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The
CHRISTMAS

"HELLO"

BRANTFORD
COLLEGIATE
INSTITUTE

1923

**Local
History**

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1923

"HELLO"

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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
Hatley, 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.
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"THE HELLO"



Brantford Collegiate Institute

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THE "HELLO", CHRISTMAS, 1923.

Old Father Time has sifted the sands of yet another year through his glass. Christmas has come round again and with it the occasion of the publication of the fourth issue of the Collegiate Annual, the "Hello."

For the present number we have a two-fold wish: First, that it may be read with pleasurable interest now, while the facts and realities of school life are with you; and Secondly, that years hence, when Collegiate days are but a shadow and you, too, are numbered with the students of the days before yesterday, you may turn to these pages and in memory live over once again the time when you were attending "the Old School."

The favour with which the 1922 magazine was received has encouraged us to enlarge the "Hello." The number of photographs and drawings has been increased, and each department has shown a corresponding advance in size.

The staff of the "Hello" desires to express its sincere appreciation of the splendid co-operation and help rendered by the principal, the teaching staff and the student body.

THE OTHER SIDE

"The younger generation is going to the dogs."

Everybody says so. It's the favourite topic of conversation in the clubs and drawing rooms and many are the powerful and enlightening addresses delivered on this startlingly original subject. Something to the same effect was said many long years ago, and the echo of it has come down through the ages.

The newspapers have columns about the flapper, who paints and powders and cares for nothing but jazz and a good time. It appears also that the modern youth is going through life in a high-powered car, with cigarette smoke. The pessimists revel in such assertions.

An eminent Bishop felt himself impelled to speak in defence of the much-abused young people of to-day. Clearly and forcibly he pointed out the overflowing schools, colleges, universities and churches. Never, he stated, had there been so many candidates for the mission field and the ministry. The standards of education were higher than ever before.

Think of the girls and boys of to-day as you yourself know them. Isn't the modern girl as real and true as her sister of yesterday, and perhaps even more broad minded and capable? And is the modern boy one whit less honourable and chivalrous than he of former years ?

Whatever their faults, the vast majority of the young people of the present time are "good sports." And the code of the good sport is to play the game straight and hard, and to be able to lose with a smile. When youth can meet life armed with a code like that, the pessimist's raving is of no avail. Don't listen to it.

A CHRISTMAS EXAMINATION

We have before us, as we write, a copy of Mr. Stephen Leacock's latest book, "College Days." It is an enjoyable collection of sketches written in that delightfully humorous vein so characteristic of Mr. Leacock.



THE TEACHING STAFF

Back Row: Messrs. McFadden, Wilson, Winhold, Oxtaby, Misses Hartley and Bunnell, Mr. Dunlop.

Second Row: Misses Willoughby, Dixon, Summerby and Stevens, Mr. Millar, Misses McDougall, Hutchison, Murphy and Hatley, Mr. McCamus.

Front Row: Messrs. Wrayfield and McDonald, Miss Gregory, Mr. Shultis, Principal Overholt, Miss Ryan, Messrs. Coates and Coles.

One sketch in particular, "**A Christmas Examination**," commends itself to our notice as exceptionally appropriate reading for teachers, especially our teachers.

In it Mr. Leacock deplores the fact that Christmas and Christmas Examinations, things in themselves antitheses, should invariably be associated with each other.

"On the one hand," he points out, "is Christmas, and on the other, Examinations, with their sleepless nights and their fevered days, with crazy questions and crooked answers, set with the calculating cruelty of the inquisitor, answered with the patient resignation of the martyr or with the fanatical frenzy of the devotee who has swallowed his instructor's text book and gone crazy over it." "Here is Christmas and there are the Examinations. And the two won't go together."

We have often surmised as much ourselves and said so, but our feeble protests have ever been unavailing. When, however, Mr. Leacock makes a statement of this kind it must carry convincing weight. He is a university professor and should know.

The author goes on to suggest a remedy—a simple enough remedy, too, entailing the complete reform of "the hideous code of the examination regulations." In place of the usual rules he substitutes the following:

"1. Candidates are permitted, nay, they are encouraged, to enter the examination hall an hour after the examination has begun and to leave it, re-enter it, walk across it, roll around it, lie down in it, tear their clothes, mutilate their books and, generally, to make themselves thoroughly and completely at home."

