a dance! Isn't that just wonderful? I'm so excited about it. I do hope somebody asks me to go. Wouldn't it be awful if they didn't? Oh!"

At the thought Dorothy's expression changed. Arnold Brown's feet touched the floor.

FORM 1C

First—Poor old Churchill. He is so short-sighted, he's working himself to death.

Second—What's short sight got to do with

First—Well, he can't see when the teacher is looking, so he has to keep on working all time.

FORM 1D

First—What is your son going to be when he gets through college?

Second—An old man, I'm afraid.

could realize it, the day of the dance was at hand, and it looked as if the new frock wasn't going to be worn after all. All the girls were going. She heard them talking about it in the cloak room. They had asked her if she was going. Well, she wasn't. She might as well get used to the fact now. Maybe mother would go out some place with her, and it wouldn't be so bad.

Oh! but wouldn't it? Four o'clock was drawing near, and at the thought of it, Dorothy couldn't keep back that tear that had been wanting to come this last long while. She brushed it away angrily. She wasn't going to let them see that she wanted to go to their old dance.

There goes the bell. She'd have enough home-work to keep her busy for the evening. What was that new boy looking at her so queerly for? Could it be possible that—? Oh! there she was again, imagining things. But he was coming towards her. He was smiling. Her heart fluttered just the tiniest bit. He was speaking to her. What was he saying? She heard the words "Dorothy", "me", "dance". He was asking her to go to the school dance. She wanted to laugh and

cry both, she was so happy. A vision of the new frock passed through her mind. What a difference it made!

She couldn't get home fast enough. Mother would be so glad. She guessed she didn't have much home-work to do after all. Anyway, what did such a commonplace, everyday thing as home-work matter now? She was going to the dance.

x x x x x

The front door opened softly and a little

figure in the softest and fluffiest of dresses slipped quietly in. Mother musn't be wakened. The dainty shoes came off and stockinged feet ascended the stairs. Soon the dress was hanging on its peg and somebody slipped into bed. Sleep was not far off, and he had such nice eyes.

—Gladys Parry

AUNT ALICE'S ROMANCE

Jenny Lane was seated on a low-cushioned stool before a cheery log fire, staring thoughtfully into the golden flames. Beside her, on a sofa, was a woman of about thirty-eight, industriously plying her needles. Alice Lane, though beautiful in her youth, was still more beautiful as a woman. Her exquisitely formed features stood out clearly against the dark background of the room, and her violet eyes with their sweet, sad expression, contrasted pleasingly with her chestnut brown hair which lay in waves about her head.

Outside it was growing dusk, and in the room there was no light save that of the leaping flames which cast weird shadows on the walls and ceiling.

Jenny was spending her Christmas holidays with her maiden aunt whom she loved so dearly, and, this afternoon, being too cold to venture into the street, both were content to remain indoors, happy in each other's presence.

"A penny for your thoughts, Jenny," said Aunt Alice at last, breaking the prevailing silence.

"They are worth a great deal more than that," Jenny replied, "but I am willing to sell them, Aunt Alice, dear, will you pay my price?"

"Indeed I will, little one, if I am at all able to do so."

"I do hope you will not think me too bold, Aunt Alice, but I have often wondered why you have remained in this great house so long, all alone. You are so beautiful, every one who knows you, loves you, and I am quite sure you have some great secret which you keep carefully locked up in your heart, and"—slyly, "I am in just the mood for secrets this afternoon."

A faint shadow passed over Aunt Alice's face, then gradually disappeared, and a slow sad smile took its place, as she replied:

"Yes, Jenny, you are right. I have a secret."

Mother alone shared it with me, and now she is gone—"

Her fingers ceased their work, her eyes now peering into the flames became soft and dreamy as though they were seeing pictures from the past, and, seeming to speak more to herself than to her niece, she continued:

"Eighteen years ago the daughter of my mother's dearest friend came to live with us. Connie had lost her mother and father at almost the same time and was left an orphan. She was a frail, delicate child of seventeen when we brought her home. Her great blue eyes told clearly the depth of her great sorrow, and her beautiful golden hair, forming a halo about the delicate white face, fell in ringlets to her waist. Slowly we drew her from the black abyss into which she seemed to have fallen, and soon she was her own cheery and beautiful self again.

