

ELEVATOR



*Mary
to
Mabel
V.B.*

EASTER 1935

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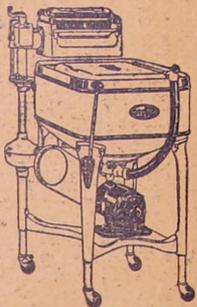
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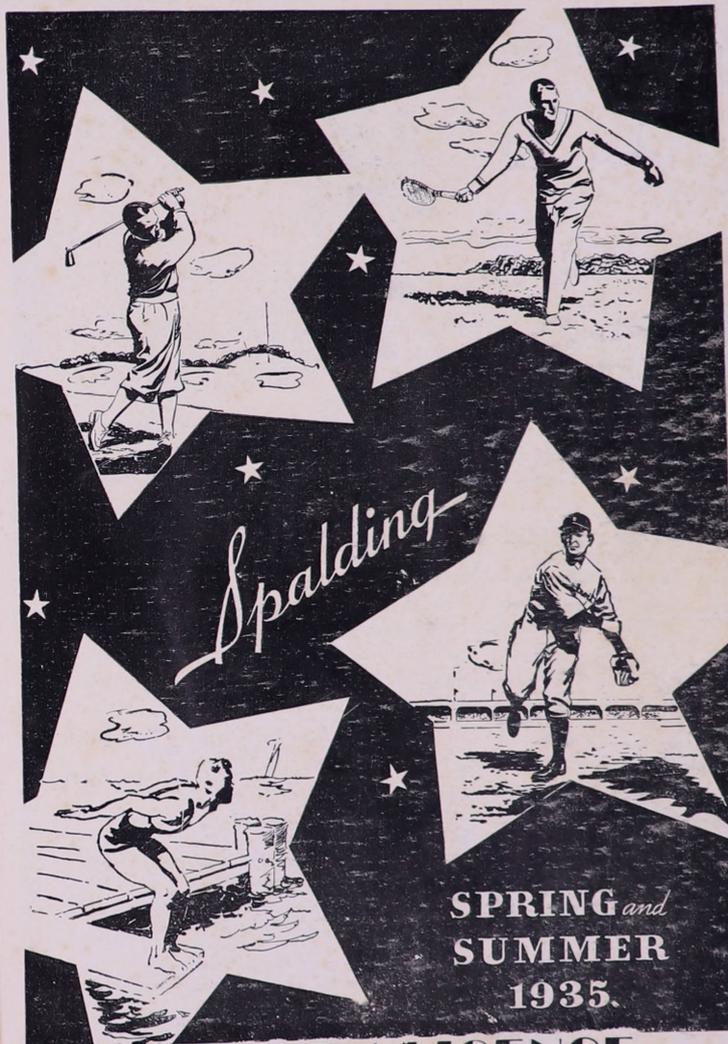


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City of Belleville

BELLEVILLE is one of the prettiest cities in Ontario. It has a population of (approximately) 14,000. We are served by two railroads, Government docks, accessible to good highways, thus having shipping facilities by rail, water and motor transportation. We have numerous industrial plants with an output of \$5,000,000 a year. We also have many educational institutions such as the Ontario School for the Deaf, Albert College, St. Michael's Academy, Ontario business College and a fine new Collegiate and Vocational School. Belleville has a beautiful water front, and is noted as the gateway to a rich scenic tourists' area. There are many fine industrial sites available in the city. Belleville also owns its Hydro System and one of the most up-to-date water plants in Canada.

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Belleville Collegiate and Vocational School

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

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

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

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

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COL. E. A. GEEN, Chairman Board of Education.

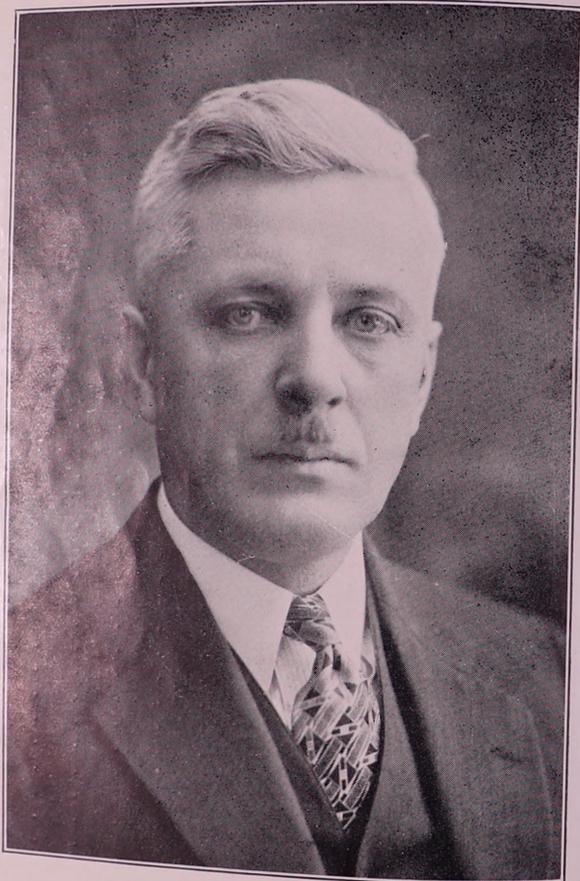
P. C. MacLAURIN, Principal.

E. MONCRIEFF, Chairman Vocational Committee.

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

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE	6
B.C.I.V.S. STAFF INDEX	8
ADVERTISING PAGE	9
EDITORIALS	10
END OF NEMESIS	12
ART	14
BRING 'IM BACK ALIVE	17
TALKATIVE PEOPLE	18
'Twas THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS	19
EXCHANGE	20
MY TRIP TO THE FOURTEENTH ONTARIO OLDER BOYS' PARLIAMENT	21
PRIZE PARODY	22
ALUMNI	23
A ONE ACT PLAY	28
THE SATIN SLIPPER	30
BIS PUERI SENES	32
OUR NURSERY	33
LEARNING TO FLY	34
SOCIETY	35
GRADUATING CLASSES	37
BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS	38
A LUCKY LEAP	40
MARRIED BLISS	41
CIGARETTES	42
A TOUR OF THE SPHINX	44
RETRIBUTION	45
PRIZE POEM	46
GIRLS' ATHLETICS	48
BOYS' ATHLETICS	51
MUSIC	56
LITERARY	58
SOUTHERN SEAS	62
B.C.I.V.S. NEWS	63
LOST A FRIEND	70
PRIZE CARTOON	71
ITALY	72
HUMOUR	74



P. C. MacLAURIN

Our Principal's Message

"Laborare Est Orare"

"There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work."

"An endless significance lies in work."

"Man perfects himself by working."

"Destiny on the whole has no other way of cultivating us."

May I ask each and every one who reads these sayings to ponder on their significance. Our task each day if well done is our salvation. We are made ready for tomorrow's problems by our well directed labours of today. Work is our greatest blessing. Nothing could be worse than to take from anyone the thing by which he perfects himself.

Secondary school days should be happy days for during this time each one has his work.

"Labour is Life."

"From the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force."

Our task is to learn how to work and to like it. One of our greatest problems which is waiting solution, is how to get work for all who are willing and able to work.

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Bob Lill



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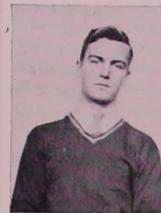
Bill Newby

Patronize Our Advertisers

Self-preservation is the first law of nature. To help those who help us or to help the merchants who advertise in our magazine is merely carrying out the above law.

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EDITORIAL

In presenting this ELEVATOR for 1935, we wish at the outset to thank the student body for submitting more and better material than we have ever received before, and the teaching staff for its loyal co-operation. Miss Hudgins, to whom goes the credit for the greatly improved art throughout the magazine, deserves special thanks. Also, we wish to express our sincere gratitude to Miss Tuite, Mr. Stewart of the "Canadian" at the O.S.D. and Mr. Herity for judging our stories, and to Miss Cass, also of the O.S.D., for choosing the best cover design.

This year, the ELEVATOR goes to press under greatly improved conditions. Heretofore, there has been a decided lack of interest in all school activities—one night. This year, the annual school play has had trouble in filling the auditorium for two nights to capacity audiences. Likewise with the ELEVATOR, we had received few stories and did not have a large assortment to choose from; therefore, their general quality had been lowered. This year, nineteen

stories were entered for prizes, besides all the articles, poems and parodies. Our advance sale of magazines was a great deal better than it has ever been before.

We have tried to improve the magazine as much as possible, and, in so doing, have introduced several quite different features. Instead of having a group picture of the editorial staff in the front of the magazine, we have put pictures of the editors at the head of their respective sections. We have also tried using pictures that run over the edge of the paper at considerable added expense. The idea of having baby pictures of the teachers is entirely original, and our cover is a decided departure from the ordinary motif.

In the judging of the stories, Bert Frink's "End of Nemesis" came first for the Senior prize, "A Lucky Leap", by Doris Waddell and "Cigarettes", by Walter Hilton coming second and third respectively. For the Junior prize story, Grace Mitchell's "Bring 'Im Back Alive" came first, with "Retribution" by Peter Brodribb and "A Day to Be Remembered", by Olive Treverton, rating second and third.

We regret that many contributions worthy of publication could not be included, owing to lack of space:

A Night in the Open — Mollie McLaren.

The Boaster—Evelyn Kilbank.

The Sircalar Meets the British—Don McKinney.

School Spirit—Alice Gilroy.

A Camper's Paradise—Morgan Shane.

Bass Lake—Betty Anderson.

Living a "Close Shave" in China—Jean Shorey.

Cameos of Barnstorming—Bert Frink.

A Day to Be Remembered — Olive Treverton.

The Day of Death—Ross Schryver.

Third Night—Bill Stephenson.

Aladdin's Lamp—Wilfred Wise.

* * * * *

Our Mascot

*"There was a girl named Hazel,
As for school pleasures, she was quite cable,
But as to stay up late
And work her Algebra right,
She would sooner die than be able."*

We owe it all to our mascot. It alone has made this year's ELEVATOR a success. Whenever we were discouraged by the poor talent displayed by any contribution, we read our little limerick pinned on the wall and, in a twinkling, we felt better.

Observe that gem of poetry. Notice the originality of the plot. Who but a genius would think of making "capable" rhyme with "able"? Who else would see the capability of that word "capable"? Notice the emphasis conveyed by the underlining of "able", the only word that rhymes.

Mascot, we owe it all to you.

SENIOR PRIZE STORY

END of NEMESIS

BY
DOUGLAS FRINK, V-A



"Sacre nom d'un nom!" exclaimed the old trapper, "Carcajou!" at the first sound, darted away through the thickets, soundless as the shadows that enveloped it.

From the black shadows of the spruce came beastly savage sounds, sounds of crunching bone and rending flesh. Then, into the light came the assassin, a low, squat beast, dark furred, bushy tailed, with larger hind quarters than front that somehow made it look like a small clumsy bear. The flattened, pointed head dispelled such an illusion. Here was cunning, greed and viciousness never found on an ursine face.

The wolverine lifted its nose and scented the air, then shuffled off in the direction taken by the other hare. The night was young, and he must slay and gorge himself before the dawn. Though no match for the terrified bunny in speed, he had the dogged determination and sure nose that all the weasel family possesses, while he was endowed with a far greater share of brains than any of his relatives.



—Literary Editor—
Jean Bankier

THE BLEAK COLD of a northern night lay over the black masses of spruce and birch like a blanket. It crept into the very fibres of the poplars, so that they bust with reports like rifle shots, shattering the crystal silence into a tinkling uproar. It penetrated into the depths of the thickets where two big northern hares browsed warily among the twigs. It lent an added quaver to the hunting call of the wolves; a call that froze the hares into motionless lumps of snow, only their big, black, staring eyes betraying their presence.

The cry of the wolf was repeated, this time farther away. The hares relaxed and resumed their meal. One moved slowly toward a clump of bushes at the edge of the black shadow of a big spruce and presently hopped into the dark. Immediately, the silence was rent by the despairing scream of a dying rabbit and a short snarl. The other "snowshoe" short snarl. The other "snowshoe"

For some ten minutes he followed the hare's trail at his shuffling run, when suddenly his nose picked out a new scent, and he stopped abruptly, then crept forward a pace at a time.

Across the rabbit's trail lay a set of tracks in the snow that were startling in their size; tracks three feet long and a foot and a half wide. They were the winter tracks of the wilderness man — tracks of snow shoes, man's copy of the northern animal's winter pads.

The wolverine knew a lot about man. He despised him and hated him, but he feared the strength of his weapons, so he was cautious. This was an old trail; he began to follow it.

Old Pierre Legault was very pleased with himself and life in general. For the first time in years he had struck rich trapping grounds, virgin country, and, although it was still early in the season, his cache already contained some fine fisher and marten skins — beautiful, dark, glossy furs that were worth good money "down front". There had been no bad blizzards to bury his traps, nor sleet to encase them in ice and render them useless. It looked as if he were at last to get enough ahead to buy that little farm down near St. Emelie.

Had he not been a woodman he would have sung aloud as he set out from his cabin that morning, the babiche of his snow shoes hissing through the snow, the toboggan, loaded with bait, traps, axe and rifle, whispering behind. A life-time in the woods, however, had taught him that the hunter must be silent as the game he hunts.

Half an hour later, as he rounded a bend in the trail and came upon his first set, he stopped, horrified. Scattered in a circle about the trap were ragged bits of blood, flesh and fur, all that remained of a lovely "cross" fox, and from the debris rose the awful stench of the wolverine, who, be it remembered, is a close relative of the skunk.

"Sacre nom d'un nom!", exclaimed the old trapper, as he read the tale told by the tracks in the snow. "Carcajou!" That one word expressed fully the horror of the situation. The carcajou is the Nemesis of the trapper, the finish of a trap line. Pierre both knew and feared the animal; feared it more than the legendary "loup garou". More than once had he abandoned a trap line that had been attacked by a wolverine. As he repaired the set, however, he grimly decided that this was one trap line from which he would not be driven. That could only mean that the carcajou must be got.

That night, as he cooked his supper in his little cabin, he was beginning to doubt if it could be done. He had found a devastated trap line. Every single set had been visited by the creature, those that had held a captive showed only blood and bits of fur; those that did had had the bait stolen, the trap sprung, usually by a bit of wood dropped on the pan. This carcajou was fiendishly cunning and knew all about traps. For the first time since his arrival, he had no animals to skin, no pelts to stretch; thus, he had plenty of time to think for the combat ahead.

His sets the next morning took on a new character. Before, they had been cunningly arranged to catch a wary animal and hold it until his arrival. Now, this was the work of one trap, while several more were placed, without bait, in places where the animal would be very unlikely to approach the main trap. The old trapper knew animals and he knew the carcajou would choose the most unlikely means of approach. These new traps were fastened to a short length of log, so that the animal caught in one could not pull free or break the chain, as the log would move.

Many of his sets he did away with altogether. For foxes and wolves, which follow the rabbit runways a good deal when hunting, he discarded steel traps and adopted snares. For this set, he chose a point where a tree grew on either side of the

(Continued on page 93)

ART

A Plea for Art in Canada

Canada has no Art—!

How often have you heard this repeated and longed to cry out in protest and defence! We modify that statement with a more correct interpretation of the critic's view point. He, befogged with the ancestral art of Europe, wishes to say that Canada has no tradition. This is the point about which we, in a new country, must decide, by creating for Canada a national art.

Much depends upon the helpfulness and criticism of the public. We need an intelligent and sympathetic appreciation of the efforts of our Canadian painters. One way in which the layman may encourage the growth of painting, is to purchase some of our best examples. It would be a loyal gesture to give those few dollars to a Canadian artist instead of sending them to the Old Country. Tubes of paint are expensive, and perhaps it might be through your purchase that a truly fine piece of work would be allowed an existence.

Aside from material encouragement, there is the ability to see through the artists' eyes. Take, for example, the painting of snow. Lauren Harris' snowdrifts have been mistaken for huge gobs of whipped cream. Then, again, someone viewing the latest paintings of Franz Johnston in which there are miles of sparkling, billowing whiteness,



SID SAMUELS

merely says, "Gosh! How would you like to shovel that?" It would be a shame if the beauty of these snows were so lost to the beholder that he turned away with but two thoughts—whipped cream and shovelling.

These pioneer artists who paint with such freshness and vitality are right now giving to Canada a background for the future. The so-called Modern Art is non-existent in Canada as judged by the European modernism. Canadians are expressing their native spirit in a manner most in harmony with the freedom of this rock, forest and lake-scattered area.

To mention one of our exponents of this purely Canadian movement is inadequate without some idea of his style. We are considering Manly MacDonald, a few of whose prints have been reproduced here. Mr. MacDonald is our local representative in the art world and has studied at the Ontario College of Art under Mr. J. W. Beatty.

His technique is very finished, but most arresting is his colour, those flecks of red and sweeps of yellow that make his canvases alive.

Forget this scepticism concerning Canadian Art and lend a bit of help to those whose efforts will undoubtedly hush that murmur—

"Canada has no Art."



MARION ELIZABETH

—Manly MacDonald

SMOKE

I built a bonfire on my lawn to-day,
Crisp golden leaves were raked in it to burn,
And, in the warm October sun, it bloomed,
And wood smoke rose up high, as if to learn

What all that vast untroubled cloud-decked blue
Could give to it, and hold for it in store.
As if it had not yet discovered fields,
It fell, and then, it rose again once more.

And, when I saw it, never daunted, climb,
And climb again, I thought that ever this
Should be what life is like. To rise anew,
And always rise from sorrow into bliss.

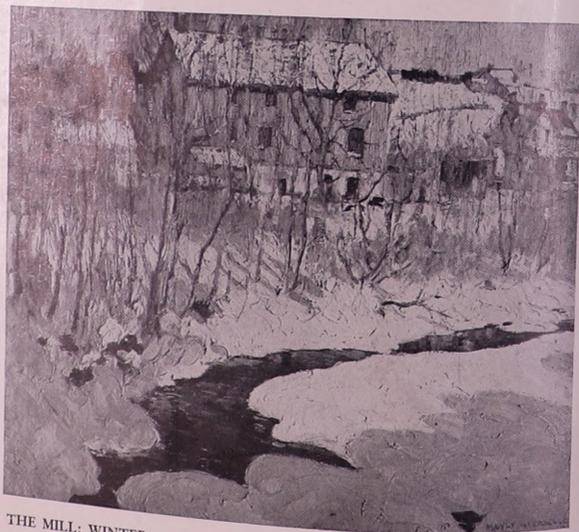
Betty Morgan, IV-B.



VENETIAN FISHING BOATS

—Manly MacDonald

Courtesy of the Toronto National Art Gallery.



THE MILL; WINTER

—Manly MacDonald

Courtesy of the Toronto National Art Gallery.

JUNIOR PRIZE STORY

Bring 'Im Back Alive

Grace Mitchell, H.A.



ORDER! Murder in this peaceful valley! It seems incredible, yet murder it is," thought Inspector Rausseau, as he stirred in his bed, still half asleep and feeling tired and uncomfortable; his mind turned to the cause of his being there. Across his mind flashed a picture of the gray-headed chief inspector back at headquarters and again he heard their last words.

"Rausseau, there has been a man murdered about twenty miles up the river. They have witnesses, evidence, motive — everything except Killer Brent. He has shot three men already and frightened the rest. They sent down here to Gulrock for a mounty, they mentioned you, if available, to capture Brent. The country's too wild for a horse; you will have to walk. I'm expecting you to live up to your reputation and 'bring 'im back alive'."

"I'll do it, if it's the last thing I ever do!" he had grimly promised.

And so, the next day found him in this deserted shack which was musty, ramshackle and forlorn.

Before it was fully light without, he was trudging through the woods following a rather broken trail.

Shortly after sunrise, he came upon the cold ashes of some recent campfire. After examining it closely, he exclaimed to himself, "Ah! I thought so! He can't be more than a day's travel ahead of me. I'll soon catch up to him."

Noon found him on a cliff overlooking the river. After a hasty lunch, he tramped on. In the afternoon, it began to rain, but he still tramped on, with spirits undampened.

The rain dripped monotonously on the roof of a small neglected log cabin. Evening was just setting in. The swollen river murmured by, a few feet from the cabin, and, inside, a small dark man stood before the fire. The remains of a scanty supper were still on the table. After scowling at the fire for some time, he growled out, half to himself, "Well, I can expect some smart dick along here any time now."

But when he said that, he had no idea that the shadow of the mounty would fall across his doorway in less than thirty minutes. In fact, he did not even see it, until he heard a firm voice say, "Put up your hands, Brent! The game's up." Two guns were removed from the hip pockets of the murderer.

But the game was not up for the Killer. Rausseau turned a little to toss the guns out the open window. The respite, brief as it was, furnished enough time for Brent to snatch a stiletto from his boot top. When he turned back to his prisoner, he was totally unprepared for what followed.

With a snarl, the Killer leaped for his opponent's throat. The mounty fought bravely, fiercely, desperately. But, despite all his efforts, the stiletto sank home.

"So law breakers always lose, eh!" sneered the crook.

"Crime never pays! They will get you yet", gasped the dying man. They were the last words he ever uttered.

In the meantime, the rain had abated. Taking a lighted brand, he went out in the yard, looking for a place to hide the body. Up against the back wall, he found an old crate. By folding up the legs, he was able to get the body in the box. He nailed down the top slats and carried it out in the yard again. He would leave it out here till morning and then dispose of it more thoroughly.

About two hours later, he awoke with a start. What had caused that loud roaring? He stretched out his feet and touched something cold and clammy that sent shivers up his spine. Then, he realized it was water. He sat up and peered

(Continued on page 100)

Talkative People

OUT of the countless categories of talkative people, we are forced, through lack of space, to choose only one as the object of our vitriolic invective. To wit, that great clan of supposed human intelligences, who continually assault the suffering ears of helpless humanity with a rain of empty phrases. In fact, the persistent drops of their inanities threaten to wear away the stone of our sanity. How astonishing is the fact that those who have least to speak about speak the most.

To our minds, the personification of this type is found in woman. Not that the male is exempt from this disease, for disease it surely is, but the shrill voice which generally accompanies the discourse of the former, grates on us more than the manly baritone. Even when this type is portrayed on the screen, as it so ably is by one, Florence Lake, in the Edgar Kennedy Comedies, our inherent desires which civilization has failed to eradicate, rise to the fore. The natural desire to throw over-ripe tomatoes and unborn chickens, encased in shells, comes upon us, and, if it were not for the fact that our seats have flattened the old pants pocket to some extent, we have no doubt that we would be reminiscing in a padded cell.

"How can one avoid them?", our gentle reader asks. It is pretty well impossible. For once you come within the range of their vision, you are lost. They have found an Ear. I often wonder if their god is cased in the form of an ear. They will start with the weather, making some unusually bright remark to the effect that it is somewhat colder than usual, but who are we to complain? Then, they laughingly comment on the vicissitudes of human nature. "Ha ha! In the summer time we complain of the heat!" This is merely the calm before the storm. Now is the time to escape, for, if once they start on their favourite subject, be it politics or the dishonesty prevalent in professional sport, you are doomed. So we mumble some remark about having to go now, as the baby is all alone in the house, or the bathtub is running, and dash off with impotent rage.

And so we will have to leave them to their just rewards. If they are eventually brought before some divine justice, we can only hope, for their sake, that He is in a better humour than we are. So we close with the thought expressed by some forgotten genius, "It is better to remain silent and be thought a fool, than to speak and remove all doubt!"

SONNET TO THE ROOT OF MINUS ONE

When sorely Jeans and Einstein I peruse,
And brooding over Science sadly think
How photons, protons, electrons confuse,
And fourth dimension time and space does link:
When after proving that there is no space,
They all combine to show that space is curved;
And, saying light goes straight, with blushing face
They tell me how the rays of light have swerved;
While relativity my mind is crushing,
And curvature of space my brain defies;
Then, do I think of endless time onrushing,
And with delight I think of endless skies.
Infinity to me seems bright as day,
I understand it not, but, nor do they!

—Wilfred Wise, IV-B.

Nellie Maraskas, V-A.