"2. Candidates are not only permitted to ask questions of the presiding examiner, but they may, if they like, talk to him, sing to him, hum grand opera to him in whole or in part, use his fountain pen, borrow his money, and, if need be for the sake of order, request him to leave the hall."

The latter item would, we venture to say, find immense favour with the B. C. I. students.

In section seven of the revised rules it is suggested that five per cent, be accepted as a satisfactory standard of marks. (Some of us, alas, find difficulty in attaining even this height of scholastic efficiency.)

To further lucidate his idea, Mr. Leacock has painstakingly introduced specimen questions in various subjects. Take, for instance, the following in Latin:

"Translate the accompanying passages, or don't bother to, just as you happen to feel about it."

"Pick out all the verbs in the above and parse them, or, if you don't feel like picking them out, leave them sticking where they are. Remember that they've been there for two thousands years already."

And this in Ancient History:

"Who was Themistocles? (Note in italics. If you can't think this out for yourself he was a great Roman general or something. The examiner doesn't know much about it himself, but Lord bless you, at this time of the year he doesn't care any more than you do.)"

And then again, this delightful example in Mathematics:

"Solve the following equations—but if you can't solve them, my dear boy, don't worry about it. Take them home to father as a Christmas gift and tell him to solve them. It's his business, anyway, not yours."

We heartily applaud the author's courage in venturing to suggest such sweeping changes in our educational system. We feel just as he does, only more so, and we sincerely trust that the Principal will show his good sense by following the most excellent advice set forth in "**A Christmas Examination**."



A CHRISTMAS STORY

There was magic in the very atmosphere. Whole-hearted happiness beamed from the faces of the countless throngs of shoppers, hurrying anxiously from one counter to another, and yet who, in all their haste, found time to pass a gay greeting to chance acquaintances. Everywhere the spirit of Christmas seemed to hold sway, transforming the dreary work-a-day city into a place of universal sympathy and joyousness.

Here a young girl was enthusiastically explaining to her father why she knew mother would like that particular gift, and perhaps somewhere quite near, mother was deciding just what these two would prefer. Children were spending the coppers saved for months on some long-cherished project. It was a glorious time, and young and old alike were carried away by the sheer gladness of it all.

All but John Taylor, Christmas was for him a time of acute torture, for it emphasized the terrible loneliness that the years had not been able to efface. There had been a day long since, when Christmas in his home had been the merriest, loveliest day imaginable—a time when he and his wife found their own pleasure in the delight of watching their little daughter, swept into transports of joy as one mysterious parcel after another was taken from the sparkling tree. There had been holly and mistletoe and candles everywhere.

But in one swift blow, all this wonderful happiness had vanished. A terrible accident had robbed him of all that made life worth living, and in the years that followed he had been silent, taciturn, morose. He lived alone in his sorrow, and little wonder that when the time came for good St. Nich-

olas to re-visit the earth, his grief became infinitely greater. He had no one—only a silent empty house.

He went to his office one morning less than a week before Christmas with a heavy heart, trying to shut his eyes to the goodwill and happiness that reigned everywhere, and from which he alone seemed isolated. A letter, bringing strange tidings awaited him there.

It was from the lawyer of an old friend whom he was informed had died in far-away Japan. The recent earthquake had occurred while he had been there on a business trip, and his death was the direct results of injuries he had received then. There was utter amazement on Taylor's face when he read that Morley Dixon, when dying had expressed the wish that before his two small boys should be taken by any of his distant relatives, he, Taylor of all people, should be given the opportunity of adopting them. A note from his friend, addressed to himself was enclosed. It had been written evidently with the greatest difficulty, and only said that he was dying happy in the hope that his old boyhood chum would look after his children, all that was precious to him in the world.

For a long time he sat motionless, staring before him as a thousand memories rushed through his brain, the happy boyhood days, the few deliriously happy years before tragedy had come. His mind lingered over all the bitterness and loneliness since. He looked out of his big window, across the street where two little boys were pressed against the window pane, feasting their eyes on the goodies before them. They were cold and thinly clad, and he could al-

A Wonderful Selection of Xmas Goods.

Suitable for and sure to
please anyone

PARISIAN IVORY
PERFUME
STATIONERY
CHOCOLATES
CAMERAS
FOUNTAIN PENS

BRANDER'S DRUG STORE

Dalhousie, Near Market

BOYS—

BROADBENT makes
the suit or overcoat
you want.