"Then came a day the following winter, when Connie was forced to remain indoors with a troublesome cold. The next day a slow fever had set in which gradually became worse and a doctor had to be summoned immediately. We managed to get the nearest one who had only lately come to our neighborhood. Then followed many watchful days and nights, fear and anxiety filling our hearts for the fair sweet child who lay so near death's door. Oh! how eagerly I looked forward in those days to the doctor's coming! Indeed, he made his way into the hearts of all in our home. Finally the day of the crisis came, and the doctor, after spending many hours in the sick-room, imparted to us the glad news that Connie would be spared to us. How great was our joy at the happy tidings!

"Then, before making his departure the doctor, looking at me, remarked on how pale I had become from confinement in the sick room,

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and told mother he would prescribe for me. He said he must take me for a drive and the fresh air would bring the roses back to my cheeks. After that I often went. When Connie was at last able to come down stairs, this greatest pleasure of my life I had to divide with her.

"One afternoon, while I was preparing for my drive, Connie whispered:

"Oh, how I wish it were my turn!"

"It shall be yours, little one," I said, "Get ready quickly. I can go tomorrow."

"No, no! That wouldn't be fair. Anyway, if I go today, tomorrow I would wish I hadn't. Oh, I know I am selfish, but I can't help it." She flushed and whispered, "I do love to be with my doctor; don't you Alice?"

"That afternoon proved to be one of the happiest of my life. The doctor talked to me of his home, and of his relatives and seemed quite sure that I would know them all. Though nothing more than this passed his lips, his eyes told me plainly all that was in his heart.

"Connie, with tear-filled eyes was waiting for us when we returned.

"Oh why did you stay so long?" she cried. "I thought something terrible must have happened——"

"No, no, I have brought her back safely, my dear," the doctor said kindly. "Come now it is time my little patient was getting her much needed rest."

"He had not understood the cause of her tears. I knew only for him had been her fears, only for him had she watched.

"That night my doctor and I had no opportunity to be together, and he was unable to put into words that which was in his eyes. But, while saying good-night, he slipped something into my hand and I stole away by myself for a moment. Eagerly I read his note and my cup of happiness seemed, indeed, to be full. He loved me, and I was to give him my answer on the morrow!

"A few minutes later I quietly entered Connie's room, intent on tucking her in, and kissing her good-night. As I moved softly to her bedside, my ears caught the sound of muffled sobs coming from the depths of her pillow. Love and sympathy filled my heart as I folded my arms tenderly about her and drew her head to rest on my shoulder. Then, without hearing from her lips the cause for her tears, the truth came to me with astounding force, and with my lips close to her ear, I whispered:

"Connie, dear, is it the doctor?"

"Oh, Alice, he is all the world to me and I know I am nothing to him but a mere patient.

If I should lose him, or if anything should happen to him, I know I could not live. He cares for me a little bit, doesn't he, Alice?"

"Ah, what a terrible struggle was going on in my heart at that moment. The air seemed to stifle me, and I was unable to reply at once. Then, pressing back the voice striving for utterance to cry denial to her question, I said in a voice that sounded oddly unlike my own:

"Yes, dear, I am sure he loves you—more than a little."

"Darling Alice, you have made me so happy" she cried, and, in a few minutes with her arms still around me, she fell asleep.

"The next morning I confided in mother and to her entrusted a note to my doctor:

"I beg your forgiveness," it ran, "if I am causing you sorrow, but I am not free to accept."

"Then, having extracted a promise from mother to confide my whereabouts to no one, I left the house, suitcase in hand, and went at once to my aunt's, a number of miles distant. She had always begged me to make my home with her and I knew I would be welcome there. Letters from mother were frequent, and, finally, after a two years' absence from home, I received tidings that they were married, Connie and her doctor, and had gone to his southern home to live.

"Then I returned home, Jenny, and I have been here ever since, finding happiness in the knowledge of having contributed to the happiness of one I held so dear. Now, my dear, that is the beginning and ending of my only love story."

"But your doctor's name, auntie, what was his name?"

"I may as well tell you, child, Dr. Conway, it was. Richard Conway."

On hearing this, Jenny at once jumped up and, without a word, ran from the room. In a very short time she returned and handed her aunt a small newspaper clipping.

"Father got it last winter", she explained, "and forgot to give it to you. I found it just before I left home."

From the slip of paper Aunt Alice read: "Died, suddenly, of heart's disease, Constance, wife of Dr. Richard Conway, in her 34th year."

Jenny broke the silence that followed. "Oh, Aunt Alice", she said, "that is nearly a year ago. I am sure he will soon find you and take you away from us!"

A few days passed and one bright morning on answering the door, Jenny stood facing a tall, pleasant-looking stranger.