'Twas the Day After Christmas

'Twas the day after Christmas, and all thru the town
Not a barkeep was stirring to swab the bars down,
The brass rails were tarnished with snowy, old tracks,
The waiters were piled in the corners in stacks —
When in at the door from the hard-driving snow
Old Santa Claus staggered, his face all aglow.
His cheery "Hello!" in his merry high voice
Awoke no response from the lips of the boys,
They were all fast asleep where they'd happened to fall
Though the room rang again with Old Santa Claus' call.
Till, roused from his snooze by Santa's loud yells
And the sound, in his ears of a thousand sleigh-bells,
The drowsy barkeeper at length raised his head —
"Whadineckdoyuhwantatthishour?" he said.
"Just ladle me out a big schooner of beer
And a small keg of rum for my fiery reindeer."
He lowered a dozen, the boy had some tank,
The room was awake now and stared as he drank
When — in at the door with a flat-footed stride
Came the arm of the law, "You're arrested!" he cried.
"Those moth-eaten reindeer you left on the street
Are contesting the way with each auto they meet."
He dragged Santa Claus to the window to see —
"You'd better come down to the station with me!"
"'Twas the rum," Santa muttered, "it went to their heads —
They should have been given some cider instead.
But I know all the cops and they'll make it all right,
Considering the way that I laboured last night".
But the magistrate, thinking of money he'd spent,
And the horrible red tie that Aunt Maggie had sent,
And those ropy cigars he'd received from his wife
Which cut through his larynx and lungs like a knife,
And that green smoking jacket from nephew and niece,
And the horrible tin trumpets that gave him no peace,
And the bills on their way in His Majesty's mail,
Nicked Santa for fifty, or three months in jail.
Old Santa rushed out of the courtroom toot-sweet
And booted his long suffering steeds to their feet,
Laid to with his whip with a curse and a sneer,
"I should know it by now — it's the same every year, —
They usher me in with éclat and applause
But the day after Christmas I'm just plain S. Claus."
And over the hills and away out of sight
St. Nicholas drove in the gathering light.

Fred Forster, IV-A.



EXCHANGE

Exchange Editors

Barbara Parker Florence Carr



The editor wishes to thank the following magazines for their co-operation in exchanging with us. We have tried to send individual comment on each magazine and hope any omissions will be excused.

- ACTA NOSTRA—Guelph Collegiate and Vocational School.
- ACTA VICTORIANA—Victoria College, Toronto.
- ALIBI—Albert College, Belleville.
- AUDITORIUM—Owen Sound Collegiate.
- BENNETT NEWS—Bennett High School, Buffalo, New York.
- BUCLE—Crescent Heights High School, Calgary, Alberta.
- CANADIAN—Ontario School for the Deaf, Belleville.
- CANTURIAN—King's School, Canterbury, England.
- COLLECIAN—St. Thomas Collegiate Institute.
- COLLECIAN—Stratford Collegiate Institute.
- EASTERN ECHO—Eastern High School of Commerce, Toronto.
- ECHOES—Peterboro Collegiate Institute.
- HARBOR REVIEW—Harbord Collegiate Institute, Toronto.
- KELVIN YEAR BOOK—Kelvin Technical School, Winnipeg.
- LANTERN—Sir Adam Beck Collegiate, London.
- LUX GLEBANA—Glebe Collegiate, Ottawa.
- MAGNET—Jarvis Collegiate, Toronto.
- METEOR—Mount Elgin Continuation School, Mount Elgin.
- METRE—Bishop's College, Lennoxville, P.Q.
- NORTHLAND ECHO—North Bay Collegiate Institute.
- NORVOC—Northern Vocational School, Toronto.
- OAKWOOD ORACLE—Oakwood Collegiate, Toronto.
- O. A. C. REVIEW—Guelph.
- ORACLE—Fort William Collegiate and Technical School.
- PRETORIAN—Boy's High School, Pretoria, Transvaal, South Africa.
- PURPLE QUILL—Ball High School, Galveston, Texas.
- PURPLE AND WHITE—Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario.
- RED AND GREY—Canadian Academy, Kobe, Japan.
- STATIC—Chapleau, Ontario.
- SCHOOL NEWS—Belfast, Ireland.
- ST. PETER'S MAGAZINE—St. Peter's College, Adelaide, Australia.
- TATLER—Lindsay Collegiate Institute.
- TECALOCUE—London Technical School, London, Ontario.
- TECH TATLER—Danforth Technical School, Toronto.
- TEL-U-ALL—Waterford High School, Waterford.
- TIMES—Kingston Collegiate Institute.
- TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW—Trinity College, Toronto.
- TWIG—University of Toronto Schools.
- VOYAGEUR—Pickering College, Newmarket, Ontario.
- VOX LYCET—Hamilton, Ontario.
- WESTWARD HO—Western Technical School, Toronto.

My Trip to the Fourteenth Ontario Older Boys' Parliament

Jimmie Allison, V.A.

ON DECEMBER 26, 1934, I journeyed from Belleville to attend the sessions of the fourteenth Ontario Older Boys' Parliament in Toronto, representing the boys of Belleville. In reality, it is not a parliament, but a convention of older boys held in a parliamentary manner.

The first day was spent in a tour of our quarters at Victoria College, and also the Ontario Museum and Hart House. I had seen the museum before, but Hart House appealed to me a great deal. It is, in my opinion, the finest university building in the city of Toronto. Wonderful gymnasias, a fine swimming pool, library and numerous common rooms were of the latest style. In the Great War, a padre collected glass from war-shattered cathedrals overseas and, bringing them to Canada, placed them in the windows of the chapel in Hart House. A chart nearby tells from where each minute piece of glass came.

On December 28, we held a conclave banquet in the Great Hall of Hart House. This hall is very long and high and is designed in English fashion. The walls are emblazoned with coats of arms and inscriptions. The most interesting of these is the inscription from the Bible which goes completely around the Hall. When the room was built, the architect measured the thickness of each letter, the painting began and was near completion, when someone decided to put a small circular stairway at the head of the hall, and the letters had to be measured over again.

The evening of the first day saw the election for premier, and the present Premier, William Wismer, won the election by one vote. This closeness seemed to add to the fellowship of the parliament.

Both the premier and the defeated candidate have spoken in this city and they often travel about to speak at boys' services. Each morning, we prepared the bills and resolutions, so they would be in a condition to be debated upon in the Parliament Buildings. For the first time in eight years, the parliament obtained the use of the Parliament Buildings in Toronto, and we indeed felt very honoured with the opportunity of even sitting in the seats there.

Despite the fact that there were two sides, the government and the opposition, both worked hand in hand toward passing resolutions to help the youth of to-day. Debating was keen, however, and it gives one great pleasure to know exactly how men hold parliament. Whenever we spoke, we had a silent fear of being ruled out of order by the speaker for some petty disobedience.

All this work bears directly on Tuxis and Trail Ranger work, and there were nine Trail Ranger representatives among the ninety boys from many parts of Ontario. Wesley Semple of this city was a Trail Ranger representative this year, and he agrees with me in saying that going to the Ontario Older Boys' Parliament is a grand experience.

NATURE

I love the mighty mountains
And the great open spaces,
Beyond the forests stretching,
More than all other places.
I love the winding roadway
That cheers those who are sad —
Though narrow and so dusty —
The best friend I ever had.

—John Bigham, II-B.

PRIZE PARODY

THE A LA STEIN SONG

Students in the class, alas,
The class no work has done,
Has done no work, alas,
It seems to shirk, alas,
No scholarship the class has won,
No, none, beneath the sun,
Alas, the class.

The teacher hath great wrath, alas,
The teacher great wrath hath, alas,
She vents it on the class, alas,
The class her full wrath hath, alas!
Their tears do fall like rain on grass,
Even past four she doth harass
The class, alas.

Harold Bankier, III-A.

* * *

British Columbia

TO APPRECIATE FULLY the following experience, the reader must understand the system of irrigation carried on in watering the orchards in British Columbia. The water is brought many miles from glacial springs high up in the mountains. When on the first lap of its downward course, it runs in wide ditches, then branches out and flows in wooden troughs which are about a foot in all dimensions, standing about three feet off the ground. The water, flowing down these for years, has made them "dangerously" slippery inside.

One afternoon, while climbing a nearby mountain, we came upon one of these flumes which passed across an open field. After crossing the field it took a sudden drop into a closed flume and passed under the road. As we were looking for excitement, we decided to step into the trough and let ourselves be carried down by the force of the water. For the first time or two all went well; then the unexpected happened, and I found myself sitting flat in the flume with the water piling up at my back. In vain, I tried to stop myself by grasping the sides which were now two gray streaks flying by on either side. Faster and faster I went, and nearer and nearer came the road where I would slip into the closed trough. When I was no more than eight feet from the road, my cousin whom I should have mentioned had won many trophies at running and jumping, and who had been madly pursuing me all the time, finally caught up with me and, with a leap, threw herself, face downward, across the flume right in front of me, thus bringing my voyage to an abrupt end. Dragging myself from the flume, I shook myself and turned my soggy steps homeward, a wetter and wiser boy.

Spencer (*winningly*): "Do you mind if I smoke?"

Betty M.: "I don't give a hoot if you burst into flames."

I think that I shall never see
A billboard lovely as a tree.
Perhaps, unless the billboards fall,
I'll never see a tree at all.

ALUMNI



Alwyn Geen



Jean Thompson



Howard Kokesh

This year, there seems to be more Alumni than ever. Do not take this to mean that the dear old school is growing smaller. It's really just the opposite. The number of pupils is increasing, and thus, it naturally follows that the number of pupils leaving school is getting larger. But, on with the Alumni:

THE FOLLOWING OF OUR EX-PUPILS ARE NOW ATTENDING COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES:

- Elaine Anderson, Montreal University.
Reta Anderson, Queen's University.
Bill Argue, Albert College.
Harry Bates, Peterborough Normal.
Tom Blaind, Ontario Business College.
Eleanor Bone, Girls' School in Italy.
Clayton Brickman, Ontario Business College.
Maude Burke, Peterborough Normal.
Jack Carmichael, Queen's University.
Dorothy Chant, Toronto University.
Douglas Clarke, Ontario Business College.
Elaine Clarke, Toronto University.
John Clarke, Toronto University.
Emma Collett, Peterborough Normal.
Margaret Donaldson, Peterborough Normal.
John Empson, Queen's University.
Frances Evans, Toronto University.
Albert Faulkner, Ontario Business College.
Dorothy Fox, Ontario Business College.
Helen Hart, Peterborough Normal.
Dorothy Hawley, Peterborough Normal.
David Hector, Hamilton Technical College.
Edgar Jones, London Normal.
Margaret Kells, Peterborough Normal.
Everett Ketcheson, Peterborough Normal.
Bessie King, Peterborough Normal.
Noel Langton, Ontario Business College.
Don Lewis, Ontario Business College.
Bill L'Heureux, Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont.
Eugenia May, Varsity, Toronto.
Joseph May, Peterborough Normal.
George McElwain, Albert College.
Roberta Melburn, Peterborough Normal.
Douglas Mullett, Ontario Business College.
Averill Mutton, Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Que.
George Ostrom, Queen's University.
Helen Samuels, Ontario Business College.
Pauline Schryver, Ontario Business College.
Stanley Scott, Albert College.
Hilda Tice, Peterborough Normal.
Grace Treverton, Queen's University.
Clara Wilson, Peterborough Normal.

E L E V A T O R

THE FOLLOWING ARE ATTENDING HIGH SCHOOLS IN OTHER CITIES:

Sheila Carman, Jarvis Street Collegiate,
Toronto.
Howard Fitzgerald, Stirling High
School.

Bryce Jones, Blenheim Collegiate.
Roberta Jones, St. Thomas Collegiate.
Martha Thompson, Kingston Collegiate.

THE FOLLOWING ARE TRAINING FOR NURSES:

Marjorie Doolittle, Belleville General
Hospital.
Helen Fitzpatrick, St. Michael's
Hospital, Toronto.
Peggy La Roche, Hotel Dieu, Kingston.
Doris McGlashow, Belleville General
Hospital.

Bessie Pepper, Ottawa Civic Hospital.
Helen Wallbridge, Belleville General
Hospital.
Doris Williams, Belleville General
Hospital.
Frances Wright, Ottawa Civic Hospital.

QUITE A FEW OF LAST YEAR'S STUDENTS HAVE MOVED AWAY:

Samuel Ault, Winchester, Ont.
Don Bamber, Toronto.
Don Boulter, Toronto.
Jack Carman, working in Royal Bank
in Toronto.
Bill Clapp, Napanee.
Frances Clarke, working in the Martin
Insurance Office in Stirling.
Julius Cole, working in British
Columbia.
Frank Cook, Detroit.
Kenneth Day, Harrowsmith, Ont.
George Dickson, Ottawa.
David Duncan, working on a farm near
Niagara.

Isabelle Farrell, Utica, N.Y.
Harry Foster, Trenton, Ont.
Bill Gerard, in the U. S. Navy.
Audrey Looker, going to school in
Montreal.
Francis Lucas, Peterborough.
Morris L'Heureux, Chatham.
Jean McLean, Uxbridge.
Raymond Mack, not located.
Margaret Murray, working in an office
in Montreal.
Ted Soady, Garner, N. Carolina, U.S.A.
Walter Ward, St. Catherines.

WE ARE GLAD TO SAY THAT MORE OF OUR STUDENTS GOT EMPLOYMENT
THIS YEAR THAN LAST YEAR — THE FOLLOWING
ARE WORKING IN THE CITY:

Norman Adams, Bank of Montreal.
Ethel Artis, Luckin's Meat Market.
Ernest Brookes, Eaton's Groceteria.
Frances Bryant, Kellaway's Grocery.
Earl Buker, Clark and Miles.
Gerald Buker, Reeves' Cleaners.
Gordon Carter, Citizen's Dairy.
Garnett Catton, Everett Jones' Farm.
Jack Cook, Blue's Marketeria.
Leo Corr, American Hardware.
Dorothy Cretney, Bell Shirt Co.
Myrtle Darwell, J. and J. Cash.
Cecil Day, Quinte Hotel.
Philip De Carlo, Alemitte.
Olive Delaney, Public Library.
Harold Denike, his father's farm.
Ted Doyle, junior at the Royal Bank.

Barbara Caston, Harry Ross and Martin.
John Embury, Big "A" Co.
Nelson Fitzgerald, American Hardware.
Douglas Flindall, Bell Shirt Co.
Georgina Flindall, Bell Shirt Co.
Douglas Frink, an apprentice at
Ostrom's Drug Store.
Ruby Gazely, Bell Shirt Co.
Melville Gilmour, American Hardware.
George Greatrix, Tice's Cartage.
Helen Gunsolus, J. and J. Cash.
Jack Hannah, Ciceri and Bolton.
Dick Kenley, Belleville Seed Co.
Lillian Kennedy, Kresge's.
James Kokesh, Corbyville.
Reynold Langstaff, working for his
father.

Frances Lazier, Assistant at the Public
Library.
Duncan Lewis, working for his father.
Audrey Licence, working for her father.
James Ling, Quinte Cafe.
Elmo McDonald, Dominion Store.
Jim Mackenzie, his father's store.
Willie McCoy, Blue's Marketeria.
Monica McAvoy, James Texts.
John McLaughlin, working for his
father.
Harry McMartin, Ciceri and Bolton.
George Miller, Riggs' Garage.
Dawson McLean, Loblaw's.
Marion McLean, Metropolitan Store.
Bob Muirhead, an attendant at the
Capitol.
Donald Murphy, working for his father.
Gordon Mylchrest, Eaton's Groceteria.
Ernest Nolan, Alemitte.
Beauchamp Payne, a junior in the
Dominion Bank.
Ernest Palmer, Ciceri and Bolton.
Robert Quigley, working for his father.
Dorothy Quincey, Trudeau Motor Sales.

Mason Rigby, Alemitte.
Harry Robinson, Belleville General
Hospital.
Ed. Rosevear, Deacon Shirt Co.
Victor Rowbotham, Arena.
Ted Saunders, Belleville Vulcanizing.
Ronald Simonds, working for his father.
Lorraine Smith, Georgia Salon.
Violet Smith, Clark's Transport.
Bernard Smythe, working for his father.
Francis Sparkes, working for his father.
Harry Sweetnam, Woolworth's.
Charles Taylor, working for his father.
Abram Tobe, Blue's Marketeria.
Ronald Waldin, Harper's Dairy.
Doris Whalen, Deacon Shirt Co.
Keith Ward, working for his father.
Leon Ward, working for his father.
Harry Way, working for his father.
Howard Weaver, working for his
father.
Patricia Wilkes, Kresge's.
William Wilson, his father's Insurance
and Real Estate Office.
Sid White, Alemitte.

AT HOME:

Frances Aikins
Locklan Anderson
Roger Armstrong
Nora Armstrong.
Thelma Arthurs
Lucienne Barck
Barbara Bateman
Mildred Belnap
Arthur Bertram
Jean Bongard
Mattie Browning
Maxwell Bush
Gordon Carr
John Clark
Katherine Clarke
Marian Chambers
Grace Charlton
Eileen Chatterden
Annie Cruji
Harold Denike
Bernard Dolan
Helen Doyle
Alice Ellis

Alfred Eley
Edward Eley
Marion Fairbairn
Woodrow Gazley
Mary Gerow
Elmer Gold
Everett Gowsell
James Gray
Gertrude Kennesey
Floyd Henry
Albert Hillman
Irene Holmes
Reta Huffman
Dorothy Irwine
Mary Juby
Hazel Keene
Hazel Kemp
Margaret Ketcheson
Norma Ketcheson
Walter King
Winnis Kiser
Bill Knudson
Zella Landry

Clarence Langabeer
Jessie Leitch
Stafford Lessard
Frances Lounsbury
Harold Marakle
Roland Martin
Elsie Maynes
Lena McDonald
Irvine McGummon.
Edna McCreary
Doris Messerney
Laura Moran
Louise Newson
Leo Noakes
Elizabeth O'Callaghan
Ray Osborne
Mildred Phillips.
James Pickell
Jessie Pigeon
Reg Pringle
Victor Rawlence
Ellen Reid
Max Reynolds

Elinore Roblin
May Roblin
Roscoe Sager
Fred St. Denis
Lillian Seales
Margaret Smallhorn
Carman Spencer
Ross Stewart

Carman Stillman
Nellie Sutherland
Peggy Templeton
Phyllis Thompson
Loreen Tomkins
Vera Thomson
Clifford Townsend
Daisy Trow

* * * * *

This year we are very glad to have letters from some of the former members of this school. Such interesting letters must have been the result of much thought on the part of the writers. So let us extend to them our hearty appreciation of their fine efforts.

St. Hilda's College,
University of Toronto,
Toronto, Ontario.

To the Staff and Students of B.C.I.V.S.,
Dear Friends:

I couldn't be sure that the word "Valedictory", which smacks of learning, philosophy and what not, would scare the readers as much as it scared me. Not that I don't think valedictory letters are a great idea — they are! Even if no one but the proof reader and the staff advisor ever reads them, they give the alumni a last chance to feel that they are still important.

Degrading unimportance is the first thing you learn here. You come without conceit, of course, but realizing that it is a distinct break for the university. Then you make discoveries. Classes are functions at which attendance is not compulsory. You skip them. You discover that this is not a Good Thing. Professors are preoccupied mortals who give you good advice. You discover that they are fascinating people of incredible learning who write books, and you feel your knowledge dissolving in their very presence. The other members of your class look innocent enough. You discover that some of them know twice as much as you and work three times as hard: they come with their work prepared even the morning after the Classical Club dance. (There are others who are human). Your course is a list of prescribed studies for four years. You discover that it is a wealth of unimagined interest and intriguing knowledge. Once adjusted to this scheme of things, you begin to realize what a glorious place the university really is.

We are all exam-conscious at the moment, having just had to pay our fees for the beastly things. The latest escapade of "The Varsity", our daily newspaper, was to come out with a large headline, "EXAMS BEGIN MARCH 17", which was the Varsity's idea of a good joke, as they really begin at the first of May. Another headline was, "AND LITTLE AUDREY LAUGHED AND LAUGHED".

One thing that strikes me, is the amount of Latin there is out of captivity. There are scraps of Latin in the college yells, songs, magazines, and even the notices in the halls. The Trinity College song is Greek.

The news I hear of the school is thrilling, particularly about the orchestra and the play. You should see how many people sit up and take notice when the B.C.I.V.S. is mentioned!

Wishing everyone of you the greatest success, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
Frances Evans.

Dear Students:

If you all have good memories, and, of course, you have, you will remember that bewildering, chaotic day when you first started to Collegiate, but it is my belief there is nothing more confusing than the first day in an insurance office. In the first place, you feel so unutterably dumb. There are forms and forms all alike and yet so different. In your frenzy, you get your carbon paper in, face up, and you know what that means. I can close my eyes even now and feel the wave of nausea pass over me when my typewriter defiantly struck the wrong character, and I couldn't find an eraser. And, oh! my vast relief when, idly fingering a cord tied to my machine, I discovered "Old Faithful" dangling at the end of it.

But it all goes to show that there is not a great deal of difference in school and in an office. I find a place and use for practically every subject taught in the Commercial course. Filing and bookkeeping are very important as are shorthand and typing, but I cannot stress too much the value of correspondence and English, as they arise in almost every phase of your work, and I would advise that you take advantage of the splendid opportunities open to you, perfecting yourselves as far as possible.

To those entering a career, I unhesitatingly recommend the Commercial course taught in the Belleville Collegiate Institute for a thorough, all-round one which will prepare you for any office position requiring a commercial education.

I wish to take this opportunity to thank those who have made it possible for me to again contribute to the ELEVATOR and assure you that I feel highly honoured.

Yours sincerely,

Frances Clarke.

* * * * *

Dear Boys and Girls:

By the time you have graduated from high school or college unless you are teachers you will remember practically nothing.

Take for example my eight years in public school, five years in high school, and two years in college. All I remember is: the alphabet, (at least part of it); that a triangle has three sides and 360°; that "x" is something you have to look for, that sodium chloride is really nothing but pepper, and that if you put salt on a frog's hind legs he will jump better.

Far more important than what you learn at school are the mental habits and attitudes you acquire there so that when you go out into the world you will have a machine mind able to cope with any situation as it arises, moment by moment, year by year, and throughout life.

Thus to have mastered Latin gives you mind depth, doggedness, and power. Literature gives it imagination, mathematics quickness, sharpness, and ability to marshal facts one by one. Chemistry and physics teach you to analyze the unknown and create new knowledge and new objects.

These are the real values of education and are the rewards of an active attitude and self-perseverance.

To those who contemplate going to college I might say that the difference between high school and college is that in high school you learn more and think less, while in college you learn less but think more.

Yours truly,

Bruce May.

A One-Act Play

Scenario by Shernard Baw.
From the English of Shernard Baw.
Produced by Shernard Baw.
Directed by Shernard Baw.
Adapted from the stage success of Shernard Baw.
Costumes by Mrs. Baw.

This play is by Fred Forster.

MCMXXXV

THE GRADUATE

The Cast: Mr. MacLaurin, Mr. Shaggy Dreeps (The Grad), the lads, voices, before and behind, sobb off and on.

The Scene: Morning assembly.

Mr. MacLaurin: "We have with us this morning, Mr. Shaggy Dreeps, an old B.C.I. boy. Mr. Dreeps will address you on, "Getting on in Life." (Mr. Dreeps stands up. He may be best described as a SUCCESS. He begins in the approved style fairly glowing with confidence and goodwill . . .)

"Boys and girls, it gives me great pleasure to be here this morning. The sight of so many fresh faces brings back memories of other days. Sights and sounds of long ago echo in my brain. Long forgotten forms and figures come before the mind's eye. Ah! Yes, indeed. In particular, I remember some of my old class-mates — Temple springs to mind as the foremost of those sturdy fellows" . . . (a voice is heard sobbing in the back of the hall. Dreeps starts violently, but recovers then goes on.) "Yes, I often wonder just where Temple got to . . ." (The unknown offender is now frankly blubbering. He is summarily ejected from the hall by four teachers and George Tilley.) Dreeps (affected): "Who was that boy who appeared to be so touched by what I said?"

P. C. (drily): "That was Temple."

(Dreeps is plainly at a loss, but for only a moment — it was by handling situations like this that made him a SUCCESS. He gives proof of his coolness by tripping over Mr. MacLaurin.) "Er-ah-yes of course — Ah-um." (Grasps at a straw.) "Then there was Liddle . . . (Warming to his theme) . . . "You'd go a long way before you would meet a better fellow . . ."

Another voice — "Thanks, Dreeps, old boy!"

(The situation is getting to be one too many for good old Dreeps. This is plainly to be seen by the way in which he is chewing his neck-tie.)

(At this point, a delegation of lates consisting of Moncrieff, Forster, Kelley, Watson, Day, Foster, Samuels and Shuttle enters at the back of the auditorium.)

