

ARCHIVES



THE
- HELLO -

Brantford
Collegiate Institute
1922

373.71348
BRA
1922

Miller



BRANTFORD COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

Our Immortal Dead

In honour of our glorious dead who gave their lives that we might enjoy peace and prosperity.

"Greater love hath no man"

Adams, John Mitchell
Battersby, Wm. F.
Beckett, Arlington
Brewster, Harold S.
Cockshutt, Harvey
Connell, Blake
Dewar, Chas.
Dodwell, Clare
Fraser, Finley D.
Graham, T. Fleck
Hamilton, Douglas
Hately, John
Gray, Allan

Kelly, Wm.
Livingston, Hugh D.
Livingston, L. Wm.
Macdonald, Katharine Maud
Matthews, George F.
Metcalf, Alva E.
Misener, Milburne Smith
Mounfield, Kenneth R.
Moyer, Percy
Mott, Jacob Ernest
Orr, John Percy
Patten, Edgar W.
Pearce, Reginald
Perry, Frank
Preston, Harold Brant

Rehder, Lloyd
Saunders, Lorne L.
Schell, F. Stanley
Shaver, Cecil
Simpson, W. Edgar
Small, Victor
Stratford, George S.
Stratford, Joseph B.
Watts, Robert Edward
Vaughan, John E.
Weir, Arthur
White, Harold S.
Wilkes, Maurice F.

" HELLO "

Published in the Interests of the Brantford Collegiate Institute

VOLUME,1.

MAY 1922

NUMBER 2

EDITOR IN CHIEF E. P. Witmer
LITERARY EDITOR Clement Harris
CONSULTING EDITORS Miss Patterson
Miss Ryan, Mr. A. W. Burt

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT—Consie Laborde, Margaret Govan, Hazel Suddaby, Harry Hunt, Hugh Innes.

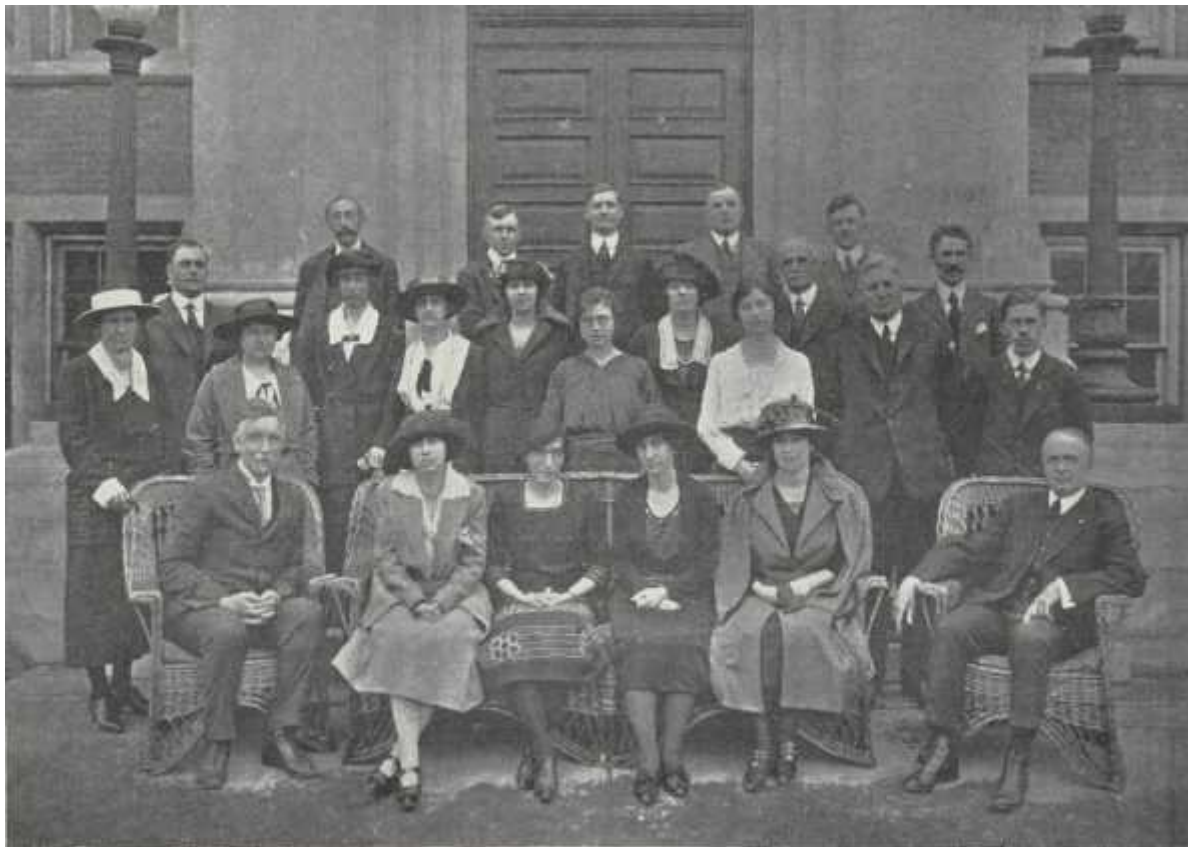
ALUMNI—Ken. Wilson.

SCHOOL NEWS—Chas. Sterne, Audrey Cinnamon, Madge Brewster.

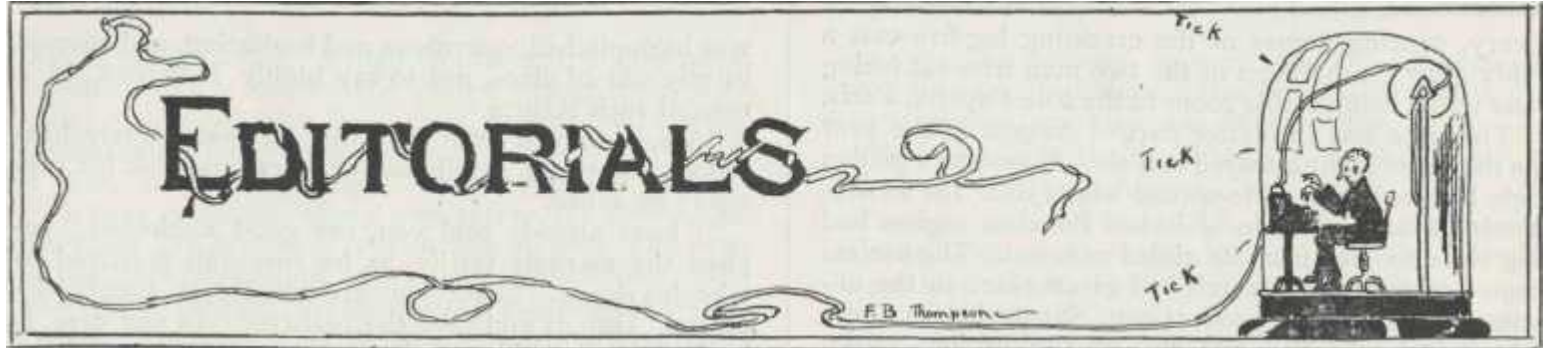
SPORTS DEPARTMENT—Ross Menzies, Audrey Cinnamon, Rholf Ziegler, Darcy O'Donohue.
ART DEPARTMENT—Cyril Sanders, Fern Thompson.

BUSINESS MANAGER—Chas. McCutcheon.

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT—Jack Bentham, Gordon Lambert, Frank Truss.



TOP ROW—Messrs. Erwin, Passmore, Graham, McFadden, Coles, Unger, Millar.
CENTRE ROW—Mrs. Kerr, Misses Dixon Bunnell, Hately, Barber, Willoughby Hartley, Patterson, Messrs. Coates, S. McCamus
BOTTOM ROW—Mr. Burt, Misses Ryan, Lee, Hanna, McAllister, Principal Overholt.



Once again the time for the issue of "The Hello" has come around, and it is with a feeling of confidence that we venture to present the second number of the school magazine. The exceedingly favourable reception which was accorded the initial issue of the publication proved most encouraging, and we have again endeavoured within these pages to give an interesting and accurate presentation of the life of the school in all its various phases.

Any measure of success that we may have attained is the combined result of the loyalty of the staff and the enthusiastic support and interest manifested by the student body as a whole. The response which greeted the appeal for material has been most gratifying, and the fact that a great deal more was contributed than could possibly find a place within these covers has necessitated strenuous work on the part of the staff of the paper and the rejection of much that was creditable in every way.

We desire to voice our appreciation of the work of all those who in any degree have been responsible for this issue and are particularly pleased that it should represent the efforts of so large a part of the school.

The Alumni section is one that should prove of particular interest to pupils and ex-students alike. It has been introduced with the idea of forging another link in the chain that binds all graduates to the school which we are privileged to attend.

Conscious of the fact that as yet the magazine has not attained a state of literary perfection, we nevertheless send it out confident that it will meet with the reception that it merits and we bespeak for it the sympathetic interest of all those into whose hands it may fall.

CHECKMATE

C. Sanders, (1st Prize Story)

The light from the half-dozen candles, and from the

cheery, dancing flames of the crackling log-fire cast a ruddy glow on the faces of the two men who sat facing other in the comfortable room in the Rue Fayette, Paris.

The time was the latter part of August in the year one thousand eight hundred and six. Napoleon's golden eagle hovered with wide-spread wings over the newly-founded French Empire. The old Bourbon regime had long since toppled from its gilded pedestal. The useless sceptre of a fallen monarch had given place to the all-conquering sword of the Corsican. Nevertheless, there were many who still adhered to the broken cause. Among them were the two gentlemen who sat facing each other in the luxurious apartment in the Rue Fayette.

M. le Marquis de Lorraine, the elder of the pair, was a short, spare man with a face drawn and cadaverous, eyes deep-sunken, and cheeks wan; a man who, for all his years and loss of fortune, still retained that hauteur so exclusively representative of the fallen noblesse of France. He, and hundreds of his kind, had returned to the Fatherland immediately after the overthrow of the Reign of Terror. To all outward appearances M. le Marquis was a most loyal gentleman. His many friends in the army and court circles would have been astounded had they but known the dual role the marquis was playing.

DeLorraine's companion, a well built man of some nine-and-twenty summers, fidgeted uneasily in the depths of his arm-chair. At length he spoke. His voice

was high-pitched, querulous and hesitating, and seemed utterly out of place, not to say highly ludicrous, in a man of such stature.

"Are,—are you sure that this,—er—extremely hazardous enterprise entails no,—no personal risk for myself?" he asked.

"I have already told you, my good Rochefort," replied the marquis testily, as he rose and prepared to take his leave. "That you are merely to supply the capital. Dubois and take the real risk. In any case, it is essential that this Corsican upstart be put out of the way,—and quickly."

"I—I wish to see nothing better than the overthrow of the tyrant," said Rochefort. "B-but, are you perfectly sure that T shall not be running into any danger, or—"

But M. le Marquis, muttering something about "Despicable cowardice" had gone, slamming the door behind him.

Vicomte Rochefort contemplated his exquisitely manicured finger-nails for a moment. He smiled.

One night, several weeks later, four men sat together in a room at the Sign of the Red Dog, a tumbledown tavern in the slums of the French capital. M. le Marquis was there with Rochefort and Dubois. The fourth was a shaggy, bearded ruffian who was addressed by his companions as Grosjean. The Marquis was speaking.

"To-morrow evening the Emperor is holding a recep-

tion at the Tuileries. I shall be present. I shall await an opportunity then,—“He smiled malignantly”—An ounce of lead will lay the proud tyrant low forever. Louis shall come “to his own.”

“But,” protested Dubois, “What of yourself, you—”

“I have arranged for my own safety, my friend,” interrupted DeLorraine. “All should go well. The news of the Corsican's death will spread like wild-fire. The city will be thrown into confusion. “Jacques here,”—indicating Grosjean— “With his armed Apaches, and you with the royalist faction will march through the streets. The people, are tired of the tyrant's rule and there will be a general royalist rising. Louis XVIII will be—.”

“Hist! What was that?” broke in Grosjean, in a hoarse whisper.

The conspirators were on their feet in a trice listening intently.

A window at the far end of the room was open. Gusts of wind made the solitary tallow candle flicker and almost go out, but, save for the moaning of the wind and the occasional banging of a loose shutter, all was silent. After a moment of nerve-racking silence, DeLorraine tip-toed toward the window and looked out into the dark, narrow street. Outside it was as black as pitch, and a drizzle of rain was falling. There was no sign of an eavesdropper. The marquis heaved a sigh of relief.

“Bah! It was only the wind or one of the rats that infest this filthy hole,” he said. “For the moment I was afraid that it was one of Fouches spies.”

Despite the marquis' reassurances, the vicomte was evidently very frightened. His face had turned a curious ashen hue, and his knees shook visibly.

“You—you said there would be n-no d-danger,” he gasped in a terrified whisper.

The men resumed their seats, but the vicomte's teeth kept up such a continual chatter that De Lorraine cursed him roundly and bade him keep quiet.

At an early hour next morning M. Fouche, minister of police, received the following hastily scrawled note:

“Have a squadron of cavalry ready for immediate service. Further instructions to follow.” “Gerard.”

That evening, hundreds of the dignitaries of the Empire were gathered in the great reception-hall of the Tuileries. Ney was there, and Murat, together with the other great Marshals of France. Jewelled ladies in gorgeous costumes, and soldiers in gold-slashed uniforms moved hither and thither.

In a small chamber, facing the top of the grand staircase, M. le Marquis was waiting. He closed the door, then cautiously opened the window and uncoiled a length of thin but strong rope. Having securely fastened the end of the rope, he drew a heavy pistol from his pocket. Examining the priming, he laid the weapon on the table. Then, going to the door again, he opened it cautiously and peered out.

Two or three minutes later the large folding doors at the end of the hall opened and the Emperor entered.



BACK ROW—Ken. Wilson, Chas. McCutcheon, Gord. Lambert, Chas. Sterne, Clement Harris.
MIDDLE ROW—Art. Overholt, Earl Witmer, Hugh Innes, Mr. A. W. Burt, Miss H. Patterson, Jack Bentham, Prank Truss
FRONT ROW—Margaret Govan, Consie Laborde, Andrey Cinnamon, Fern Thompson, Hazel Suddaby. Cyril Sanders.

The Marquis hastened back to the table, picked up his pistol and extinguished the candles.

After a time the Emperor came to halt immediately at the foot of the staircase. The Marquis, his face twisted in a leer of triumph, stepped forward. He raised his pistol. Slowly his finger tightened on the trigger. The hammer fell with a sharp click,—and that was all! There was no deafening report, no blinding flash! For one brief moment the would-be assassin remained staring in stupefaction at the weapon. Then the truth dawned upon him. The pistol was not loaded! Someone had removed the ball.

With a cry of baffled rage and hatred he darted back, vaulted through the window, and was gone.

An hour later a coach lumbered through the mud of the Boulogne road. Within sat the Marquis de Lorraine looking very pale. Beside him, on the seat, was a heavy box containing his most valuable papers. Crouching in a corner next to Dubois, and trembling in every limb, was the terrified Vicomte. By some miracle the trio had passed the Barriers and left Paris uned over the muddy road. Suddenly the Marquis spoke.