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"Is Miss Alice Lane at home?" he enquired.
"It's he," breathed Jenny, almost audibly, then stammered, "Y-yes, I'll call her. Do-do come in."

An hour passed and Aunt Alice was still in deep conversation with the tall good-looking

stranger. Jenny crept through the hall on her way upstairs and, while passing the living-room door, she heard the words, uttered in a deep masculine voice:

"Ah, mine at last!"

—L. S., Form IVB

LIFE'S TRAGEDY

They had lived alone now for seven years. No one knew who they were or where they came from,—the old man and the little boy,—but they were known as the hermits of the island. Together they worked on the stony soil around their cottage; together they fished or hunted; together they roamed the confines of their island home and their's was a lonely life. They had no hopes, no fears, no thought of the future,—they lived as in a world apart from ours.

It was early on a cold September morning that the old man tip-toed from his little cabin down to the stony shore, and launched a rude canoe into the quiet waters of the lake. Who can guess his thoughts as he paddled slowly to his favorite fishing spot some distance out and cast in his line. Perhaps of home, and love, perhaps of lost chances, horrible poverty, and a lonely life; perhaps—but who are we to try to fathom a man's inmost soul. In any case, the quick shafts of light piercing through the early morning dim failed to awake any echo of hope or longing in him, for too long had he lived unto himself.

Suddenly he was awakened from his reverie at a fierce tug on his line. The fisherman was upmost in his mind now as carefully he began "feeling" for his prize. But the captive thought otherwise; he darted, he jumped, he splashed, he tugged,—the old man could scarcely hold his position. Then, of a sudden, it happened! A quick leap and the canoe turned turtle, throwing its occupant roughly into the icy depths. Just one cry of help—that was all, the old man could not shout and keep up too.

But that one cry was enough. It brought the young boy running to the shore, and without a moment's hesitation he plunged in. He was a

good swimmer but he seemed to make little headway. Yet nearer and nearer he approached—would he ever reach his father in time—perhaps already he was too late! But the boy's mind refused to think of giving up, he must keep going! Now, he could see the figure of the man clinging desperately to the gunwhale of his only support, and the sight spurred him on. At last he reached his father's side and heard faintly, "Thanks, my boy."

But the task was not half done. The canoe refused to move, the only way was to tow the old man in to shore. Carefully he released his numb hands and started pulling him through the water.

With his heavy burden the boy struggled on. The body was like a dead weight, dragging the rescuer under again and again, and yet—he was still afloat. His one aim was to keep his father's head above water, but perhaps he was already—oh! the boy dared not say the word. So still he struggled on and on, gaining inch by inch, foot by foot. The shore loomed larger and larger. He was only twenty feet away now—could he hold out?

But numbness was creeping into his legs, his arms, it was creeping into his brain. And exhaustion was tiring him more than he could feel. Suddenly there was a choking sigh, a sob, and the cruel waters closed over the heads of the dying man and the exhausted boy.

They were never missed. Their existence had meant no pain or joy to the outside world, and their death brought no lament.

But it was only one of the many brave fights and tragedies which, on earth, pass unsung and uncrowned.

—Dorothy Bishop

We'd like Mr. Thomas to tell us how long he stood out on the sidewalk in the blustery snow storm, waiting for Mr. Howard, while the latter was innocently waiting for him in the boys' cloak-room.

Mr. MacLaurin has been patiently trying to teach Fifth Form in Chemistry, how to take corks out of bottles. Evidently he knows, but why teach us? He must be a firm believer in the Ferguson policy.

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AN ADVENTURE AT CHRISTMAS

The Baron Von Hurst was an ambassador from a small country in Europe. His wife came from one of the oldest families in England and had many relatives there. The Baron was very fond of his wife and on the occasion of her wedding anniversary presented her with a valuable string of pearls. They had cost an enormous sum of money and were said to be one of the three best strings of pearls in Europe.

It was on the twenty-third day of December that the Baroness was invited to a grand ball given by her relatives in England. The Baron and his wife decided to go, but at the last minute the Baron was called away to an important conference. His wife went alone and intended to wear her pearls. She arrived safely after a rough passage across the channel.