SNAPPY STYLE
PERFECT FIT
GOOD DURABLE
MATERIAL

and the price is at least
\$10.00 LOWER than
the same cloth would
cost you elsewhere.

Broadbent's

IS THE PLACE — LET'S GO

most imagine the wistful gleam in the eyes, the pathetic droop of the pitifully brave smiles. But for him, Morley's boys might some day be like those. And something tugged at his heart strings.

* * *

It was Christmas eve, and the night was almost spent, John Taylor was almost ready for bed. You can't adopt two rollicking boys, complete all the necessary arrangements, and open up long closed rooms without being fairly busy. His old housekeeper, Mrs. Barnes, had protested vigorously, and he had merely laughed—then laughed again when she had fallen instant captive to their roguish, confident smiles, when he had first brought them home, earlier in the day. For several hours now, he had been racing-through the stores, buying the things dear to every boyish heart, in a panic for fear they would close before he had everything he wanted. He had even been able to get a Christmas tree, with more decorations than it could ever carry. Mrs. Barnes assured him that he had been recklessly extravagant as she had finished decorating it, had surveyed her efforts proudly.

And now, with a tired, happy sigh, Taylor clumsily tucked the last orange into each bulging stocking. As he was turning out the lights, he paused. A sound, as beautiful as it was unmistakable had broken the silence. He opened the door, and stepped out into the stillness of the star-lit night. The soft-falling snow had mantled the earth and changed it into a thing of beauty and mystery. As he listened, the music drew nearer and on his ears the song of the carollers fell like a benediction. When their voices had died away in the distance, he slowly mounted the stairs, and the man bowed his head in gratitude for the two sturdy little lads, asleep deep and dreamlessly in the cots before him.

He had learned the secret of a happiness that would not only make his Christmas a day of joy, but would go with him throughout the live-long year.



" God Rest Ye ! Merry Gentlemen. "

DUELLING AT A GERMAN UNIVERSITY

By F. G. MILLAR, B. A.

The duel, though it died out among the Anglo-Saxon peoples in the early part of the last century, still flourishes on the continent of Europe. Two prominent French politicians, our newspapers report, have fought a duel in the Bois de Boulogne. One of the combatants receives a wound one and a half centimeters long. Honour is satisfied; the erstwhile enemies put up their swords, become reconciled in the most polite manner and go to breakfast. From our point of view it is all supremely ridiculous.

Among the students at the German Universities, the duel is, or was twenty years ago, almost a sacred institution. The great student societies, called "Corps," or "Burschenschaften", regularly pitted their men against each other as a form of what we would call "sport." Just here in parenthesis, one may say that sport in the Anglo-Saxon sense did not exist at a German University when the writer was a student there in the year 1900. In these duels there was no bad feeling between the contestants, they were simply a form of "knightly exercise." Nor were they dangerous to life and limb, though considerable blood might be split. Your genuine Teuton is not averse to a little blood-letting; he prides himself on being of a warrior race that in its day humbled the pride of even Rome's legions.

The students' duels always took place on Wednesdays and Saturdays; and while nominally against the law, they were never interfered with by the police. The Kaiser and the military caste encourage duelling because it fostered the "knightly virtues". Any student might go to look on, but, as a rule other people were not encouraged to be present, the proceedings being private student affairs.

Each "Corps" had its recognized duelling place, the dining-room or rather drinking hall of a village inn near the city. The room was cleared of furniture, and sand or saw-

dust was sprinkled on the floor to prevent it being stained with blood.

The combatants strip to the waist and put on a short gown like that worn by hospital surgeons. They face each other squarely with feet astride at a distance of a sword's length. The weapon is a long, straight-bladed, pointless, basket-hilted sword, very light and thin and as sharp as a razor. To prevent serious wounding, the neck is encircled by a high collar of thick padded leather, and the eyes are protected by goggles much like a pair of watchmaker's eye-glasses set in a steel frame, and kept in place by a leather thong tied behind the head. The right arm is protected from shoulder to wrist by a stiff, padded leather sleeve or gauntlet. The sword is held above the head with the point slanting downward to the left, thus protecting the left side as the padded sleeve protects the right. The blows are delivered only at the head and cheeks with a turn of the wrist. Owing to this and to the position, arm stiff and above the head, very little force can be put into the blow. A slight "draw" when the blade reaches the cheek makes the razor-sharp weapon cut deeper than would a mere flick with the blade.