(As one): "Why there's Dreeps!" "Good old Dreeps!!" "Hello there Dreeps!!!" (Dreeps finishes his cravat and starts on his collar.)

Dreeps: "Er-ah-hello, boys" . . . (is evidently searching for something to say — anything at all — a happy thought strikes him — with renewed vigour.) "I remember Miss Blank — a fine woman — a trifle old-fashioned and set in her ways, but a good sort at heart. At times, I used to think her a good deal too dogmatic for a teacher, but . . ."

Voice (from platform behind): "DREEPS!!!! I'll have no more of your impudence!!!!!"

(Dreeps proceeds to climb over footlights)

Mr. MacLaurin (grasping him by the coat tail): Mr. Dreeps, where are you going?!!!!!"

Dreeps (wildly): "Back to school."

A Close Shave

Betty Anderson, III-A.

SHUTTING his eyes tightly for a minute, he hoped to steady his nerves and his rapidly pounding pulse against that ordeal which might mean life and death for him. When he opened them again, little shivers played tag up and down his spine. With an effort he drew his sagging knees up for support and gazed at his pale, seared face in the mirror.

A million thoughts raced through his head — suppose the blade should slip — the awful pain if it missed its mark — the agony of the terrible slow death that would follow! He wandered over to the window. There, under that big tree stood his dog-house, built by his own hands for his last dog. Would he live to see this through, and be able to have another dog to follow him around? He paced up and down the room for several seconds trying to forget the present by thinking about happy times in the past. At last he stopped and whirled around. After all it would soon be over and he would be a man at any cost.

He stood in front of the mirror and gazed at his now transfigured face. The blade came closer and passed down each cheek once, twice, three times. He sank down on a chair, happy that his first shave was over and that it had been close. Why, he had even done better than his dad, for he hadn't cut himself.



Drawn for the Elevator by Art Liddle, one of our Alumni.

The Satin Slipper

JOSEPH sat in his little dim-lit shop, his eyes passing appraisingly over the rows of newly-mended shoes, neat, trim, with tiny stitches and brightly polished toes.

He was wise, Joseph was. He could tell at a glance what kind of man whose woman wore the shoes he mended. That boot there, for instance, large and black, working man would wear that, one who wasn't any too rich either for the sole had been badly worn.

His eyes fell on a little white satin slipper. The old servant of a wealthy family had brought it in that morning. He had remembered seeing her when visiting a friend of his, employed by the same family. The shoe puzzled him. There was a curious spot on the toe like blood and the heel was broken off.

He went over and fingered it musingly. He felt that there was a story connected with it and it irritated him. He threw the offending object impatiently on the table and smoothed his canvas apron with a great sweep of his hands.

Several hours later, after closing time, Joseph sat reading his evening newspaper. A blazing headline caused him to start gasping. He began to mutter incoherently under his breath, and his wife looked at him warily, but said nothing. "Joseph has his odd ways," she often remarked.

The cause of his agitation was a report of a murder. A certain Mr. J. Mills had been found by the side of the highway, several miles from town, shot through the heart. The only clue was the heel of a white satin slipper found a few yards from the body and a revolver with no fingerprints on it.

"Mr. Mills, a prominent business man, was to have been married in a few days," so the paper stated, "and his fiancée, Miss Claire Armstrong, is in a state of nervous collapse."

Joseph sat still for about half an hour. His mind travelled back to that morning. The woman who had brought in the satin slipper was Miss Armstrong's personal maid and the shoe had been minus a heel.

According to the paper, Miss Armstrong had been at home on the night of the tragedy and could not account for the heel when questioned. Joseph knew better, he knew the slipper must belong to the young lady. Therefore she must know more than she was telling. Why the servant had brought it to be mended, he could not say.

Without saying a word to his wife he went below into his shop, procured the unfinished slipper and went out. On his way across town to the Armstrong mansion he argued with himself for and against the deed he was about to perform. He was thinking of blackmail. Apparently Claire Armstrong had been near the scene at the time or right after the murder and she wanted no one to know. Otherwise she would have told.

Blackmail was a serious business he realized. But he needed five hundred dollars to save his shop. If he lost that what would he and Mary do? It was worth the try.

He had quite a time getting in when he did reach the huge old mansion. Finally, he told the butler he had something which would be of great interest to Miss Armstrong and he was admitted into a small room off the large beautifully-arranged hall.

Ten minutes later a light step caused Joseph to turn around. In the doorway stood the most forlorn-looking young creature he'd ever seen. As he looked at her a lump rose in his throat. What was he doing? Why had he come to do this to the beautiful young woman?

The droop of her shoulders belied her twenty-two summers. The black dress she wore emphasized her deathly paleness. She stared ahead with unseeing eyes like one in a deep sleep.

Doris Calcutt, Va.

"You wished to see me?" she asked in a dull lifeless tone.

All visions of five hundred dollars slowly vanished from Joseph's mind. "No — no," he stuttered, "I've made a mistake." His vain attempt to hide the tell-tale parcel was badly covered.

"What are you hiding?" she asked, and stretched out her hand.

Unwillingly, Joseph gave her the parcel and watched, fascinated, as she untied the string and removed the paper. A hand flew to her heart. She turned towards him quickly and the look in her eyes reminded him of a rabbit's, which he had caught in a trap when a boy.

"Where did you get it?" she said quietly.

"You shouldn't have let your maid take those slippers, Miss Armstrong. She brought this to my shop to be mended. She didn't remember me but I knew her from being here once to see one of your old servants about a year ago. I thought you might like it back."

He started to back out of the room, but she stopped him. "Wait," she cried. "I can't keep silent any longer. I was there when Jimmy Mills was killed. I killed him. I didn't mean to. I hated him but I wouldn't have killed him, only it was self-defense. All the servants were out that night. Mother and father were away. They were forcing me to marry him even though he was nearly twice my age and knew I disliked him."

The only sign of the great emotion which she was feeling was the way in which she plucked at her handkerchief.

"We were always quarrelling, although no one knew. That night was worse than usual. He was terribly jealous and tormented me incessantly. We were driving slowly around a curve, so I took the opportunity to jump out. Of course, we weren't far from town, and I intended walking home. He got out of the car and tried to force me to go back. He even slapped me." Here she paused and rubbed her cheek with her hand. "I knew he always carried a gun, but I was horrified when I saw him take it out and point it at me. I lunged at him, the thing went off, and, suddenly, Jimmy was stretched out on the road at my feet. I don't know anything after that.

(Continued on page 95)



"Where did you get it?" she said quietly.

Bis Pueri Senes

ALL seems so absurd when I look back upon it — me — a swimming instructress who had never swum over fifty yards in her life! But I was determined to obtain some sort of a job for the summer. Washing dishes, minding children, typing in a stuffy office, none of these held any appeal for me. The only other position open, was that of a swimming teacher at Hacienda Inn on Mare Clausum, the popular summer resort for retired men — (so stated the advertisement in the *Employment Column*). I sent in my application and by return mail received a letter. "Dear Miss Ware: Your application accepted, report for work Monday, July fifth, nine o'clock, ante meridiem. Respectfully yours, Pop Pryator." Whereupon, I set out in search of someone to teach me the latest twists and writhes of modern swimming.

The Sunday before the appointed day, I picked up my tooth brush along with various other articles of my wardrobe and set out to face the cruel world — to brave the stormy sea of life as a swimming instructress! *Vogue la galère!*

The trip to Mare Clausum was uncomfortable in the July heat, but I amused myself noting the different types of people that ride in trains. Beside me sat a woman of immense proportions garbed in a muslin creation of uncertain hue and pattern. She was busy making mental calculations concerning the yardage required to make up the garment when my eye lit upon an extremely bizarre spectacle. The thin little man with the fiery eye, who sat facing me, had lowered his newspaper. The thin little man apply his tongue to something that resembled an all-day sucker. He was about to I stared at him fascinated. As if he sensed my unflinching gaze, he looked up, remarking gently, "Madame, I am Pascini, the greatest author of the legitimate stage. I am going on my holidays and as going-away gift my wife gave me this," pointing to the sucker, then he showed me the box. "The largest she could get," he said proudly. On the box was written, "The Biggest Sucker In Town". Poor dear Pascini innocently and proudly he smiled at me, exhibiting a faulty fit in both places, upper and lower. With that he subsided as if to let his impression gain a hold on me. After several minutes of watching fences, fields and cattle fly by, I heard his voice once more. "I see by your ticket that you, too, are going to the Hacienda. That is also where I'm heading for." He smiled once again, and the train came to a sudden halt. Quickly Pascini closed his mouth, otherwise the result of the abrupt jerk might have been disastrous for him — or rather for his misfit.

We were at Mare Clausum junction. The remaining mile to the Inn was to be taken on a rattling wagon driven by a corpulent gentleman with a salt and pepper fringe of hair that modestly covered his ears, but crudely exposed a bare polished crown. His name was Philip; he talked with an amazing celerity of speech. In spite of her master's speed in conversation, Phyllis, the horse, could never undertake any expeditious mission. Once, I recall, he allowed Phyllis to droop near a tuft of grass as he casually remarked, "Y'know, Miss Sylvia, I'm convinced that this here road was oncet used by an army." He paused expectantly so I said, "Why? Look at all the cart-ridges!" and he roared with a blatant jubilation. The human soul can bear so much.

I leapt from the wagon, hissing through clenched teeth, "Lead the way; I shall follow." Thus, in physical exertion, I worked off the homicidal inclinations that surged through every fibre of my being.

Eventually Phyllis lumbered through a stucco arch over which was a large sign, "Hacienda Inn". She drew up in the yard so violently that I, following along behind, absorbed in a critical study of my future abode, walked straight into the vehicle — thus adding a few bruises to the puzzling situation. The jerk had evidently aroused Pascini from the bottom of the wagon, for he jumped to his feet, pulled me up on the wagon and shouted out several names, "Napoleon! Bismarck! Mazzini!"

(Continued on next page)

ELEVATOR

Rose Lazier, J.

ELEVATOR



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③

OUR NURSERY

DO YOU KNOW YOUR TEACHERS?
IF NOT, SEE PAGE 103



④



⑤



⑥



⑦



⑧



⑨



⑩



⑪

Immediately a horde of white-haired men dashed into sight. Pascini proceeded to deliver a dramatic oration on the intrinsic value of the new aquatic adviser. "And, again, may I say that Miss Silver Ware is the . . ." Phyllis awoke and ambled towards the barn; Pascini and I fell to the floor of the wagon. This appeared to please the horde; they clapped, whistled and hooted, boisterously, like school-boys.

There, of course, is no need to say that I returned immediately to the typist work in the city. It was all so disappointing, being no secret that I had set out to find a husband, but imagine going to an insane asylum for one!

FOOTNOTE: (1) Bis Pueri Senes — Old men are twice young.

(2) *Vogue la galère* — Let come what may.

Learning to Fly

ONLY two short weeks before, I had enjoyed my first aeroplane ride. Now my ambition of long standing looked as if it had a chance of being realized. This happened early last summer, while the majority of the students were anxiously awaiting the results of their examinations.

Consequently, one fine June morning saw me climbing into the rear seat of Gypsy Moth with the instructor explaining the controls to me.

While I waited for the instructor, I tried to familiarize myself with the bewildering array of instruments on the dashboard in front of me. I immediately recognized the throttle, rudder-bar, and control column (stick). But a series of gauges labelled "Air Speed", "Altimeter", "Bank and Turn Indicator", "Oil Pressure Gauge", "Rev. Counter", and a compass between my knees looked very confusing.

In a short time the instructor climbed into the front seat and we took off. When the altimeter needle quivered at the "2000" mark, the instructor's voice in the ear phones said, very casually, "All right, take over and fly straight ahead". This sounded very easy, but it was fifteen minutes before I could keep the Moth pointing straight ahead, the nose of the ship at the correct level, and the wings level, all at once. The instructor's patient voice kept pointing out my errors, and by the time the first lesson was over, I could fly in a reasonably straight line.

The next lesson was turns. In turning, the ship must be banked just enough to prevent it skidding outward, but not so much that it will slide inwards. This took longer to learn, but presently I was quite at home in turns as in level flight.

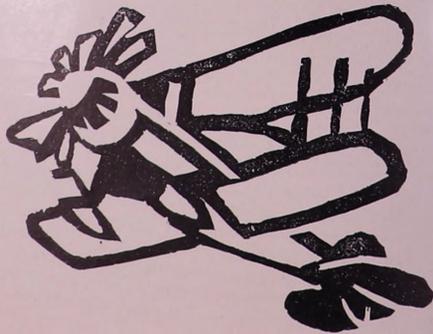
In quick succession came correct climbing and gliding angles, and side-slipping. The point is to keep above the ship's stalling speed, that is, the speed at which the wings fail to provide enough "lift" to sustain the plane. I was also taught to recognize the "stall", and the first few times that I experienced that sinking feeling with little or no feeling left in the controls, was decidedly unpleasant.

Take-offs were not too difficult, though it was hard to keep the plane straight until we got a little speed.

Next came landings, by far the hardest of all. I made perfect landings ten feet off the ground, I levelled off while skidding sidewise, I touched the ground too soon, and bounced badly, I overshot the field, I failed to get the tail down soon enough. Even the patient instructor's temper began to get frayed. Gradually, however, I began to make an occasional passable landing.

One day, just as we were ready to go up, the instructor told me we would try a tailspin. While climbing to sufficient altitude, I was to practise figure 8's. While

(Continued on page 104)



ELEVATOR

John White,

ELEVATOR

35

SOCIETY

—Society Editor—
Rose Lazier



DALRYMPLE — SCOPIS

In August, 1934, Beatrice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Scopis became the bride of Donald Dalrymple in Montreal. The couple are living in the city.

DIGBY — SKELCHER

In October, 1934, Georgina Margarine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Skelcher, and George Ellison Digby were married, with the Rev. A. B. Payne officiating.

CLAPP — WELLS

On August 3, 1934, Phyllis Margaret Wells and Charles William Clapp were joined together in the holy bonds of matrimony, in St. George's Cathedral in Kingston, with Bishop Lyons conducting the ceremony. They are living in Kingston.

SMITH — ELLIOTT

On January 1, 1935, Helen Grace Elliott became the bride of Valmore Edward Smith; the wedding took place in Bridge Street United Church, with Dr. Semple conducting the ceremony. The happy couple are living in Lindsay.

PLUMPTON — DRUMMOND

On September 1, 1934, Mary Guthrie Drummond was married to Ralph Nelson Plumpton; the wedding was solemnized in the Holloway United Church, with the Rev. R. E. Newman officiating.

JORDAN — FRINK

On October 24, 1934, the wedding of Hilda Lillian Frink to Thomas Henry Jordan took place in the John Street United Church, with the Rev. Robert Hall conducting the ceremony. They are residing in Massassaga.

SIMPSON — PARRY

On June 27, 1934, at the Albert College, the Rev. Charles W. Bishop conducted the wedding of Gladys Sarah Parry to Bertram Campbell Simpson. They are living in the city.

MURRAY — WALLBRIDGE

On May 16, 1934, Jean Mabel, daughter of Mr. Arthur K. Wallbridge was married to Gregory Murray, the Rev. A. B. Payne officiating. They are residing in the city.

SHAW — HYMAN

On February 4, 1935, at Holloway Street United Church, the marriage of Nancy Elizabeth, daughter of Mrs. B. L. Hyman, to John Ralph Shaw took place, with the Rev. R. E. Newman officiating.

MacLAURIN — MacDONALD

In July, 1934, Margaret Alberta, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. MacDonald of Point Anne became the bride of Williamson (Sonny) MacLaurin. They are living in the city.

TWINING — FLEMING

In June, 1934, Anna Jeane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Fleming of Point Anne became the bride of Wilfred Twining. They are living in the city.

MITCHELL — SOULE

On July 26, 1934, in Old St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, the marriage of Margaret Millicent, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Soule of Hamilton, and Harold Mitchell, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Mitchell of Winipeg, was solemnized.

The School Dance

COME ON! Just one more dab of powder, just one more adjustment to the new gown and we are off to the dance! What dance? Did I hear someone ask — what dance? Is it possible that you haven't heard? Why, the School Dance, of course.

We arrive at the door of the Dear Old School, where we are greeted by the Door Committee, comprising of Mr. Shields and Mr. Archibald. Already, the scintillating strains of the Commodores can be heard; both the gymnasias are completely transformed into a spectacular winter wonderland. Christmas trees adorn the walls and the balcony railings. Strings of coloured lights, sparkling snow and realistic ice-floes all help to create the illusion of the snowy season. Winter sports are represented by skis, toboggans and snow shoes arranged on the walls in such a way that you forget that you are in the gym (for once in your life).

Bridge tables are set up in the boys' gym for those not wishing to dance. The

refreshment tables are beautifully decorated with the school colours, which are extremely effective on the white table cloths. But, of course, "God Save the King" comes all too soon, and, tired, happy, we say our good nights and hobble off home to a welcome warm bed.

Reception Committee—Mr. P. C. M. Laurin, Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, C. and Mrs. A. E. Geen, Miss Una Brown, Rea Symons, Donald Mackney, Douglas Frink, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Weir.

Programme Committee — Barbra Parker, James Andrews.

Refreshment Committee—Miss Marjorie Sharpe, Evelyn Tice.

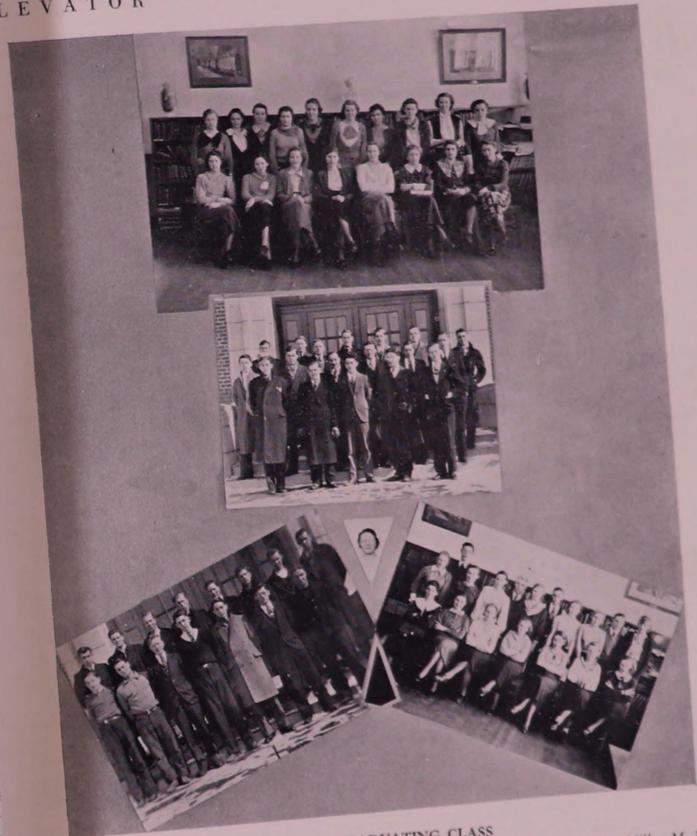
Decoration Committee — Miss Higgins, Mr. Laughlin, Mr. Greenleaf, Miss Allison, Stanley Kerr.

Door Committee — Mr. Shields, Mr. Archibald.

Orchestra Committee—Walter Hillier.

Floor Committee — Boys' Athletic Society.

ELEVATOR



GIRLS' GRADUATING CLASS

M. Merrick, M. Bristol, M. Moul, A. Sheffield, H. Boynton, D. Zufelt, A. Gilroy, M. Miller, M. Parry, I. Walsh, I. Mills, A. Foley, B. Foley, B. Ilsey, J. Jones, D. Washburn, F. Fisher, E. Scott.

BOYS' GRADUATING CLASS

Back Row—J. Andrews, D. Bradford, J. White, D. Newby, J. Creighton, D. Anderson, W. Hilton.
Center Row—R. Wood, O. Smith, B. Frink, G. Anderson, W. Logie, C. Langstaff.
Front Row—K. Brenton, S. Laughlin, E. Reid, D. Houston, J. Allison.

TECHNICAL BOYS' GRADUATING CLASS

Back Row—F. Rawon, C. Coffee, J. Moon, H. Kokesh, H. Hallett, S. Salisbury, A. Sherry, B. Wilson.
Front Row—H. Moncrieff, E. Keene, E. Young, J. Ketcheson, A. Bradshaw, J. Cote, H. Long.

TECHNICAL GIRLS' GRADUATING CLASS

Phyllis Weese.

COMMERCIAL GRADUATING CLASS

Standing—E. Matthews, I. Bell, C. Lauder, J. Hall, D. Matthews, R. Williamson, J. Ethier,
G. Cumming, E. Bowler, J. Ronskey, F. Shocner.
Sitting—A. Cruji, M. Musgrave, E. Anderson, D. Pedder, R. Simmons, A. Collins, E. Adams.

A Canoe Trip in Algonquin Park

Jamie Bone and Jean Stobie, 14

DEEP in the recesses of Algonquin Park, there are many adventures one can encounter. Many campers, by obtaining the necessary permit, are able to enjoy the privilege of spending a day or two on the various camping grounds situated throughout the park. One of the largest camps in Algonquin is the Taylor Statten Camp, or rather camps, as there are two on Canoe Lake. The one for girls is called Wapomeo, and the other, for boys, is called Ahmek. They have many activities and, of these, one of the most interesting is going on canoe trips.

On one of the trips, it was raining, and the ground was soggy underfoot. After we had finished washing the greasy pots and pans, someone sighted a leech taking a nap on a bacon rind in the water. We then thought it would be fun to have a leech hunt. At our suggestion, all the girls armed themselves with tin cans to hold the leeches and long poles. Soon, cries of "Here's one, bring the can!" filled the air. This went on until we had caught twenty-six. Seeking something else to do, we massacred six of them with salt and boiled four. One of us ran to show the remaining leeches to the guides who were dozing, but she stumbled over a log, and the blood suckers left the can to find a new home in the guides' shirts. Both of them immediately came to life and fished through their clothes for the beastly things. While this was taking place, the rest of us, pursued by a boiled leech on the end of a piece of stale bread, were rushing madly around the camp. As one of us fell into the water, a counsellor put an end to our game by throwing the few remaining leeches away. By this time, the guides were ready to leave, so that ended that canoe trip.

Blest Be the Tie That Binds

"CLARENCE, Clarence Donald Gillespie, come down here this minute. Go to the Deacon Farnells, and your father's got the horses here."

Clarence was standing firmly on both legs in the centre of the second best hooked-rug, staring at his reflection in the cracked mirror. Hopeless. Short, sandy hair with a cowlick in the back, wide blue eyes, firm little chin, freckled nose, topped a sturdy little figure in a rough black serge suit, black ribbed stockings and shiny clumsy boots.

Any other day Clarence would have had fun with the mirror. There was a place a little to the right near the top, where you could make your face look long and the other place on the other side which gave you large ears. Delightful mirror. And a great deal nicer than the one in mother's room with the gilt frame in which nothing happened.

But, today, there was the tie. How could he! Oh, how could he wear the tie. Nothing could be more impossible. Its large black bows stared back at him. It was terrible. It was hopeless. Nothing could be done with it. It couldn't even be made smaller. He had tried, but there was too much left over on the ends. It covered the whole front of him. It stuck out like the bible on the parlor table. It leered at him, mocked him, laughed at him. So, the other boys would laugh at him, he laughed at him.

Clarence had prayed last night, "Please, God, let a burglar steal it." But the had been no burglar. Then this morning while dressing, he had hung it near the stove pipe and opened the window, so it would blow against the pipe and burn up. But it had not burned. It had remained to torture him, humiliate him.

"Clarence." Slowly he turned away and clumped down the stairs. At the bottom were mother and Aunt Sarah in their rusty black dresses and hard black bonnets, smelling of moth balls and eau de Cologne. Aunt Sarah snapped his black hat on, Mother patted the tie, and they both hustled him out of the door, and hurried him down the steps. "Law, you'd think that the boy had a week, the way he goes on."

Standing there beside the democrat was Uncle George. His eyes twinkled when he saw the tie, but he said, "Up you go," and popped Clarence onto the high seat, next Aunt Sarah. Father was already seated, holding the reins and a large game watch, his bushy eyebrows drawn together. "Next?" Uncle George helped Mother in with much rustling and crackling and then he climbed up beside Father and they were off.