On Christmas Eve, a minor affair was planned for the guests who were staying till the Grand Ball on the morrow. They had a troop of minstrels sing different carols and clowns came in who sang, danced, and joked with each other. They were then given as many gifts as they could carry to distribute among the poor of the city. The guests then retired for the night. Sometime near one o'clock they were all awakened by a muffled explosion. As the host had warned them about numerous robberies in the vicinity they had deposited their valuables in a safe in the ball room. Everyone immediately thought of their jewels and money. They rushed downstairs, arriving just in time to meet their host returning from outdoors. He replied to their numerous questions by saying he expected a thief had been after the jewels. They all left for the other room. On the way the host said he had phoned the police and had given all the evidence he could find, and nothing was to be touched. When the light was turned on a very confusing sight met their eyes. The safe had been blown open and most of the contents scattered about the room. The Baroness rushed forward to the safe. The pearls were gone!

PART II.

Dover! A rather drizzly rain was falling

We wonder if students, two thousand years from now, will look back upon the works of the great mathematician and philosopher, Mr. Stilwell, who once said: "A man's liberality varies inversely as his pocket-book."

when a dark shadow moved out of the blacker shadows on the dock. It lounged up to a small tramp steamer moored alongside, climbed up the after-ladder, and tumbled over the side. A large voice boomed out of the darkness: "Hey, mate! What be ye doin' aboard this tug?" The voice from the shadow answered: "How soon does this ship leave France?" "As soon as the tide turns, we haven't leave to carry passengers," the large voice replied. The shadow moved out of the darkness and could be seen to be the man who so lately had been a clown in an English mansion. "I'm going, passengers or no passengers," he said. "Not if I don't say ye are," answered the captain of the tramp steamer.

The captain suspected something was wrong as people don't generally demand to be taken to France in the middle of the night. He turned to yell an order down the hatch stairway but whirled suddenly just in time to ward off a blow from an iron bar. He staggered sideways and closed in on the man, managing to deliver a blow that knocked him off his feet. The captain felt himself over and found he had only one bruise. He bound the man up, seeing he would soon recover consciousness, and started to carry him below when something clattered on the deck. The captain left the man in care of the men and returned with a lantern to the deck to search for whatever it had been that the stranger had dropped. He uttered an exclamation and stooped to pick up a magnificent string of pearls with the crest of the Baron Von Hurst at the clasp. As the captain had some experience with pearls in his younger days when trading with the East India divers he knew them to be very valuable. The next day he heard of the robbery.

Two days later the Baroness received a small package with an enclosed note explaining the recovery of the pearls and a small card bearing the inscription: "I send them with my compliments as a belated Christmas gift." The Baroness was overjoyed to find the pearls inside.

—Ross Weese, Form IE

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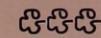
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**MAKING BELIEVE**

"Come on, Sis, let's play make-believe."

"Aw gwan, I'm busy."

"Ji—m, let's play make-believe."

No answer.

Sonny was always wanting to play make-believe, and it seemed that his oldest brother, Sam, was the only one obliging enough to play with him. Sam was a newsboy, and it took all he could earn to keep the family clothed and fed. Sis helped some, too, for Mother was an invalid.

Disappointed at receiving no answer, Sonny decided that he had to do something. Sam would soon be coming home; he would go and meet him.

When Sonny emerged into the street, he found that it was snowing, real large flakes. It was just a week before Christmas, and the shoppers were plentiful. With eager eyes, he hurried along, dodging in and out among the people, watching carefully for Sam. Maybe Sam had thought of something else to play make-believe about . . . Sam seemed late tonight! Where could he be?

"I'll just go to the next corner," panted Sonny, "and if I don't find him, I'se going home. I'se getting pretty cold."

The next corner was soon reached, but Sam was no where to be seen. Sonny turned sorrowfully homeward, dragging his feet through the thick snow. Presently, he found himself in an unknown street. Where was he? Sonny soon realized that he was hopelessly lost. He began to cry.

"What's the matter, dear,"

The voice was the sweetest he had ever heard, excepting his mother's. Rubbing his eyes, he looked up quickly and saw the most beautiful lady he had ever seen; all dressed in white furs, a little dark hat, with one lock of hair that would curl out around her rosy cheek. Her eyes were sparkling with the pure joy of living, and she smiled at Sonny so winningly that, instead of just hiding his face, he said:

"I'se lost an' I can't find Sam."

"What's your name?"

"Sonny Denton."

"Do you know what street you live on?"

"Yes, St. Charles St."

"I'll take you home, Sonny. Here, take my hand and . . . Oh!"

She dropped a parcel, and when she looked up, after recovering it, Sonny was running.

"There's Sam over there," she heard faintly, and sighed. He was such a dear little fellow, but so shabby. Why shouldn't she try to find out where they lived and help them. She had money enough and to spare . . . She sighed again and walked on.

Meanwhile, Sonny ran.

"Sam, Sa—m!"