Each fighter has a second who is well protected by a fencing mask, and a long padded gauntlet. It is his duty to interpose his sword at the end of a round in such a manner that his principal will be protected from a blow inadvertently delivered after the command to stop is given by the referee.

The rounds are very short. The referee calls "Fertig." (Ready!) "Los!" (Go!) There is an exchange of not more than two blows, the referee shouts "Halt!", the seconds interpose, and the duellists rest with right arm on the shoulder of a comrade.

During a long pause, the doctors examine the wounds, if any, wipe them with a wad of surgical cotton dipped in a solution of carbolic, then sterilize the swords in a similar manner. This latter proceeding always amused me, and on one occasion an American friend giggled audibly. From the black look he got I should not have been surprised had he been called out and named me as his second! In the meantime each fighter is refreshing himself with a hearty pull from his beer-pot; in fact everybody seems thirsty.

The duel continues until one or the other swordsman has received a wound that needs more than passing attention. For instance, the severing of the temporal artery would require immediate treatment and the duel would be over. The warriors are taken to the "sewing-room," where they endure with Spartan fortitude the stitching up of the wounds by a medical student. It is the proper thing to keep up a lively and interesting conversation with swigs of beer between stitches. When the bandages are in place, a black skull cap keeps all in place. The wounds soon heal and then the cap is discarded and the scars are displayed to admiring friends, for they enhance manly beauty in the eyes of the Teuton maiden.

Occasionally real duels take place between students or army officers—the only persons eligible to settle their differences thus—Mere business men, shop-keepers, and mechanics are in a lower social stratum and would never presume to "call out" anyone who might insult them. In a real duel, a court of honour composed of certain army officers and the presidents of the students' "Corps" would settle all the conditions and the kind of weapon to be used. These duels take place in secret and are often serious affairs with heavy cavalry sabres or pistols. To kill one's adversary in a duel is justifiable homicide and the extreme penalty might be two years' confinement to a fortress.

Confinement to a fortress. During one's "term" one would dine at the officers' mess, receive visitors and attend any social functions within the walls. One might even be allowed to attend lectures, on parole, at the

University. No social stigma results from having "killed one's man."

Whether this ridiculous mediaevalism has been able to survive the shock of the Great War, remains to be seen. The newspapers some months ago mentioned that duelling had begun again at some universities. The practice may revive during the period of reaction now setting in, but the spirit of the twentieth century and the fall of the German military caste is sure to put a final end to an institution founded on the unsocial practice of private vengeance.

HOPELESS

He ate with relish from morn till night,
He laughed and joked with great delight,
Instead of walking he rode in his car,
These things helped his face and figure to
mar.

When in despair he sought his wife,
And said he'd reduce or take his life,
About resolutions—well, 'tis easy to make
them
And very much easier to break than to
make them.

The very idea would make him curse,
Though to exercise was bad, to diet was
worse,
So, said he to his wife, "Tis better by far
Than to bear such discomforts to stay as
you are."

F. LEVINE

Scene—Outside the Pearly Gates.
Enter St. Peter and would-be harpist.
St. Peter—"Hello! Where are you from?"
Aspirant—"B. C. I."
St. Peter—"Oh, that's where they publish the 'Hello.'"
Aspirant—"Yes."
St. Peter—"And have you subscribed to the 'Hello.'"
Aspirant—"No."
St. Peter—"First elevator down!"

—○—
"If this is chicken," complained the diner-out, "I'm a fool." "Quite right sir, said the waiter amiably, it is chicken."

AN OBSCURE INDIAN LEGEND

(Translated from the original)

Hear the song, O all ye people,
Hear the tale, O great Six Nations,
Hear it all ye braves and warriors,
Warriors of the Hootchy Kootchy,
Hear the song of the Niagara,
How the mighty falls were put there,
Wotawopper the Great Horse Shoe,
Listen, I will tell the story.

Long ago, beside the river,
By the mighty rushing river,
Gitche Manitou, the mighty,
Sat there in the early morning,
And prepared him for the warpath;
Placed his chewing gum beside him,
Stuck it on a rock beside him,
Combed his crest of chicken feathers,
Curled his beaver and his side burns;
On his face he put the war-paint
With the aid of rouge and lip-stick,
On his nose he put some lampblack,
Spread it with a brush of white wash;
And some yellow on his cheekbones;
Fearsome looked he in his war-paint.
Then he took Red Cross stove polish,
Cleaned his boots and shined his buttons,
Took his glass eye from its socket,
Polished it upon his coat sleeve
Till it shone like Benson's trumpet,
Then removed his set of false teeth,
Shined them up with brasso polish,
Touched his face up with pink powder,
Viewed himself within a mirror,
And he smiled in satisfaction.
Then he put on spats of deerskin,
Put on spats of yellow deerskin,
Took a pull of mule brand whiskey,
And was ready for the war-path.