"Well," he said, "our game of political chess has gone awry again. The pistol failed to go off. I'm positive that I loaded it in the first place. I cannot understand. Luckily we have managed to pick you up, Dubois, and to get out of the city."

Rochefort seemed too terrified to pass any opinion

on the matter. The Marquis gave him a contemptuous glance.

challenged; and as yet there had been no sign of pursuit. The heavy coach lurched and bumped and squelched.

"I shall not fail next time," he said.

Suddenly, and without warning, a peremptory command rang out ahead. "Halt in the name of the Emperor!"

DeLorraine turned a shade paler. Dubois swore, and hastily snatched up the box of compromising documents. Then the pair turned to find themselves gazing into the muzzles of two heavy pistols held by Rochefort, a Rochefort they had not hitherto known. In the place of the whimpering coward was the real man. They had been duped!

'Who are you?' gasped DeLorraine.

The pseudo Vicomte smiled serenely. "Henri Gerard, an agent of M. Fouche, minister of police," he replied. Then in his old tone:

"I, er-er, that is are, are you sure there is no danger, my good Marquis?"

DeLorraine and his companion cursed vehemently.

"Your precious gang of apaches are safely under lock and key by this time, I expect," continued the police agent. "And these papers of yours will contain the names of the other royalist plotters. I should have arrested you at the Tuileries, but I wished to catch Dubois, here, too. Oh! and as to the pistol failing to go off; well, I was under the table, you see, and while you

were watching for the Emperor I contrived to replace the loaded weapon with an empty one. Our little game of political chess, as you expressed it, has been quite enjoyable, for me at least; and I think, messieurs, that it is a case of 'checkmate' for you."

THE WINDS OF MARCH

(Prize Poem)

The winds of March are bitter,
The winds of March are cold,
They're gusty, rough and rainy,
Weird-whistling and bold.

The sting they leave is lasting,
They chill you through and through,
They rush, and scream, and whirl around,
And tug and pull at you.

But they tell of coming flowers,
They sing of robins near,
They softly blow away the snow,
And loose the brooklets here.

(Rena Cole, L.I.E., St. Jude's Parish Hall.)

What has become of the fiction heroine who used to tear off a strip from her skirt and bind up her lover's wounds? If her lover got cut now, he would bleed to death.

MY COUNTRY!

Her Faults are Our Faults. Let Us Correct Them

There is neither unholy pride nor vaulting ambition in the right kind of patriotic sentiment. But there is a pride that rightly belongs to patriotism—the pride in the records of one's country that mists the eye and thrills the heart as we recall the noble, high-minded, self-sacrificing men who have led the nation.

Patriotic sense is more important than patriotic sentiment. It is fine to thrill at the sight of the Canadian Ensign, to feel that our flag is the most beautiful flag in the world; but it is finer, though less spectacular, to be able to set forth in language so clear that a child may understand them, the reasons for our loyalty. It is patriotic to bare the head when "O! Canada", "The Maple Leaf" or "God Save the King" is played, but it is truer patriotism to inform one's self as to just what that banner stands for, and why it is worthy of our allegiance, and to be able to explain the doctrine of a clean flag and a clean nation to all who ask, for nations have a code of honour as well as individuals. If the moral standard of our country is not a high standard, it is a reflection upon us as citizens. If our country's standard is high, and we are not able to convince doubters of that fact, it is a reflection upon our intelligence and patriotic sense.

Sacrifice is the real test of patriotism. He is no patriot who can stand unconcernedly by while others toil

or fight, or give till it hurts, when the ideal for which our flag stands is in peril. A country that is worth shouting for is worth our sacrifices.

A real Canadian will be no lukewarm patriot. He will do his best under all circumstances to make his country what he wants her to be.

The Duke of Wellington said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the play grounds of Eton and Harrow. What he meant was that the spirit prevailing in the English Public Schools was the spirit that made possible Britain's success in time of war.

It was this that led forth the flower of our Canadian Universities and schools to lay down their lives if need be for the ideals for which we stand. In the proportion in which these sons and daughters left our different halls of learning could be seen the extent to which real spirit had been developed in these institutions. After all school spirit is just the same as national spirit. The school is yours and you belong to the school. Co-operation by the teachers and students is the key-note of school spirit. Petty likes and dislikes bring discord into a school.

What you are, your school will be. Is the interest of the good old B. C. I. your first consideration? Do you belong to the rugby team? Do you cheer for the rugby team? Are you a supporter of every student activity? Are you getting out of school life as much as you should? Are you giving your school life the support you could?

Attending school is not just the same—

"One for All,
All for One."

"Play up! Play up! And Play the Game!"

ONE END OF A TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

It was ten minutes after seven, and I had promised to meet Marjorie at half-past. But my employer had rung me up, saying he was very busy, and would like me to hurry to the office and give him some help. Well, what could I do? Only consent, of course. I should have to 'phone Marjorie, and postpone our appointment. Ten minutes after seven—and Mrs. Briggs was still gossiping over the telephone to that woman across the street.

"Why, of course, Mrs. Slarks."

There was a pause of about five minutes, and I could hear the endless buzz of Mrs. Slarks' voice.

"Now, you don't say," continued Mrs. Briggs. "Oh, yes, yes Mrs. —. Well, now our Jacky's the same way. I've had his pa after him many a time, but he'll no' take notice. Yes, a thrashink alus does 'em good."

"That's what I'll be getting if she doesn't quit soon and let me get Marjorie," I murmured, none too softly. Seventeen minutes after!

"Well, well, that's quite true. An' you say your man hasn't found work yet? It's dreadful, this unemployment. Pa is lucky, but ye never can tell."

B. C. I.

The "Expositor"

extends its best wishes to

BRANTFORD'S

COMING

INTELLECTUALS

Twenty-three minutes after!

"Is she? Mrs. Thompson said that Mrs. Jones said her sister told her about it. I didn't know about it till yesterday. Is that so? Yes. What do you think of Mrs. Green's new hat? Yes, it's much too young for her, but then she alus was that way, wantin' to look about seventeen, when she's over fifty."

The door-bell rang. It was 7.25.

"Thank goodness," I thought, "she'll have to go now."

"Oh, Mr. Smith, you answer the door, will you please?" she piped.

I nearly collapsed, but shuffled to the door. It was a message from my employer, saying we would do the work to-morrow instead of to-night. I gasped, grabbed my hat, and made a rush for the door. Mrs. Briggs was still at it as hard as she could go.

At 7.31 I was at the corner with Marjorie.

"You're one minute late, Percy," she said sweetly.

(E. Lowe, C. 3.)

Chemistry teacher: "Give the name of a substance that will not freeze at ten below zero."

Bright Student: "Hot water"

Mistress: "'Dinah, bring me that box of she blacking from the kitchen!"

Dinah: "Shoe blacking? Why missus, oh used dat stuff all up fo' massage cream."

UPPER SCHOOL

Our school consists of geniuses
With hair of black or yellow;
There are so many brains around
There is not one dull fellow.

There are not any sluggards here;
We all work hard from morn till night;
We do our homework every day,
And never, never, any slight.

In fact, we are the "goodest" class
Of all this great, big school;
We're mostly all exceptions,
But exceptions make the rule.

(M. Govan.)

My teacher doesn't know good English.
How come?
Why, he says, "pie are squire," when it should be,
pie is round.

Honest

Most fellows know this basic law.
A sock on the foot's worth two on the jaw.

Assuming that a man is an ass.
Is a woman an asset?

Young Fellows' Ideas in First Long Suits

We know what they are and we have them in Clothes. Lively Tweed fabrics, Patch Pocket Styles. Sport models. They are a good deal livelier than staid colors, they have an air of dash and smartness, and so well tailored that they will keep it all the time. Priced \$15.00 to \$25.00.

New Palm Beach Suits

in all colors and sizes

Wiles & Quinlan

"MICKEY"

"Here Spot, c'm here y'pup," shrilly called a young street urchin. "Don'cher know I'm goin' home now?" Down the street came running a small nondescript dog, very dirty as to hide, and bearing in his teeth his evening meal, no doubt taken forcibly from another canine of the same uncertain breed.

The owner of the dog (we doubt if he was a proud one) stooped and cuffed Spot for running away and a loud whimper ensued. You could hear ki-yi for a block. "Whassat?" somebody asked. "Oh, nothing—just that kid beatin' up his dog again."

However, in spite of the "beatin' up" Spot received, the two got along very well together and each loved the other in his individual way.

Off down the street they went, boy and dog, the pup running and barking joyously, and the boy limping just a little as he went along.

You see, Mickey was a homeless waif—had no father and mother that he ever remembered, and lived all his short days on the streets and slept in a barrel in an alley with his only friend Spot. He sold papers for the rather precarious living he got, and to-day had been hard for him.

The pavements were hot, and blistered his poor little feet, because he hadn't any shoes or stockings. One foot, you, know, wasn't quite right. It seemed to turn inward, and was very painful at times. Just now it hurt terribly.

Night fell while the two were munching their little supper, then both crawled into the barrel and were soon fast asleep.

The boy slept soundly, but Spot was an alley-bred dog and his sleep was often broken by queer noises. He was sitting bolt upright listening with all his might to a faint sound which seemed to come from somewhere near. Cautiously the dog placed his paws on Mickey's shoulder, and licked his face in an effort to waken him quietly. Mickey sat up, rubbed his eyes, and listened too

His eyes presently became accustomed to the gloom, and he made out two shadowy figures slipping along in the darkness. Hastily rising, he ran tip-toe down the alley, and peered through a hole in the fence through which the men had disappeared. He was just in time to see them go down a tunnel which apparently led underneath the big building, which Mickey knew was occupied by a wholesale jewellery firm.

Mickey, realizing something was up, told Spot to remain on guard, while he slipped noiselessly through the hole after the men.

When he was able to stand upright he discovered himself in a big shadowy room, in which were numerous tables covered with white tarpaulins, which gave the room a ghostly aspect. Mickey had only time to look around him once, when he was seized roughly from behind and a voice hissed, "One yell from you, me lad, and you're dead." They tied his hands and feet

and gagged him, none too gently either, and threw him on the floor. They then proceeded to fill large sacks, which they had brought with them, with silver and jewels.

After getting all the swag they could carry, they released Mickey's hands and then made their get-away, blocking the passage so he couldn't escape.

When they were gone Mickey wrenched off the gag, untied his feet, and then realizing his own position if he were caught there, looked around for a place to get out. Suddenly he found himself looking into a pistol, while a flash-light played on his face. It was the watchman, who hearing a noise in the wareroom, had hastened in only to find Mickey, the sole occupant. "What are you doin' here, ye varmint?" demanded O'Grady. "P-please, sir, I ain't doin' nothin'," pleaded Mickey. Explain that to the police will yez?" So saying he seized the hopeless Mickey by the collar and hauled him into the office, where O'Grady phoned the police and then the owner of the warehouse. They all came flocking over, and beheld only a small badly frightened boy sitting in a corner. When he tried to explain in a tearful way, he was told to tell it to the magistrate. Then he was hustled over to the police station and lodged for the night, and would you believe it, Spot got in, nobody knew how, and, oh, wasn't Mickey glad to see him.

You know a small defenceless boy found in a big

warehouse with about two thousand dollars worth of silver stolen was a bad look-out, and nobody would listen to him when he said he was innocent.

They said, "How can he be innocent? He was found there—the stuff gone, which he probably has hidden somewhere, and was just getting out when caught."

His trial was set for the following day, and Mickey was brought into the prisoner's box, looking very pale and scared. Spot was right along too, and was quite proud to be the centre of attention for once. Mickey looked at the crowd before him, and not one friendly face did he see.

The judge called the court to order and the watchman and the owner testified against the boy. Then Mickey was called on for his story. Everything looked bad, you know, but he was fighting for his freedom, and told his story in such a convincing way that everyone almost believed him. He told how he was going to save the warehouse owner his jewels from the thieves, and how circumstances had turned against him.

While he was talking Spot had been very attentively gazing at the crowd before him. Quietly he slipped from the platform and stole down the aisle to the back of the room, sniffing here and there at people's feet and hunting for something. At last he stopped and smelt and snuffed at the feet of a very burly-looking individual. The man became irritated, and at last in his anger kicked Spot and made the poor dog yelp with pain. This caught the attention of the court, and the man

PATTERSON'S
SHOP OF
FASHION-CRAFT
CLOTHES FOR MEN

Exclusive Haberdashery

We offer you Quality Clothes
at Moderate Prices

PATTERSON'S

1 58 Colborne Street

Brantford, : -: Ontario

bolted to the door with the dog growling and snapping at him.

Mickey vaguely recognized the face of the man who had treated him so cruelly the night before. "Grab him, don't let him get away," cried Mickey. The culprit was seized and brought forward, and Mickey said it was the same man who had stolen the goods the night before.

Not without much questioning and difficulty did the judge get the man to confess to his wrong-doing, and then Mickey was immediately released.

As he was leaving with his dog, the owner of the warehouse came and put his hand on Mickey's shoulder. "My boy," he said, "you saved me a lot of money that time, and I should like to reward you." "Sir," said Mickey, "please give me a job, I will do anything. I have no mother, nor father, and I haven't any home."

Mickey told him the story of his life, and the kind owner of the big concern took him home and eventually adopted him, put him to school, and in time Mickey became a good intelligent citizen, the son of one of the richest men in the city.

This little boy, raised in the dust of the streets, turned out to be true blue. He never forgot his life on the streets and was always ready to aid any other poor newsie. Spot also changed under constant care, and was quite proud of his shiny brass collar and sleek brown coat, as he proudly paraded down the street at the heels of his loving master.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO GHOSTS

Even though it was so dark out that nothing around me was distinguishable, I knew that I should, in a few moments turn the bend—and oh! what lay around that bend! Almost before I realized it I was passing the large cemetery which lay to my left, overgrown with weeds, scrubby bushes, and long grass. I was so terrified that I dare not make a sound—but listen!—whose voices were those? Upon first hearing them I was very frightened, but as I am a curious person, of course I must hear the rest of the conversation. I crept silently over to the side of the road and crouched down to listen.

"—but we will have to get her some time when she is alone."

"I suggest that we send her some kind of a note to bring her out here."

"Yes, but how shall we deliver it?"

"Well, she passes here nearly every morning so I'll drop the note on the road to-night, and as she's always the first passing this way, she'll find it out to-morrow morning. In the note I'll tell her to meet me at her father's tomb at midnight."

"No, to-morrow night will be too late. Couldn't we arrange it so that she'll be able to come here to-night?"

"I have a scheme. You know she's rather queer, and when anything happens out at the old home, she always comes out here to her father's grave—I don't

think she likes her stepmother—so we'll have to go out and haunt the house in some way. You go out and moan somewhere near her window while I stay here and get her when she comes, which I expect she'll do."

"Yes, but that would frighten Mrs. Pearson."

Did they mean me? I crouched down lower in my hiding-place and waited breathlessly—"and if she hears us our plans will be spoiled and we won't be able to get our ransom for Shirley then."