Sam turned and waited with a cheery word for his little brother, but he didn't get a chance to say it.

"Oh, Sam, such a bootiful lady — all in white furs an' everything—an' nice rosy cheeks—an' she was gonna bring me home—and—" and so on, till they reached home.

Soon Mother, Sam, Jim and Sonny were eating a poor but wholesome meal. Sonny was still bubbling over with excitement.

A few minutes later, a snow-covered figure entered. A plain freckled face, framed in with auburn hair, beamed from under a coat which she had thrown over her head. Lizzie O'Hara was the neighbour's daughter, who, to help out, came over in the evenings to tend to the children.

Then, "Let's play make-believe," said Sonny. "Lizzie you be the lady, and we'll make believe wa're telling her what we want Santa Claus to bring us, and you'll have to dress up too, to make it more real."

After much running around, gathering up clothes for Lizzie, they were ready, going into the bedroom so as not to disturb Mother.

Sonny began:

"Please, bootiful lady, could you get muvver a nice new kimona and a cap with frills and everything on it. And please, I'd like a set of trains with a track and an or'nge and some candy and —now, Sam, you tell her what you want."

"Well, lady, I'd like some new clothes. You see, a gentleman in a big store said if I was dressed better, he'd give me a job, and then we could get some things that we need. Of course, I'd like some candies, too. Do you think you'd have enough money to do that, ma'am?"

"Yes, oi shure have, me lad." Lizzie was Irish.

"S—is, S—is—What do you want?"

"Aw, what's the use! Gee, you kids make

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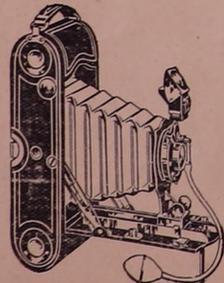
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me tired, always playing make-believe for nothing."

"Gee, Sis, you're always taking the joy out of life," this from Sam.

"Well, just to please you, I'd like a new party dress to go over to Tillie's Christmas night, for I haven't got one."

"All right, that's better."

"I'd like that book 'Robinson Crusoe.'" said Jim. "See, I'm telling you without being asked 'cause teacher was telling us about it, and it's awful thrilling."

The earnestness of little Sonny, affected Lizzie. She hurried home, almost in tears.

"Those poor dear children, with scarcely any one to provide for them, and their dear, gentle mother. Oh, if I could only help them, but what can I do—?"

Next day, Lizzie took Sonny to the corner-grocery with her; and there, in the store, stood "Bootiful Lady." She knew this by the way the lady was dressed and the way Sonny smiled when she spoke to him. Lizzie thought rapidly. After making her purchases and sending Sonny outside, she said:

"Quick, fer the love of heaven, tell me her name."

"Why, that's Miss Trelawney, the heiress. She lives on Tenth Avenue."

Lizzie hurried home. That night, she conceived a plan. Donning her hat and coat, she went out, hastened to Tenth Avenue, and soon found herself at the door of the Trelawney mansion. She quavered. What if the heiress was not what she expected? Would she turn her away, coldly? Or would she —. There was no time for further questioning. The door opened.

"Come in a moment till I see," was the answer.

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN

Glen Ellen was glorious in her white gown of sparkling snow. Her stalwart spruces and graceful pines were bowed down beneath their heavy mantles, while the once noisy Moosehide Creek, which came mysteriously from somewhere in the mountains and ran across the sloping glen, was crusted over with depths of crystal ice and a slight layer of snow. Nothing could be heard but the whining winds in the trees and the groans of Jack Frost as he briskly jumped from one invisible task to another—yet if one listened more intensely the yip yap

wer to her query, and the stately butler left her in the huge hall, luxuriously furnished.

"Come in here, my dear," and she saw before her, Miss Trelawney.

Nervousness seized her. Fingering her gloves, Lizzie began:

"Please, miss, Sonny told us about ye Poor child—he dreams about ye and he makes me play make-believe with him — me being you — and he does want a nice set of trains for Christmas—and Jim wants 'Robinson Crusoe' and Sam wants a new suit so as he can get a job—and the mother—oh, I know I shouldn't have come!"

"My dear, where does this family live?"

"22 St. Charles St."

"Do you know, I've been trying to find them. Do you think we could arrange a nice Christmas for them? What did you say your name is?"

"Lizzie O'Hara."

"Well, Lizzie, we'll arrange everything. Tell me definitely what they require."

And so, they planned till late and Lizzie, very excited, almost ran home.