Listen, friends and brother warriors,
On his nose of brilliant lampblack
Lit a little speck of powder,
Lit upon his nose and tickled,
And he sneezed in all his glory.
Prom its socket flew his glass eye,
Flew out into space and stuck there,

Right above the pole it stuck there,
Wotadambiglie, the Pole star;
And out flew his set of false teeth
And in circling flights descending
Fell into the rushing river,
Wedged between the banks they stuck there
Wedged between the East and West banks,
And the river, roaring, surging,
Rising, fell in cataracts o'er them
'Till this day they still are stuck there
As Niagara Falls we know them,
Wotawopper the Great Horse Shoe.

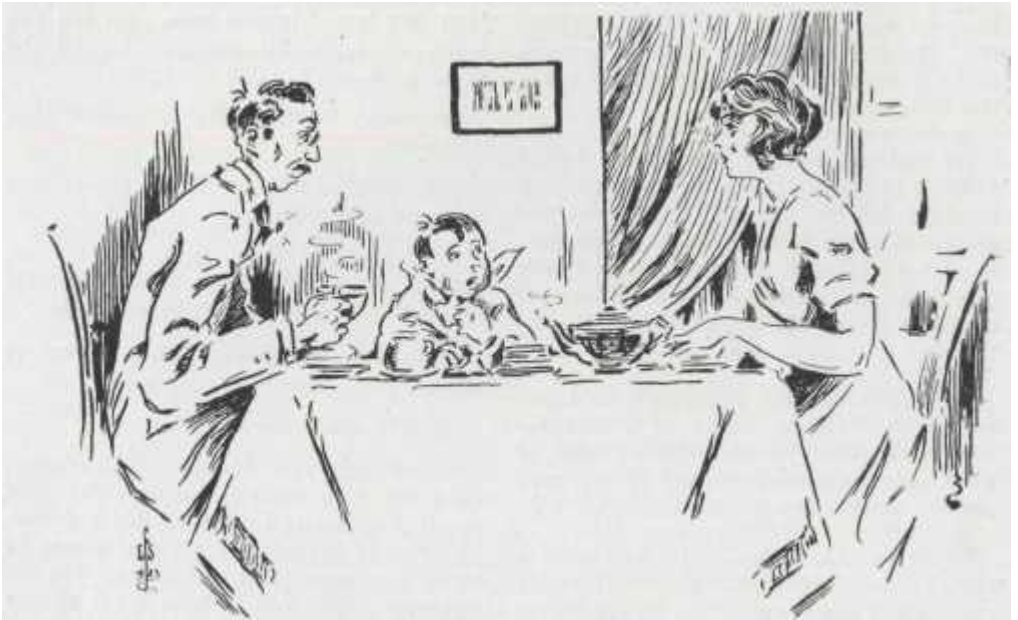
L. N.

Andrew Gump, Esq. Said—

The sweetness of a lover's
kiss,— the satisfaction of a
bull-dog after a hard battle,
can only come to ordinary
folks when they eat Olympia
Chocolates — chocolates so
good and pure that they
stump even the descriptive
powers of A Gump.

As president of the Combina-
tion Hair Brush and Mir-
ror Co., I will give with each
hair brush a box of these
chocolates so that happy
heads and happy stomachs
will go together.

The Olympia Chocolate of Quality



Mother: "You **MUST** eat more slowly, Leonard. There was once a little boy who ate his cake so quickly that he died before he could finish it."

Leonard (with his mouth full): "Oh, mother! And what did they do with the rest of the cake?"

THE REPRIEVE

By C. F. SANDERS

Outside the night was filled with malicious storm demons who grasped with icy fingers at the window casements and rattled them till the panes shook; demons who creaked the stout oak door on its hinges and, failing to gain admittance there, roared down the chimney or shrieked and groaned in dismal harmony around the tavern.

Mine host bustled about his duties with rather more than his usual alacrity. Indeed, the good landlord had real reason for bestirring himself that night. It was not often that His Highness the Prince Regent honoured an out-of-the-way hostelry with his presence.