—So they meant to try to take me as their prisoner and hold me for ransom?

—"No, I saw Mrs. Pearson go out, and I think the little girl is alone with the maids. Now listen—I'll go out there now as we had planned, and you remember your part. I suppose you might as well come in a little way with me. Come on."

"All right. Let's—say, what's that thing out there moving? It looks like one of those human beings. See—it's running—I say we chase it and see what it is."

I soon heard the clap of feet behind me, and although I was running with all my might I didn't seem to be moving at all! They were coming closer, closer! What was that? Just then I felt a grip on my shoulder! Oh! Horrors!

"Jump up Shirley. It's a quarter after eight, and you'll be late for school. What in the world have you been dreaming about? You gave a fearful shriek as soon as I touched you."

(Eleanor Cutcliffe, L.I.A.)

My story is a short one,
 I haven't much to tell—
 The sweetest sound to pupils
 Is that of the noon-tide bell.

—C2.

A NIGHT IN A HAUNTED HOUSE

The haunted house stood by itself in the midst of trees in a hollow. It was a damp, unwholesome place, and for many years had not been used, the owner choosing any rather than that, either because of its situation or the evil repute into which it had fallen. But a younger brother of the present owner had expressed his opinion that it really was too bad to let a fine old house crumble into decay in such a manner, and told his brother that if he would make him a present of the house he would have it repaired and would live in it himself. It was immediately given over to him, and in a few days bricklayers and carpenters swarmed about the old place and the modern improvements were commenced.

I overheard these workmen talking.

"No one can be got to sleep in the place for love or money," he said, "and I don't believe Mr. Charles will live there long."

"I wish some one had the courage to try it a night," replied the other.

"If it would do any good," I said, "I would spend a night there with pleasure."

"Will you venture?"

"Certainly!" I said.

I went that day, while it was light, and selected my room. I chose one of the smallest—a snug, comfortable sitting-room with a good grate, a large easy chair and a table in the center. I laid in a good supply of wood and coal, determining to make a good fire and have the room thoroughly comfortable.

About ten o'clock I took up my quarters for the night. The first thing I did was to light a blazing fire. There I settled down to read and smoke my pipe. The first hour passed very pleasantly. I had taken the precaution to have plenty of candles (the electric lights had not been put in yet) and I set up quite an illumination, resolving that whatever noises there might be, there certainly should be no shadows. Of course no house could be really haunted without both of them.

Two hours passed by, during which I had not been disturbed by as much as a pinfall.

About twelve o'clock, I heard a noise outside my door as if some person were sighing and breathing audibly. Then, suddenly and simultaneously, all the bells in the house set up ringing at their very loudest. The sound of these bells was deafening. I bore it as long as I could and then, taking a candle and my little dog (which I had brought with me), I went out to try and ascertain the cause of the sudden jubilee among the bells. All of them were in the passage outside of the room which I was occupying. As soon as I opened the door I could see the clappers swinging to and fro—one especially rang so vehemently that I concluded some one in the

room above must be pulling at it. I had not gone many steps when I saw what certainly startled me more than any noise had done. Up in a corner at the bottom of the stairs lay a still form stretched out—the form of a man! That he was dead I had no doubt. But just as I was going to investigate the affair a puff of wind came down the staircase and extinguished my light.

I went back to the sitting-room to relight it, returning immediately; but the form which had so surprised me was gone. Nothing daunted, I went up the stairs looking for the bell wires. I went into several rooms, finding the bell ropes all quiet when, as I was about to return to the sitting-room, my dog set up a vigorous and determined barking. Assured from this that there must be somebody on the premises I opened another door and entered into a large room. The candle-light at first was only strong enough to make the darkness visible but in a second or two I distinguished figures in the room. At that moment my candle went out again—through no supernatural agency I was sure. I had brought some matches with me and, taking the precaution of closing the door, I lit the candle. Then I looked around the room. I saw three men in the far corner whom I recognized immediately. They were three of the workmen who had come to haunt the haunted house in order to frighten me—as they explained amid bursts of laughter.

I heaved a sigh of relief now that everything which had puzzled me was accounted for.

I spent many a night in the haunted house after that but I never knew it to be haunted by anything worse than myself.

(Eva Lunenfeld, U.S.)

Trinity University, Toronto

Federated with the University of Toronto

OFFERS

1. All the advantages of a complete Residential System for men and women, in separate buildings.
2. Full Arts course leading to the degree of B.A. (University of Toronto.)
3. Courses in Divinity leading to the degrees of L.Th. and B.D. in preparation for the Ministry of the Church of England in Canada.
4. Exhibitions, Bursaries, and 6 Matriculation scholarships in Classics, Modern Languages, English, History, Mathematics, and Science.

Any of 29 University Matriculation Scholarships are tenable at Trinity.

For the average student the fees are about \$400

For rooms and further information apply to

The Rev. C. A. Seager, M.A. D.D., Provost

Trinity College, Toronto

B. C. I. FRENCH

Oral composition always seemed the worst horror devised. How you shivered and shook and wondered whether you were saying anything intelligible! That was bad enough but now another has come into our lives beside which the former terror seems small and insignificant. We've begun oral composition in French!

It was all right at first—most interesting in fact. We sat still and listened to those gifted with tongues that can manage the heathenish sounds. Yes, it was all right at first and that at first lasted until one afternoon, a little while ago when I was watching the tops of the trees (that's about all you can see out of our windows. The school was built most conveniently) and wondering whether to go for a long walk after the bell rang or go home and finish 'Cap'n Warren's Wards' when I heard my name called. I and three others were to have a tea party in French!

The next two weeks which we were given to prepare it, were a nightmare and at last the day came. (Most unfortunately I was in the best of health.) We had had one rehearsal. It had proceeded fairly well since we each had a written part. Once we rehearsed it without and as none of us knew what the speaker was talking about we constantly spoke before our turn. It went something like this :

"Comme splendide! je——(one of us is groping for the word meaning "see." Even what we learned in our infancy deserts us at such times.)

Another says: 'Je sais que vous l'avez vu.'

A trifle hard on the audience you say; but since they did not know what we were talking about either, it really did not matter.

Yes, we gave it. I sincerely hope the French students of English suffer as much as we.

(M. Govan, Upper School)

THE KING'S ENGLISH SPEAKS

Ever since I have come to Canada my experiences have been very exciting. But never has my life been so threatened as in the last few years. I can go nowhere in safety; thousands try to murder me every day. However I have so far escaped with but few wounds.

I traverse the city streets and country lanes, but there my life is continually in jeopardy. In some homes I am sheltered from abuse, but these are few. Sometimes I risk myself in the shops and factories; even here I fare badly.

Truth to tell, the worst stronghold against me is the School. You would hardly believe it now, would you? The teachers do their very best to guard me, but in spite of that, the students seem to take a keen delight in making thrusts at me.

And really in the Universities the situation is even worse, if that is possible. As in the School I have many loyal supporters but also many bitter enemies and while

I am there, I take the precaution of having myself well guarded to ward off the many forthcoming blows.

Ah me! In these days of Higher Education life is indeed hard for the King's English. But even I must be optimistic of the future and so I look forward to a better time when I may go wherever it pleases me, unguarded, unafraid and withal well received.

(Carrie Dixon, Upper School)

DAFFODILS

In the corner of my garden,
Buried in the dark brown earth;
There is gold securely hidden,
I cannot guess its worth.

I have no need for spade or tools;
For when the snow is gone,
There comes a host of tiny spears,
That shoot up in a throng.

And, when the spears are tall and strong,
To guard the treasure gold,
It bursts in all its glory
A wonder to behold.

A marvellous gift of fairy gold
Mine to love and share
And each spring sees this treasure
Returned unto my care.

(Kathleen L. Mannen, L.I.C.)

Stedman's Bookstore LIMITED

Headquarters for Tennis Supplies, Baseball
Sundries, Lawn Bowls, etc., Golf
Balls and Clubs.

High School and Public School Supplies

160 COLBORNE STREET

BRANTFORD

"ASK CHARLIE" it it's Different

Exclusive Haberdashery

Semi-ready Tailoring

HATS and CAPS

CHARLIE SMYTH

125 Colborne Street

"MY GARDEN"

"And they said it was my garden, my very own," Johnny muttered, half in defiance, half in sorrow, to the tall grandfather clock in the corner of the library.

The clock ticked on sympathetically and Johnny feeling that perhaps it would ease his sorely-stricken feelings to confide in that stately piece of furniture, continued his tale of woe.

"Last spring Mother said I would have that plot over in the corner beside the henhouse, all for myself, to do what I liked with it. I dug it too, alone."

Then he added to this statement, in an undertone, "Although Dad dug it again, afterwards."

He was silent for a minute or two and during that time he kicked with vigour the side of the (fortunately) old arm chair.

"Dad bought a whole lot of tomato plants for his vegetable garden and I got him to give me some. After they were in, I planted beets round the border. (Dad had a package of beet seed.) And I hoed the garden,—once. I watered it too, before I went away for my holidays. I guess Dad did it the rest of the summer. The plants were all so nice and green when I came back. The next-door boy's were all dried up and dead."

At this junction a voice broke in upon his soliloquies calling "Johnny, Johnny" from beneath the library window. Johnny who most evidently heard, for his brows contracted more than ever, did not think fit to respond, and the somebody ceased, realizing that it was a waste

of energy. Johnny remained in moody silence for almost fifteen minutes. As the clock struck three, however, he resumed his narration.

"This morning, after breakfast, I went over to Bob's. We were going fishing so we started to hunt for worms. We dug for almost half-an hour but there did not seem to be any worms in his yard. Then I said, "Come on over to mine."

He interrupted the story just then to remark that the weather was awful' hot and to mop his face with his once clean hanky. The thermometer downstairs registered sixty-five degrees, but thermometers make mistakes sometimes, I suppose.

"And I said that since it was my very own garden we might as well dig for worms there."

This last sentence was forced out with difficulty; something seemed to be stuck to his throat.

"We only pulled up one tomato plant (The tomatoes were all green anyway) and when we were through we planted it over again. What difference could it make? We sat down on the beets while we were digging, but we didn't hurt the old beets. We don't eat the leaves!"

Silence again till four struck and his vigil (by order of the all-powerful in that house) was finished. Johnny rose to his feet and shook his arm which had gone to sleep. As he strode towards the door, the clock heard him say, "And it was my garden, anyhow."

(Margaret Govan, Upper School)



He—"I've only seen two really pretty girls in the whole of my life."
 She. eagerly—"And who was the other one?"

RADIO POPULARITY

We often hear people say that Radio is nothing but a fad, and, like all other fads, will soon wear off. No! Radio is here to stay. Why? Because radio is life itself. When you go to a movie show or listen to a phonograph record you are conscious that neither is alive. But with radio-broadcasted concerts it is different. It is, on the contrary, pulsating life itself.

When one thinks of the numerous radio concerts of opera, jazz and news, all free, one does not wonder that the public at large has gone wild about everything connected with radio.

To-day the number of radio receiving sets in the United States alone is estimated to be over 500,000. In our own province of Ontario there are at least 5000. Among the amateurs who operate these are people of both sexes and every creed and age.

A gentleman once thought he would like to know just what sort of people these "radio bugs" were, and the reason for their enthusiasm. Therefore he betook himself to a large radio shop. To use his own words:

"The first man I approached, oddly enough, proved to be an advertising man, who had taken it up because of the promise its future held, and who had become so absorbed in it that he had, he confessed, 'dipped into it on its own account until he had almost forgotten what his regular business was.' He was trying to perfect some sort of arrangement which would revolutionize

RADIO SUPPLIES

Make Your Own Set

We Carry a Complete Stock of Tested
Radio Equipment, All Makes of
Phones and Vacuum Tubes

Webster Electric Co.

211 Colborne Street

commercial radio, and was up to his elbows in drawings which looked to me like a snarl of fishline, with sinkers dropped in here and there. My next victim was a youngster of twelve, whose eyes burned with the unquenchable fire of the zealot as he eyed the pieces of apparatus on the counter. His fingers, rough and chapped, fairly twitched to get hold of them, and when after a time he got the ear of the obliging clerk he (almost fairly) exploded with questions until that worthy threw up his hands with a smile and told the boy to come back after five o'clock and he'd talk it over. For he was a "bug" too.

"Next came a well-dressed mining engineer, who was also a slave to the lure of the radiophone, and who confided to me that he had left his partners engaged in a conference to 'hear this new amplifier for himself.'

"Two middle-aged men, and their wives, approached the counter next, and for twenty minutes the men talk animatedly of audions, and grid leaks and step-ups, illustrating their remarks with pencil sketches on the wrappings of their packages until the wives bore them off. 'And you talk,' said one, 'of the job you have to lead US past a millinery window!' There was no retort."

A radio amateur said once that, during five evenings, in his own room, he heard from seven to eleven p.m. (1) A concert by Sousa's Band. (2) A speech by Senator Lodge, in Washington. (3) Special news of the market and stock exchange, every night. (4) The

Opera "Faust" in Chicago. (5) News and Government weather forecasts. (6) Short story reading by—
 ——. (7) Concert by a leading Broadway light opera star. (8) An informing talk on insurance by the president of a large company in Pittsburg. (9) Crop forecasts, and (10) A cracking good sermon by a nationally-known preacher. All of these were absolutely free. Imagine the expense of hiring these people to come and speak or sing in one's house!

There is something new in this game of radio. It is more than a novelty; perhaps one day it will be one of the greatest forces for education and entertainment.

(M. Robertson, M3)

SUPPLEMENTAL TO THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA

Compiled and Edited by PROFESSOR DOOWORM

Literature:

A fanciful study which necessitates the committing to memory of multitudinous poetic selections and the perusal of various literary works and plays. We are told of the beauties of the poetry of Tennyson, and the metre of Coleridge, but we, for the most part, heartily agree that all poets are consummately devoid of reason, as stated by Shakespeare, the greatest of them all.

One brilliant star of the literature class informs us that, to his thinking, one of the gems of English poetry is contained in Shakespeare's musical tragedy, "The

Charge of the Light Brigade," in which occur the lines
 "'A man's a man, for a' that!"

British History:

The story of the land of our forefathers from then till now

The volume contains a graphic account of the discovery of Britain by Captain Cook in 54 B.C.; the execution of Cromwell by King Charles I., also an account of the heroic work of Napoleon in the Boer War and other items of interest.

(N.B.)—This information is strictly modern and guaranteed first hand, having been extracted from one of our students. For further accurate information apply to the Lower School.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

It is a curious fact that a person or a nation can seldom distinguish an event of commonplace occurrence from one of the deepest significance. It takes the clearing influence of time to point out epochs, or to show the expressions of some deep feeling or aspiration. It will take time, therefore, for men to realize the real significance of an event which occurred not long ago.