Christmas Eve, the children were put to bed, Mother also, and very quietly. Lizzie, and her new friend, Miss Trelawney, arranged everything. The tree was soon ready for inspection, and the two conspirators went home, each thoroughly satisfied with her work.

Next morning, what a surprise! Sonny seized his toys and new suit and sighed happily. The rest were delighted, even to Mother who, in her new kimona and frilly cap, sat beaming joyfully on her children who were enjoying a real Christmas.

A note was found on the tree, saying: "A Merry Christmas to Mrs. Denton and her children, from their friend, 'Bootiful Lady.'" "

—Ethel Adams.

of huskies could be heard very, very far away. It was the yapping of the sleigh dogs belonging to Jim East, who lived with his sister Ellen in the snug log cabin at the edge of the clearing. Jim was returning home from a mission up the river with their minister, who was to be present for their Christmas tree that night. The yip yap became more distinct, and knowing that Jim and Peter the Preacher would be famished, Ellen began preparations for supper.

In what gay spirits the boys set out in the early gray of the morning! Everything quiet,

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bright stars above, and ahead of them was a long expanse of snow which cracked at each step. Although there was a long, long drive and a long, long day before them, they stopped to see the birth of another day in the glorious sunrise over the mountain tops. In order to be home for the concert they came the shortest way—by the river—but the frequent air holes and occasional rapids deterred them. They took turns every hour or two riding and running behind, nevertheless they were glad when noon came, and they sat by the little fire and fried bacon and made toast.

"Oh, boy! this is the life, old man. Don't you just simply love this? See the mountains and trees, and snow, and sky, and think of the sunrise we saw. Smell the bacon, and look at those dogs quarreling over a bone; so like the people in the cities grabbing every cent they can to buy clothes and picture shows. Aren't you glad they sent you to real life and real pictures?"

What a long speech for the quiet Jim who loved the deep, dark woods and every wee beastie in it! He was one of those rare young men who prefer the school of out-of-doors to the cities with their colleges and universities. Peter the Preacher was the cause of it. He was one of the few who could preach straight-from-the-shoulder sermons as well as hold his own in the bush or on the trail or in a wrestle, so the two found much in common.

"Yes, I shall never forget these three years, nor the comradeship of you and your sister. Tomorrow is Christmas. Did you ever wonder what it would have been like if Jesus had not been born on the night like tonight will be, in the winter, in snow? I can not think of Christmas without snow and bells and sleighs."

Thus the boys talked of serious things, of light things, of important matters, and of trivial matters, or remained in long, comfortable silences as only comrades can do. In this way the afternoon sped quickly by, and they were nearing home at sundown. Suddenly the dogs sat down on their haunches and howled; it was a signal from Jim to Ellen. Then they started joyfully homeward.

At this time Jim was riding, thinking of the happy time the lumbermen and their children were to have that night. Far behind, Peter was trudging rather wearily, probably thinking of the pleasant living room at the East's, or of the warm supper awaiting them, or, perhaps,

of the welcome given by Ellen. Abruptly he was wakened from his day dream by a shout and he saw dogs, sled, and Jim, all disappear into the black water. Another air-hole surrounded by thin ice. Running and throwing off his outer coat as he ran, he came to the opening. He saw Jim farther down and jumped in, swimming furiously to catch him before the weight of his heavy wet garments pulled him under. When they reached the edge of the ice, both were almost exhausted from swimming in their heavy soaked clothes in the icy water. They clung there a moment to gain their breath, then with Peter's assistance Jim climbed on top, and turned to help Peter when the ice cracked, gave way, and Peter's face went out of sight. Exhausted as he was, Jim realized the futility of going after him, and, watching for him to come up, that he might by some chance be able to help him, he waited. But Peter the Preacher did not come to the surface. At last, experiencing the biting cold, he wrapped himself in the dry, discarded coats and started homeward to tell the terrible news and to have the men start a search for Peter.

The houses were bright with lights, the school was decorated gaily, and the women were running hither and thither in their bustle. The children were having their last practice; one lonesome little bystander holding a year-old doll was happily singing:

"When shepherds washed their socks by night."

Upon Jim's arrival with his tragic story, everyone rushed to the dam, but no sign of Peter could be seen.

Christmas Day was a quiet one. Especially sad were the brother and sister in the log cabin.

"I must take his place," Jim kept saying. "He was taking care of people's souls. I only help to bulid their homes. I must take his place."

Ellen tried to persuade him that it was impossible, with his education and at his age, to start at the bottom, but it was of no avail.