Plop, plop, went Bessie's feet. Nod, nod, went Aunt Bessie's head, keeping time. Flick, flick, went Bessie's tail at the flies. Tap, tap, went Mother's gloved hand on the prayer book. Past the mill and, rumble, rumble over the bridge. To the school house, down the hill. "Soon be there," observed Uncle George cheerfully. "Soon be there," sang Bessie's feet. Now they were at Simpson's barn. Now they were at the wishing tree. "I wish my tie would blow away," thought Clarence. Now they topped the ridge and then rounded the corner. "Whoa," and they drove up before the church in a cloud of dust and gravel. "Land, do be more careful, Milton, you nearly threw Sarah out." And they were all helped down by Uncle George.

Aunt Sarah patted her hair, clutched the bible more firmly, raised her eyebrows and swept into the church. Mother seized Clarence's hand and swept after Clarence dragged off his hat and stumped along beside her. Creak, creak, went Clarence's boots. Everyone turned around. Everyone looked at Clarence, at Clarence's tie. They looked at it all the way down the aisle, into the pew, and along the pew to the end.

(Continued on page 39)

Betty Moran

Things We Would Like to Know

Warren Williamson, II-C.

1. From the pictures in the ELEVATOR we would like to know if it is supposed to be a magazine or a funny paper.
2. Where Mr. Hill learned to can fruit.
3. If this year's ELEVATOR will go up or down.
4. If gum is hard on a Cadet's digestive system.
5. Why the teachers don't look the same in class as they do in the ELEVATOR.
6. When 20 pupils will learn how to address a teacher.
7. If the boys who kept out rugby uniforms put them away in moth-balls.
8. Why people pay 25c to see the Deacon amateurs play basketball when they can see our interform games for nothing.
9. If Boston pool is taking the place of homework.

* * * * *

Such Things Have Happened

Dorothy Aselstine, IV-A.

ALL evening, Margaret worked busily doing up her Christmas gifts. She had a compact for her sister, book-ends for her mother, woollen underwear for her father and a Yardley set for Miss Powers. When she had them all wrapped, she wrote the tags and fastened them to the parcels.

Next morning, Margaret took Miss Power's present, looked carefully at the tag to see she had the right parcel and set out for school.

When she arrived, the girls gathered around her. "What did you get?" they asked cautiously. "Let's see it."

Margaret was dignified. "It's all wrapped up. I bought her a . . ."

"Hey! She's marking the attendance," one of the boys shouted, sticking his head out the door.

During the wild scramble for seats, Margaret managed to get to the front of the room without being observed by the teacher.

"Hm-m! she began. "Miss Powers, on behalf of the class, I wish to want—I mean, I want to wish you a very merry Christmas and ask you to accept this gift." Margaret blushed violently, as she shoved the parcel into the teacher's hands.

"May I open it now?" Miss Powers inquired. (She had already taken off the tissue paper).

"Sure," shouted the class.

Miss Powers opened the box and glanced suspiciously at the blushing Margaret.

"Let's see what you've got, Miss Powers," shouted one of the boys.

Slowly, she drew from the box a suit of men's woollen underwear.

* * *

Sleepwalking

Harold Bankier, III-A.

IT WAS MIDNIGHT. The house was very still. He sat slowly up in bed.

Stepping out onto the floor, he walked slowly forward, his arms stretched out in front of him. Passing out of the door, he stopped for a moment, as if considering what to do next. The hall lay straight and bare before him. He paced down it till he reached the end.

He raised the sash and stepping out onto the sill, climbed the water-pipe with the agility of an experienced monkey. He scrambled up the tiles and walked along the ridge pole. At the other end of the house stood a tall maple. He stepped blithely onto one of the topmost branches and balanced there like the man on the flying trapeze.

Then, he dropped gaily down from branch to branch, till he was opposite his bedroom window. With a mighty swing, he shot through it and landed flat on his back on the floor. He awoke with a start. "My!" he said. "I must have fallen out of bed again. I might have broken my neck!"

A Lucky Leap



LAMAN LEFT to the corners all, down the centre and grand change grand change", yelled the perspiring master of ceremonies of small, but crowded dance hall "up north" on a wintry Saturday night. The scene was typical of all lumbering villages with rival lumber camps scattered about. The dance hall was a common meeting ground, and many friendly contests were sponsored within its walls. Just within the doorway, but far removed from the noise of the scraping fiddles and loud voices, two men were standing in earnest conversation.

"Now look here, McGinty," began the taller of the two, addressing a burly red-headed Irishman, "you know as well as I do that you should be in your bunk layin' up some sleep for that race to-morrow, instead of makin' whoopee at this fool dance. Now I'm not listenin' to that persuasive tongue of yours at all," as McGinty attempted to interrupt. "That MacLean gang from up the river has been gettin' too sassy for my taste, with their boastin' about what great skiers they have! I'm tellin' you, I was hoppin' mad, when I challenged them to a race with you boys, but, if I'd only known that Robinson and Carter were goin' to get themselves laid up lettin' a tree fall on top of them, I'd have kept my trap shut. You're the only standby left to beat that Swede they do so much talkin' about, and here you are fritterin' away your energy at a dance! You get to bed!" thundered MacGregor, and McGinty meekly acquiesced and got!

In the various contests of strength and skill put on between the rival camps the MacGregor outfit had more than held their own, and MacLeans hoped to regain those lost laurels with their import, Nilsson, long, rangy and like greased lightning on skis.

The sun had scarcely climbed above the pine covered ridges, the following morning, when groups of men in high boots, mackinaws, and gaily coloured toques could be seen lounging about the MacGregor camp and strolling towards the river.

(Continued on page 88)



Doris Waddell, III

Married Bliss

Nellie Maraskas, V.A.

THE kitchenette apartment breakfast table was a place of gloom. Martha's expression was like a thundercloud and her usually pretty face was marred by a scowl, while Hal, the breadwinner of the family, certainly was not wearing a smile.

"If there ever comes a time when there is a cent over expenses for even one little luxury I'll die of heart failure," complained Martha.

"Too bad you ever married me, we've had to economize so," growled Hal and copiously salted his egg.

"Well, when I was single, at least, I made a better salary than you do and didn't have to waste away envying other girls' fine fox scarves."

"No, Martha dear, perhaps I don't, but it honestly breaks my heart to have you want things, and the payments for the furniture and my insurance fall due so often, that we simply can't afford it that's all," and Hal spread marmalade upon his toast vigorously as an outlet to his nerves.

Rose Marie pushed back her chair.

"All this talk about economy makes me sick. My idea of Heaven is a place where everything is free."

At this point, Hal grabbed his hat, banged out of the front door, and jammed into a subway with the rest of the morning slaves going to the daily grind. 'Talk about women being help-mates! Gosh!

Back in the kitchenette apartment Martha wept. She didn't think much of herself then, and life was just a weary grind. She finally arose, cleared the table and petulantly washed the dishes, breaking one or two new cups with utter indifference. How could she ever have thought this was fun? Here she was, invited to a smart tea with some of the girls she used to know who had not allowed their hearts to rule their heads and she had absolutely nothing to wear. If she only had that beautiful silver fox scarf, her old black outfit would last just once more. It was just the sort of day for a fox scarf too, mild, almost warm with Summer crowding Spring. What a laugh, she of all people couldn't afford a fifty dollar scarf! This was marriage stripped of romance.

Martha straightened the tiny apartment, put on her hat and went out to pay the proverbial bills. As she walked along the street, a car pulled up to the curb.

"Say, miss," a man called to her, beckoning as she halted. "Could you come here for a minute please."

Approaching, she asked curiously, "What do you want?"

"Do you want to buy a fox scarf? You see, a lady started to buy this, but couldn't pay for it and we had to take it back. It's a forty-five dollar scarf, but I'll give you a bargain of a lifetime and let you have it for thirty dollars."

The man climbed into the car and held up the scarf. There it was, just as she had dreamed of it in all its soft loveliness. . . . A Silver Fox!

"It's lovely, but I can't buy it — thank you."

"I'll make you a present lady — a present that's what, you can have it for twenty dollars.

Martha looked again, hesitated, and was lost and in another instant hurried home excitedly with the fox scarf, as though she feared some one might take it away. She pictured herself draped in luxuriant furs.

The door bell rang as she was ready to start to the tea.

"Who is it?" she asked cautiously.

"Open in the name of the law, lady." The door was rudely pushed open. There stood an officer and the man from whom she had purchased the fur scarf but a short time before.

(Continued on page 100)

Cigarettes

Rocks" MALLORY was a big, tough, surly Irishman who had a high reputation in a south western penitentiary. In spite of his bad reputation, he was particularly well-behaved, but distinctly disliked by the rest of the prisoners. There were times when Mallory showed flashes of a likeable personality, but these instances were rare, and it seemed as if the man purposely wished unpopularity. He did have two friends, one, little Pete Murray, in whom he gained a staunch but apparently unwanted friend. Pete he had saved from a mass of falling rock and had had his own hand crushed in the effort. His second friend was Tom Matthews, a prison guard and a hard-bitten old Scotchman, outwardly disdainful of the Irish race, but inwardly an admirer of big Mallory. A rather strange friendship sprang up between these two, as old Tom would visit Mallory in his cell at least once a day, and the two men would sit silently and smoke. Occasionally Matthews would break the silence with some dry observation, and Mallory would grunt and mumble a rejoinder in his rich, deep, Irish voice, but, most of the time they would just sit quietly. Always on these visits, Matthews contrived to leave a packet of cigarettes about the cell, and, although Mallory would smoke these, Tom never received any thanks, nor did he expect any. Another rather curious characteristic of Mallory's was the manner in which he objected to anybody expending any sympathy upon his person. There was the time Mallory was desperately sick, and little Murray had offered his condolences at which Mallory had sworn so vehemently that Murray had held his tongue henceforth. Nevertheless, Mallory was highly sympathetic, in his own rough way, towards others and often went to a great deal of trouble to save strangers from pain.

One morning, Murray managed to work his way over to the spot where the big fellow was swinging his pick. Mallory seemed to take an intense joy out of the physical exercise he derived and, as Murray edged alongside of him he paid no heed. Pete kept time with Mallory's hefty blows for a while and then, resting his pick on the ground and wiping the sweat from his jaw with the back of his hand, he inquired in a matter-of-fact tone, "Hear about the boys planning to leave this dump, Rocks?" Mallory murmured an unintelligible reply. Murray continued, "Yah-h, some of the boys are gettin' a bit tired of their quarters — thought you might be interested." Mallory grunted, took a vicious swing at the material from which he derived his name and said nothing.

That evening during the mess hour, Mallory seemed to experience a change of heart. He became almost friendly with the other convicts, and Pete claimed that his features had actually assumed a quiet little smile on one occasion. Mallory's attitude toward Tom changed more drastically. He refused to associate with him in any manner, and the fact that he refused any proffered cigarettes had old Tom worried.

A week passed, and the "break" was to be executed on the coming Friday, the day the provision truck arrived from town. At approximately 10:30 a.m., the truck would arrive, and the south gate would be open. Now, as a rule, no convict was allowed closer than fifty yards to any of the gates, and there were two guards and a machine-gun to prevent any mob rush. During the time the gates would be open, the prisoners would be engaged in their recreational exercises, and it might be possible, in the heat of a game, for a fielder in pursuit of a well-placed ball to venture a trifle nearer to the open gate. The person chasing the ball was to have possession of a smuggled automatic, and, if the break were to succeed, it would be necessary to shoot down both guards before they could reach the machine-gun. The guards hadn't a chance, and, following their massacre, the mob would stream for the gate; some would die, many more would be recaptured and a few would escape. As most of these men were "lifers", they were, with a few exceptions, all willing to take the

Walter Hilton, Ill.



LIBRARY STAFF

Standing—K. Goldberg, M. Rose, D. Walker, H. Brintnell, E. Adams, F. Carr.
Sitting—M. Moul, Miss Welbanks, E. Kinnear.

chance. Mallory, who had by this time gained his comrades' confidence, was to be the fielder chasing the ball. Nothing Murray could say or do could turn Mallory from his purpose. Even the fact that his old friend Matthews would probably be one of the south gate guards did not deter him; on the contrary, it seemed to decide him otherwise. At the mention of Matthews' name, Mallory would wrinkle up his Irish face and spat.

Friday arrived, and things happened as planned. The ball was batted into left field and Mallory, with an awkward movement advanced on the gate. At a distance of twenty yards, he opened fire, as he ran. The guard with Matthews beat the old man to the gun, but Tom pushed him aside, and, as the gun spattered, Mallory fell. Tom, racing up to the falling man, heard him whisper, "Cigarettes . . . thanks . . . Tom."

Investigation opened the next day and the chief-inspector and the sergeant on the case were standing close to the spot at which Mallory fell. "Old Matthews seems quite cut up over shooting that boy," noted Sergeant Harris. Chief-inspector Norris meticulously brushed an imaginary particle of dust from his coat, carefully ground a cigarette butt beneath his heel and, as he turned to move away, remarked, "Yes, it's a rather curious thing, but the old man did not kill Mallory; Matthews purposely placed all his shots wide and high. Likewise Mallory shot wide; the slugs fired from his gun he buried in the ground, as he ran. Mallory was killed by a shot from his own automatic, fired at close range, because, you see, he didn't want his fellow convicts to know he had double-crossed them."

* * * * *

Mr. Archibald: "How do you spell Schenectady?"
Annis: "W. G. Y."

Mr. Hill: "What are the constituents of quartz?"
Langton: "Pints."

A Tour of the Sphinx



stood panting at the head of the flight of steps leading to the Sphinx. Behind me lay several thousand miles of sand, one inch of shoe-leather and a river of perspiration. As I gazed at the great, I felt vaguely disappointed. It was big, but there was not much to it.

Just as I was about to turn away, I noticed a doorway. Above it hung an electric sign which read as follows: TOURISTS ENTRANCE — All Tradesmen Use Right Wing.

I entered tentatively and found myself in a large lobby. On one side was a desk, on the other, the entrance to an elevator.

An elderly mummy with pince-nez came forward to greet me. "From the bandages, you must have been in a railway accident," I remarked to start the conversation.

He gave me an icy stare, but only said, "Who would you like for a guide? I could let you have King Cheops. He built his funeral pyre in a pyramid."

"He will do," I replied. "But will it be all right for me to lam Cheops?" He sighed heavily and blew a whistle. A gentleman, clad in a white robe and a crown, hurried up.

"Cheops," said the mummy, "show the gentleman around."

I followed Cheops toward the elevator. We entered and ascended to the first floor. We crossed a corridor and entered a door. "Here is our laundry department," he said. "The Assyrian is in charge of the pant pressing."

"Why?" I asked.

"He's the very man for the job," replied Cheops. "Have you never heard this line? The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold." We went on around the corridor. "Here's King Tut's office. He's supposed to be working on the income tax, but I'm afraid he's playing cards with that grass-widower, Nebuchadnezzar." He opened the door and called in, "Tut, tut, king! This will never do."

He closed the door again, and we moved on. "On the right," he remarked, "is the Information Bureau, run by King Solomon."

"Why does he have to work?" I asked. "He is supposed to be very rich."

"Ah yes," replied Cheops. "But you are forgetting that he has a thousand wives. It didn't take them long to run through his money."

By this time, we had been round the corridor and were at the elevator once more.

"What would you like to see next?" asked my guide.

"What is there to see?"

"Third floor, Queen of Sheba, top floor, Cleopatra . . ."

"Stop right there!" I exclaimed, leaping into the elevator. "Cleopatra! Here we come!" As we shot up, I saw Cleopatra lean out from the entrance above us.

"Come up and see me sometime!" she cried.

At that moment, the elevator rope broke. We crashed to the bottom, and I came out of the ether to hear the dentist say:

"Your false teeth will be ready on Monday."

* * * * *

Stanley Kerr: "What are those steel things that ran on tractor wheels during the war?"

Mr. Ferguson: "Tanks."

S. K.: "You're welcome."

Mother: "Ernie, I thought I told you not to play the piano until you had washed your hands."

Ernie: "I know, mother, but I'm only playing on the black keys."

Harold Bankier, III-A.

Retribution



IN HIS apartment in San Francisco, a man sat reading the morning paper. He was medium in height and had a dark complexion and a somewhat surly expression. He paid no attention to his breakfast and cursed heavily on finding the meal was cold. Suddenly, his attention became fixed on this paragraph:

"John Brookes, convicted of murder and sentenced to serve fifteen years, has been freed in his thirteenth year on good conduct."

The man, Simon Betcher, started violently, his hands shook, and the newspaper dropped from his grasp.

"Brooke's free," he muttered, "it can't be true — he's got two more years yet, but, if he is out, I'll have to get away before he catches up with me."

As the ten o'clock train pulled into San Francisco, a neatly dressed man stepped off onto the platform. His face had a patient expression and wrinkled lines were already formed on his brow. He straightway hailed a taxi and instructed the driver to a cheap hotel, taking only a suitcase with him. He was lost in thought, and, as the taxi threaded its way through the streets, he reflected:

"Thirteen years. It's a long time to spend for somebody else."

The taxi drew up to the curb, and the man stepped out, paid the driver and entered the hotel.

"I want a room," he told the girl at the desk.

"What name, sir?"

"John Brookes," he replied.

Back in Betcher's apartment, all was in commotion. Betcher had telephoned the steamship lines and booked himself as a third class passenger for Rio de Janeiro. Afraid to leave the house, he sent a messenger boy to the bank to withdraw all his money. His unfinished breakfast was still on the table, and Betcher himself was packing. In an hour, he had everything packed, had given notice to the landlord and settled what business best suited him. With everything completed, he had nothing left to do, nothing, but wait for the boat which sailed at one o'clock that afternoon. He sat down and tried to get a grip on himself, but this only increased his nervousness so that he started at every little sound. His thoughts travelled back thirteen years, and he enacted again that night when he had seen John Brookes arrested on a murder charge. Brookes had been unable to prove his whereabouts at the time, but a witness had stated definitely that he had seen Brookes around the scene of the crime when it was committed. The witness really saw Betcher, who closely resembled Brookes.

Footsteps sounded on the stairs, stopped for a moment, and passed on to the next apartment.

John Brookes had every intention of obtaining money from Betcher to start life afresh, but that was all he intended to do. He was quite prepared to forget that Betcher had wrecked his life, who was, as may be seen, entirely mistaken as to Brookes's intentions.

"Almost half past twelve," he said, rising and consulting his watch. It's time that I went to see Betcher."

He got a taxi, directed the driver to Betcher's apartment and settled himself comfortably. In five minutes, he was mounting the stairs and, without troubling to knock, he walked in.

There, sat Betcher, motionless. His hands were gripping the arms of the chair, and his head resting on the back of it. On his face was an expression of sheer terror. His eyes were staring . . .

(Continued on page 101)

PRIZE POEM

—Poetry Editor—
Evelyn Kilbank

ELEVATOR



These Too

These too I love —
Red leather covers to a book;
White violets by a muddy lane;
Snowfall at dusk; the heavy scent
Of lilacs after midday rain.
The warmth of sunshine — daffodils,
And haunting strains of music low,
Blue dishes, and the autumn woods
With russet, red and gold aglow.
Pale wreaths of smoke — sunbeams a-dance
Upon thin sheets of wind — tossed spray —
Cherry blossoms — and the distant hills,
Deep purple at the close of day.
Forget-me-nots, still wet with dew,
Old beaten bronze, a willow tree,
Frisled curtains at a latticed pane,
An open fire and toast for tea.
Blue hyacinths — “Mickey”, my dog —
Soft laughter — butterflies pure white —
Red embers glowing in the grate —
Pale shadows —
 crystal —
 candlelight.

—Berna Foley, V-B.

* * * * *

Ice Boating on the Bay of Quinte

Muriel Roblin, I-D.

ONE of the biggest thrills I ever experienced is sailing in an ice boat on the Bay of Quinte, where ice boating has always been a favourite sport. These boats were first built for pleasure riding, but high-speed boats soon developed, and racing is the chief interest on the bay now.

These boats vary in size from about six feet to sixteen or more feet in width and of about the same length. The larger boats carry about seventy-five yards of sail and their speed varies from twenty-five to sixty miles per hour. They carry about five people. Imagine seventy-five yards of canvas stretched taut against a strong breeze with three runners on the ice to carry the boat. If the ice happens to be rough, well, occasionally you are bounced out.

I have been on one of these boats, probably the fastest on the bay, and the thrill I got out of the first voyage beats the thrill of going up in a plane. These boats do all kinds of stunts in a high wind, from rearing up on one runner, to complete spills. If you happen to be in one when it flops over, you might imagine it to be dangerous, especially if you are travelling at sixty miles an hour when it occurs, but you land in the sail, slide on the ice and, when the excitement is over, the passengers have a good laugh and turn in to right the craft, which sometimes is no light job if the boat is a large one. Generally if one boat has a mishap the others come to its aid, and soon all are off again.

I have seen these boats and been on them when for miles they have been racing side by side with their crews using all their skill to outwit their opponents. There have been a few boats on the bay every winter but this season there are more than ever. It has become a hobby to see who will have the fastest boat. I have been told that there is now the best and fastest fleet of ice boats ever seen on the Bay of Quinte at Rednersville. When these boats are all out it is a beautiful sight, and some people spend hours watching them who are yet too timid to take a ride. But let me tell you, take a ride the first chance you get. The crews are all real ice sailors and love the sport even though it may be sub-zero weather.

When the ice is in fair condition, from the Bay Bridge to Trenton is a nice sail. You have a beautiful view of the countryside and plenty of scenery all the way, islands, cottages, hills, the most beautiful farm homes and glorious fresh air. You will also have cold feet if you are not well clothed.

I know of a boat that came from Trenton Harbour to the Bay Bridge in fifteen minutes, this is at the rate of a mile a minute. This could be done with a good car with a powerful engine quite easily, but imagine a wind driving an ice boat at the rate of sixty miles an hour. It doesn't seem possible but however it is correct, so just to satisfy your own curiosity, take a ride and you will find every minute a thrill.



FIELD DAY CHAMPIONS

Back Row—W. Hilton, R. Logie, J. Andrews.
Front Row—M. Griffin, B. Anderson.



— Sports Editor —
Dorothy Aselstine

Basketball

Basketball seems to be the favourite sport of B.C.I.V.S. girls, and, as usual, the school was represented by a fast Senior and a very good Junior team. For the fourth year in succession, the Senior team won the Bay of Quinte League Championship. The experienced Trenton Juniors, practically all last year's players, carried off the cup again. Belleville, Trenton, Picton and Napanee were represented by teams.

Highest praise goes to Miss Allison for the training she gave the girls, making a Senior League Championship team and moulding a good Junior team out of girls with practically no experience. The large crowds at all the games proved how popular this sport has become with the general public.

Senior Team

Especially noteworthy was the work of the guards, Rea Symons, Margaret Scott, and Madge Chapman. In the forward lineup Artimese Cruji was high scorer, with Florence Tufts and Doris Smith battling for second place. Audrey Post was sub side-centre. Captain Rea Symons, with her excellent ball handling, was the outstanding player, working equally well as forward or guard.

The Senior girls are now practicing industriously for the District Meet at Toronto. The Queen's Women's Inter-collegiate team recognize B.C.I.V.S. as the greatest opposition in this section. The enthusiasm and morale of our Senior Team should carry it far. The hopes of the school go with it.

Junior Team

Miss Allison had a difficult task picking out the regular Junior line-up, as there was such a large turn-out of promising material. Two newcomers to basketball, Helen Miller and Mary Schrieder, were particularly noted for their splendid guarding. Sylvia Redick was high scorer for the team, with Dorothy Aselstine, Mercedes, "Teddy" Kelly, Dorothy Carr and Joyce Porritt contributing the remaining points, in



GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Back Row—M. Schreider, M. Scott, Miss Allison, M. Thompson, D. Smith, M. Aselstine.

Front Row—J. Thompson, A. Cruji, R. Symons, T. Tufts, M. Davidson.



GIRLS' SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row—F. Tufts, A. Cruji, P. Wright, Miss Allison.

Centre Row — A. Poste, D. Smith.

Front Row — M. Scott, R. Symons, M. Chapman.



GIRLS' JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Miss Allison, J. Porritt, D. Carr, M. Clarke, M. Thompson, M. Kelly, D. Wallbridge, M. Schreider, S. Redick, D. Aselstine, M. Miller, M. Houston.

the order named. The other guards, Doris Wallbridge, Margaret Houston, Mary-Vose Thompson and Margaret Clarke proved as efficient as the rest of the players.

Grads

The formation of a basketball team of the girl graduates of our school this year proved a very novel and successful experiment. An exhibition game was held in the gymnasium between the Grads and the B.C.I.V.S. Seniors and the Grads won. The crack Trenton Junior Team on January twenty-fifth provided practically no opposition for this fine-working machine. Against Queen's Inter-collegiate team on February first, the Grads had their hardest struggle. This thrilling game was both fast and undecided until the last whistle blew, proclaiming Belleville Grads winners.