In the Great War many thousands of men were killed whose bodies could not be identified. Nothing was known of them save that they had died for the

cause of Justice. Perhaps every war in history resulted in numbers of unknown dead, but it remained for an inconspicuous clergyman, hidden in some obscure English village, to show the world how best to honour these men. His suggestion was to take one of the unknown slain, as a representative of all who fell and left no trace of their former lives, and to bury him with the fullest expression of honour of which Great Britain was capable. This idea was soon accepted all over England and the Empire, and became very popular. A body was chosen and buried in Westminster Abbey. The funeral ceremony spoke eloquently of the honour a people can pay to those who are worthy. It touched the deepest chords in the heart of a great nation. It inspired poets, and pacified the lonely heart of many a mother whose son had fallen leaving no record.

Soon the nation, feeling that it had completed a worthy act, began to think of other things. However, the Unknown Soldier still rests in the Abbey. There it will remain to tell its story to all coming generations. What is the message this fallen soldier will tell to future Britons? We cannot know, but we may seek to learn what is the message it conveys.

An aged man had a vision. In his dream he was taken off this planet and returned in five centuries. He found the people changed. They had been enabled, by the help of those who had gone before, to put the lower part of their natures in subjection to the nobler. Not

least among the things which had aided them was the Unknown soldier, the great memorial of the people of the twentieth century. The aged man enquired about this monument, and the people told him the following story.

Long ago the men of this old world engaged in a terrible war. It lasted through many weary years, and the British at length triumphed. After all former wars the victors had reared huge monuments to boast of the strength of the nation. The poets had sung of the warlike ability of the soldiers, but the things which made war loathsome to civilized men were hushed. After this war the people did a wonderful thing. They placed the body of an unidentified warrior in the sacred Abbey. Here it told all who would hear of the sorrow and anguish, the needless suffering, the untold crimes of war. At first it went unheard, but men began to listen and learn. Then it was that the people realized what the twentieth century had given to the world.

The aged man, in his vision, entered Westminster Abbey. He listened in fancy to the voices of the buried heroes of England. Deep and commanding came that of Wellington, "I, with my army, won Waterloo, and crushed Napoleon. We brought renown to England."

Disraeli could be heard, pompously proclaiming to all who entered—"We helped to make Britain's greatness recognized by the world. She played a more brilliant part among the nations because we lived."

The seer listened closely, and heard what the Unknown Soldier told. "He died," said he, "to teach the world how to live. He fell for the things you must live for. Take heed, lest others have to die before you learn." These things the aged man heard.

Surely the world will not have to wait for centuries to benefit from the teaching of the Unknown Soldier. He, with his comrades, died because they loved honour, and truth, and justice. They believed in their fellow men, so that they were willing to die unknown in order that future generations might manifest a higher and nobler type of manhood. It is our task to live for these things, and it takes as much courage to live as to die for such ideals. Oh, that we might catch something of the spirit of these fallen heroes so we may live remembering always that

"Life is not a goblet to be drained,
But a measure to be filled."

(Urban Makins)

During Ancient History

Miss Paterson to Lambert—"What are you doing down there, Lambert?"

Lambert—"Ancient History, Miss Paterson."

Miss Paterson—"But why are you watching me so closely: (pause) I always know a boy is doing something he shouldn't when he is looking at me."

ART. PERCY

Society Brand Clothes

Hats and Furnishings

114 COLBORNE STREET

ASK FOR

McHutchions **BREAD**

A real brain food for Brantford Students

The Artemis Sweets

MANUFACTURERS OF
High Grade Confectionery
and Ice Cream

148 COLBORNE ST. 10 MARKET ST.
Phone 1491w

SUTHERLAND'S

Tennis Balls and Tennis Goods.
Base Balls and Base Ball Goods.
Footballs. Golf Balls and Golf Clubs.

SPALDING'S ATHLETIC GOODS
AGENCY

JAS. L SUTHERLAND

When you procure some H S,
And other stuff as bad or less,
And mix a frightful smelling mess,
That's Chemistry!

And when you shake the tube of stuff,
And pour it through some paper rough,
And half of it goes down your cuff,
That's Filtration!

And when you dump some acid in,
And shake it up and boil it thin,
And stir it for awhile like sin,
That's Separation!

And when you've worked both hard and long,
And laboured on with courage strong,
And then you're told your work's all wrong,
That's Thunderation!

Mr. McCamus—"Translate next, please."

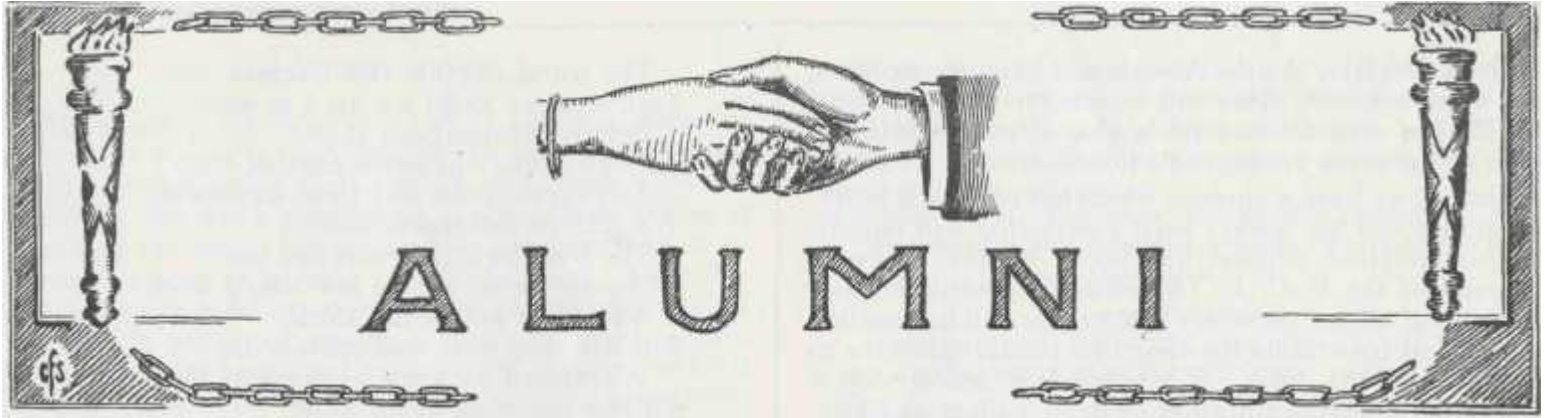
Student—"I fled."

Mr. McCamus—"Use the plural number."

Student—"We have flees."

Mr. McFadden—"Jones, how would you explain velocity?"

Jones—"Velocity is what you show when you are skipping school and happen to meet Mr. Overholt outside the Temple."



During the last Christmas holidays there was an "At Home" held by the ex-pupils of the Brantford Collegiate Institute particularly for those who were home for the festive season from the different Universities and Colleges. At this "At Home" the Alumni Association of the Brantford Collegiate Institute was organized. The executive officers were appointed, and since then the Association has been a live, active organization.

The first general meeting of the Alumni was held during the recent Eastertide. The early part of the evening was taken up with general business and afterwards a delightful reunion was enjoyed. Cards, dancing, music and refreshments made the evening most pleasantly convivial.

Probably it would be well to set forth some of the main objects of the Association, for, in order to make

an organization strong and permanent, there must be service to the community generally. Therefore it is the intention of the Alumni to become actively interested in the following worthy objects outside of the occasional "At Home" for all ex-pupils of the Brantford Collegiate Institute which will be held either at Christmas or Easter or both.

The Alumni Association was organized for the purpose of fostering a fraternal feeling of fellowship amongst all ex-students of the B. C. I. It is the intention of the Alumni to encourage all ex-pupils of the B. C. I. to develop an active interest in the students in attendance at the B. C. I., and in all their several enterprises, such as: The Year Book, the Rugby and Basket Ball teams and sport generally, the annual debates and oratorical contests, and the general 'esprit de corps'

of the Collegiate. As the Association becomes stronger and more inclusive there will be scholarships arranged, shields and cups donated to develop a healthy spirit of keen competition amongst all the students.

Finally, we have a purpose which has become a heart-felt desire and has always been a duty that will require the co-operation, support and active interest of every ex-pupil of the B. C. I. The immediate activities and energies of all our members and friends will be enrolled in an effort to erect, in the form of a bronze tablet, or to establish in the form of a permanent scholarship a memorial in commemoration of those gallant and honored Alumni who spared not their lives that we might live. Surely their name liveth forever more. —N. M.

JUST ONCE AGAIN

I'm looking at a photograph—
 Our room that used to be—
 Oh, myriad thoughts it conjures up
 In pleasant memory.
 I hear the old bells ring once more,
 The 'nine,' the 'space,' the 'noon,' the 'four.
 I see the room of yesteryear,
 In splendid detail painted clear.
 The room itself, but best of all
 The faces that I can recall,
 And all the things we used to do,

The work, the fun, the mischief, too.
 Such worried looks we used to wear
 Before examinations there.
 Though usually in sweet content
 And carelessness our time was spent.
 We seldom did appreciate
 The warnings 'til it was too late.
 Of course there were a few who'd work
 And never any duties shirk.
 But few they were and many a day
 We wished we knew as much as they.
 I'd like just once again to be
 In our old room and hear and see
 The teachers and the pupils, too,
 And do the things I used to do—
 Get into scrapes and tantalize,
 Answer back, and apologize,
 And feel quite badly after all.
 And watch a game of basket-ball,
 And have attacks of nervous qualms
 Before and after hard exams;
 And have that pleasant feeling, too,
 Of doing what you're told to do.
 I'd like to help pass notes and talk,
 And wish that it was four o'clock.
 I would—just once again.

(E. McK.)

'I say the earth did shake when I was born.'—Brandon.

MacDONALD HALL

Who said life at "Mac Hall" was a continual round of gaiety, or to put it more plainly, all play and no work with a few diamond rings thrown in for luck? On the contrary, our day's programme is planned on a "rise at six, feed the chicks" basis, and we are bestirred at an unearthly hour to partake of a frugal meal. After this we make our beds, say our prayers and trip daintily off to class in becoming gowns of blue and white, to say nothing of our small and exceedingly shapely "natural treads." Our work is a sort of smattering of everything all jumbled up together, but the product is, or should be, a capable and efficient young woman, ready if need be to meet emergencies and fitted in any event to cope with the demands of the times.

The whole atmosphere of "Mac Hall" fairly breathes college spirit. Perhaps this is due to the fact that our enthusiasm is stimulated by the example of the "boys across the way," but at any rate everything that is undertaken must be done thoroughly or not at all. We work in conjunction with the boys and their societies, or to use a slang expression—on a fifty-fifty basis. We "root" for them, they make the fun for us. Our activities are almost too numerous to mention. First and foremost, of course, comes the "Conversat," then initiation. Rugby, tennis, tea parties, banquets and literally dozens of other fascinating things which cause time to fly.

At seven forty-five we all retire gracefully to our respective boudoirs, wishing inwardly that there were no such things as boundary lines and books. Ah, it certainly is "a great life," as the saying goes, if you don't week-end (too often). —K. S.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Five young Alumni, after reading this article were found to have immediately wired for reservations at the O. A. C. Do you blame them?

Conductor on Paris car, angrily—"I tell you I've been on this car two years and know what I'm talking about."

Echo Place Student—"Goodness gracious! what station did you get on at?"

Educative Entertaining Amusement

ALLEN THEATRE

Excellence in Photoplays and
Orchestral Accompaniment

First National Attractions

Goldwyn Productions

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

The success of your University education depends entirely upon yourself, and in preparing for your chosen profession, whatever it may be, the responsibility rests on your own shoulders.

There are four kinds of students in every university: In the first place there is the class who study hard the whole year, and although they receive the whole value of their money in wisdom, they miss the value of the associations with their fellow students. Secondly, there are those who go to University with the idea of living the high life while they are a few miles from home—and they live it. The third class is the largest one of the four; it consists of those who loaf a lot during the year, do a little work, go into sports, attend the social functions and get the very best they possibly can out of their friendships with their classmates and others. Fourthly, there are those who work the proper amount all year, enter in the same pleasures of the third class, but, in the time that the others are loafing, they are studying. At the end of the year the fourth class are much better off than any of the others, and when their college course is over they will find that they are developed in all ways, besides the "wisdom of books." Those who come to University will find that of necessity they will be in one of these four classes, and Varsity offers opportunities to be in any one of them.

The staff and laboratories rank the highest in all de-

partments of any University in Canada, and some of the faculties are the best on the Continent. The sports are highly organized, and for indoor sports Hart House, with its many departments cannot be equalled. Social functions are numerous and varied; every faculty carries out their programmes as well as the University as a whole.

So to those who are contemplating entering the University of Toronto, the members and graduates cordially welcome you and wish you every success in your chosen vocation.

The Alumni Association of the B. C. I., although young as yet, has its largest membership amongst the ex-members of the B. C. I. who are and have been at the U. of T. In every year, of all the faculties, there are those who have had their High School training in Brantford. It might be of interest to note that amongst those who are graduating this year from 'Varsity are the following:

Miss Doris Wood, University College.
 Mr. T. F. Ruddy, School of Science.
 Mr. R. K. Ruddy, University College.
 Mr. Wilfred Hart, Dentistry.
 Mr. A. H. Mellish, School of Science.
 Mr. David Burns, School of Science.

(L. B. B.)

Mark the man or woman who seeks and sees something good in everybody.

MCGILL

Although this section of the Association is still young and comparatively small, there is every prospect for an increased number of members at the beginning of the new term. Activities of the McGill chapter will then immediately start, and we feel certain that great progress will be made.

There is one member of the Association graduating this year, namely Mr. Eric Cockshutt 172 Chatham St. He has received the degree of Bachelor of Commerce, entering this course on his return from overseas. We very much regret his departure from the activities of the Association, but we all join in wishing him every success.

The B.C.I. graduates at McGill have found it to be a university of excellence in every department. It is a university known in all parts of the world by that wonderful reputation it has attained in its one hundred and one years of existence. As members of the McGill chapter, we invite anyone who is contemplating a university course to communicate with us in some way. We will be pleased to render any assistance possible to the coming graduates of B.C.I., and we assure them they will make no mistake in choosing "Old McGill" as their new Alma Mater.—H.M.

ANN ARBOR

Gordon Anderson, '20E, has become something of a

fixture in Ann Arbor. Having completed his course in the Engineering College, with honours, "Gord" became an assistant in the Physics laboratory and is making a success in the teaching profession. In the junior year of his undergraduate days he had the distinguished honour of being elected to Tan Beta Pi, the national honorary engineering society. Gord has also played two years on the Michigan hockey team and during this last year assisted in coaching it. Gord has undertaken to run a domestic establishment now, and in the course of the past year he took unto himself a wife.

* * * *

Archibald Turnbull '23A has done extremely well in the college of Architecture where he is taking a course in design. In a recent competition in Detroit, judged by Detroit's leading architects, Archie succeeded in taking first place. Recently Archie was elected Vice-Pres. of his class.

* * * *

Bruce Irwin 23F has in his three years at Michigan established an enviable reputation as a student. He has been very active in the affairs of his college and has twice played on the class hockey team.