In the cosy low-raftered parlour, secure from the blustering storm, George, Prince of Wales, and his companion, Sir John Barington, stretched lazily in a high-backed settle before a blazing pile of logs. "Gentleman George," Regent of England, turned his pleasant-featured face into the firelight's glow and yawned. Still a handsome man, his ease of carriage and grace of manner gained him favour wherever he went; but it was well known that his many accomplishments were but a veneer, a transparent gloss through which the stains of all manner of vices and excesses were too often visible. An undoubted rascal and a practised liar, the future George IV. had, nevertheless, some few redeeming traits.

So generous an estimate can scarcely be made of his companion, Sir John Barrington. Heavy-featured and of surly demeanor, he possessed most of George's bad qualities and few of his virtues.

He bestirred himself presently to bellow a string of fashionable oaths at the quaking landlord and bid him get more wine, and proceeded, much to the Prince's amusement, to give vent to his bad humour by loudly consigning to sundry infernal regions all landlords in general and mine host in particular.

Sir John's amiable discourse was interrupted by the noisy entry of a traveller who let in with him a whistling gust of wind which, penetrating even to the snug parlour, made the candles flicker.

"A breezy night, landlord!" exclaimed a cheery voice; and divesting himself of his many-caped riding coat and a jaunty beaver hat that had seen better days, our traveller partook of the hostelry's excellent ale and, despite mine host's protests, made his way to the parlour.

"Dammit, fellow!" shouted Sir John, as the stranger entered the room. "Get out! His Highness won't be pestered with such as you. Get out, I say!"

"Jack, Jack!" remonstrated the Prince; then turning to the stranger, "Come in, man! Come in! Don't be minding Jack here. He's as drunk as an owl and almost as cold."

"Your Highness is too kind," returned the other as he drew a chair close to the open hearth.

The stranger, who gave his name as Jim Courtenay, was an entertaining fellow, and George liked his company. A well-spoken man, evidently a gentleman, Courtenay regaled the Prince with many tales from the continent whence he had, he said, but recently returned.

After an hour or two, George tired of story-telling, and the two men smoked in silence, a silence punctuated by the wheezy snores of Barrington, who, having no one to listen to his grumbling, had long since fallen asleep.

"Egad!" exclaimed the Regent at length, "but this is a frightful bore. I'll tell you what, my buck, I'll dice you for all the money you carry. Are you game?"

Courtenay hesitated for a moment, then acquiesced.

Five minutes later he was a poorer man by some ten guineas.

"I'm finished, Your Highness," he remarked with a light laugh, nevertheless his bronzed face wore a worried expression.

"Stay!" he continued, "I've a favour to ask."

"Well?" asked the Regent.

"Some years ago," commenced Courtenay, (and Sir John, with a louder snore than usual, woke up to listen), "I had a friend. Never mind his name for the moment; he was a gentleman, that will suffice. The unfortunate fellow fell in with a set of gay young bucks who, I fear, took advantage of his good nature and soon fleeced him of every farthing he owned. Well, to be brief, my friend, instead of shooting himself, turned highwayman."

"Highwayman!" echoed the Prince, and Sir John's thick lips parted in a sneer. The speaker coloured slightly.

"There are many worse callings than that of 'gentleman of the road'," he said.

"I propose, Your Highness," he continued, "that we dice for my friend's free pardon. If I win you write a reprieve immediately. If you win I'll contrive to scrape together five hundred guineas and pay them over to you within a week."

"Done!" cried the Regent, "Odd's buttons, man, but you don't lack nerve!"

"George," interposed Barrington sharply, "do you know what you're doing? Is justice to be governed by the shake of a dice box? Hang this rogue and his highwayman friend with him, say I!"

The Prince's reply was a loud burst of laughter at which Barrington's sullen face grew purple with rage.

"Gad, Jack!" gasped the Prince at length, "you are a comical duck. You talk of jus-

tice! You!" and again he roared till the rafters rang.

Sir John muttered something about "infernal idiot," and took no further interest in the proceedings.

"Now," said the Regent, the tears still rolling down his cheeks, "for your friend's free pardon. Your luck has been out to-night, I don't think it will change."

So saying, he rattled the dice box and cast for a nine. With a smile he passed the box to Courtenay, who had watched the throw in dismay. He rattled the dice for a long, long time and threw—the double sixes!

"Twelve!" shouted the Prince. "Twelve! I'll be——!"