Inter-Form Basketball

As always, the inter-form basketball games were both interesting and exciting. After many keenly contested games had been played, II Tech. girls were declared winners of Lower School and III-A Collegiate winners of Middle and Upper School. The final playoff between these two teams was very exciting, and III-A Collegiate girls were declared champions of the School.

Badminton

Badminton, although still in its infancy in our school, has a bright future ahead. A club of over twenty has been formed, and all the members are most enthusiastic over this latest addition to school sports.

Jimmie Allison: "Your tie is pretty loud."

Ern.: "It's all right when I wear a muffler."

* * * * *

Bill Logie: "Did you once have hair like snow, granpa?"

Gr. Pa.: "Yes, my boy."

B. L.: "Then who shovelled it off?"

Volleyball

This year, an inter-form volleyball schedule is being drawn up, to be run off much the same as the inter-form basketball. Although not as widely known about the school, as basketball, it is now stimulating more interest in the forms as it offers a wide field for all those who wish to play.

Field Day

The annual field-day last Spring was held at the Agricultural Park. Events for girls included the high jump, broad jump, baseball throw, 50, 75, and 100 yard dashes, obstacle race, bicycle race, and form relay. The Junior Champion was Betty Anderson with 16 points, Intermediate was Margaret Griffin with 11, and Senior, Marion MacLean with 30. Special Commercial took the School Shield, having 30 points, all of which were won by Marion MacLean.

District Meet

In May, 1934, for the first time, a district field-day was held. The best athletes of Belleville, Trenton, Napanee, Tweed and O.S.D. competed at the Agricultural Park. Events were closely contested throughout. M. Brown of Trenton carried off the Senior honours. In the Intermediate section, the struggle for first place was keener, but Trenton again came out on top with Elsie Seales securing 10 points. In the Junior events, Marjorie Hitchon of Belleville out-classed all her opponents and secured 15 of the possible 25 points. It is to be hoped that this district meet will become an annual event to which neighbouring schools will send a large number of contestants.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

— Sports Editor —
Oliver Smith



Hockey

This year, our hockey team won the C.O.S.S.A. championship to gain the right to compete in the Ontario playoffs held in Kingston on March 15 and 16. B.C.I.V.S. received the championship of their group on a bye. They played off with Tweed in a home and home series, goals to count, and won the district title, the score on the round being 12-5.

The hockey team was then slated to meet Owen Sound for the C.O.S.S.A. title, but again received a bye.

Mr. Shiels was responsible for gathering together and coaching this smart team. He arranged several exhibition games to bring the boys into shape.

B.C.I.V.S. 5 - Tweed 2

The first line of Johnson Finnegan and McCreary starred. The rest of the team, notably Sharpe in the net, played good hockey.

B.C.I.V.S. 7 - Tweed 3

Although they had a three goal lead for the return game in Tweed, B.C.I.V.S. never needed it. Our school scored four goals in the first period before Tweed got one.

The first line again gave a good account of itself. The defense, consisting of Logie and McElrath, came into the limelight. Also the second line of Muir, Ling, Lee and Hanna worked much better.

Senior Rugby

The Senior Rugby Team was not as successful this year as formerly, due to the graduation of so many of last year's championship team. The players, on the whole, were lighter than is usual and inexperienced. However, the boys did their best.

The scores of the scheduled games were:

In Lindsay: Lindsay 7, B.C.I.V.S. 0.

In Peterboro: Peterboro 22, B.C.I.V.S. 0.

In Belleville: Oshawa 0, B.C.I.V.S. 5.

In Belleville: Peterboro 12, B.C.I.V.S. 10.

CITY CHAMPIONSHIP

Following their regular schedule, the senior team played a sudden death game with the Belleville Intermediate O.R.F.U. team.

The school team was rated as the under-dog, but entered the game with the will to win. They came out on top of a 7 to 0 score. Walter Hilton scored the touchdown.

The B.C.I.V.S. squad was declared the city champion and the players were presented with rings.

Junior Rugby

This year, the Junior Rugby Team regained the championship of their group from Trenton. They won both of their games but due to financial difficulties could go no further.

Belleville 47, Trenton 0.
Belleville 39, Trenton 0.

The first game was played in Trenton and the backfield, led by Harry McCreary and Edgar Muir showed up best. In the second, the line was much better and Baker's line-bucking stood out.

Several hard-fought exhibition games with St. Michael's Academy and the O.S.D. were won by the school. The scores were small.

If Mr. Laughlin and Mr. Shiels can hold this team together and receive a little backing from the students, it will make a name for itself next fall.

The Track Meet

A track meet was held in Belleville last spring for the surrounding district with the following schools taking part: Tweed, Napanee, Marmora, Belleville, Picton, Trenton and Kingston Collegiate — also from St. Michael's Academy and O.S.D.

The B.C.I. senior team captured first place.

At the annual meet at Kingston, Walter Hilton won the 100 yard dash with the time of 10.2 seconds. He broke the record for that particular meet. He also put the shot the farthest and came second in the senior broad-jump. He also ran second in the 440 yard and 220 yard dashes. E. Schrieder ran second in the discus-throw. In the junior class, R. Logie was second in the shot-put.

The rest of the team showed up well.

Anyone placing in an event was entitled to compete in the Ontario meet in Toronto.

SENIOR BASKETBALL PERSONNEL

Mr. Laughlin, Coach—The steady improvement of both teams was due to the coach's knowledge of the game.

W. Hilton, Capable Captain—"Wally" played centre and used push shots to the team's advantage.

J. Clark, Right Forward—A newcomer who fitted in well with the other forwards.

G. Forster, Left Forward—George handles the ball well. He lightened the monotony of practices by his ready wit.

E. Schrieder, Right Defense—As play-maker "Eddie" was quick to spot a weakness in the opposing team's defence.

J. Andrews, Left Defense—"Jimmy" was a valuable man and an accurate passer.

P. Blaker, Left Defense—"Pat" was a strong defensive player with a long shot. He was on the floor as much as Andrews.

F. Forster, Alternate Forward—"Fritz" was a big asset to the team after he struck his stride.

D. Sharpe, Alternate Defense—Sharpe is a good player, giving necessary relief.

E. Hayes, Alternate Forward—"Haisie" showed up well when on the floor.

C. Carter, Alternate Forward—Carter was a smooth forward and knew what it was all about.

G. Graham, Alternate Centre—George relieved capably at the centre position.

H. Hollett, Alternate Forward—Hollett could be depended upon when used.



BOYS' SENIOR
BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row — E. Haye, G. Forster, E. Schrieder, F. Forster, J. Andrews, J. Clarke, D. Sharpe, P. Blaker.

Front Row—W. Hilton, Mr. Laughlin (Coach).

BOYS' JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to Right, Standing
— J. Peoples, C. Redfern, R. Collins, R. McCabe, L. Westfall, J. Ronsky.

Bending — M. Mitchell, E. Muir, F. Langton, G. Kikes, J. Dickens.

Coach—Mr. Laughlin.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL PERSONNEL

Frank Langton, Captain and Forward—The ball was fed to him, and he scored consistently after receiving it.

George Kikes, Forward—Much of the team's high scoring was due to Kikes' steady playing.

Jack Dickens, Forward—His push shots were feared by opposing teams.

M. Mitchell, Forward—He was a steady, unselfish player.

John Ronsky, Forward—Ronsky was another man whose shots found their mark frequently.

R. McCabe, Forward—McCabe played at the jump position and did his job well.

E. Muir, Guard—"Hot-dog" could be relied upon to defend his own goal when the attack was coming in.

L. Westfall, Guard—He made himself useful about both baskets.

Jack Peoples, Guard—"Jack" gave a good account of himself when he was on the floor.

C. Redfern, Guard—"Cy" showed a willingness to work that was a credit to him.

R. Colling, Guard—He handled the ball like a veteran.



BOYS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

Back Row—H. Farnell, D. McKinney, Mr. Laughlin, J. Peoples, E. Schreider.

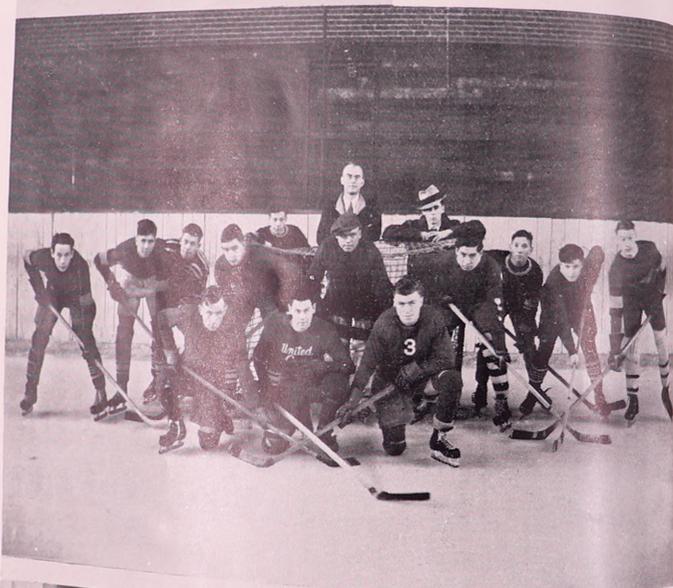
Front Row—C. Adams, S. McElrath, J. Andrews.

* * *

HOCKEY TEAM

* * *

JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM



Basketball

Due to Mr. Laughlin's exceptionally clever systems of offence and defense, the Junior Team swept all opposition ahead of them, and the Senior Team lost only one game.

Picton 30 vs. B.C.I.V.S. 21

B.C.I.V.S. 27 vs. Trenton 15

B.C.I.V.S. 41 vs. Picton 30

Their third game of the season, played at home, was the means of placing the senior cage team at the head of their league.

B.C.I.V.S. 36 vs. Trenton 15

By winning their final match, the team clinched their claim on the championship of the Bay of Quinte group. This game was played in Trenton.

They improved in every department and showed promise of becoming a serious threat for the Provincial title.

B.C.I.V.S. 25 vs. Picton 20

B.C.I.V.S. 42 vs. Trenton 8

B.C.I.V.S. 23 vs. Picton 15

B.C.I.V.S. 55 vs. Trenton 7

B.C.I.V.S. vs. Albert College

Albert College entered a Junior Team towards the close of the season. The B.C.I.V.S. squad defeated them easily in two games. This gave B.C.I.V.S. the Junior Bay of Quinte Championship.

Field Day

The annual Field Day of the B.C.I.V.S. was held last spring, as usual, at the Belleville Agricultural Grounds. The turnout was larger than for the previous field day.

The greatest rivalry took place in the Senior division between Walter Hilton and Jack Morgan. Hilton finally won by a single point. The most notable showing of the day was made by Dick Logie in the Junior division, who won all the events.

The champions of the three divisions are:

Walter Hilton—Senior.

W. L'Heureux—Intermediate.

R. Logie—Junior.

SENIOR DIVISION

First Place—W. Hilton placed first in the 100 yard dash, the running-broad-jump, the pole-vault, the shot-put and the javelin-throw.

Second Place—J. Morgan won the 20 yard dash, the running-high-jump and the discus-throw.

Third Place—G. Ostrom won first place in the 440 and 888 yard events.

INTERMEDIATE DIVISION

First Place—W. L'Heureux came first in the 220 yard and 440 yard dashes, the discus-throw, the shot-put and the high jump.

Second Place—W. McCreary won the 100 yard dash and the broad-jump.

Third Place—C. Townsend won the 880 yard event.

JUNIOR DIVISION

First Place—R. Logie won the 100 yard and 220 yard dashes, the high-jump, the shot-put and the running-broad-jump.

Second Place—R. Hollinger.

Third Place—F. Sunderland.

The Bicycle Race was held for all who wished to enter, regardless of their age.

J. Cook was first and J. Ling placed second.

The Cross Country Run, held on another day, was over a new and very difficult course. This was won by Bernard Wilson.

THE ORCHESTRA

The selections that the orchestra has for the past year presented to us at the regular morning assembly are no longer a novelty, but an extremely popular feature of the morning exercises. The players are all boys of the school who have become competent musicians under the careful guidance of Mr. Hunter.

The members in the orchestra have been in the school for a number of years and thus have worked together as a unit to produce what we and others consider the finest orchestra of the environs.

The members have also been wielding the baton. Learning to direct an orchestra is one of the requisites for a successful musician of today, and every one of them has lead now.

Not only are they playing every morning now, but they have also been playing at more of the school's social functions, such as the plays, the Lit. meetings, concerts and dances.

The boys in the orchestra are also members of the Argyle Band and have hopes of going to the Toronto Exhibition this year to compete against other prominent bands in the Dominion for a prized recognition.

* * * * *

ORCHESTRA PERSONNEL

Standing—Joe Reynolds, Mr. MacLaurin, Mr. Hunter.

Left Side—Back Row: Bill Harvey, Jim Thompson, Norman Lancaster, Harold Carruthers, Harold Hallet.

Front Row: Carman Osborne, Jimmie Allison, Dorothy Croft.

Right Side—Front Row: Ken Bray, George Forster, Albert Elliot.

Back Row: Ted Hall, Stewart McElrath, Alex Hillman, George Hunter, Lionel Watson.

Behind—Tom Carruthers.



LITERARY

Literary Editor—James Moon

The Debating Club

AFTER a lapse of several years, debating was once more renewed in B.C.I.V.S. this year, the Debating Club was formed and, under the able guidance of Mr. Davidson, it has enjoyed a very successful year. At the Club's first meeting, Bert Frink was chosen as president of the Club and Bruce Wilson was chosen as secretary; they have carried out their duties in a very satisfactory and efficient manner.

The members decided that the Club should meet the first and third Tuesdays in each month, and, after much experimentation, it was decided that the lecture room (313) was best suited to their needs; so it became their club room. Due to the fine efforts on the part of the members, many interesting subjects were debated, which proved to be not only interesting, but also educational. The topics were live issues of the present day economical conditions, such as: "Communism vs. Socialism" and "Dictatorship vs. Democracy". In every debate, the speakers showed that they had devoted time and work to their subject, and they delivered it in an interesting and instructive style.

The Club after much discussion decided to try to form a Debating League, the League to consist of the following schools: Belleville Collegiate, St. Michael's Academy, Albert College, and the Trenton Collegiate. Through the efforts of the officers of the Club, this League has been formed and keen competition between these schools is expected.

The object of the Debating Club is to teach the students the art of platform speaking, to think quickly and intelligently when facing an audience and to instruct them in the rules and procedure of parliamentary debates. The Club

has indeed been fortunate in having such a competent instructor as Mr. Davidson, and we expect to see this club become one of the most educational and entertaining organizations in the Collegiate, and we wish the Club every success in its efforts.

The Pen Club

A new departure this year in English Composition was the organization of the Writer's Club by Miss Merry. This up and coming club meets the last Friday of each month when the finished work of each member is read aloud, frankly criticized by all present and many hopeful suggestions as to how the work may be improved are offered by Miss Merry. A different project is assigned for each month — short stories, common-sense-fairy tales, essays, poetry and even an interesting long novel has been attempted by Betty Sparling. Some very original light fiction has been presented by Wilfred Wise. Harold Bankier's dream stories proved very entertaining while Jean Bankier has written several short stories of highly moral character. A very pleasing imagination is evident in all of Evelyn Kilbank's stories. Ernest Reid's poetry shows decided talent. Other promising writers are Alice Gilroy, Muriel Wardner, Alwyn Geen and Mary Moulton.

Numerous reviews written by the Pen Club of the latest non-fiction books have appeared in Saturday editions of the Ontario Intelligencer.

Perhaps the most interesting and helpful meeting was the one at which Mr. Allan Cash, a successful writer and photographer, visited the club and gave a friendly and illuminating talk on the road to success in the literary field. The club reflects great credit on the originator, Miss Merry.



DEBATING CLUB

Back Row — F. Brodribb, W. Wise, A. Geen, P. Brodribb, H. Bankier, B. Graham.

Front Row — J. Bigham, B. Wilson, Mr. Davidson, B. Frink, L. Wise.



SMALL PICTURES

(Reading from Left to Right)

— Secretary of the Literary Society —
Isobel Clendenan

— Backstage Manager —
John R. Lill

— Secretary of the Green Room Club —
Katie Goldberg

* * *

PEN CLUB

Back Row—E. Reid, W. Wise, H. Bankier, A. Geen.

Front Row—M. Moulton, A. Gilroy, B. Sparling, E. Kilbank.



THE GREEN ROOM CLUB

IN ITS second year, the Green Room Club has progressed very favourably. Activities began this year with a series of lessons in voice production by Miss Jessie Tuite for the benefit of the younger members of the club and those interested in public speaking. These lectures took place every Thursday afternoon at 4:15 during September and October.

The school play this year will go down in history as the greatest success for several years. We were very fortunate in our choice of a suitable play, and Miss Merry is to be congratulated for picking out "The Queen's Husband" by Robert E. Sherwood. It is a comedy, but, in addition to laughs, it has a very good plot behind it. The story is that of a princess who, aided by her father, the king, runs away with his secretary whom she loves, in spite of the opposition of the domineering queen who wishes her to marry the villain, Prince William of Greck. In the background, there is the usual European political intrigue, which is helped along by a revolution in the second act.

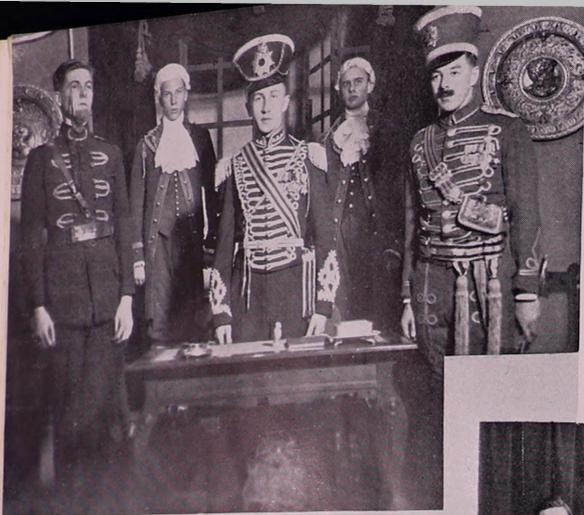
The part of the queen was played very well by Rose Lazier. Rose is not a new member of the Green Room Club, but has been hiding her dramatic talent in the make-up department. The part of the king was taken by Douglas Frink who was prominent in last year's productions and has become our most polished actor. In addition to these, Mary Forster, as the princess, and Douglas Newby, as the secretary, gave excellent performances of young lovers torn between love and duty. George Graham repeated the part of Prince William which he played last year at Ridley College. Included in the cast, were Bill Logie as the blustering General Northrup, Joe Creighton as Lord Birten, Don Spring and Bill Logie as Felman and Laker, the revolutionary leaders, Leo Flagler as the faithful Major Blent, Barbara Parker and Marion

Proctor as ladies-in-waiting, and James Moon and Ross Schryver as footmen.

The play was a financial success due to the work of our new business manager Kenneth Brenton. The scenery was designed and painted by stage-manager Jack Lill. The Argyle band was present by the kind permission of Lieut.-Col. Geen and provided musical numbers of a quality seldom heard in a city the size of Belleville. After the first performances, an informal entertainment for the cast was given by Mr. William Logie, president of the Green Room Club.

There have been two open literary meetings. The first was limited to the first forms. The program consisted of "Bluebeard and His Wives" by IA, "The Dwarf" by IB, a "Topsy Turvy Drill" by IC, "The Glove and the Lions" by ID, "Alice in Wonderland" by IE, "Mildred Receives" by IX, "Androcles and the Lion" by the technical girls and "The Broken-down Ford" by the technical boys, written and produced by Mr. Greenleaf.

The second program, which took place in January, was open to the whole school. The first half of the program was a broadcast from station B.C.I.V.S. Harold Carruthers acted as station announcer. The program began with setting-up exercises by Ross Schryver. Following this, was the regular morning dramatic offering "Miscast" directed by Bill Logie, and a clever monologue by Nellie Maraskas. The Argyle band then favoured the audience with three popular selections. This band, consisting of collegiate students, is becoming very popular in Belleville. This ended the broadcast. The second part of the program began with a cabaret scene with the chorus singing Chiribiribee, with Harold Carruthers. This was led by Harold Carruthers. The dance, was followed by "Nola", a ballet dance, and a solo tap dance by Mary Forster. Music was provided by Dorothy Croft, Dorothy Aselstine and the dance band.



CAST OF
"THE
QUEEN'S HUSBAND"

Left to Right—J. Creighton,
J. Moon, D. Frink, R.
Schryver, W. Logie.

* * *

CAST OF
"ON DARTMOOR"

Back Row — R. Schryver,
R. Logie.
Front Row — F. Wright,
D. Croft.



CAST OF
"HALF AN HOUR"

Back Row—B. Nightingale,
D. Bradford, E. Grills, M.
Forster.
Front Row — J. Creighton,
S. Tett, M. Aselstine, B.
Frink.

* * *

CAST OF
"THANK YOU, DOCTOR"

Left to Right—J. Cunning-
ham, D. Matthews, M.
Forster, J. Matthews, F.
Cowan, C. Ridley.



Next was a short play, "Thank You, Doctor", by Miss Bunting. This was directed by girls' tumbling, directed by Miss Allison. The program closed with a chorus dance, "Here Come the British". Musical numbers were provided by the school orchestra, directed by Mr. Hunter. This program was enjoyed very much by those who saw it, because it broke away from the usual type of open literary meetings.

At the time of writing this article, three one act plays are being rehearsed for production March 14. "Lucrezia Borgia's Little Party", directed by Miss Merry and with a very fine cast of experienced actors, is entered in the Regional Dramatic Festival and will be presented on Saturday March 16th. This

Southern Seas

TWO DAYS out of New York, all the bell boys, room boys, cooks, and crew suddenly swarmed upon the decks. Never have I seen so many Chinese in one place and I was quite nervous, thinking that they had some malicious intent. I was sure we were experiencing at least a mutiny, but no, it was only a boat drill. It was quite hot, and their costumes were amazing. Many were barefoot, others pattered by in white socks, slippers with no heels, and a peculiar garment resembling trousers which frequently was rolled up to the knees.

Havana is beautiful. One enters the harbour past the famous Morro Castle, in whose dungeons prisoners have been horribly tortured in times not so very far past. In General Machado's day, it was full of political prisoners and probably still is. The harbour itself is lovely — full of little sailing boats, used for fishing and from first appearances one would never suspect the unrest which is abroad in the country. I went up to the hotel in which the nationalist officers took refuge for two weeks last year. It is a beautiful building and has been practically all restored but many bullet holes remain. All the architecture shows the Spanish influence and Moorish tiles are used in bands of decoration two feet wide around the doors and windows. The main street, or Prado, is very wide. In the centre is a beautiful promenade with palm trees, benches, and fountains. I cannot even attempt to describe the city, but there is a lovely driveway stretching for miles along the waterfront which with all its lights reminded me of Sunnyside at night. The lights, tropical flowers and balmy air combined to make it seem like fairyland. Then I went to a night club where we danced out of doors and I particularly enjoyed the floor show with its Spanish dances, and the native dancers who did the rumba — and was that hot!

Somehow my geography teachers impressed me with the Panama Canal as an engineering achievement, but failed to tell me of the beauty of the canal zone. We were seven and one half hours going through and every minute was thrilling. Overhead aeroplanes kept zooming and buzzards which were large enough to be mistaken for aeroplanes would swoop down close to the ship. Most amazing of all were several large waterfalls which cascaded down the hills quite close to the ship, one somewhat similar to the Montmorency Falls near Ste. Anne de Beaupre. (Continued page 90)

is the third year our school has been represented in this competition, and we hope for more success than in former years.

In addition to entering the dramatic festival, the Green Room Club is planning a district Secondary School Drama Festival in April. At present, there are four entries, Trenton, Albert College, St. Michael's Academy and Belleville Collegiate. This may be the beginning of a yearly competition among the local schools.

The Green Room Club wishes to express its appreciation of the very kind assistance of Miss Merry, Mr. Ferguson, Miss McPherson, Miss Grout, Mr. Hunter, Miss Billings, Miss Welbanks, Miss Hudgins, Mr. Bear and Miss McLaren.

Miss Evelyn A. Stagg.