* * *

Thomas Truss '22 has directed his activity mainly in the line of the University publications, having been the manager of the Michigan Literary monthly, and a member of the Athletic Association publicity board. Tom

is also a member of Druids, the Senior Literary Society; Pi Delta Epsilon, the national honorary journalistic society and the secretary of his class. Tom played on the Freshman Tennis team in his first year.

* * * *

George Adams '25E, the newest acquisition to the Brantford colony at Ann Arbor, bids fair to make a success of his college career. George has passed his first set of examinations successfully and is now devoting considerable time to the Freshman track squad of which he is a member. Good luck to George.

QUEEN'S

"Queen's is jollier than she seems" blurted out the brakeman on the "Peanut Special" to a mob of hopeful freshmen as we hustled into Kingston from the junction. Such was the state of affairs when Patterson, Bronson and myself, hit the Limestone City in the fall of 1920. The usual warm and fraternal duties which took the form of a very violent scourging were successfully accomplished and we one and all have since learned to respect the old Queen's spirit.

We are a smaller University than Toronto Varsity, or McGill, and we therefore have only a comparatively few good athletes. Our Junior and Intermediate Rugby teams were splendid last year and our senior aggregation showed considerable improvement, being a source of worry to Varsity in particular. Queen's has

one of the finest stadiums in Canada, and the new Jack Harty arena which was completed last fall has provided and will continue to provide, good ice and accommodation for players and spectators. The Junior and Intermediate Intercollegiate Hockey titles were both won by our boys this winter. However, our Senior team did not do so well against Varsity's well-balanced squad.

It has occasionally been said that the Queen's spirit is dead, but such a statement is by no means correct. A great deal is expected in the future in both academic and athletic accomplishments and her good name will indeed be borne on.

* * * *

Problem in Variation:—The amount of study at University varies directly as the square of the distance from University, inversely as the amount of cash on hand, and the cube of the number of girls known.

COLLEGE INITIATION

It will no doubt be of some interest to those expecting to attend Varsity to know a little more about the open-hearted reception they are to receive when they arrive at the portals of that majestic hall of learning. "Ladies First" is a good rule to observe, so I will first attempt to describe the freshettes entry. The sophomettes are really almost human and only subject their younger sisters to the horrors of wearing outlandish

clothes, as a general rule, but what could be worse—to a girl—than wearing brown shoe-laces in black shoes had one black silk stocking and one of white cashmere. But Queen's Hall and the other Women's residences guard their secrets well and what transpires in those gloomy corridors is for another than a mere man to tell.

As for the men, I am better acquainted with the modus operandi of the welcome they are to receive. A few weeks after the college year commences, a large notice, directed to the members of the first year, is posted conspicuously in the main hall; ordering them to assemble at a specified time. If the freshman is lucky and knows some members of the first year he will wear his old rags; if not he is just out of luck.

When the motley crew is finally assembled amidst chaos indescribable, they are invited to enter, one by one. At the darkened entrance two massive sophomores grasp each man heartily by the hand—hair, neck or any other vulnerable point that is convenient, the unfortunate youth is then taken in hand by another group who stick pins into him to ascertain if his lower regions are padded. Other kindly souls pull off his cap, coat and shirt and throw them in a general pile. In this unbecoming state of nudity, he is carefully placed on a chair and his feet are shoved in a tub of ice-cold water. The chair is wired, and the water—and you complete the circuit. While this shocking occurrence is proceeding, a couple of eggs are gently cracked upon his unwilling brow, and the contents trickle relentless-

ly over him for the rest of the evening. The eggs, by the way, are about the age and strength of the most mellow brand of Johnny Walker. The neophyte, in this despicable state of mind and body, rushes wildly through rows of sophomores, armed with barrel-staves, who with the lust of battle in their eyes, have been waiting restlessly for an opportunity to belabour the hated enemy. Soon the unsuspecting freshman is robbed of his shoes and wallows in axle-grease and hard peas to his heart's content.

By this time the heart of the sophomore is softening; and seeing the frosh in such mortal anguish, offers him a drink, to brace him up—and Oh what a drink, Heaven alone knows its component parts; but I think ginger

John Graham

T. Fleck Graham

Graham Bros.

FLORISTS

Cut Flowers and Floral Designs of Every
Description

119 COLBORNE STREET
Telephone 718.

beer, butter-milk, bitter aloes, and castor oil, would be a shrewd guess.

The freshman now feeling his finest, is shown two piles, one of boots, and one of coats, caps and other wearing apparel; and told to take his choice. The sophomores then remind the scrambling herd of disillusioned freshmen that their evening's entertainment will only cost them one dollar each for which blessing they are indeed thankful.

The wretches are then turned loose upon the cold world, and one by one they toil homeward, to live again and to forget——until, until next year. E.M.G.

WHY I AM AT S.P.S.

I am an undergraduate in the faculty of Applied Science and Engineering in the University of Toronto, for not one, but several reasons. Only a few will be enumerated.

1. The writer thought that his life would count most for the service of mankind by making use of his talents (?).

2. He has an idea (how often we are deluded!) that he has a talent for electricity and at an early age becoming interested in radio decided to become a Radio Engineer, but first he must become an Electrical Engineer.

3. After a perusal of the curriculum of other Universities, and after careful enquiry, it was found that

the course in electrical engineering at the largest university in the British Empire was the best the world had to offer.

4. In the Upper School at the B. C. I. we learned the secret of accomplishing the minimum work required for entrance to the S. P. S. at the same time getting an education in the broader sense of the word.

5. For a broadening of the mind.

6. For the men one meets.

7. For the women you meet.

8. For a good time.

9.———Hart House———.

10. The gymnasium and the plunge.

11. "The Play's the thing." S.M.J.

NOTE:—These articles are intended to be of some value in guiding those who are as yet undecided as to their course at the University.

WHY I ENTERED MEDICINE

When I was asked to write as to why I entered Medicine it made me stop and think. But this is not the first time I have considered this question in the last few months. When the work begins to pile up and the once dim spectre of exams looms large; one begins to realize just how little one knows and then one wonders 'Why, oh why did I ever enter Medicine.' Some answer the question one way and some another. The motives are varied from the one who drifts into medi-

cine because his father was a doctor, to the student with a great ambition to become the greatest surgeon in the world. I think every nine out of ten earnest medical students have the latter ambition, and about one of every hundred thousand conies anywhere near the attainment of his ideal.

Looking back one realizes that there are or should be certain reasons why one enters medicine. But it is hard for one to explain his own ideas to another. Far easier to point out what they should be. In choosing this course one should realize what it is and should not go blindly into a thing he knows nothing about. It is a hard course from start to finish and a man entering medicine is giving himself up to a life of work, starting from his first day at college and ending only when he has finished his life work. After graduation it is a life of service to mankind and therein his greatest satisfaction, and satisfaction is the best reward one can expect from his years of hard preparation at school.

So all I can say to a fellow thinking of Medicine is this. First be sure you have a liking for this kind of work. Do not choose it haphazardly and unthinkingly because some relative was a doctor, or you think it would be a nice life. If that is the way you fell about it you will surely be disappointed. If you feel, after due consideration of your native ability that you are fitted for medicine and that you are willing to work conscientiously and make a success of your course, and that when you graduate you will see the service side rather

than make your profession a mere business proposition, come down as soon as you can, for those are the men the faculty of medicine is looking for, and to you can be made the promise that your course will give to you all that it is designed to, and that when you graduate you will have something that is really worth while.

—L.W.

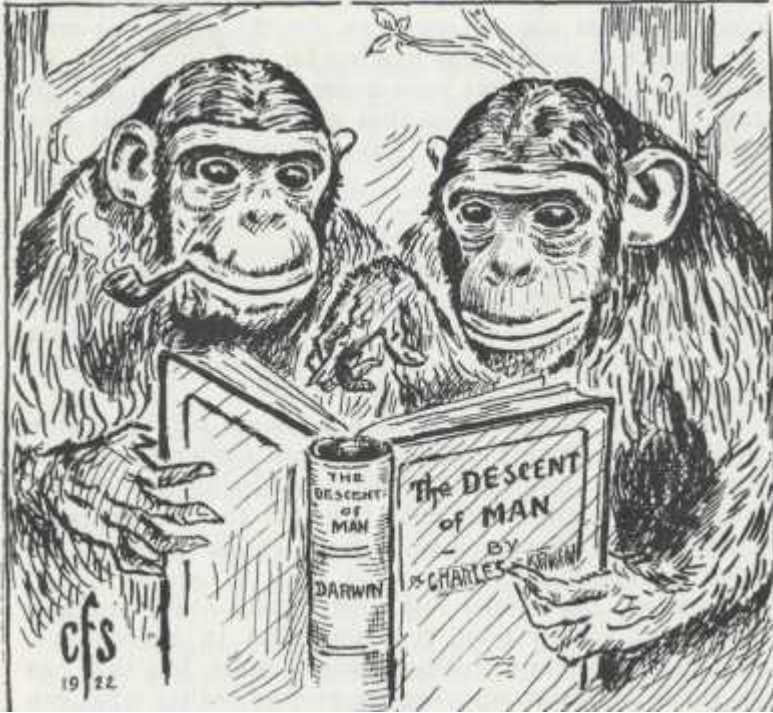
WHY DENTS ?

It is a peculiar thing that though we do not make a big noise, Dental College always seems to receive its share of students each year. It is proud of the fact that it occupies one of the largest departments of the University of Toronto.

Last session, there was an enrollment of about nine hundred, of which number Brantford Collegiate claims four. That is a fair percentage considering that the registration includes students from all the provinces of Canada and from such far off places as France and South Africa.

Dentistry has finally appealed to the other sex and they have a very good representation in the college. They seem to show such splendid results, but that can be readily understood when we stop to realize what can be accomplished with a multitude of eager male helpers.

The course for Dental Nurses attracts quite a number of women. It is of one year duration and comprises a varied training.



First Monk—"Hey! Look! This naturalist chap, Darwin, says that the Human Race descended from us!"

Second Monk—"Insulting; Wretch!"

Among the one hundred and fifty Seniors who graduate this year, is Wilfred Hart, a well known Brantford student. He will be missed from College, but we trust that success will cling to him, as he starts into practice for himself.

Now is the time when a number of the students at the Collegiate have once and for all to decide as to their future course. Some, doubtless, are perplexed and hesitate about their choice. If your desires and ideals are in accord with those which have guided so many into this profession, then, you will be welcomed at R.C.D.S. The reasons and ideals of those who have made their choice of this course cannot be summed up in fewer and brighter lines than—

"Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves." L.R.

Things We Would Like to Forget

Greenwood—The time I took a young lady to the "Y" circus.

Tench—The tonsorial episode: my swollen jaw.

A. M. Overholt—The first-formers who ride to school on kiddie-kars.

Middle I—How near we are to the office.

The Editorial Staff—The Year Book.

Witmer—The day McCutcheon sat on my straw hat.

The Rugby Team—The game with Galt.

The Upper School—Any supps.



ORATORY

This phase of academic life received an impetus this year by the inauguration of an oratorical tournament for Western Ontario boys and girls. Two medals were offered in each series. Elimination contests were held in the individual schools and then in districts. The district oratorical champions then met in the final contest—the boys in Brantford Collegiate Institute and the girls at Windsor.

In each series considerable enthusiasm was in evidence. On February 16th, an elimination contest gave Miss Marie Bicknell the honour of representing Brantford in the Windsor finals on February 24th. In Western Ontario medals went to co-ed representatives from Windsor and London with our young representative a very close competitor.

In the Collegiate finals the following speakers were given ranking by the board of judges—Misses Jennie Gringorten, Laurene Smith, Elizabeth Govan, Viva Payne, Fanny Levine.

The Collegiate oratorical finals for the boys warranted an enthusiastic and appreciative general assembly. Each speaker was judged by a selected address and by an extempore oration upon some subject furnished by the judges. In this W. Cook's wit was popular with the student body, while the characteristic logic, and magnificent diction of Clement Harris won the judges' favor. Andy Williamson also proved a convincing orator. Clement Harris accordingly represented the school in the district contest. In this Mr. Flahiff of Paris secured first place with "Trades Unionism" while the local champion was a close second with "The United States of the World."

On February 24th the final contest for Western Ontario was held in Brantford Collegiate. Eight splendid orations were delivered and Mr. Overholt had the pleasant privilege of presenting the gold medal to a former student, the versatile Jack Newton, of Sarnia. Mr. Salter of Woodstock, called upon Mr. Hart of Western University who had conducted the tournament to present second honors to Mr. Woods of Listowel.

This excellent feature of secondary school life should be made perennial.

Those students in the main building have been pleased to observe the loyalty of the students at Grace and St. Jude's to their own group. In an inter-school oratorical tournament nine contestants entered from each school. From these, three representatives from Grace and four from St. Jude's met in the finals at Grace Church on April 13th. Miss Cox of St. Jude's was awarded first place. Frank Scace of Grace was a close second, while R. Agajeenian of St. Jude's was third.

These contests must always stimulate interest in oratory which should occupy a larger place in our student life in the future.

SCHOLARSHIPS

We have just cause to be proud of our school, considering the fact that last year four scholarships, including the local one, were won by its members. We were fortunate in obtaining two of the three Carter

Scholarships for Brant County. The first was held by Floyd Armstrong, who is now studying at the Hamilton Normal School. Maude Standing, now a student of University College, Toronto, won the second. She also held the second Edward Blake Scholarship of the University of Toronto. We must congratulate these two students and wish them all luck in their work. We are proud to have known them, and especially so, because they were pupils of the B. C. I.

We have a scholarship of our very own, which belongs exclusively to the Middle School, that is the Stanley Schell Memorial Scholarship. It was won last year by Beatrice Secord, who is now a promising pupil of the Upper School.

SCHOLARSHIP

Last year the University of Toronto created a new fellowship. It arranged with the governments of Canada and France to send each year to France, two graduates of the University. Ten countries have allied themselves educationally with France. The latter receives into her greatest university at Grenoble, two university graduates from each of these countries. There, they take up post-graduate courses and teach, their expenses being paid by their respective governments.

Miss Marguerite Gamble, a former pupil of the B.C.I. was successful in winning one of these splendid fellowships—the first of their kind ever open to Canadians.

Miss Gamble resides at a girls' school where she teaches English literature for two hours each day. In the remaining time she may study in the University any subjects which she wishes.

The honour of receiving the first of these fellowships has fallen to a Brantford pupil. May we be as fortunate in the future.

THE SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

For some time we have had no literary society. During the past year, however, we have succeeded in organizing one. At an open meeting of the Middle and Upper School forms, held in October, 1921, a Literary Society was formed. The officers elected were as follows:

Hon. President—Mr. Burt.

President—Clement Harris.

Vice-President—Dorothy Baird.

Secretary—Earl Witmer.

The executive committee, consisting of a girl and a boy to represent each form, arranged the programmes.