Nevertheless he made out the reprieve, filling in a name mentioned by Courtenay, who, as soon as he had obtained the document, made his excuses and left the inn.

Eleven o'clock!

The Prince Regent woke with a start.

"Lord, man!" he exclaimed, giving Barrington a dig in the ribs. "Wake up! 'Tis gone eleven! We'll have to borrow a couple of mine host's old nags an we wish to reach London by Christmas eve."

Thus half an hour later found the Prince and his companion on the road. The storm had abated somewhat and a misty moon peeped at uncertain intervals from behind the drifting clouds.

"Sorry to trouble you, gentlemen!" A mounted figure had spurred suddenly upon the riders from an adjacent clump of bushes, and the muzzle of a long-barrelled pistol was thrust into the Prince's lace cravat.

"Damnation!" said the Regent. Barrington, endeavouring to draw a pistol received a crack from the highwayman's disengaged fist that sent him headlong into three feet of mud in a nearby ditch.

"Your Highness," said the "gentleman of the road," "I'll trouble you for ten golden guineas you won from me a short time since."

"You!" gasped the Regent. The moon coming suddenly from behind a cloud bank revealed the jovial features of the stranger at the inn.

"Your Highness will be so obliging. They were the last I had."

George tossed him a purse.

"And," continued the rascal, "Your Highness will remember that I have your free pardon in my pocket. I leave the road to-night for good." And he spurred rapidly down the highway.

The Prince remained deep in thought for a moment. On the crest of the hill a mounted figure stood for an instant dimly silhouetted against the night sky. A wave of the hand and he was gone. Out beyond a solitary star twinkled merrily.

The Regent laughed.

HOWLERS

Psyche was a black boxer who fought Carpentier.

Plato was the god of the underground.

Ambiguity is telling the truth when you don't mean to.

One of the chief uses of water is to save people from drowning.

Late Political Agent—"Well Mackintosh, I hear you voted against us at the election. I can't understand you being a Conservative.

Mac—"Weel, ye kin, ma father was yin, an' ma grandfather was yin, an' ma great-grandfather afore that.

Agent—"Ah! and what if your father had been an idiot and you great grandfather an idiot?"

Mac—"Weel then, sir, I micht hae been a Liberal."

Intelligent foreigner on a links in Scotland to Scotch friend:—"Ow you call in Scotland zose leetle fellows zat carry ze bag?"

"'Aggis n'est-ce pas?"

Said a great Congregational preacher to a hen, "You're a beautiful creature.

The hen just for that, laid three eggs in his hat. And thus did the Henry Ward Beecher."

HOW JEAN PLAYED THE HERO

BY LEILE RYERSON

"Jean knows, Jean knows," chanted a melodious voice.

"Jean knows, Jean knows," it continued.

"Well, Jean, what is it you know now?" queried one of the boys of "B" company.

"Jean knows new song."

"Good! Lets hear it."

Then Jean sang in his deep voice—"Four and twenty black birds baked in a pie—."

Jean was, as you might say, the company's mascot. At least they had adopted him and looked after him for nearly a year now. They had found him half starved, in a little French village, chanting drearily, "Jean knows, Jean knows." They had taken him with them from the danger that threatened the village, and he had been with them ever since. Whether he had always been thus, a half-wit, or whether the horrors of war had weakened a once active brain, "B" company never knew. They only knew his magnificent six foot body was being wasted because it was fitted with only the brain of a child.

And Jean, with his blue eyes, his childish trusting smile, and his way of playing tricks on the men, like a mischievous boy, had won a place for himself in the heart of every man in "B" company.

"The King's in his counting house, counting out his money."

The song was ended. The men laughingly clapped their approval as Jean moved away.

That night "B" company went into the front lines again. All the company was on tiptoe with suppressed excitement. The air was charged with the feeling that something was going to happen. Every man in the company sensed it.

Something was going to happen and "B" company was going to be almost "wiped

out." It was their half-wit Jean, who was to save them from a complete disaster.

At midnight the signal was given and the battalion was "over the top." At the same time the great British guns opened their attack. Shells rained on the German trenches. Great flares were sent up to light the way of the oncoming soldiers. The sky resembled a huge spectacle of fireworks.

"B" company charged across the watery, muddy stretches of No Man's Land, their numbers steadily decreasing, before the rain of German bullets. Undaunted, they continued their way, leaping boldly into the German trenches and engaging in hand to hand struggle.