B.C.I.V.S. NEWS

BELLEVILLE, ONT., APRIL, 1935

Elevator Staff

Volume 1

TAG DAY

By Rose Lazier

'Twas the strangest sight I ever seen, Mirandie, the dog-gonest strangest thing ever seen in this neck of the woods. You know, I was in town for the Thursday market and, havin' some spare time on my hands after the market, I rode around the place. Mirandie, them that Belleville streets is laid out just the same as them in this lil' town of ourn, except they are longer, s'funny. No, Mirandie, I ain't had a drink in a month. Well, to continue, I was proceeding down one of them streets, when I seen that all the cars parked on the roadside had stickers on them. No, 'twasn't tag day, because tag day had been two years and two weeks ago come Candelmas. The day when that city slicker gyped us out of three pecks of wild oats and some sausage meat, and you said—all right, I was proceeding—oh, have I said that before? Well, anyway, the cars were all stucked up with stickers or verse vica. Well, I set by in the buckboard to wait and see what was going to come off. First, I heard a bell ring, a funny bell, not like the one you ring for the hired hands to come for dinner, Mirandie, but more like the one that used to ring when I was in the preferred Pen,—e-er I mean, when I was working in the Vinegar Works.

Well, anyway, the teachers all came tearing out of the building, I guess they was teachers, because they looked so surprised at being stucked with stickers, oh odds bodikins, I'm all ixed mup—I esked a bystander, who happened to be standing by at the time, what it was all about, and he said that the cops (police) had stoked the stickers on the stuckered cars—and they were to go down to the cooler to face the Law—or else.

Anyway, the young 'uns seemed to be gettin' quite a kick out of it all, as they stood by with the bystander and watched with amusement the teachers in their predicament. So I followed them down to the precinct house, and Mirandie, far from it be me to tell a lie, but they all had a cup of tea with the police and a real snick chat with the chief.

Nothing loath, me feeling in the mood for a cup of tea, I took one of the stuckers of a stickered cars, stucked it onto Alfred and went in for a sip of tea. Y'know, Mirandie, it gave me a real kick to have tea in the local court house.

No, Mirandie, I ain't had a drop of corn likker for more than a month.

"THANK YOU, DOCTOR"

By Jessie Cunningham

During the Christmas holidays, five pupils of the high school had to sit long, weary hours learning their parts for a play. It was strenuous work, but that did not matter, especially when we knew we were going to get our pictures in the ELEVATOR.

When school started again, we practiced at four o'clock, during periods, at noon and even on Saturdays. Of course, there are some who forget their

parts, Clare Ridley was one. For instance, when Mickey Forster would say, "Oh, Denny! You're hurting me," he wouldn't be touching her at all. It was the same with Frank Cowan. He would forget to say, "Nurse, telephone the asylum for an ambulance." If, by accident, he remembered, he would say, "Nurse, telephone the ambulance for an asylum." Like the good girl that I always am, I knew my part word for word. As for Donald Matthews, as Miss Bunting would say, he was priceless.

We had a dress rehearsal the night before the play, but it was far from being successful. "If the rehearsal is a 'Boj' it will be the reverse the day of the play," Miss Bunting told us. As you all saw the play, I shall not say any more, only that we were sorry it was over. It is so nice to be practicing for you miss your school work.

DANCING AFTER THE GAMES

The dances after the Basket ball games have become extremely popular, and now that we have an orchestra of our own, that of Ken Bray and His Goons, to play tuneful music for us, the dances are a recognized feature of the School's social life.





— Lower School —
Jamie Bone

I-A COLLEGIATE

THE LAST SCHOOL DAYS
For this shall be a June of last things:
Last glimpses of the Collegiate walls
Last echoes of gay voices in laughter,
And dear familiar footsteps down the halls.
Last long walks in the marble corridors;
Last glimpses of friendly windows;
Last ringings of the Collegiate bell;
Last dear moments together;
last farewells.

I-B COLLEGIATE
CONVALESCENCE

At nine poor Lloyd is sick in bed,
A towel wrapped about his head.
At ten the pain is somewhat less,
But still he feels too ill to dress.
Then at eleven thinks that he
May possibly get up for tea.
He takes some nourishment at noon
And hopes he may feel better soon.
At one he groans and says,
perhaps,
He may be getting a relapse.
"It's wonderful!" he says at two,
"What good fresh air will
sometimes do!"
At three to see him slide down
hill,
You wouldn't know he'd been
so ill.
N.B.—This illness, I have heard
some say,
Need not be feared on Satur-
day.



— Middle School Editor —
Phyllis Wright

FORM REPRESENTATIVES

- 1 A—Queenie Bridge.
- 1 B—Vere Pitcher.
- 1 D—Muriel Roblin.
- 1 E—Freda Donaldson.
- 2 A—Ralph Clapp.
- 2 B—John Bigham
- 2 C—Bob Kidd.
- 3 A—Harold Bankier.
- 3 B—Louella Sherry.
- 3 C—Rae Symons.
- 4 A—Margaret Leslie.
- 4 B—Mary Davidson.
- 5 B—Alice Gilroy.

I-C COLLEGIATE

By Jack Zufelt

Look at us and you'll agree,
We're all good students of Form I-C.
Some are stupid, we will admit,
We can't all be clever, and that's
just it.
Take Eric for instance, he's full
of pep,
And his side-kick, Scotty, how
those two step!
There's tall ones and small ones
and middle-sized ones too,
But we don't care what size we
are as long as we get
through.
"Good-bye," means never more,
so we'll just say "adieu".
Come and see us, and you'll
agree
We're all good students of
Form I-C.

I-D

By Ralph Downey

I am going to tell you a story
Which I hope you will not for-
get.
It will stay in the annals of
glory
Like the life of Shakespeare yet.
This poem contains the blunders
Of the ridiculous form called
I-D.



— Upper School Editor —
Nellie Maraskas

Miss Dwyer considers us wonder-
ers

But that's not our pedigree,
About ten in the form are re-
peaters
We all get the blame, you know,
Miss MacLaren says we are
cheaters
And off in a bluster she'll go.
Miss Hudgins will yell out,
"Max Tournier

What are you turning round
there for?"
Then she'll start off like an oil-
burner
And Max goes out through the
door.

We are the dunces, we I-D.
But we have many good times
Along with us wouldn't you
like to be?
And this ends these simple
rhymes.

II-A COLLEGIATE

THE II-A CHRISTMAS PARTY
By Ralph Clapp

About two weeks before the
holidays started, Miss Dwyer
suggested that II-A have a
Christmas party. The whole
class thought this an excellent
idea. We donated fifteen cents
apiece to buy each other a gift
and we all brought ten or fif-
teen cents for Miss Dwyer's
present.

Miss Dwyer was going to get
the Christmas tree, and we
were to bring decorations. The
tree was decorated Thursday
night after four. Friday morn-
ing, some Tech boys connected
the lights for us, and we were
all set.

We started our examination
early, that morning, so we
could finish about eleven
o'clock. Mr. MacLaurin came
up, and everything started.

We had cocoa, cookies, biscu-
its, candy and candy-canes.
Bryson Leslie was selected as
Santa Claus. When the presents
were opened, they disclosed
everything from a box of
chocolates to a rubber devil.
Then twelve o'clock came
and we went home, some com-
ing back for their decorations
in the afternoon.

II-B COLLEGIATE
TO BE NEWS

By Louis Wise

Weather — Mostly according
to the papers.

INVENTIONS

John Bigham came to school
with his hare parted in the
middle, the kids laughing at him
and messing it up saying he
looked ferse. He sez after they
get over it hes gonna com
it back in the middle and down
on both sides.

SPORTS PAGE

Ed Gazley and Jack Gilmour
had a contest to see wich could
tawk loudest without getting a
detenshun from mr. hill. Ed
tawking loudest, but getting
kept in ½ hr. They had a
feare fight afterwards, Ed
claiming hes won on account of
tawking loudest and Jack
claiming they was even because
he got kept in.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Bill Baitman wants to thank
the guy what left a bran new
pencil on his desk at four
o'clock. Hes he needed it.

Two cents reward ded or
alive for the feller which left
the kids get ahold of one of
my notes to Dorothy Murry.
Apply Zeke Stevenson.

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND — 1 fountain pen
minus top and nib. Owner kin
get same from Baldy Baldwin
for two cents reward.

LOST — 1 difrent colour
pencil about three inches long
and a quarter of an inch wide.
1 busted shoelace reward. Ap-
ply Fuzzy Thorne.

If you want something fumigay-
ted Miss Priest sez to take
it to her room enny period. No
charge.

P.S.—Don't bring no live
animals 2B fumigayted.

P.P.S.—No squerls.
ADVICE TO SPELERS

Alex Wilyams sez if you want

to know how to spel recieve and
believe, you should allus keep
lice in your hed so youll know
i comes after 1 and e comes
after c.

IV-A
TO MR. MACLAURIN
By Doris Wallbridge

Mighty MacLaurin! Ruler of
B.C.I.,
Dost thou despise the rows of
guileless children?
Or while treading halls are
heart and eye
Both with thy charges in those
prison dens,
Where thou canst step into at
will,
And all the children, except
Bill,
Studying hard o'er desks are
hent,
Knowing that exams are near,
And you with best intentions
meant,
Tell of inspectors, dear
Who tell us what we should
and should not do
To please thee, Oh, MacLaurin?

IV-B COLLEGIATE
By Wilfred Wise

REQUIRED: Form News-
ASSETS: Thirty-seven pupils,
including me, and Miss Merry.
LIABILITIES: Thirty - six
pupils, Miss Merry, and me.
Let's do this systematically.
Eh, bien; ALLONS!
BE IT HEREBY RESOLVED:
THAT (a) No boy or girl of
the form of four and bee shall
enter Room 113 wearing clothes
other than those necessary for
modesty; coats, hats, and gloves
are taboo.
THAT (b) Spencer Evans,
Jack Farrel, and Mary Forster
shall not stand outside the door
of Room 113. watch in hand,
for five minutes, waiting paci-
ently for 9:01 and 1:32 before
entering the room.
THAT (c) The sweet mys-
tery of life shall be disclosed—
Harold Sutherland shall reveal
what he does in his noon hours.
THAT (d) Marie Stafford
shall banish from her mind all
aspirations to excell in their art
Gracie Allen, Eve Sully, and the
Cuckoo Bird.
THAT (e) The Busy B's, our
four beloved business managers
from IV-B, to wit (and to
whoo), Bill Newby, Bob Lill,

Bill Stephenson, and Bruce Wil-
son, shall continue buzzing
around the store of our down-
town merchants next year.

THAT (f) Miss Merry shall
be supplied with a gavel (a
gavel is not a davel) to bang
around at 8:58 and 1:27. How
she will enjoy playing with the
little toy!

THAT (g) Bob Liddle shall
stop gouching; Charles Edgar
stop slouching; and Athol
Crozier stop munching. (Poetic
license, my inquisitive child.)

THAT (h) Stew McElrath
shall take one good shave.

THAT (i) Bill Cook—well,
use your own judgment.

THAT (j) Willet Pitman be
switched to IV-A, where he
may find more congenial femi-
nine surroundings; and Bern-
ard Shery ditto to first form
eadem de causa.

THAT (k) Pearl Brummel's
seat shall be turned to face
Audrey Proctor's and thus per-
mit more comfortable informal
chatting.

THAT (l) George Graham,
Harold Carruthers, Ken Bray,
and someone else who feels
thataway inclined shall get to-
gether and form a harmony
team.

THAT (m) For want of
space, Jim Pigdon, Clifford
Brant, Roy Ridley, Howard
Kerr, Alwyn Geen, Doug,
Chant, Art May, Bill Cook,
Evelyn Kilbank, Betty Morgan,
Betty Sprung, Dorothy Croft,
Margaret Scott, Mary Davidson,
Marjorie Casement, Helen
Cook, and I shall stop talking.
VOILA!

V-A

"IT WASN'T TOLD TO ME,
I ONLY HEARD"
By Winchellwiper

1. Who drove the truck into
the romance between Betty and
Jimmie and broke it all up?

2. What happened to the
romance between the boy late
from Ridley and the ravishing
blonde in Vth?

3. It seems kind of futile to
put anything in this column
again about Dot and Ken.

4. Why are the boy with the
lapel habit and the girl with
the million watt smile like a
pair of skis? Because they are
inseparable.

5. Is Marguerite on a Haye Diet?

6. We would like to know who the woman is who shares a locker with Our Dear Editor.

7. What is this we hear about the Exchange Editor exchanging a few hops with our handsome hero of the Drama?

8. Why does that lanky Vth form blonde with the brown eyes like all the Jacks of the pack?

9. What newcomer with brown eyes dark and mysterious has got our star rugby player thinking of firesides, etc.?

10. We have twotimers in this school. Just think, a little dark haired lassie is actually two timing and the poor infatuated lad knows nothing about it.

11. Things seem pretty thick between the trombone player and one of the members of that notorious chorus of the last Lit. Meeting.



— Technical Girls —
Dorothy Carr

I GIRLS' TECH OUR FORM PLAY By Dorothy LaPalm

Our form play, "Androcles and the Lion", was a howling farce, or rather a roaring one. The lion seemed to think that it should roar every minute. It had been practicing for weeks.

The rehearsal dampened our ardour a bit, because everything we did was wrong. Miss McPherson and Miss Grout, who directed it, gave orders, while we obeyed them, at the risk of breaking our necks.

Androcles and his wife were particularly well done. An-

drocles was tall and thin and the Missus was short and fat.

The play opened with the lion limping across the stage with a huge thorn sticking out of its paw. After vainly trying to get it out, it went and lay down. The trees it crouched behind were realistically represented by two ferns. Mr. and Mrs. Androcles came walking through the forest. Mrs. Androcles, seeing the lion, fell in a faint on Mr. Androcles. The thud as they hit the stage could be heard all over the room; however, Androcles got up and pulled the thorn out of the lion's paw.

Later in the Arena, Androcles was going to be put to death. The lion, recognizing him, refused to ill him. The Emperor, seeing them walking away, came down from his box to investigate. The lion chased him around and, catching hold of his cloak, began to maul him. Androcles separated them and let the lion know they were friends. The scene closed with the Emperor's foot on the lion's chest, his expression a comical mixture of pride and fright.

II T.G.

II T. G. may seem to you an ordinary Technical form, but it does more towards aiding in school activities than you may imagine a group of a dozen or more fun-loving girls can do.

With instructions from our teacher and assistance from other Technical forms, we prepare the costumes for the school plays and Lit. meetings. Also, with aid and valuable pointers from Miss Hudgins, our art teacher, posters are prepared to advertise the school activities, and illustrations are sketched for the Elevator, Health posters and Latin posters (Matric people will undoubtedly see the latter gracing the walls of 218) have also been prepared at the requests of the teachers concerned.

Miss Grout recently informed us of a new project. Pairing off, we girls take turns preparing and serving luncheon on Mondays to the teachers supervising that week. One girl is cook. She plans the menu, orders supplies through Miss Grout

and cooks the meal. The other girl acts as waitress and serves the meal to the four task-masters. After the meal is over, the dishes are washed, and the apartment is restored to order. Thus, this simple little task is ended until the next Monday rolls around.

Those outside the Tech. department have not yet heard the whole inside story. Some think us lucky because so few from our files trudge home with the prospect of spending an evening poring over books. A large percentage of our work is practical and is done inside the doors of the school.

To those of you who might someday join our ranks—don't expect all play and no work. So, till next year . . .

Au revoir.

III GIRLS' TECH GIRLS' VOCATIONAL

By Phyllis Weese

The Vocational department of our secondary schools should be recommended and more highly praised than it is at present.

I think that every girl, whether in the Matriculation or the Commercial course, should take some Vocational work. It would probably not be right to make this compulsory for the Matriculation certificate, but any girl with any degree of foresight can see the importance of adequate training along these lines.

A certain amount of technical education is included in the Commercial course in our school, sewing being taken in the first year and in the second year, foods and cookery.

The course which we cover in the three years is very interesting and would appeal to make any girl. In room 303 we make tasty dishes and dinner and supper menus, as well as cooking and serving lunches in the apartment. In our sunny sewing room, we design, study the History of Costume and make smart clothes. Especially interesting this year, has been learning to weave purses. In the art department, we are making out posters, which carry out in practice what we have learned

about the history of costume. In addition, we take other useful subjects, such as English, chemistry, diabetics, nursing and typing.

I am sure that with all these interesting activities, any girl would enjoy a Vocational Course.



— Technical Boys —
Bernard Wilson

I-A TECH FIRE DRILL By Ed Dack

One dull afternoon, as we listened to a talk on making a little motor, a day dreamer was looking out the window. When Mr. Greenleaf was half done with his explanations, telling us how to avoid short-circuiting the motor, the day-dreamer woke up with a jump. A ball of fire had just dropped past the window from somewhere above and lighted on the top of a car parked outside. "Fire!", yelled the window-gazer.

"Where?" shouted the teacher. A wobbly finger pointed to the burning stuff, out on the car. Just then, down came another fire-ball, nobody knew from where. Things began to happen, as we had all seen this second fiery missile. Mr. Greenleaf rushed outside, but couldn't find the fire-alarm. Up and down he ran, hardly deciding whether to yell, "Fire!", or not. Meanwhile, some of us rushed out to the car and knocked the fire off the roof. Some half-wit had been dropping burning wads of paper from the third-floor lab, but I don't think they found out who it was. No sooner had we got back inside, than Mr. MacLaurin happened

to choose that very moment for a fire-drill. "Clang! Clang!" went the gongs, and outside we tumbled again, half-frozen in the twenty-below weather. A rumour said there was a fire in the lab, but it turned out to be merely a rumour. We had had enough excitement for one period.

I-B TECH GYM-JAM

By Frank Green

Mr. Laughlin hasn't appeared yet, and I-B Tech are in the gym. There is a wild and furious scramble for the door of the dressing-room. A guard is swiftly posted in the corridor to advise of the approach of the instructor. We begin with a basketball game in which no holds are barred. This quickly degenerates into a rugby game with even fewer rules. Signals are called, and the ball is put into play. There's never a dull moment, for the boys must make the best of their time. Now, it's a forward pass; now, it's a buck in which most of the form seem to be buckers. Various participants get up from undignified positions on the floor, rubbing elbows, shins and other tender parts. Some are heard to mutter expressions not in use among the best society. Still no teacher, but it doesn't take much of this kind of thing, before we're all puffed out. Look around and count the scraped knees and the swelling eyes. Oh, well, it's all fair in a game of scrimmage.

I-C TECH "CLEAN UP THE FLOOR!"

By Alf. Rowbotham

Returning to our form at noon and four o'clock, we are greeted by the familiar cry of "All hands swab the deck!" or, in other words, "Clean up the floor". Everyone makes a show of peering down, stooping and gathering pieces of paper, but this doesn't fool the presiding genius of 101 — not by a long shot. There follows the ultimatum, "The sooner it's clean the quicker we get out". Now comes the real effort since we know there's no fooling about it. There arises a series of grunts and groans, snarls and growls.

"Scriven, how about that stuff under your desk?" A protest from Scriven—"Why it was all clean a minute ago." He glares around, trying to spot the wretch who slipped that paper on his patch of floor, but his neighbours all look innocent or gaze dreamily out the window. Two or three get their heads bumped; seven or eight complain about their sleek hair being all over their eyes again; one or two rub elbows with pained faces and there is a whine or two about having to do all this house-cleaning after a hard day's work of watching the clocks. After what seems about half an hour's delay during which we imagine that everybody else is out of the school and seated at the dinner tables, we hear the welcome "Dismiss" and emerge by the one and only exit to find that we are first out after all.

II-B TECH THE WONDERS OF ENGLISH

The wind was rough,
And cold and blough.
She kept her hands within her
mough.

It chilled her through,
Her nose turned blough,
And still, the squall the faster
fough.

And yet, although
There was no snough,
The weather was a cruel fough.
It made her cough,
Pray do not scough,
She coughed until her hat
blough fough.

—Norman Hunt

III-B TECH THE TECH CARTWHEEL By I. Seemore

For the first time in years, a play was produced by the Boys' Tech, thanks to Mr. Greenleaf.

The teachers must be getting soft. A number of cut-ups in second form were suspended from classes for eating garlic. Can't they take it?

Why is it that, when a gang of tech boys are at the arena, only two or three of them skate?

We wonder why so many of third form tech are so interested in the art room? Is it the art?

The tech deserves credit for the revival of softball in the school. After playing several inter-form games they engaged in several games with St. Michael's Academy.

Why did George Kikes leave tech? Was the attraction down in commercial too much to resist?

What's the reason the tech boys don't show up at basketball games till the dancing begins?

They say blonde people are lazy. After looking at Kokesh, Moon and Sherry, we are compelled to agree.

Why is it that the vocational department is almost always slighted in any mention of school activities? We are just as much a part of this school as matric and commercial, but all you hear and see is "BCI this" and "BCI that". Just in case you didn't know, it's BCIVS! Think it over.



— Commercial —
Annis Collins

OUR FORM OF I-A COMMERCIAL

By Audrey Griffin

- A is for Audrey, in our class we've two,
B is for Betty, we've more than a few,
C is the Clarence guy who thinks he's swell,
D is for Donald who never can spell,
E is for Eleanor who loves to dispute,
F is for Frank, he who thinks himself cute,
G is for Girls we have lots of nice ones,
H is for Helen, she sure is a dunce.

I is for Irene, you know who we mean,
J is for Jessie who's been in quarantine.

K is for Kisses we get after school,
L is for Lillian who is hard to fool.

M is for Margaret, the Forsters' daughter,
She is considered the form's greatest talker

N is for Nothing that's what we all know,
O is for Others that just come and go.

P is for Phyllis who gives us no rest,
Q is for Questions, which, teachers like best.

R is for Ruby from Surling she came,
S is for Scoldings, that all sound the same.

T is for Thelma who always looks neat,
U is for Eunice, and she's hard to beat.

V is the very one we haven't got,
W is for Whiners, and we have a lot.

For X, Y, and Z there is nothing to say,
So let's close the book and we'll call it a day.

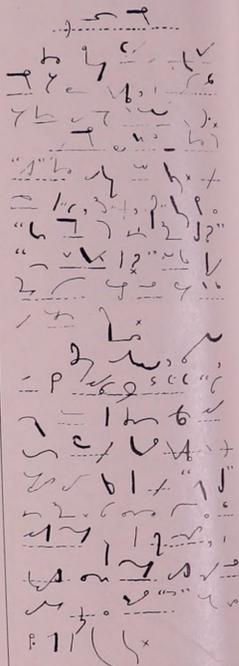
I-B COMMERCIAL THE PARTRIDGE

By May Thomson

Arriving at school one October morning, the I-B Commercial students were surprised to find they had a visitor in the form of a partridge. The bird has crashed through one of the window panes of our den in 205.

As it happened, our form teacher, Miss Bunting, did not come to school that day, and we could not get into our room until after Assembly. Meanwhile, Mr. Laughlin and some others had invaded our classroom and captured our friend. Most of us were rather annoyed and all that remained to remind us of the visitor was the large round hole in one of the window-panes and glass and brown feathers strewn over our desks and on the floor. The next morning, we found that a new window-pane had been put in.

We often wonder if Mr. Laughlin had partridge for dinner the day following our visit from the partridge.



Janette Hall

II COMMERCIAL

By Sylvia Redick

A second commercial student writing an application in Correspondence for a position.

Dear Pal:

Your ad in the paper last night fascinated me and looked pretty good. If you want a fast typer you don't have to look far 'cause here I am. That position needs a lot of pep and that's wot I've got and more than a little. I'd like to go after some of that business.

I can pound a typewriter at least five words an hour. Can spell swell and do shorthand like nobodys' business. My

bookkeepin' is perfect. Can't get to work any sooner than ten thirty 'cause I can't disturb my beauty sleep. I will take an afternoon off whenever the boss goes to play golf so I can go places.

For reference of my ability give Miss Brown, Head Of Me, a ring and she'll give yuh all the dope necessary to hire me. The Willis Hardwar of this citee will back me two. My fone number is 1306 and can be found always around dinner time. Arrange for a personal interview at my convenience.

Yours for work,

Do you wonder why Miss Smith isn't gray-haired by now?

SPECIAL COMMERCIAL

By Doris Smith

Of all the forms in this school, I think that ours should get a special standing. We well deserve our name Special Commercial because we are Special.

In athletics, we have three girls and three boys playing on the Junior and Senior teams of basketball. In Rugby, we have Earl Haye, George Kikes and Don Kelly representing our form; Earl Haye on the track team, and Don Kelly on the hockey team.