There were three general meetings held during the past session. The first was held in the Assembly Hall, in Nov. 4th, 1921. The president, Clement Harris, took the chair. After the singing of the National Anthem, he brought up a matter of business in connection with the Western Ontario Public Speaking Contest. It was decided that we should enter these inter-collegiate com-

petitions. Mr. Burt then spoke, holding out before us the ideals and aims of a Literary Society. Alberta Williams gave a piano solo, which was followed by a folk-dance by one of the physical culture classes. A heated debate, "Resolved that Gunpowder has done more for Civilization than Baking Powder," then ensued and afforded much amusement. Bill Cook and Earl Witmer were for the affirmative, Charlie McCutcheon and Jack Bentham for the negative. The judges, Miss Paterson and Mr. Burt, gave the decision in favour of the affirmative side. The terrible four, Arthur Hardy, Jack Bentham, Gordon Lambert and Earl Witmer, accompanied by Miss Mary Marquis, rendered two popular songs.

The second meeting, held December the 16th, was arranged by the girls. Dorothy Baird,—our Vice-President, took the chair, announcing that the program would be chiefly musical. She called up Fern Thompson for a song. Then followed selections by the orchestra, Helen Verity, Goldie Cuthbert, Isobel Brewster and Alberta Williams. A very pleasing number was contributed by one outsider—Miss Katharine Sells of the Ontario School for the Blind. Interesting and instructive sketches from the lives of Chopin and Beethoven were given by Marian Bier and Dorothy Race. Hazel Kinard entertained the audience with a graphic description of the troubles of an inventor's wife.

The third meeting was held February the 4th, 1922. After selections by the orchestra and by Helen Verity,

A SIGN OF
Good Judgment
FOLLOW IT

BRANTFORD
LAUNDRY,
LIMITED

*Launderers, Dyers,
Dry Cleaners and
Rug Cleaners*

PHONES 274 and 2759w

AND USE
Our Service

a very amusing play, "The Obstinate Family," was given. The participants were: Dorothy Baird, Fern Thompson, Hazel Kinnard, Stanley Perry, Jack Bentham and Victor Railton. Much credit is due to Miss Paterson for the splendid acting displayed by these pupils. This meeting was brought to a close in the usual manner, with the singing of the National Anthem.

Our literary meetings have so far been very promising, and we hope that they will continue to be as successful in the future.

SECOND FORM "AT HOME"

A school year is scarcely complete until an opportunity has been given to the various forms in each particular year to get together for their Annual At Home. This social event for the Second Year was held on Friday evening, May the 5th. Several members of the staff and about ninety pupils attended, and all had a very enjoyable time.

As well as the dancing, a programme committee had provided prizes for a number of contests. A contest involving names of members of the Second Year was won by Miss Hately, and another on jumbled names was won by Miss Florence Symington. Miss Marjorie Huff won the bunco contest. A weight-guessing contest proved very interesting. Some weak students over-estimated the block of iron by one hundred pounds but there were a number who guessed very close. Stan-

free by the government, are some of the incentives to advance along this line. We hope to see the B.C.I. carry on with the good work and do their part in this movement.
—G. L. MacDonald.

THE TRIP TO LONG BRANCH

On Friday morning, October the twenty-first, at four a.m., the silent "cop" on the corner of Market and Colborne Streets was disturbed from his slumbers by the advent of ten young gentlemen who, by the way, composed the B. C. I. Rifle team. They had not waited long before the means of transportation to Long Branch arrived in the form of a Chevrolet "Baby Grand" and an Overland Sedan. The cadets embarked and set off in high spirits, each nursing carefully a glistening Lee-Enfield rifle.

The journey was uneventful. It was a cold, windy, dreary morning, and by the time the destination was reached the members of the team were nearly half frozen. A rush was immediately made for the canteen, where the "inner man" was refreshed with hot coffee.

Teams were present from many cities, even far distant localities like Ottawa and Peterborough sending competitors, and it was interesting to note the variety of uniforms. Firing began at nine o'clock for the Pellatt Trophy. The match consisted of plain shooting at 200 and 500 yards. Long Branch is on the shore of Lake Ontario, and a very cold, hard wind swept across

the ranges. Shooting in comfort was an unheard of thing that morning.

The B. C. I. team was unable to win the coveted trophy, but many of the cadets made very creditable scores.

The Pellatt Trophy shooting lasted until noon. Rifles were cleaned and put away, and then a hearty dinner was enjoyed by two or three hundred hungry young men.

The firing for the King's Cup began at two o'clock. The targets were small figure-targets, and practically of the same color as the mound behind them. At a distance of 400 yards it was almost impossible to see them. It was rumored that there was some "shooting in a general direction" done, but that is only rumor. It is true, however, that an officer was overheard to say very seriously to his men that the main idea was to get the shots off.

The shooting for the King's Cup was all "snap-shooting" of some kind, stages of it being very difficult. The team was again unable to win a prize, although the shooting was of a fairly high order. It is reported on good (?) authority that the cup was won. It was lost however, during the homeward journey.

At the conclusion of the match, the team immediately set out for Brantford, arriving there at eight o'clock. I know for a fact, at least one member of the B. C. I. Rifle Team made a bee-line at once for his cosy cot, and without doubt the others did likewise.

HIGH SCHOOL "Y" CLUB

One of the phases of school life around which real interest centres, for the boys at least, is the High School "Y" Club. When Rugby is over in the fall, the students thoughts turn naturally to the good times at their club.

Mr. R. W. E. McFadden, a member of the staff, three students, Earl Witmer, Jack Bentham and Charlie McCutcheon, with whom was associated Mr. A. Buchanan, Boys' Work Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., formed a committee for the re-organization of the club.

After several discussions a general supper was called at which intense interest was evidenced. Mr. W. Cook, of the National Council of the "Y", Toronto, was present and gave us some very helpful suggestions. The Club was re-organized as the High School "Y" Club, the "Y" being inserted for obvious reasons. It was decided that we should elect a first and second Vice President. The Vice President was become the President of 1922-23. The following were the officers chosen:

President—Gordon Lambert.

First Vice President—Irving Wood.

Second Vice President—Geoff Whitaker.

Secretary-Treasurer—Art. Overholt.

Group Leaders—Earl Witmer and Jack Bentham.

The meetings were held in club rooms at the Y. M. C. A., where the Ladies' Auxiliary served supper. Three cheers for the ladies! The touch and presence of the mothers added a zest to the meetings of which the boys are highly appreciative.

Witmer's group was fortunate in securing Mr. A. E. Lyon as mentor. Mr. Lyon is indeed a friend of the boys. His talks on practical subjects are of great value to us.

Some time later Bentham's group secured a mentor in the person of Rev. Roy Frid, and his service to the club was indeed appreciated.

Mr. McFadden and Mr. Lyon each gave a prize of a dollar, one for the best yell and the other for the best name submitted for the group. Though late in the season, it was very successful and stirred up keen interest. Ken Wilson won the prize for the yell, and Leonard Sovereign the one for the name.

Kir Flick! Kir Flick! Kir Flickety Flim,

Come out of the woods and paper your chin.

We're wild! We're wooly!

We're notched like a saw.

Acme, Acme, raw! raw! raw!

Occasionally during the year the club was favoured with addresses from outside speakers.

A winter outing was planned. One Friday evening in January the members with their girl friends proceeded to the Golf Club and enjoyed skating and tobogganing. About ten o'clock we adjourned to the Assembly Hall of the school where a light supper was served. A happy time ensued when the company joined in dancing.

The climax of the High School "Y" Club season was the dance held in the Conservatory of Music on the 28th of April. This dance is looked forward to by the stu-

dents of the school more than any other event on the social calendar. Over one hundred and fifty joined in the gaiety of the evening, making it a complete success.

Now everybody is looking forward with mingled feelings to examinations and holidays.

(Frank Truss)

THE SECOND FORM LITERARY SOCIETY

The Second Form Literary Society of 1921-22 was successful beyond expectation in carrying out its share of the literary activity in the school. From the first, in the organization, the zeal and interest shown by the students assured the staff of a successful career. Meetings were held in the Assembly Hall on the third Friday of each month, and although the society was unfortunate in losing their president, Wilmot Shinnars, through his promotion to the Third Form, this important office was splendidly filled by the vice-president, miss Audrey Cinnamon.

The quality of the programme was, without exception, of the very best, and splendid talent was shown by all those taking part. A rare treat was offered at one meeting in the form of a play put on by the Middle School. It is to be hoped that this activity will be carried on even more successfully next year.

Teacher—"What is Darwin's theory?"

Williamson—"Monkey business."



THE NIGHT BEFORE THE EXAMS

THE ORCHESTRA

One of the best evidences of the existence of a real school spirit among the students of the B. C. I. is the co-operation which has characterized the work of the orchestra during the school year now drawing to a close. For some time we lacked the very effective finish which this organization has been instrumental in giving to the various functions and assemblies of the school term. However, almost coincident with the opening of the school last September, volunteers were called for and in a comparatively short time the nucleus of what is at the present time a most creditable acquisition to the life of the student body, was obtained, and we are now possessed of an organization whose work has invariably won commendation from those who have at different times visited the school.

Obviously, the success which has attended the efforts of the orchestra has not been achieved without considerable practice, and it is the fact that individual members have been so consistent in this respect that merits our praise. In this connection it is only fair to say that the organization, and indeed the school as a whole, owe a debt of gratitude to an ex-pupil, Mr. Harold Vansickle who has given unstintedly of both time and talent in order to further the interests of music in the school.

The orchestra consists of seven pieces: a violin, flute, clarinet, two cornets, a 'cello and piano. The piano is played by Miss Alberta Williams, the sole representative in the orchestra of the fair sex. The 'cello is played by

Melvin Cuthbert, first and second cornet parts are taken by Everett Pettit and Jack Wrattan respectively, the clarinet is played by John Venables, the flute by Charles Sterne, and the violin by Stanley Perry, who is the leader.

THE ASSEMBLY HALL

When the doors of this school have closed behind us, you and I will look back and consider not only the material benefits, but the happy hours spent in the B. C. I.

We will recall the Chemistry lab., where we first solved, or thought we did, some of the mysteries of Science. The memory of the Gym. and all its apparatus will ever be with us, but in days to come the average student will acknowledge that the Assembly Hall has afforded them more lasting pleasure than any of these.

And, in the future, students will recognize that no room in the B. C. I. has done as much in preparing them for active citizenship as the Assembly Hall.

Within its walls we have felt the inspiration of good music, laughed at the antics of amateur actors, and listened to words of wisdom from those who have visited ours school during the year.

The school has many students with musical talents and from time to time we have had the pleasure of hearing them in the Assembly Hall. The orchestra, under the able leadership of Mr. Harold Vansickle and Stan.

Perry, has become an important feature of school life.

Mr. A. K. Jordan brought some London artists to Brantford, and for a brief hour the senior students enjoyed their excellent music. M. Ferdinand Fillion played for us under the auspices of the Industrial Men's Choir. This French violinist proved himself a master of his instrument. To him and all other musicians who have played for us we owe a deep debt of gratitude.

One of the most enjoyable meetings of the Literary Society was the one at which the Middle and Upper School students put on their play. The acting was excellent, and in itself an expressive tribute to Miss Paterson who trained those who took part.

Sir Robert Falconer addressed the school on the oc-

Sing a song of Optics,
My heart is full of glee,
Those glasses made toy Collen's
Have made things clear to me.

And now I am so happy
That I can see to read,
I will surely recommend him
To all who glasses need.

TRUMBULL COLLENS

Registered Optometrist

189 Colborne Street

Opposite Market

casation of his visit here. His words should inspire all who heard them to prepare themselves for good citizenship. As the head of a school to which many of our students will go, Sir Robert is always welcome here.

Victor Illahebach, a Y.M.C.A. secretary in India, and a native of that country, gave us an address that changed entirely our conceptions of political and social conditions in India. The speaker was delightful in his humor, eloquent in his expression, and above all instructive.

On several occasions we have had the pleasure of hearing the Rev. Mr. Martin and other local speakers. The W.O.S.S.A. oratorical contest was held in the Assembly Hall, and many of our students enjoyed the different addresses.

All these events, not to mention the "beloved" P. C. periods in the Assembly, have formed a great part of our school life during the past year.

Is it any wonder that I say students will some day acknowledge the Assembly Hall is the greatest room in the school?

Chemistry Teacher—"Give an example of the Law of Conservation of Weight."

Student—"A boy training for Field Day."

Mr. Coates—"Can any of you young gentlemen tell me where has my polygon?"

Wise Cracker—"Up the geom etree, sir."

L. 2C.

On Tuesday, April twenty-fifth, L. 2C. lost their form teacher, Miss MacLennan, who was married at Zion Church to Mr. G. A. Toole. Through the kindness of the principal L. 2C. was able to attend the wedding in a body, and also gave Miss MacLennan a hearty farewell at the station.

Before school closed for Easter Miss MacLennan was presented with a wedding present by her own form and also received presents from the various forms in which she taught.

A cordial welcome is extended to Miss Lee, who will occupy Miss MacLennan's place for the remaining part of the term.

FORM NEWS**C. I. B.**

One of the forms which has put itself on the map in school life is C. I. B. At the beginning of the year the girls drew up a form constitution and pledged themselves to abide by its rules.

This form believes in the value of organization, so they elected an executive with Grace Bolt as president. Maxine Morrison was chosen for vice-president and Irene Meyers for secretary. The girls are indebted to Miss Ryan, their honorary president, for her co-operation and assistance.

One of the features of this form was a series of debates, and in this and other activities the girls of C. I. B. have become an influence in the B. C. I.

M. 5.

M. 5. is the smallest aggregation in the school as far as numbers are concerned, but when it comes to fame and notoriety they are by no means last in line.

They have Wilmot Shinnars, noted as a student and for his ability to converse with Miss Paterson, our worthy dispenser of Colridge and Tennyson.

Allen Moore has been promoted from the ranks to commander of the cadets, and as such bids fair to bring fame to himself and M.5.

Bud. Kelly, who never answered a question in his life, and Earl Barker, on whom the Latin teacher always calls, complete the roll of famous men.

Simonds never has a book, and Harris is the only boy in the school who can smile at Jean or Grace and get away with it.

As far as news is concerned, beyond a few visits from the Head, several debates, mock trials and expulsions, nothing has happened to relieve the monotony of school life.

M. 2.

Promotions (for excellent behaviour?): R. Sowden and G. McCloy, from Middle 1 to Middle 2.

Jack Howard wishes to know a good stimulus to early rising. We suggest one cake of yeast before retiring.

Grafton & CO.

LIMITED

Manufacturers of

Men's Young Men's and
Boy's Clothing

142 -144 Colborne Street

Frank Truss has acquired a new nickname: "Mashie." This has no reference to lady acquaintances, but rather to his golfing proclivities.

Can any of the Echo Place students furnish information regarding the arrival of the car from that district?

Bod Sowden would rather study chemistry than eat. We predict a great future for him if he doesn't mix the wrong chemicals some day.

Andy Williams would make a good horse doctor—. Judging from his laugh.

Heard in M. 2.—

Mr. Irwin—"Crock over here Williamson."

Mr. Coates—"Why, I've told you that fourteen times and yet you don't it.

Miss Paterson—"I never could remember dates."

Mr. Burt—"Well, we must get back to our lesson. Where did I leave off?"