"Today is the birthday of Him who died for others as Peter did. I must do it, for 'greater love hath no man than this,' " was Jim's only answer.

Jim is now going to college and trying earnestly to fill Peter's place in the world.

—Trula Mason.

Things are certainly getting serious in B. H. S. when Cleo Colling receives letters in a girl's handwriting, and reads them in school, in-

termittently gazing at the fair damsel's picture as, he reads.

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A WINTER EVENING

A drizzling rain falls slowly and steadily. The branches of the trees, now leafless, sway back and forth, back and forth,—slowly, monotonously. I hurry home, clasping my shabby waterproof closer to me, and kicking the wet, dead leaves from my path.

Will it never stop raining? Chilly air! Bleak sky! Gray landscape! Heavy shoes! Umbrella! Bad temper—all on account of the rain. Rather would I have the cutting, icy blast of a ten-below-zero wind, than this damp, penetrating atmosphere.

As I near home, darkness gathers, and the street lamps are lighted. They give forth dim rays, hardly seeming to pierce the mist. I shiver again, and again I wish for zero weather minus rain.

As if the gods were fain to answer my desire, the wind comes in gusts, and the rain lessens. Various acquaintances whom I happen to meet, (for acquaintances are people whose sole topic of conversation is concerning the weather) remark,—

"Ah! Good evening, Miss——. Beastly weather, isn't it? There's bound to be a freeze-up tonight, I guess."

The truth of their statements was proved, for, two or three hours later, when I made a hasty trip to the corner mail box, I found the weather I had been longing for. It was indeed wintry and immediately I made the discovery that (much to my disgust), after I got what I wanted, I didn't want it. I found this weather more disagreeable than the former kind.

It was then that I decided to make the best of things, and to settle myself for as pleasant an evening as possible.

Returning home, I donned an apron, and was soon absorbed in the task of candy-making. Rich, creamy, brown fudge was my reward, and I gave a satisfied smile as I placed the last thick square on the dish.

Ten minutes later, I had a roaring fire started in the grate.

"Now, what else is there for comfort?" I asked myself, and immediately there crowded into my mind,—big chair, footstool, book, cushions.

I draw a cosy morris chair close to the fire, and heap it high with fat, velvety cushions. Then I select my book, and cuddle down in the cushions, my feet resting on my favorite

little green footstool, and my plate of fudge very, very near my right hand.

The firelight plays about the room and the flames present figures. I feel a sleepy warmth overtaking me, as I open my book, languidly nibbling on a piece of candy. The wintry weather fades into oblivion.

For fully two hours the lords and ladies of old claim my attention. I live in the past, captivated by the story of a dashing knight in helmet, armour, and with a prancing steed, and that of a sweet young lady with hooped skirts, golden curls, and wistful smile.

Then, the book slips to the floor. As I stoop to pick it up, I grow conscious of a change of feeling. Instead of the sleepy warmth of two hours ago, I find the sleepiness increased, whereas the warmth is not quite so noticeable.

I look to the fire. There are no more flames, but a bed of red coals remains. They seem to be telling me such cheerless things, or are they keeping some mournful secret? All I know is, that as I gaze at the red embers, somehow I feel sad.

Gradually the fire dies. I watch it until the last flickering spark disappears, and it is only then that I hear the moaning and sighing of the wind, as if it too had a mournful secret to keep.

My evening is over.

Did I enjoy it? Perhaps I had better not tell you, for if I said "Yes", you would accuse me of preferring my own company. If I said "No", you would say that I did not appreciate comfort. Therefore, I will let you be the judge, but, if you are unable to arrive at a decision, I advise you to try my evening for yourself, some night.

"When the lamp wick sputters"
And the wind goes who-oo-o".



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JERRY'S CHRISTMAS IN A HOSPITAL

It was Christmas Eve at Lewiston General Hospital. That large stone building, gay with lights, stood in contrast to the soft white snow, which was floating down in the dusk. All day within the hospital there had been the same sounds of the patients' tingling bells, and nurses hurrying feet tap, tap, tapping on the polished hardwood floors in the corridors.

In his private room on the second floor, Jerry Turner lay, frowning, an accurate picture of a discontented young man. It was an unusual thing lately to see Jerry Turner without a frown. He was plainly displeased and vented his temper on any nurse who chanced to stop at his door to ask, "Did you ring your bell?"