In the Literar' Society, we did have Douglas Frink playing the leading part in the "Queen's Husband", but he deserted us to become a druggist. We still have Isabel Clendenan to carry on in that direction.

In the orchestra, we have the saxophone player. George is also one of our representatives on the basketball team. Pauline, otherwise known as "Corky" was to play her violin but she turned her interest to greater ambitions.

The ELEVATOR also claimed one of our 'femmes'. She was striving to receive compositions and what not for the beloved magazine. Now she has a job

in the office at the Belleville Creameries.

To speak of the studious interests of our form, we have four students from the other Commercial department. Reta and Betty came from third form and Helen from second, Marjorie is with us from last year's Special. We also have three teachers, Miss Ridley, Miss Henley and Mr. Cunningham. Mr. Cunningham is the physical training instructor at the Ontario School for the Deaf while Lorna and Kathryn are substitute teachers at the local public schools. Beads this we have students who have come to us from Saskatchewan, Trenton, Quebec and St. Michael's Academy.

So, even though we have everything from second form to college graduates and are considered very dumb, (which, of course, is entirely wrong) we can struggle along quite smoothly. What is the use of going to school just to study?



CAST OF "LUCREZIA BORGIA'S LITTLE PARTY"
Standing—H. Carruthers, D. Newby, B. Parker, W. Logie, M. Forster.
Seated—N. Maraskas, R. Lazier, D. Frink, J. Moon.

Lost; A Friend

FOR MORE than fourteen years, Alice and I have been close friends. People have called us inseparable, and until yesterday I believed them, but now — I never want to see her again.

When I first met Alice, we were both about sixteen years old, and I had long before overcome, by much study and a careful choice of words, that impediment, by which, as a child, I had been handicapped. Alice was as quick and witty in her speech as I was slow and precise, and her mimicry of people that we met was something to marvel at. I never told her of the lisp that I had worked so hard to overcome, because I knew that it would serve as material for her next entertainment, as even I was not spared by her wit.

After thirteen years of close friendship, Alice decided that our old home town provided little scope for her powers of impersonation so we started out, suitcases in hand and trunks to follow, for unknown places in the great and glorious West. After our trunks had followed us across the country and part way back again, we came to a little town called Peace River, and I, being enchanted by the wonderful scenery, the charming name of the place and the prospects of a rest from our travels, refused to go farther.

Alice did not want to end her travels so soon, or in such an isolated place, so she tried every way to tempt me to some larger city. In spite of her dislike for Peace River, she became the most popular woman in the whole town in a very short time. Having spent all her life developing her natural gift for mimicry, now, at twenty-nine, she could give an imitation of almost anyone, that, except for a touch of exaggeration that made it funnier, was almost lifelike.

At last, in a further effort to drive me from Peace River, she began a new line of story-telling. She would stay by my side the greater part of the day, pouring into my ears stories and incidents that were supposed to have taken place in that quiet town, and that were sufficiently gruesome to cause a twinge of nervousness in the stoutest of hearts. Then she would leave me to spend the long night hours thinking over what she had told me of murders, robberies, lynchings and other unpleasant topics.

One night, as I sat by the window wondering if the murderer who had escaped from the penitentiary of a neighbouring town would come to Peace River as Alice had suggested, I heard the door creak open and looking up, was confronted by the muzzle of a revolver, held by a figure draped from head to foot in some dark material. Needless to say, he left with all the money we had in the house. About ten minutes later, I summoned up the courage to send in an alarm, but the robber had had ample time by then to be well out of the vicinity.

Strangely, Alice did not seem to be greatly upset by our loss. Indeed, I secretly thought that she was getting more enjoyment out of the whole affair than it was kind of her to do. With a malicious look in my direction, she had launched her latest impersonation for the enjoyment of a crowd of younger girls that made up her retinue, entitled "Anne and the Big Bad Bandit". The skill with which she did it was ingenious and soon it became the rage of every social function, while each time she portrayed the bandit and myself she imitated our actions with greater skill.

Two days ago, I decided that I could stand the place no longer and I promised Alice that I would leave any time if she would only forget about "Anne and the party in honour of our departure, and as a farewell gesture of goodwill I told Alice that she might give the old favourite for the last time.

Even as I writhed with shame, I couldn't help admiring the way she developed the whole scene. There was myself, sitting at the window, then the stealthy entrance of the bandit, and his low, menacing growl, "Stick 'em up!" Then as I grasped my

Mary Bristol, V.B.

chair with both hands preparing for the piercing shriek that usually accompanied the flying of my hands into the air, I was startled to hear a tiny, thin whimper. "Pleath, Mithter, don't thoot."

Alice had given her impersonation of me a too lifelike touch and in so doing had lost a lifelong friend. In the terror of that moment, as I stared at the muzzle of the revolver, I had forgotten the careful choice of words by which I had mastered the impediment in my speech, and who, but the bandit, could have heard me say, "Pleath, Mithter, don't thoot".

* * * * *

AWAY FROM THE BUSY WORLD

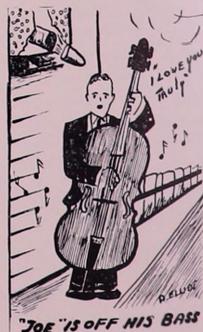
A little white-walled cottage stood
Among the friendly trees;
Its small green shutters fastened back,
To avoid the dancing breeze.
In gay profusion round the door,
Wild flowers bend down to meet you,
And every flow'r in riotous bloom,
A pleasant sight to greet you.
A pasture green, close by the house,
With daisies dotted over,
Buttercups and dandelions,
And here a bright red clover.
A sober bossy cow stands by,
Her cud she's idly chewing;
Within this calm and peaceful scene,
No trouble could be brewing.

—Grace Mitchell, II-A.

* * * * *

PRIZE CARTOON

by Albert Elliot



"JOE" IS OFF HIS BASS

ITALY

My sister and I came over on the Rex with three hundred and fifty fascist students who had been touring the States, so, needless to say, we learned a lot about Italy before we actually got there.

It took seven days, and we enjoyed it very much, even though we could speak no Italian, and nobody else could speak English. We passed the Rock of Gibraltar, and were very excited, what with the searchlights and battleships; and the next day docked at Naples. Unfortunately, it was raining as we came in, so Capri and the Bay of Naples did not look much like the paradise we had expected, but we could see Vesuvius, and it looked quite violent, as if it were ready to erupt at any minute. However, the Neapolitans do not seem to worry about it much. While we were in Naples we went to see the views of Pompeii which were quite remarkable, especially considering the fact that Pompeii existed so many years before Christ. They were very modern people in many ways, and it was thrilling to see how they lived.

We went to Florence the next day in a train which is called a "Rapido" over here and is the same as our fast express. The thing that impressed us most about the country as we travelled past was how cultivated it was. Not one inch of land is left idle, and the olive trees grow almost to the tracks in some places.

Florence is a beautiful city. There are many old palaces there which are very handsome and belong to famous families, such as the Medici, Peruzzi, and Pitti, but now are used as show places and art galleries. However, the best art gallery here, and one which is valued with the Louvre in Paris, is the Uffizi gallery, and there are many famous pictures by artists, such as Leonardo da Vinci, Botticelle, Raphael, Andrea del Sarto and Fra Angelico. All the famous artists and sculptors from the time of Cimabue to that of Michel Angelo were born in, or near, Florence, so naturally, Florence headed the Renaissance of art in Italy, and now there may be seen many of their works at different church and museums here.

At present, everybody seems to be in an uproar over some trouble they are having in Abyssinia. One of the schools, a few doors away from us, has been turned into a barracks, and we are all wakened every morning about half past five by bugles sounding their reveille, and all day long, we see troops parading back and forth, with machine guns and rifles.

There are so many different uniforms here that it is hard to keep track of them. The little boys called the balilla wear black shirts, and are a part of the fascist. When they are fourteen they enter the avant guardisti, and their uniform is of green worsted, with funny hats that go down in front and up in the back. Then, when they are nineteen, they became real fascist with black uniforms. Then there are the bersagliere, which have feathers on their helmets and are all short and stalky, but their best fighting men. All the different parts of the army have different uniforms, and it's a work in itself to figure out who is who.

We are having beautiful, hot weather now, although the mountains are still covered with snow. The Italians are very keen on skiing, and go up in the mountains, about an hour's drive from here where they get plenty of snow.

The Italians are also very great music lovers and therefore there are a great many operas and concerts going on. This week already I have heard Adolph Busch the violinist, seen Mengelberg, the famous Dutch director, and his orchestra and seen the Ballet Russe. Most Italians, even the children, know all the operas and sing them, as we sing jazz.

At Christmas, we went to Rome for two weeks and saw all the old Roman views, such as the aqueducts, walls, Diocletian's baths, the Catacombs, the temples of the Vestal Virgins, the coliseum, forums, and triumphal arches, but the thing that interested me most was the statue of the dying Gaul, because I had seen his picture so many times, and always wondered why he was dying. I found out, at last that he

ELEVATOR

Eleanor Roblin Bone.

ELEVATOR

was stabbed, but I was disappointed because he has a great big mustache which spoils his looks altogether.

We also went to the Vatican, were blessed by the Pope, and we all kissed his ring; we had to wear black veils over our heads.

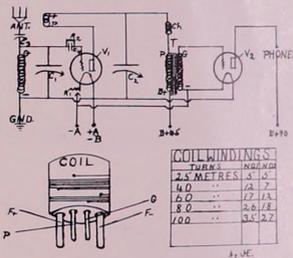
Unfortunately we did not see Mussolini, but we saw the Palazzo Venezia, where his office is. We had all seen him earlier in Florence though, so it was not such a disappointment. We enjoyed Rome very much, but got very tired walking up and down flights of stairs, and looking up at frescoed ceilings, till we thought our backs would break. The Sistine Chapel in the Vatican, is the worst, because it is enormous, and the ceiling is all covered by Michel Angelo's frescoes. By the time we got through looking at them we were almost cross-eyed, but they say that poor Michel Angelo suffered the worst. It took him four years to do it, and his eyes were practically ruined from looking up so much.

I'm afraid I have not said anything very interesting but there is so much to say about Italy that you really cannot sum it up in a letter.

* * * * *

The New Short Wave Club

SCHEMATIC DIAGRAM



- C1—7 Plate Variable Condenser.
- C2—15 Plate Variable Condenser.
- C3—11 Plate Midget Condenser.
- C4—.00025 Mica Fixed Condenser.
- R1—30 Ohm Rheostat.
- R2—3 to 8 Megohm Grid Leak.
- Ch—Radio Frequency Choke.
- T—Audio Transformer.

- V1 and V2—201A Tubes.
- 81—Binding Posts.
- 3—Flat Tube Sockets.
- Several Old 4 Prong Tube Bases for Coils.
- Necessary Material for Panel and Base-board.
- Wire for Wiring Receiver.

About fourteen collegiate boys, have formed a Short Wave Radio Club. We have not, as yet found a place to meet, but we hope to soon.

The purpose of this small club is to find out all we can about Radio, as we feel there is a great future in this direction.

Some of our members have already built sets on the above plan, and these have worked satisfactorily.

Any boys who are interested in Radio and wish to become members of the Club, please get in touch with John Bigham, II-B, Bert Stiver, II-A or myself.

Edwin Clendenan.



—Humour Editors—
Dorothy Croft
(absent) Fred Forster

Jimmie: "I'm a little stiff from rugby."

Wally: "Where did you say you were from?"

Bessie: "My uncle plays the piano by ear."

Scotty: "That's nothing, my uncle fiddles with his whiskers."

John Bigham: "Oh, I say, did you miss the train?"

Mr. Frise (*hot and breathless from running after train*): "Oh, no, I just didn't like the look of it, so I chased it out of the station."

Mr. Howard (*in botany class*): "Now, Miss Bone, what is the outside of a tree called?"

Jamie: "I'm sure I don't know."

Mr. Howard: "Bark, girl bark."

Jamie: "Aw, shucks, I can't."

A cautious look around he stole,
His bags of chink he chunk,
And many a wicked smile he smole,
And many a wink he wunk.

Dorothy Carr: "I don't see how the football teams ever get clean."

Jean Thompson: "Silly — what do you think they have the scrub teams for?"

Judge (*in traffic court*): "Before evidence is given, would you like to challenge the jury?"

Bob Liddle: "Well, I'm not in training, m'lord, but I'll have a couple of rounds with the fat fellow in the corner."

George: "Would you be willing to take up light housekeeping?"

Isobel: "Sure, can I go ashore on Thursdays?"

Arthur: "How old is that lamp?"

Marj. C.: "About fourteen years."

Art. S.: "Turn it down, it's too young to be smoking."

Medical Officer: "Any scars on you?"

Wilfred: "No, but I can let you have a cigarette."

Bell Hop: "Did you ring, sir?"

Mr. Frise: "No, I was tolling; I thought you were dead."

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Books and Supplies

AT

GEEN'S Drug Store

HUNT'S CHOCOLATES

Waiter: "Did you have ox-tail or turtle soup, sir?"

Mr. Heard: "I don't know. It tasted like soapy water."

Waiter: "That would be the turtle soup, sir, the ox-tail tastes like coal-oil."

"I see Swede is in the hospital."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Financial difficulties."

"Financial difficulties?"

"Yes, he swallowed a quarter."

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Canada Dry Ginger Ale

Bob Lill (*canvassing for the Elevator*): "I'm looking for some financial succor."

Mr. Greenleaf: "Well, it's not going to be me."

"Bawl, bawl, bawl, bawl," cried the baby in the middle of the night.

Mr. Laughlin: "Four balls, one walk."

Jim Moon (*stumbling*): "Shucks, I must have lost my poise."

Don Spring: "That's too bad, how much was there in it?"

Sheilah: "I saw a man swallow a sword once."

Elisabeth: "That's nothing, I saw a man inhale a Camel."

Mr. MacLaurin: "Can you name a star with a tail on it?"

Stew: "Rin-Tin-Tin."

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316 Front St. Belleville, Ont.

Miss Billings: "That bacon you brought me yesterday was bad."

Boy: "Impossible, it was just cured last week."

Miss Billings: "Well then, it must have had a relapse."

Joe: "So you're a salesman are you? What do you sell?"

Gene: "Salt."

Joe: "I'm a salt seller too."

Gene: "Shake."

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Dorothy Mouck
"A new excuse!", said Alexander Joseph Van Asterbilt. "There ain't no such thing."

He stood stationary for a very trying fifteen seconds and then deliberately turned his back on the school that was hard to get out of, but harder to get into. He had enjoyed the movie of the afternoon before. It had even been worth the wound to his pride to have to borrow that two bits from Oyster, who was not easy to convince that it is better to give than to receive.

Perhaps, if he walked around for, say, five minutes, he might be struck by an inspiration. Not really hard hit, you understand, but gently reminded of a lie that someone else had not told before.

"I've got it, I've got it!", said the over-whelmed boy. "My mother was sick, and I had to stay home and wash the dishes!"

So, bravely, he walked in the door. Less bravely, he appeared, at the principal's office and, finally, so nervous he had forgotten it, he began, "Gr-gr-grandpa lost his glasses, and I had to help him find them." Although he took on a smothered smile, Mr. MacLaurin managed to remark quite sternly, "Well, see that it doesn't happen again."

Mr. Jones: "I'm afraid I've only a little bit of wild rabbit to offer you."

Tramp: "Say, lady, I'm so hungry I don't care if it's stark staring mad."

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Tramp: "Will you give me a nickel
 for a cup of coffee?"
 Mr. MacLaurin: "I dunno, I'd have
 to see the cup of coffee."

A fly and a flea in a flue
 Were imprisoned, so what could they
 do?

"Let us fly," said the flea.
 Said the fly, "Let us flee".
 So they flew through a flaw in the
 flue.

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 Absent—Frances Evans

PARODY

Behold her single by the road,
 You solitary leghorn hen,
 Waiting and watching by herself,
 Stop here, or you will when
 She steps across the road to gain
 A well-worn tire across her brain!
 Or if she is a lucky bird
 A startled squawk alone is heard,
 But never fear, you may be certain
 That ere long it will be "curtain".
 And if you pass along that way
 While driving by some future day
 You'll see her lying flat and squashed
 An end fit for that hen, by gosh!

—Haddow Baird, IV-B

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Howard Kerr: "Did your watch stop when it fell on the floor?"

Doug Chant: "Don't be foolish — did you expect it to go right on through?"

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Cecil: "Yeah? What was it singing?"

Phyllis: "I ain't got no-body."

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Wolf: "The echoes in this hotel are marvellous."

Butch: "Are they?"

Wolf: "Yes, just holler something."

Butch: "What'll I holler?"

Wolf: "Oh anything, holler "two quarts of beer".

Butch: "TWO QUARTS OF BEER."
 (Pause). "I don't hear any echo."

Wolf: "Oh well, here comes the beer anyway."

"Fill 'er up," says McKinney, taking his girl into a cafe.

Bruce (to doctor friend he has met):
 "What on earth is the matter? You look awfully mad."

Doctor: "Mad, I should think so, here I have been treating a patient for three years for yellow jaundice and I've only just found out today that he is a Chinaman."



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Said a foolish young lady of Wales,
"A smell of escaped gas prevails."
Then she searched for a light
And later that night
Was collected in several pails.

Barbara: "Are you cold, my dear?"
Bernard: "No, thanks."

An old gentleman was on a train
where the food was very poor.

"Tea or coffee, sir?" asked the waiter.
The old gentleman replied: "Don't
tell me, let me guess."

Marjorie S.: "This plant belongs to
the begonia family."

Evelyn Tice: "How nice of you to
look after it while they're away."

Mr. Howard: "What is the height of
your ambition?"

Bert Noakes: "The top of a telephone
pole at a rugby game."

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Forster (*in the backwoods*): "Good
day mam! This sure is a fine country
around here! Do you know if there
are any Deacons in these parts?"

"Well, sir, I don't rightly know, but
my husband shot a strange critter the
other day and nailed its hide to the barn
door. You can come around and look
at it if you like."

Miss Saunders: "Son bras!"
First Formers: "His arm!"
Miss Saunders: "Sa jambe!"
First Formers: "His leg!"
Miss Saunders: "Ses yeux!"
First Formers: "Says me!"

Hilton: "Look—there's a man climb-
ing over the asylum wall!"
Schrieder: "It's an escaped lunatic!"
(Lunatic chases them ten miles and a
half).

Hilton: "HELP! He's right behind
me. Oh! He's got me!"
Lunatic: "Tag, you're it! Now you
chase me."

Miss Merry: "When did Macbeth
realize defeat was inevitable?"
Mac.: "When he was told the police
were coming."

Miss M.: "The police were coming."
Mac.: "Yes, when the messenger
shouted—"Cheese it, the copse."

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Hall: "Jusht pasht man looks stroinarily like you."

McGie: "Strange, lesh go back an' shee if it was."

* * *

Capt. Howard: "Don't you know you're exposing yourself to an imaginary enemy, 100 yards away?"

Private Wilson: "That's O. K., sir — I'm standing behind an imaginary rock ten feet high."

Teacher (*to new pupil*): "What is your name?"

New Pupil: "Tom."

Teacher: "No, you mean Thomas."

Teacher (*to another pupil*): "What is your name?"

Pupil (*taking no chances*): "Jackass."

* * *

Bear: "Joe thinks he's pretty good doesn't he?"

Duke: "Good? Why that man even sings duets alone."

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A Lucky Leap

(Continued from page 40)

frequently turning to gaze up the trail. The skiing championship was to be decided this day, and they were more than a little anxious as to the outcome.

However, a cheer went up at the arrival of the MacLean contestants and their followers. Four men from each camp were to race, and both factions were proudly led by their respective mascots toward the river, MacLean's a snapping husky, MacGregor's a shaggy, odiferous animal, surnamed Ambrose, but known throughout the surrounding country as "Pat McGinty's goat".

The report of the starting gun, which sent the men speeding down the course, had scarcely died away, when it became apparent to the spectators that the real race was between McGinty and Nilsson. The latter was early in the lead, going easily and methodically to preserve his strength, while McGinty followed closely, with the remainder staging a contest among themselves.

The course was not definitely laid out, but the rules required the contestants to begin and finish on the frozen river before the camp. They were to travel in a wide circle passing certain points known to all, but, between these land marks, it was a case of go-as-you-please.

McGinty was thoroughly enjoying himself. The frosty morning air, bright sunlight and familiar feel of his skis sliding through the snow brought his spirits up rapidly. The only fly in the ointment, was the sight of a broad back encased in a red mackinaw, always keeping the same tantalizing distance ahead of him. "Nilsson is making good use of his long legs this morning," reflected McGinty, "and he's doing his utmost to win."

It was a tortuous trail, the leaders chose up hills, down ravines, around logs, trees and stumps, with corkscrew turns to be taken at lightning speed. More than

(Continued on page 98)

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Southern Seas

(Continued from page 62)

Panama city seemed dead. I thought all the people were Negroes but they were Panamains. In the better sections the houses were all perched up on ten-foot poles for coolness and to avoid snakes. Cars and household utensils were parked underneath. Flowers were very profuse in the gardens but to my surprise none grew wild. We drove ten miles out to New Panama which consists of a few old ruins. It seems that the Spaniards used to ship the gold from here to Spain until a bold English pirate named Morgan ransacked the city and in true English fashion he did a thorough job.

It's a long jump from there to Los Angeles but I would like to tell you of a breakfast I enjoyed with a movie director at the Paramount Studios. It was so interesting to see everyone arriving for work, at eight fifteen a.m. in evening clothes and yellow make-up, some dressed as hottentots, and Jimmy Cagney breakfasting in a sloppy sweatshirt, and for your encouragement the girls were not half as beautiful as they seem on the screen.

And don't let anyone fool you about the California weather. It's horribly damp and I haven't got a good word for Los Angeles. It all seemed so artificial and have seen on this continent and the people are charming. I will never forget the beauty of the harbour which is second only to Naples. I stood at the back of the ship until land was no longer visible — even the huge cross on the highest hill had faded from view, and, with despair at leaving such a lovely place, I turned and beheld the glory of the setting sun into which we seemed to be sailing. At that moment I did not feel alone and realized that, incredible as it might seem, even more glorious things were ahead of me.

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Bill Cook: "Hello, is that the City Bridge Department?"

C. B. D.: "Yes, what can we do for you?"

B. C.: "How many points do you get for a little slam?"

* * *

Art: "I sure had a swell time at Mary's party, last night."

Leo: "Yeah? Who was there?"

Art: "Oh, Mary and me."

Betty S.: "To whom are you writing?"

Florence: "To a friend."

B. S.: "Why are you writing so slowly?"

F. C.: "She can't read very fast."

* * *

Phyllis Mills: "What would you do if I were to cry?"

Jimmie Allison: "I'd hang out a sign 'Wet Paint'."

Victoria College

1836

in the

1935

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

As one of the Federated Colleges in the Faculty of Arts of the University of Toronto, Victoria College enrolls students in all courses leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Commerce and preparatory to admission to the schools of Graduate Studies, Divinity, Education, Law and Medicine.

PROF. H. BENNETT, B.A., Ph.D.,
Acting Registrar.

IN COLLEGIATE DAYS

In Collegiate days, the teachers blow
Between the benches row on row,
That mark our place; and, in the air,
The echoes go, with none to care
Scarce heard amid the shouts below.

We are the dumb. Yet on we go,
Marching along, brave, but slow,
Learn, and forget all we know
In Collegiate days.

Take up our quarrel with the staff
Who from their lips the homework fling.
Straight to the office you will swing
If ye break faith and rouse their wrath
We shall not sleep, if teachers blow
In Collegiate days.

—Willett Pitman, IV-B.

* * * * *

Miss Saunders: "Wake up Dick beside you, Gerald."
Gerald: "Do it yourself, you put him to sleep."

Old Gentleman (*bewildered by elaborate wedding*): "Are you the groom?"
Spencer: "No, I was eliminated in the semi-finals."

End of Nemesis

(Continued from page 13)

runway. A notch was cut in each tree at the same height, and a stout pole cut of the right length to fit in the notches. Next, a strong sapling was bent down, a long steel snare-wire fastened to the top of the tree, and a noose fashioned in the other end of the wire. The wire was now fastened to the cross-pole, so that the noose hung at the right height, and the set was done. A fox or wolf, running its head into the noose, would knock the cross piece out of the notches, and the sapling would spring erect, taking the captive with it, out of the wolverine's reach.

Pierre built several of these sets as the day wore on, though he knew their weakness — that worthless rabbits would probably be his only catch.