Miss **H** ately.

Mr. **O** verholt.

Mr. **M** illar.

Mr. **E** rwin.

Miss **W** illoughby.

Mr. **O** verholt.

Miss **R** van.

Mrs. **K** err.

See what our staff produces when you get just a few of them together.



Who so neglects the body, also neglects the mind;
For the soul in its earthly journey is in mortal form confined.
Which for their mutual benefit must from inertia incline,
And live a life that does befit the paragon of art divine.

—Wm. Gerrie.

The bright May sunshine has already brightened the earth with the fresh green of the grass, the soft tints of spring flowers and the pleasing shades of tiny leaves. The birds are again singing their glad songs and building their nests in tree and shrub, and all nature seems to impress us with the hope of a future harvest. The harvest, uppermost in the mind of the average student, is no doubt the one which will be gathered in the latter part of June, and it is with fear and trembling that we approach that dreaded time. However much we might desire to avoid this trial, the possibility of so doing is a very remote one, and so we must gird ourselves for the struggle.

For almost a year we have been training our minds for the task before us, and in so doing some have forgotten that the perfect mind will not remain perfect for long if it has not the support of a perfect body. It is with this idea before them that our educational leaders have incorporated physical training and sports into the school life of our country.

This form of education has always occupied a prominent position in the curriculum of the Brantford Collegiate Institute, and in the past year, which has perhaps not been altogether successful, sports have attained a position in the school life comparable to that of any previous time. In addition to rugby and basketball, which have always held first place in the sporting activities of the students, hockey has made its appearance for the first time. The hockey team of the past winter was handicapped in many ways and consequently did not make any records. As it was formed rather late in



FRONT ROW_Hrolf Ziegler, Andy Williamson, Bosso Ballachey, Jack Bentham, Jack Wallace, Roger Bentham.
BACK ROW_Ted. Greenwood, Darcy O'Donohue, Ed. Hartman, Gordon Lambert, Elmer Davies, Tom Walsh, Ross Menzies.

the season, most of the available players had already joined with teams in the city league and consequently it was difficult to obtain sufficient time for practice, with the result that the team did not display the co-operation which it would otherwise have done. However, now that this game has been added to the prominent sports of the school, this difficulty will probably be less acute in future years, and it will receive the support that a game so truly Canadian deserves.

The rugby team of the past year was also confronted with difficulties which led to a rather unsuccessful season. A new half line had to be formed, as all the players of nineteen twenty, who had filled this position, had left school. Many new players had to be added to the line as well, and the result was not a winning team. A good second team was developed, however, which won one exhibition game with Galt and lost the other. Rugby will no doubt retain a position in the sports of the B. C. I. commensurate with the real value of the game.

Last, but not least, among the sports which have engaged the attention of the students is basketball, and what supporter of the Brantford Collegiate Institute does not look back with pride on the splendid record achieved by the quintet in blue and white? Encouraged by the success of the previous year, the team was entered in two distinctly separate leagues, the Western Ontario Secondary Schools Association and the Niagara District. The latter was only formed this year, but will no doubt vie with the W. O. S. S. A., as the results were

very satisfactory. The team which represented the school this year, although both the youngest in years and experience that has worn the school colours for many years, won twelve of the fifteen games which it played, a record which will be difficult to surpass. The three games which were lost, strange as it may seem, were sufficient to lose the trophies for which the team was striving. Much of the credit for the success of the past year is due to Gordon Lambert, who is not only an excellent player, but has proved himself a splendid coach as well, and the school will lose one of the best basketball players that she has ever produced when Gordon ceases to be numbered among her students.

RUGBY

The rugby season opened on Oct. 8th, when the B. C. I. squad travelled to Galt, where they received a defeat which will probably go down in the history of the school as the worst ever received by one of her rugby teams. The game had hardly started when Galt, favoured by the wind, began to score. First a kick to the dead-line, then a touch-down, a conversion, and another touch-down. So it went for sixty minutes, but do not imagine that the B. C. I. stalwarts were not trying. Try they did, and tried hard, but lack of condition and inability to tackle were the faults which were mainly the cause of the defeat. Moreover, the Galt team was practically intact from the previous year, while Herbert

Tinning, the diminutive half-back, who had formerly played with Brantford, was very conspicuous on the Galt half-line. When the final whistle blew the score was—whisper it only—sixty to nothing in favour of Galt. "Oh! what a fall was there, my countrymen," but the B. C. I. had learnt a lesson and were not slow to profit by it as they proved by the remaining games.

The next game was played with Guelph in Brantford on Oct. 22nd, on a very muddy field, which did not tend to produce a very fast game. However, the B. C. I. were beginning to show the results of training and played a fair game, having the best of the score until shortly before the final whistle when Guelph secured a touch-down which gave them a lead of one point. The blue and white were unable to overcome this, and the final score was fourteen to thirteen in favour of Guelph.

A return engagement was played with Galt Oct. 29th, and with Davies watching Tinning carefully, and the rest of the team working together, the difference between the two teams was not so apparent as it had been in Galt. This game was featured by the fine kicking of Greenwood and Raynor and splendid runs by Lambert and Davies. The Galt team secured the lead in the scoring and had a comfortable margin of points at half-time, but the B. C. I. are never beaten until the game is finished, and they struggled valiantly to ward off defeat, playing much better in the second half, with the result that they were defeated by only five points, the score reading fourteen to nine.



Rugby—As it is sometimes played.

The final game was played in Guelph, Nov. 5th. This was the last chance for the B. C. I., and they were determined to have at least one successful game to their credit. This did not seem possible, however, as the score at half-time was seventeen to six in favour of Guelph. The blue and white had not lost hope, however, and went into the second half determined to win if possible. Their hopes were soon rewarded by a touch-down, and the line proved invincible when attacked by Guelph. A few minutes before full-time another touch

was secured. Then Ted Greenwood secured the tying point with a conversion from a most difficult position and the score was seventeen-seventeen at full time. Guelph. A few minutes before full-time another touch time, which the B. C. I. agreed to, and the battle raged again. During the first period Ballachey plunged through for a touch and this lead was held to the last. Thus ended the rugby season of nineteen twenty-one, and, although it was not a very successful one, the B. C. I. upheld its reputation of turning out a clean, hard-playing team. **The Team**

Jack Bentham—Jack played centre left wing as well as captaining the team. He filled the official position very capably, considering the number of new players on the team.

Alex Ballachey—"Bosso" was manager and was undoubtedly the best line player on the team. He played centre right wing and always proved a stumbling block to opponents.

Hrolf Ziegler—This was "Zig's" first year in rugby, but certainly not be his last. He handled the position of quarter-back well and was also a splendid tackler.

Edwin Greenwood—Ted was the heavyweight of the team, doing almost all the punting. He made many fine gains through the line.

Gordon Lambert—Played in the half-line this year, and gained yards many times, having lots of speed.

D'Arcy O'Donohue—Also played on the half-line, tackling and handling his position in fine style.

Elmer Davies—Was flying wing this year, and his ability as a sprinter helped his team on many occasions. He tackled well.

James Card—Played in only a few games, not having time to devote to sport, but was a good punter, playing both the line and half-line.

Edward Hartman—Was substitute for the half-line, and did not get many opportunities to show his skill. No doubt he will have a regular position next year.

Abe Pless—Was back in his old position of outside left wing and tackled well. We have yet to see an opposing player who can hurt "Aby."

Arthur Hardy—Was a new face in the line-up and unfortunately had to retire from the game on account of injuries.

Norman Ham—Was snap-back, and tackled well.

Andy Williamson—Played inside right wing, but Andy's real value to the team can only be estimated by those who have travelled in the same railroad coach with him.

Jack Wallace—held the position of outside right wing and usually stopped his man.

Victor Railton—Engaged in his first rugby game this year, and only the lack of experience kept him off the them.

Roger Bentham—Played in almost all the positions in the line before he had to retire on account of injuries.

Ross Menzies—Played inside left wing and usually stopped his man.

H A The REACH OUTFITTER

The Ball, the Bat, the Glove,
the Decker, Mask and Pad

AGENTS
FOR

W

T

H

O

R

EVERYTHING

from Cap to Shoe

Base Ball
Foot Ball
Soft Ball
too

C
L
E
V
E
L
A
N
D



N

E,

S

BICYCLES

73 Dalhousie St.,

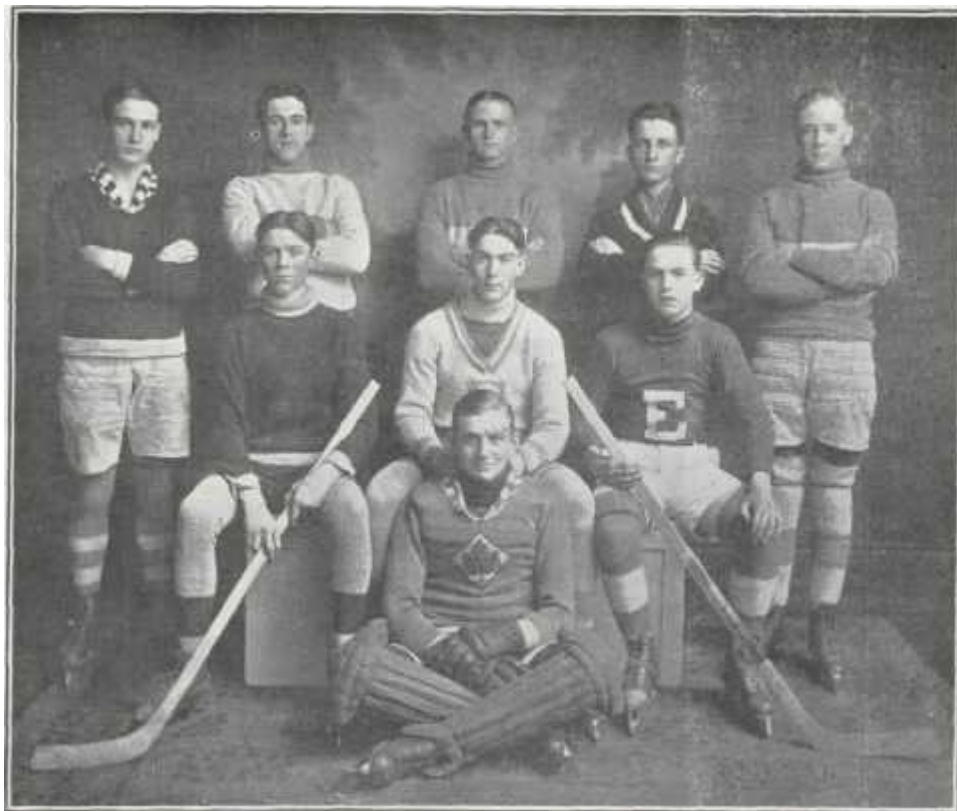
Brantford

HOCKEY

The B. C. I. hockey team journeyed to Paris on Jan. 7th to engage the Paris High School in the first game of the season. The game proved even and exciting throughout and the River Town boys were fortunate in winning a 2-1 victory.

For the second game the B. C. I. entertained the Simcoe High School. The game was witnessed by a large number of school rooters who saw the locals lead throughout most of the game, due to the fine work of Cinnamon and Arnold. However, two minutes before the final bell, Simcoe shot two goals in rapid succession which gave them the long end of a 3-2 score.

The final game of the series was played on Simcoe ice. The heavy Simcoe team were right at home and had plenty of supporters. The locals were without the services of Arnold, and thus handicapped did not play as well as usual. Simcoe established an early lead and maintained it throughout, the game ending with a 6-3 score in their favor.



TOP ROW—Fred McCabe, Elmer Davies, Howard Littish, Walter Smith, Event Pettit.
CENTRE ROW—Reg. Ott, Darcy Donohue, Murray Cinnamon. FRONT ROW—Murray Scrutton.

THE TEAM

Littich, left defense—Pat's weight was very useful to him on the defense, and due to his good stick-handling, he made several ice-length rushes. He proved himself one of the mainstays of the team.

Cinnamon, right wing—Murray was about the fastest player on the team; a speedy skater, a good stick-handler and very elusive. He is an asset to any team.

McCabe, left wing—Fred was another fast man on the forward line. He has all the essentials for developing into first class player.

Arnold, centre—Frank's experience with the intermediates enabled him give the fans many thrills with his

lone rushes. His presence was sorely missed on one or two occasions.

Scrutton, goal—Murray guarded the net throughout the season with more or less success. A few shots got past him but he was able to stop the average shot.

O'Donohue, right defense—Darcy was captain of the team, and, if more practice had been possible, would have undoubtedly led them to victory. He played his position on the defense in a competent manner.

Ott, sub.—Reg. filled the vacant positions in a very satisfactory manner and always played a good game, handling his stick skillfully.

Pettit, sub.—"Porky" was also a reliable man. He was a good skater and was generally able to work his way down the ice.

Smith, sub.—Also helped out as a substitute. He showed good form whenever he had an opportunity.

Brant Ice Cream

Ice Cold Drink

The *Tuck Shop*"

Confectionery

Candies

Con. Eddy
181 Brant Avenue

"Davies," said the teacher of geography, "tell what you know about the Mongolian race."

"I wasn't there," explained Davies hastily, "I went to the ball game."

Mr. McFadden in zoology class, when taking up the study of the gorilla "Now, I want all of you to listen closely to me because you cannot possibly get an idea of what this hideous creature is like unless your attention is fixed on me."

FIELD DAY

It has been the custom in past years to hold field day soon after the opening day of the fall term, but this year it was thought advisable to leave it until spring in order that the athletes might be in better condition for the W. O. S. S. A. meet which is to be held in London, May 20th. Accordingly field day was May 9th, and owing to the approaching examinations only those taking part in the events were released from school. The running events were disposed of in the forenoon at Agricultural Park and in the afternoon the various other events were contested on the campus. A large number took part in the contests and many promising athletes were discovered among the younger pupils. The B. C. I. will be handicapped at London this year, as many of those who had the honour of bringing the senior trophy to Brantford last year, are not attending school at present, but no doubt some of the winners of the events of field day will give a good account of themselves when competing against the other schools of Western Ontario. The following are leading the various classes with one or two events to be disposed of.

Senior—Elmer Davies.

Intermediates—Thomas Walsh.

Junior—Peel.

Senior Events—

100 yard dash—Davies, Wallace, Moore.

220 yard dash—Davies, O'Donohue, Wallace-

Hurdles—Davies, Moore, Ziegler.

High Jump—Davies (4 ft. 9 in.), Witmer.

Broad Jump—Davies (17 ft. 5 in.), Wallace.

Twelve pound shot put—Moore (32 ft.), Ballachey, Greenwood.