Jerry Turner was usually a pleasant young man. He had met with an accident while travelling to his home, and been rushed to a hospital. But now he was in the first stages of convalescence and his private nurse had gone. The first two weeks of his hospital "sentence" (to quote Jerry), had passed unnoticed, for then he had been too ill to care for anything. During the first days of his recovery, he had become acquainted with the nurses and used to the routine of the hospital. Now, the end of the third week, his interest waned and time lay heavily on his hands. It is true, his friends supplied him with plenty of reading matter, but one cannot always read, and he longed for some new amusement. He lay thinking of last Christmas time,—the excitement of selecting gifts at the last minute, trudging home through the snow on Christmas Eve with his arms laden with parcels, and the joy of Christmas morning when he had been awakened by Billy shouting, "Merry Christmas" in his ear. Therefore with the thought of Christmas spent in this "dreary" place, one cannot blame Jerry for his displeasure.

At seven o'clock the night nurse came on duty and a new nurse came to fix Jerry comfortably for the night. She was a small nurse who looked very efficient in her crisp white uniform. From her cap her fair curly hair peeked out while from under long dark lashes her blue eyes twinkled humorously. To Jerry who had been gazing listlessly out of the window at the snow, falling on the branches of a tall pine tree, she seemed the one bright spot in a boring world. If only he could think of something to say. Then she spoke, "Were you coveting that huge Christmas tree outside the window Mr. Turner? Some of the

ward children can see it from their window and were wishing they had one like it. I only wish they could have, poor dears".

"I don't see why they couldn't," said Jerry, and in a flash, the prospects of the fun of planning the decorating of a Christmas tree loomed before him. Here was a way out of his difficulty. He would have this nurse order one for the children's ward. During the half hour visit of Miss Stewart (for that was the nurse's name), they planned, with the consent of the Matron, to order a tree and phone to a large department store for gifts and decorations for it. When the ward children were asleep, Miss Stewart and other night nurses were to trim it.

After the departure of his nurse, Jerry lay thinking of the morrow and finally fell asleep.

Christmas morning found him awake earlier than usual and anxious to go to the ward. Soon Miss Stewart came with a wheel chair and he dressed quickly in bathrobe and slippers, wheeled quickly down the hall, entered the elevator, and descended to the ward, leaving unopened the pile of presents at the foot of his bed.

There, in the rows of many white beds lay the children, their gaze fixed on a large Christmas tree, gaily decorated with glistening tinsel and Christmas bells, and adorned with many white packages tied with red and green ribbon. Many of them were too busy looking at the tree to notice Jerry's approach till they heard his cheery call of "Merry Christmas". Then began a distribution of gifts which ranged from a big doll to the little girl with a broken leg to the book "Treasure Island" for the "Boy who was too big for toys." Jerry seemed a second Santa Claus in the eyes of the little ones, many of whom had never had any Christmas presents before.

That evening when the tree was lit with tiny colored lights, a concert was held in the ward and enjoyed by everyone, especially the smallest kiddies who tried to outclap each other.

It was not without a feeling of joy mingled with sorrow, that Jerry saw Christmas day drawing to a close. He had thoroughly enjoyed himself, acquired the friendship of the ward children, found a jolly companion in the person of Miss Stewart, and on the whole, spent one of the happiest Christmases of his life.

—Kathryn Gallagher, Form IIC

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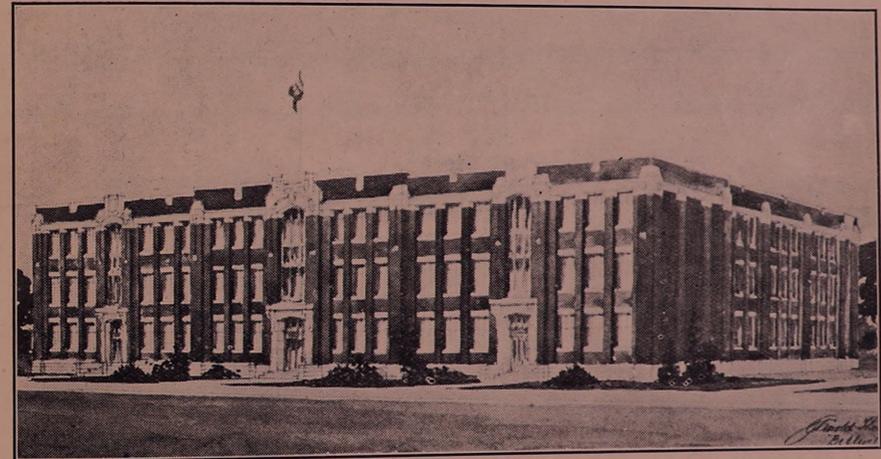


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