As he tramped his way between sets, he became conscious of an uneasiness that he could not define at first. In a particularly dark clump of trees, the hair on the back of his neck began to creep, and he whirled about and stared into the shadows behind him. That sixth sense that the true woodsman develops told him that he was being watched, and he shrewdly guessed his watcher was the carcajou. With a muttered curse, he snatched the rifle from the sled and threw a cartridge into the chamber, as his eyes searched the shadows. Nothing stirred; with a grunt he turned and went on, but the rifle stayed over one arm.

The wolverine awoke, stretched and crawled out of the hollow log in which he had spent the day. He had dined well the night before from the trapline, where he now spent most of his time while awake. He had thoroughly enjoyed the murder of the helpless captives, especially when the victim was a pine marten or a fisher, his nearest relatives.

He now sniffed the air thoroughly and set off at his usual pace, driven by a fierce nervous energy that demanded constant movement. A movement in a clump of poplars attracted his attention, and he swerved toward it at once. It was a big porcupine crossing the stretch of snow from one meal ticket to the next. His tiny black eyes spotted the killer, and at once he curled up into an impenetrable pin cushion. Like his cousin the fisher, the wolverine liked porcupine flesh and knew how to get it. About five feet from the big beast he began to dig furiously in the snow and he quickly disappeared in a tunnel. The porcupine, with a querulous grunt, decided the danger was over and began to uncurl. At once, the killer, coming up from underneath the snow, sank its teeth into the stupid beast's unprotected stomach and held on, protected from the lashing tail by the snow around it. The porcupine suddenly stiffened convulsively and lay still.

The killer paused triumphantly to feast sparingly, then hurried on, fading into the thickets like a malignant shadow. Under the big spruce, a cock grouse, asleep in his tunnel of snow, heard the crunch of swift steps approaching and exploded frantically upward through the smother of snow with a roar of wings. The wolverine leapt forward, but his jaws snapped just behind the bird, as it rocketed off into the shadows. The baffled killer snarled furiously in a devilish rage; his temper, short at any time, was now thoroughly spoiled for the evening.

Ten minutes later, a red glow in his eyes, he was circling a snarling, spitting Canada lynx as it faced him, one big paw in the grip of a steel trap. The killer could smell other traps around and at once set himself to remove them. One by one he located them, stole a cautious paw under the chain attached to each and, with a quick flip of his paw, sent it crashing against a tree, where it went off with a vicious snap. When every trap had been disposed of, he faced the screaming lynx with a deadly intentness that bespoke its purpose. Suddenly, he shot straight at the lynx. The big cat, bowled over by the mass of bone, muscle and teeth at its throat, clawed furiously with the great talons of its free hind feet, but had just managed to leave a long gash

(Continued on page 102)

Trinity College in the University of Toronto

Trinity College, federated with the University of Toronto, is one of the Arts Colleges of the University and includes:

1. A Faculty of Arts providing instruction for students in classes of limited size in all subjects taught by the Colleges.
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4. Residences under college regulations for men—"Trinity House"; and for women students—"St. Hilda's"; also for members of the academic staff.
5. The Scholarships offered by the College have recently been revised and largely increased. Full particulars will be supplied on request.

For Information concerning Scholarships, Exhibitions, Bursaries, etc., address
THE REGISTRAR, Trinity College, Toronto 5.

Enlightenment

Don Clark, I-A Com.

HE STRUCK the poor thing, but she uttered not a sound. He struck again, but no work escaped her lips. He hit her on the head, but the brave thing did not even whimper. Then madly, the brute let forth a low oath and began striking blow after blow on the pretty little head even scratching her in his rage. She still remained silent. But finally not being able to stand it any longer she burst into life and went raging with flame and she now remains a discoloured wreck — after all she was only a match.

Doug: "I told my girl I love her—we'll be married next summer."
Bo: "July?"

Doug: "No, I meant it."

What this country needs is a grape-fruit that can yell, "Fore".



Miss Smith: "This coffee looks like mud."

Waiter: "Well, it was ground this morning."



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FUNERAL HOME
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27 Campbell Street
Phone 774-w

DAY AND NIGHT

HOTEL QUINTE

Belleville, Ont.

The Satin Slipper

(Continued from page 31)

I must have gotten home some way. I must have come through the fields for my dress was torn and my foot cut."

She sighed, a deep sigh, "Martha must have taken my slippers to have them repaired for her niece, she often does, and what are you going to do, now that I've confessed?"

"Miss Armstrong, any man who would strike a woman as beautiful as you doesn't deserve to live. And, now, good-night. I am sorry to have bothered you."

Half an hour later he opened his shop door and stared at the place where the slipper had rested.

"Joseph, where have you been?", called his wife.

"Just out for a breath of air," he replied, and ascended the stairs.

COMPLIMENTS OF

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ASSORTED
40c BOX

DICKENS & SON

*Blest Be the Tie That Binds**(Continued from page 38)*

The minister cleared his throat. "We will now sing hymn 302. 'Blest be the Tie that Binds.'" Rustling pages, squeaking seats. Miss Pinkston's bony hands clawed the yellow keys.

*"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."*

The strains of the hymn quavered from the old organ, lighting the honest rugged faces and lifting cares and sorrows. Swelling and echoing, it reached to the farthest corner.

*"The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."*

Clarence began to think out pictures on the stained glass when they sat down. How funny the old old doctor's white beard looked in the slanting column of dust made by the light from the window! Then he began to examine his pockets. The minister's deep sonorous voice rolled out over the congregation, "Judge not, lest ye be judged". A penknife, some string, two ball-bearings and a whistle. "Remember your own sins, think not of other's."

The large fat man in front had red whiskers that stuck out on the sides like a cat's. Dust on the windowsill — dust on the palm leaf fan — bow tie — "Judge not" — palm leaf fan — Clarence was asleep.

He was brought to consciousness by Mother shaking him. The first thing he thought of was the tie. It was still there. The next thing was that Mother was becoming violent, so he opened his eyes and saw that church was over.

Acutely conscious of his tie, he walked toward the Sunday School rooms. All the boys were leaving their parents behind for communion. Some one whispered, "Sissy". Someone tweaked his tie. "Sissy." "Pansy." His face became red. He walked into the room. This was Sunday School. You couldn't fight in Sunday School. All through it his face burned. That hateful tie! Oh, why didn't the floor open and swallow him! "Please, dear God, let it," he prayed.

The parents were still in church when they came out. Some boys were racing. "Come on, Clarence, race too," they yelled. So they lined up, he, and Spuds and Pi Mathews. One, two, three. They were off running across the yard, faster, faster. Clarence won.

He turned around. Spuds was lying on the ground across a wagon tongue, his head bruised, his arm bleeding, bleeding badly.

The boys crowded around. "Tie it up," said Clarence; something in the scout book said to tie it up. What with? The tie. Clarence's tie. In a minute it was off and one of the big boys made a tourniquet. They picked up Spuds and hurried to the church, the others following closely.

Inside the church, they were praying, a deep rumble of voices. Suddenly the door burst open and there stood the little group of boys holding Spuds. All leaped to their feet. "Carl," cried Mrs. Williams, "Carl". She rushed forward. They all followed. Dr. Burns shouldered his way through the crowd. "Oh Doctor."

"He'll be all right, Mrs. Williams. Just a bump. Bad cut on his arm though. Artery. This tourniquet probably saved his life."

In the democrat going home, Clarence looked at the trees going by. He looked at the dusty road, Bessie's broad back, Aunt Sarah's taffeta dress, and the little quiggly lines on the back of Uncle George's neck. Saved his life. The tie saved his life. The tie was gone. No more tie. The cart creaked. Uncle George chuckled aloud. Mother's hand tapped. Plop, plop, went Bessie's feet. Blest be, blest be, . . .

THE END

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Mary Merrick: "Emulsion."

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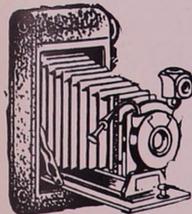
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John R.: "Je t'adore."
Rose: "Shut it yourself."

Ted: "Let's go to the pool room."
Duke: "Can't."
Ted: "Why not?"
Duke: "Haven't got a bathing suit."

Miss Sweeney: "Be quiet for a bit."
Alec: "Make it two bits and—sold."



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A Lucky Leap

(Continued from page 88)

once, McGinty picked himself up and to his dismay found that Nilsson was steadily drawing away. He determined to cease following the Swede and struck off on a rough, narrow trail which, though dangerous, was considerably shorter than the logging trail they had previously been travelling.

Emerging once more onto the snow-covered corduroy road, at a point about two miles below where he had left it, he found Nilsson but a short distance ahead. The race by this time was practically finished with Nilsson already gaining momentum down the long, steep hill which would carry him straight to the finish line.

It was this crucial moment that Ambrose chose to stroll nonchalantly from a bush onto the trail, dragging his chain behind him and, with his four feet planted firmly in the snow, gaze blankly at the swiftly approaching McGinty. Without time for thought, other than to avoid hitting the goat at all costs, he spied a steep winding path leading off at right angles about three feet from where Ambrose stood and, in spite of his ever increasing speed, managed to swerve into it.

This accomplished, his real troubles became apparent. The path was extremely precipitous, winding among large trees and dipping suddenly straight down over the face of a steep hill, below which unfolded before his gaze, the river, its camp and onlookers, with Nilsson's red jacket rapidly approaching the finish line.

That settled it! Pat's "Irish" was up, and away up! He'd be dashed if any dashed Swede would beat a true son of Erin — so he jumped. He was told afterwards that it was a magnificent leap, but his only sensation was a great rush of wind in his ears and the realization that he was unable to see, his eyes being so blurred.

By this time, the supporters from both camps were in a frenzy. Men cheered, dogs barked and pandemonium broke loose. McGinty landed on the hard surface of the river, struggled to keep his balance, retained it, sped past an object in a red mackinaw and reached the line, barely a ski's length ahead of Nilsson.

Pat manfully refused to take credit for the victory, placing all the laurels at the feet of Ambrose who had indicated to him the direction fate meant him to take.

Joy was unconfined in the MacGregor camp that night, and many were the songs that were sung, but none surpassed one composed for the occasion, an eulogy of the hero of the hour. The last verse ran something like this:

*"When you get to Heaven
And you're given a harp to tote,
The angel with the whiskers on
Will be Pat McGinty's goat."*

THE END

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*Bring 'Im Back Alive**(Continued from page 17)*

about for his clothes. It was pitch-dark and still raining hard. Taking a match from under his pillow, he lit it and looked around. There was water everywhere. It was about two feet deep on the floor. Brent threw on his clothes in a panic.

Suddenly, there came a great roar louder than the rest. The cabin shook, lurched one way and then the other. The river, having flooded a vast area, was full of all kinds of rubbish.

Killer Brent floundered around in the water. One minute, he was below it, another minute, he was above. At last, an ungainly shaped box passed him. With a mighty effort, he caught hold and crawled on. The exposure and the fight for life had been too much for him. In a few minutes, he lost consciousness.

In the morning, all Gulrock was up early, salvaging anything of value from the river flood. Shortly after sunrise, they sighted a man floating on a large box. With the aid of boats, they towed him and the box to shore.

It was Killer Brent. They had all heard of him and his notorious deeds. As for the box, they ripped off the top, and out tumbled the stiffened form of Inspector Rausseau.

A doctor being handy took charge of Brent. "Fainted from exposure. Some hot broth will bring him around", was the verdict.

Inspector Rausseau has "brought 'im back alive", again.

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I. L. MOORE, *Principal.**Married Bliss**(Continued from page 41)*

"I'll have to arrest you for receiving stolen property, lady."

"No! No! I didn't know it was stolen, I paid twenty dollars for it. But here's the scarf. I don't want it or the money. I'd die if you took me to jail; so would my husband. Just go." She was panic stricken.

The policeman deliberated a moment.

"Well, you're young, miss. Let this be a lesson to you," was the policeman's parting word as he handled his prisoner roughly.

No afternoon tea, but more hours of weeping! Hal returned home that night with a box of candy and some flowers. Peace reigned once more in the apartment. The morning tiff was forgotten. Over his favorite pie, Hal quoted:

"Heard an odd thing at the office, dear, the police are on the trail of a new racket. Some crooks are selling fur scarfs from a car that stops at the curb. They give some poor sap a bargain, then follow the buyer home. One impersonates an officer and they get back the furs and keep the money. Can you imagine any woman being such a sap as all that?"

"No, I can't," answered Martha, fervently.

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*(Continued from page 45)***Retribution**

The truth suddenly came to Brookes, standing on the threshold. Betcher was dead, and it needed no doctor to tell how he died. Brooke's mind ran swiftly. If the police found him here, it would almost certainly mean the electric chair for him, this time. Yes, they could easily supply a motive of revenge. Ah, what's this, Betcher going somewhere? He inspected the trunk labels. To Rio, eh? Mmm. He thought thirteen years back of that fatal likeness. It was a desperate chance, but he took it.

At one o'clock that afternoon the S. S. Etruria sailed for Rio de Janeiro, and on board was, Simon Betcher.

*End of Nemesis**(Continued from page 93)*

on its adversary's shoulder, when it gurgled, stiffened and died, its jugular cut. The killer snarled furiously and shook the dead body as if it were a mouse, fiercely ripped the lovely silver grey fur to shreds, then disappeared.

Old Pierre was about to give up in despair. He had tried every trick he had heard of, yet the marauder was still ruining valuable furs with impunity. The dreams of that little farm down by "la riviere" had faded, and he had decided he must give up.

Idly he picked up his rifle and began to clean it. As he handled it, an idea suddenly occurred to him, and he gave a joyous yell. Putting down the rifle, he hurried to his coil of snare wire, and was soon unravelling a single tiny metal strand.

The next day saw him curiously occupied. He was thirty feet up a big spruce tree, busily attaching his rifle to a branch so that it pointed downwards. He then sighted down the barrel and marked the spot on the ground. This done, he led a single strand of wire from the trigger of the gun over a branch and down the side of a tree. About six feet from the ground, he cut a groove in the bark with his knife, put the wire inside the groove, replaced the bark and poured some water over it to freeze it in position.

The wire was then led under a log and fastened to a trap, the chain of which led to a log buried in the snow.

Pierre had studied the carcajou's tactics in setting off traps and knew how the beast crouched to reach the chain. The trap was now cunningly placed so that the carcajou must stand on the spot covered by the rifle in order to reach the chain.

When all was arranged to his liking, he again climbed the tree, loaded and cocked the rifle. The trap was in readiness. If anything went wrong now, the carcajou would wreck the rifle and Pierre would be forced to rely on his axe for protection.

That night, he was awakened by the crash of a rifle shot shattering the white silence. With a happy yell, he leapt out of his bunk and hastily donned his clothes. Stopping only to pick up his axe, he slipped out into the bright moonlight and hurried down the trail.

As fast as the clumsy "bear paw" snowshoes would permit, he rushed into the little clearing under the big spruce. Save for the uncovered trap, it was empty!

With a sense of doom upon him, he plodded to the trap and examined the snow. Then, his spirits rose, as he saw great red blotches on the white background.

Almost at the same instant, a horrible snarl caused him to look up into the spruce, just in time to see a squat black shape launch itself toward him. With a desperate swing of his axe, he tried to leap aside, but his snowshoes caught, and he toppled sideways. Even as he fell, he felt his axe strike, and the snarling was cut off as with a knife. With a fervent prayer of thanks, Pierre picked himself up and looked down on the ugly beast lying in the snow, the axe still stuck in its skull.

Half an hour later, a big white hare froze into immobility as weird sounds came to its ears from the nearby trail. Pierre, his axe in his belt, a battered rifle under his arm, and the body of the dreaded carcajou, the nemesis of his trap line, hanging from his shoulder, was breaking a life-long rule and was singing in the bush.

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Learning to Fly

(Continued from page 34)

the altimeter registered just over "3000", I was given a few brief instructions. A few short seconds later, the plane was hurtling almost straight down and at the same time spinning dizzily around and around. The airport, the city, the lake, everything passed in such quick succession that they were practically imperceptible in that jumbled whirling scene. To say that that sensation was thrilling and breath-taking is putting it mildly. Then came more instructions and carefully following these I emerged from the spin, travelling at a faster speed than I had ever gone before.

Finally came the great day, when after three fair landings in succession, the instructor climbed out and said, "All right, take it up and land it yourself". By way of encouragement, he added, "You'll be all right because I haven't touched the controls for hours." Reaching out, I shook hands with him, and said, "Well, so long, I'll be seeing you soon", under my breath I added, "I hope". Then with a grin, which didn't by any means relieve that empty feeling in the pit of my stomach, I gave it the "gun". The Moth, free of the instructor's weight, went "upstairs" at a great rate, and I levelled off at a thousand feet and turned back to the airport. Then having "cut" the motor, I manoeuvred into position for a landing. Was I coming in too fast? Too slow? A glance at the air speed indicator's "60" reassured me and I grimly concentrated on the ground which was rushing up to meet me. How buoyant the plane felt this time! At this rate I would "overshoot" the field. A side-slip should do the trick, so, over a graveyard which borders on one side of the landing field, I put the ship into a steep side-slip. Imagine my feelings when I saw all those tomb stones coming up to greet me. Then, levelling off, I glided down to a nice, gentle, three-point landing. Was I surprised? Was I relieved as I slowly and safely taxied back to the hangar? Well, what do you think?



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INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES AND PARTS	VICTORIA	92
GREENLEAF CO. 79	Y.M.C.A. 3	
KEYES SUPPLY 106		
GARAGE SUPPLY CO. 106		
	FLORISTS	
BARBER SHOPS	GIVENS 107	
FRED SYMONS 82	D. F. QUICK 80	
WALT'S 77	POTTER 83	
	TEMPLER 103	
BOOK STORES AND SHOPS	FUNERAL PARLOURS	
CHAS. CHAPMAN 101	BELLEVILLE BURIAL PARLOUR 95	
LAURIE LEWIS Back Cover	THOMPSON 80	
QUINTE BOOK SHOP 97		
SILLS 103	FURRIERS	
JAMES TEXTS 110	WOODLEY 83	
BOOTS AND SHOES	GROCERS AND FRUIT STORES	
LESLIE 91	BLUE'S MARKETERIA 93	
	BELLEVILLE FRUIT CO. 78	
BOTTLERS	HAIRDRESSERS	
J. B. IVES 77	MRS. CUMMINGS 78	
BROKERS	HARDWARE STORES	
A. H. KETCHESON 79	SMITH'S 81	
BUTCHERS	WALKER'S 100	
CLARK AND MILES 91	WHITE'S 99	
GREEN'S 95		
CLEANERS AND DYERS	HOTELS	
ODORLESS 78	QUEENS 78	
CONFECTIONERS	QUINTE 95	
DICKENS 95	INSURANCE	
NEILSON'S Back Cover	BRAY 89	
COAL DEALERS	BURR 78	
HARRY SMITH 79	DAVISON AND DAVISON 91	
DAIRY	HAIG BROS. 77	
MONTROSE 90	JAMIESON BONE 79	
DEPARTMENT STORES	MUTUAL LIFE 101	
C.D.S. 104	WILSON 83	
S. S. KRESGE 103	JEWELLERS	
McINTOSH Back Cover	McCURDY 103	
WALKER DRY GOODS 87	McFEE Back Inside Cover	
METROPOLITAN 91	TROPHY CRAFT 99	
DENTISTS	LADIES' STORES	
DR. CLARKE 107	GEORGIA SALON 99	
DR. DAY 107	NELLIE SMITH 77	
DR. EMPSON 107	WOTTENS 80	
DR. FAHEY 107	LAUNDRY	
DR. GUTHRIDGE 107	BELLEVILLE STEAM 77	
DR. KINNEAR 107	LAWYERS	
DR. MARSHALL 107	PONTON & GRAHAM 91	
DRUGGISTS	WALLBRIDGE AND CAMERON 81	
DOLAN 97	LUMBER	
DOYLE'S 89	HOUSTON CO. 89	
GEEN'S 77	MANUFACTURERS	
LATTIMER 83	CASH'S 99	
McKEOWN 80	DEACON SHIRT 89	
OSTROM 82	STEWART WARNER 86	
SCHRYVER 85	BELLEVILLE FOUNDRY 82	
SELDON 85	MEN'S STORES AND TAILORS	
EDUCATIONAL	LEE, G. A. 81	
ALBERT COLLEGE 48	QUICK & ROBERTSON Front Cover	
BOARD OF EDUCATION 4	SHAW 101	
O.B.C. 100	SYMONS, CHAS. 85	
QUEEN'S 84	TIP TOP TAILORS 89	
TRINITY COLLEGE 94	MUSICIANS AND MUSIC STORES	
	GLOBE 103	
	WEAVER'S 83	

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

OPTOMETRISTS	EDWARDS 83	RESTAURANTS AND CAFES
PHOTOGRAPHERS	CLARKE 81	BELMONT 82
McCORMICK 101	McCORMICK 101	LONDON LUNCH 89
PLUMMER 98	PRINTERS	SEED STORES
PRINTERS	EMBURY, W. D. 99	BISHOP'S 80
ONTARIO INTELLIGENCER 105	ONTARIO INTELLIGENCER 105	SHOE REPAIRING AND LEATHER
PHOTO ENGRAVERS AND ELECT. 75	PHOTO ENGRAVERS AND ELECT. 75	BROWN, B. W. 106
PRODUCE	OSTROM, G. F. 91	WELLS LEATHER GOODS 79
SWIFT CANADIAN CO. 77	SWIFT CANADIAN CO. 77	SPORT GOODS
RADIO	MILES, A. Front Cover and 76	COOKE REPAIR SERVICE 87
STEWART WARNER 86	STEWART WARNER 86	STEVE LICENCE 1
RAILWAYS	C. N. R. 85	HAROLD A. WILSON 84
C. P. R. 91	C. P. R. 91	THEATRES
		BELLE 80
		CAPITOL 87
		TOBACCONISTS
		BILL COOK 99
		SENATE CIGAR STORE 80

STOP-THE-PRESS NEWS

Hockey

The B.C.I.V.S. hockey team was runner-up in the Ontario Secondary School Championship, played off in Kingston on March 15 and 16. Our school won their first game from Chatham Vocational School by a score of 3 to 2. The following night, they met Ottawa High School of Commerce for the championship and were defeated 6 to 3.

Mr. Shiels was responsible for the team's high position.

BELLEVILLE vs. CHATHAM

Their victory was due, to a great extent, to the goal-tending of Sharpe and Johnson's rushes which resulted in Belleville's three goals.

The front line of Johnson, Finnegan and McCreary played a fast style of hockey and back-checked well. McElrath's defensive work stood out.

Johnson opened the scoring in the middle of the first period; but Chatham evened it up in the second. Again, Johnson put B.C.I.V.S. in the lead by a goal in the third period while Chatham was a man short. Shortly after, Chatham scored their second goal while Belleville had two men benched. Johnson won the game a few minutes later.

BELLEVILLE vs. OTTAWA

B.C.I.V.S. went down before a superior team in its game with Ottawa. However, the school was not disgraced as the team gave all it had. The score could very easily have been higher as B.C.I.V.S. was up against a team that had played together much longer.

McElrath and Lee scored for Belleville. These two led the team in a gallant but hopeless fight.

Ottawa scored three times in the first period, and Belleville once. B.C.I.V.S. held their rivals to one goal in the second period while Ottawa made sure of the championship in the final period with two goals to Belleville's one.

The team consisted of: Mr. Shiels, coach; Sharpe, goal; McElrath and Logie, defence; Johnson, centre; Finnegan and McCreary, wings; Lee, Muir, Liddle and Hannah, subs.

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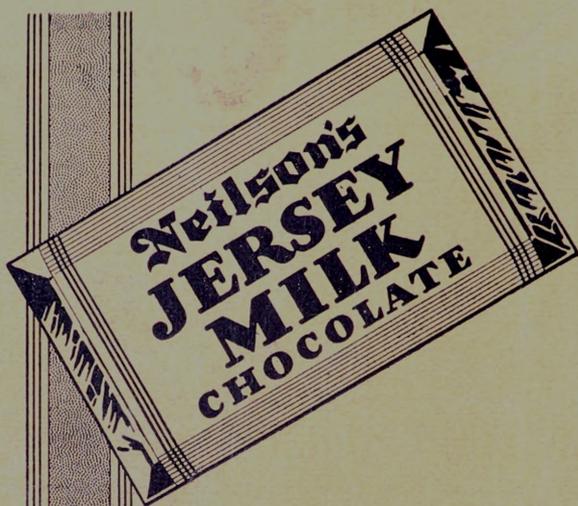
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