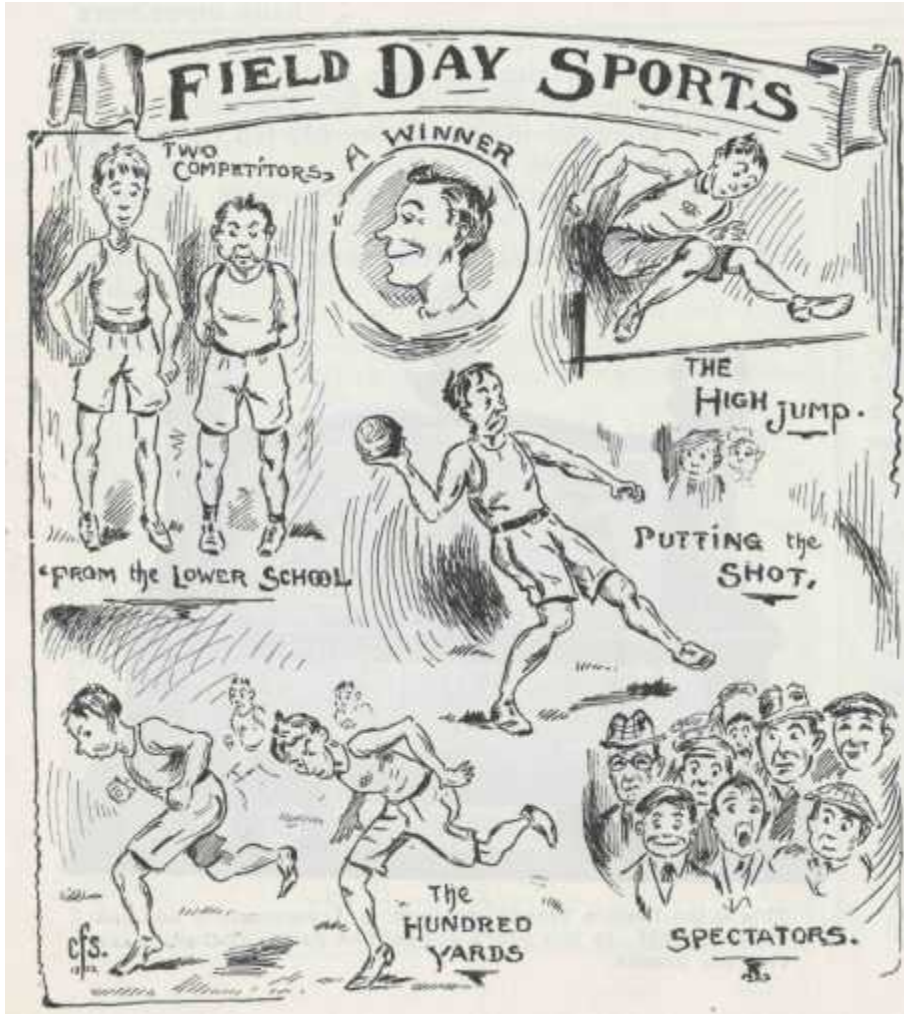
Pole Vault—Moore (8 ft. 7in.), Davies, R. Walker.

Intermediate—

100 yard dash—Walsh, Thompson, Statham.



This is the London Trophy which B. C. I. successfully con-ent ed for in 1921. In this year's competition Sarnia Collegiate carried the honors.



220 yard dash—Walsh, Thompson, Buschlin.
 Hurdles—Walsh, Cinnamon, McNaughton.
 High Jump—McCabe, Pummel, Feldman.
 Broad Jump—McCabe (16 ft. 7 in.), Feldman,
 Thompson.
 Twelve pound shot put—McNaughton (27 ft. 2 in.),
 Feldman, Walsh.
 Junior—
 75 yard dash—S. Edwards, Peel, F. Ziegler.
 140 yard dash—Peel, Waghorne, F. Ziegler.
 High Jump—Waghorne (4 ft. 7 in.), Peel, F. Ziegler.
 Broad Jump—Peel (16 ft.), F. Ziegler, Waghorne.
 Hurdles—F. Ziegler, Peel, Waghorne.

More than the usual lack of intelligence among the students that morning had gotten beyond the teacher's patience.

"Class is dismissed," he said, exasperatedly, "Please don't flap your ears as you pass out."

Ken was out the night before.

It was Algebra period. He seemed to be afflicted with yawning. After one gracious attempt, Mr. Coates suddenly turned on him. "Well! Tench! You might at least try to cover part of it."

Late to bed and late to rise,
 That's the way of these Collegiate guys.

BASKETBALL

This season, contrary to previous years, five groups were formed in the Western Ontario Secondary Schools Association and the winners of each group played off in the championship at London. Brantford was grouped with Paris, Galt and Kitchener, and later was forced to defeat Stratford in order to win a trip to London. It was with high hopes that the B. C. I. set forth to conquer on April 21st, but these hopes were short-lived, as Brantford had the misfortune to be drawn with Windsor the team which eventually won the championship. Two semi-final games were played in the afternoon before a large number of enthusiastic supporters of the four teams. The game between Brantford and Windsor proved to be very fast; Lambert's shooting and the clever combination of the W. C. I. causing much worthy comment. From the first of the game Windsor clearly showed its superiority over the B. C. I., and although the local team worked hard they were doomed to defeat. The Windsor team are indeed worthy champions. Their combination was perfect and showed clearly the result of long, faithful practice. In the evening the two losing teams of the afternoon played exhibition games with the London Collegiate and London Technical Schools before the final, which was played by Strathroy and Windsor. The B. C. I. won a very listless game from the Technical School, while Windsor won another decisive victory.

The Game—

H. C. I. 45. B. C. I. 20.
 Hamilton Catholic High School 17. B. C. I. 37.
 Hamilton Catholic High School 6. B. C. I. 42.
 Hamilton Technical School 8. B. C. I. 60.
 H. C. I. 59. B. C. I. 34.
 Ryerson Church, Hamilton, 26. B. C. I. 30.
 P. H. S. 13. B. C. I. 47.
 Galt Collegiate 30. B. C. I. 48.
 G. C. I. 13. B. C. I. 26.
 Kitchener Collegiate. Brantford Collegiate.
 Stratford Collegiate. B. C. I.

The Team

Gordon Lambert—Captain and coach, was without a doubt the most outstanding player on the team. Playing left forward, he always managed to keep every one interested in the game by his wonderful shooting.

Edwin Greenwood—"Ted" played centre, and, owing to his weight and height, was the best choice for the position. He played well and as centre was a credit to the school.

Hrolf Ziegler—Hrolf played right forward, and proved very elusive, combining well with Lambert.

Elmer Davies—His aggressive tactics and good shooting made him a very valuable addition to the team.

Alec. Ballachey—"Bosso" played left defense and handled his position well. His checking and passing were always pleasing to watch.



FRONT ROW—Jean Wright, Mack Nelles, Margaret Watt, Audrey Cinnamon.
BACK ROW—Gwen. Noble, Elva Miller, Miss Hanna, Dora Bloodworth, Lilah Wilde.



BACK ROW—Darcy O'Donohue, Bosso Ballachey, Ted. Greenwood Reg. Ott.
FRONT ROW—Holf Ziegler, Gordon Lambert, Elmer Davies.

D'Arcy O'Donohue—Filled the position of right defense and with Ballachey constituted a "stone wall defense." He was a good shot and often figured in good combination plays.

Stanley Perry—"Stan" only played in a few games at the first of the season. He played on the defense, and



THE ORDER OF THE BOOT

First Student—"Hey! "What's the rush?"

Second Student—(Makine a rather hasty and undignified exit)
"Oh this is my fourth time late this month that's all."

although he sometimes used his weight more than necessary he made up for this by his ability as a scorer.

Reginald Ott—"Red" took Perry's place as a substitute on the defense in the latter part of the season. Being rather light, he watched most of the games from the side-lines, but he clearly showed his ability to check when needed.

Ross Menzies—Ross was kept out of all league games, being over age, but without doubt the best defense player at the first of the season. Had he been allowed to play throughout the year he would have been a credit to the team.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' team which represented the B. C. I. this year, although most of its members were playing on the senior team for the first time, acquitted itself in a splendid manner. This was due to the excellent coaching which the team received from their popular physical instructor, Miss Hanna, as well as to the faithfulness displayed by the first and second teams in attending practice.

The Games—

Kitchen Overalls 20. B. C. I. 19.

B. C. I. 19 Kitchen Overalls 4.

Galt 27. B. C. I. 18.

Hamilton 30. B. C. I. 9.

B. C. I. 20. Guelph 13
 Galt 18, B. C. I. 17.
 Guelph 24. B. C. I. 17.
 Hamilton 11. B. C. I. 8

The Team

Mack Nelles—One of the strongest checks on the team. Played in every game and proved effective. Her work was very commendable.

Gwen Noble—Another check who played splendidly, and who displayed great ability in the game with Guelph.

Lillian Chrutie—Although Lillian was very light and short she played in the circle, and when she had opportunity of playing forward, proved to be very capable on the offensive.

Margaret Watt—Played in either centre or check positions and was very efficient in both.

Lilah Wilde—Although one of the smaller players, was very speedy.

Dora Bloodsworth—Played forward and proved very efficient in scoring points.

Jean Wright—The team's lightest forward, played splendidly and was a sure shot.

Audrey Cinnamon—Was undoubtedly the star of the team, and won much applause by her accurate shooting.

The inter-form league games were well attended by the students, and many of them were very closely contested. Every team was in the league to win, but un-

fortunately only the best, L. 2C, could win. The members of the team with their positions were:

Checks—Elva Miller, Bessie Force, Sadie McNaughton.

Centres—Lillian Christie, Olive Kemp, Isobel Adams.

Forwards—Jean Wright, Audrey Cinnamon.

The Magazine Stand

Outlook—The Brant Ave. windows.

Literary Digest—Cramming for exams.

Chatterbox—Any girl.

Popular Fiction—Excuses for being late.

Review of Reviews—Matric.

Green Book—The First Form.

Connoisseur—Miss Hartley.

Work—The whole school (?).

Everybody's—Text-books on any desk.

enturCy—Until summer holidays.

Musical Times—The orchestra.

Family Herald—The Notice Board.

Little" Folks—The "Seven Slobs."

Smart Set—The Cadet Corps.

Woman's Home Companion—The powder puff.

Everyweek—The Temple.

Judge—"So you were formerly a school teacher."

Suspect—"Yes sir, but for the past five years I've been earning my living."

A long journey lay before them and the men in the smoking compartment proceeded to get acquainted.

"My name is Armont," began the first. "I'm an artist. Work in oil colours chiefly."

"I also am an artist," said another. "I work in bronze."

"Well, well," exclaimed a third, "I'm a sculptor. I work in marble."

Then the little man in the corner put down his paper and ventured: "It seems I have common interest with you gentlemen. I am a High School teacher. I work in ivory."

Smooth guy—His own words: "I'm brilliant (ine)."

Lambert—"I think I have a cold or something in this here head of mine." "Probably a cold."

Edison says that only two men in a hundred are intelligent. The other day on parade we noticed Jock looking for the other one.

A few lines:

—By a modest author.

*Some of your boys who
have made and are making
our business a success*

J. T. BENTHAM, E. HARTMAN
E. R. WITMER, R. BENTHAM
S. STATHAM

You can see them any Saturday
at our store

Neill Shoe Co,

J. A. HAINER, Sec. Treas. President, JOHN ALLAN
Phone 142.

Hygienic Dairy Co. LIMITED

Pasteurized Cream
Pasteurized Milk

"Our Policy is to sell the BEST or NONE"
326-334 Colborne Street.

SERVICE
QUALITY
PRICE

OUR CONSTANT STUDY

EDY'S LIMITED

Druggists — Optometrists
COLBORNE AND GEORGE STREETS

Zella (watching pole-vault)—"Just think how much higher that boy could jump if he didn't have to carry that big stick."

Freshman—"I see the principal has a dog."
Senior—" Yes."
Freshy—"What do they call it?"
Senior—"Damdifino."
Freshv—"What an unusual name."

While walking down the street the other day "Babe" Mair, Babe suddenly stopped. The heel of her shoe was somewhat cracked. So she endeavoured to replace the pieces. "Gee! I'm always shoving WOOD in its place."

A Chemical Romance

Said A Tom to Molly Cule,
"Will you unite with me?"
Said Molly Cule to A Tom,
"You're my affinity."
nder the arc light blaze,
He promised he would meet her,
But she eloped with a Radical Base,
And her name is now Saltpetre.

W.A.N.

Teacher—"Boys! Order! Please! Order!"
Sleepy student, in back of room—"Apple pie and ice cream."

The teacher was exasperated at the inattention of her class. The lesson had been on machines, and Edison's invention had been mentioned.

"Now then," asked the teacher, impatiently, "from what was the first talking machine made?"

After a length silence, a voice from the back exclaimed: "Please, Miss, a rib!"

The Favorite Yell of the University of Siam.

(Read aloud to a friend.)

O! Wah tah nah!, Wah tah nah!, Wah tah nah,
Siam!

O! Wah tah nah!, Wah tah nah!, Wah tah nah,
Siam!

Joyce (answerin a question in low tone.)

Miss Patterson—"Joyce, are you speaking to me, or the whole class?"

Joyce—"To you."

Miss Patterson—"This is no place to speak to me."

Agent—"I've got a device here of getting energy from the sun."

Some of our fathers—"Here! Give me one for mine."

The guilds were the ancestors of the trade unions, but now only old women go there to sew.

Anno domini means after death.

THE ARCADE

BRANTFORD

LIMITED

*A bright, cheery store where Mother,
Dad, Sister or Brother may shop
most advantageously.*

FRENCH ORGANDIE

A superior paper for social correspondence.

Made in various sizes and shapes for every

occasion.

Also made in exquisite tints.

Barber-Ellis, Limited

BRANTFORD, ONT.

You've Heard That Old One—
"IN THE SPRING ETC."

Well its all changed now because most
Young fellows think of Baseball and

THE

OLYMPIA

Where Good Confections and
Good Fellows Meet

Food for Thought.

A country is noted, not for its number of population,
but for the number of square miles it contains.

A school is noted, not for its number in attendance,
but for the number of square men it produces.

I felt his soft breath on my cheek,
And the gentle touch of his hand—
His very presence near me,
Seemed a breeze on desert land.
He deftly sought my lips,
My head he did enfold,
Then he broke the silence with—
"Shall the filling be silver or gold?"

—O. U. Palpitor

Roma to salesclerk—"Would you please show me a
package of your invisible hairpins?"

Popular Fiction

"Let bygones be;" by Gones.

"Yes," by George.

"Rock A," by Baby.

"The Fly," by Night.

"Man Cannot Live," by Bread A. Lone.

"Not," by A. Jugful.

"Missed," by A. Mile.

"How to Beat Wall Street," by Hooker Crook.

"Margot Asquith's Auto," by Ography.



REFERENCE

Local
History

The
Mason & Risch
Piano

is the literal expression
of the utmost in Piano
value, and meets the
anticipations naturally
created by its reputa-
tion as Canada's first
and foremost Piano, the
best Piano built.



This instrument may be seen at
OUR WAREROOMS

112 Colborne St., Brantford

Made by Tailors

Not by Machines

20th Century
Brand Clothes

Known from Coast to Coast
FOR

Style, Fit and Wear

*Prices are down, assuring you the greatest
value obtainable for men and young men*



Andrew McFarland

Sole Agent

Brantford