The German front line fell. "B" company rushed to the second line.

Ah! "B" company you were in too big a hurry. Death and disaster still awaits you from that front line trench!

Hidden in one of the dug outs, three German soldiers and a machine gun had escaped the notice of the "Tommyes". Seeing the British soldiers some distance past the trench now, the three soldiers turned to their machine gun, prepared to deal death from the rear, to the unsuspecting "B" company, fighting for their lives.

And what of Jean all this time? Disturbed by the unusual activity along the front he had come out of the dugout in which he had been lodged, forgotten for once by the soldiers, just in time to see his comrades disappearing into the German trench. Thinking this to be some new game and unwilling to be left out, he started to follow them across No Man's Land.

Just the moment when the three Germans bent over their machine gun, Jean appeared at the trench, piled high now with dead.

He saw the Germans in the dugout. But his poor weak mind did not comprehend

their fiendish plan. All he saw in the situation was a chance to fool the men, to play a joke on them.

Cautiously he crept up on them, a mischievous smile on his face and murmuring, "Jean fool 'em. Jean fool 'em."

He reached the door of the dugout just as the three men were preparing to place the gun in an advantageous position.

Laughing gleefully, Jean slammed the little wooden door intended to keep out the cold, and placed his huge body against it.

There was a shout from within and a great weight thrown against the door.

But Jean, displaying marvellous strength, held fast, laughing all the while. This was great fun.

At that moment, there appeared in the trench reinforcements, come to help "B" company.

"Hey, Jean, what have you got there?" called one of them.

"Jean got 'em, Jean got 'em," was the non-committal reply.

"Let's see."

Jean obediently stood aside just as the three inside made a combined effort to break the door.

The result is obvious. They tumbled out right into the arms of the soldiers. One glance revealed their plan and Jean's unknowing bravery. He certainly had saved the day for "B" company.

"You surely did have 'em Jean. Caught them red-handed, too. The King 'll give you a medal for this."

"King, King," murmured Jean, trying to remember something, "Oh yes, 'The King's in his counting house, counting out his money.'"



AN EVENING NORTH OF '53

By MURIEL WOOD, L. I. A.

It is early evening. Far to the west the setting sun turns to pure gold the grey old walls of the canyon. Through the pines the sky gleams red and gold. Above, it is shot with rainbow hues. Sunset! The mystic hour of the far north.

Immediately below me, in a little clearing in the valley of the Peace nestles a village; a cluster of white-washed cabins, surrounding the main group of buildings, the old Hudson Bay post and caches. The last rays of sun cast a golden glow over log walls. The clear musical tinkle of bells floats up to me—the bells of tired packponies grazing on the flat.

A group of men are stretched out on the grass in front of one of the largest cabins—the eating house. Thin curls of smoke rise from pipes and cigarettes. Voices and laughter come clearly up the valley.

Down the trail to the right goes a man, swinging along with strides that proclaim him a man of the trail. He wears his sombrero jauntily and a scarlet kerchief is tied cowboy fashion about his neck. Just one of the merry, happy-go-lucky crowd who are capable of facing and conquering the elements often so mercilessly cruel, facing them with indomitable courage and a heart full of cheer.

Away to the left of the group, just where the timber begins, can be seen an Indian camp—groups of tee-pees, muddy-grey, with here and there a gay blanket; squaws crouched before tiny fires, from which thin curls of smoke arise; a couple of huskies slink about slyly, foraging food; the wail of a pappoose and the haunting, weirdly sweet lullaby of an Indian mother, singing in the forest to her child, and in perfect harmony with the strange wild scene, the faint sound of tom-tom can be



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heard. Softly, faintly the wild rhythmic beats float upward on the air.

But hark! there is a sound of horses' hoofs—a wild yell—a flashing picture, gone in a moment, of a score or so of young braves mounted on gaudily-blanketed cayuses. Through the sleepy, hazy, little village they pirouette on their fleet ponies on to dim trails leading over great hills into the misty beyond.

The darkness deepens. Over all reigns the peace of solitude. The men have long since disappeared. A cayuse in the valley below neighs—a low rumble of approaching wheels is heard, but although screened from view it is evident that some party is approaching the village. Men's voices can be heard raised in sharp command to tired horses. Now there they are just down the hill and rounding a little curve in the trail. It is darker—they cannot be seen in detail, but as slowly, wearily, they pursue their way, forms can be discerned. First a team of horses, pulling faithfully a long frame affair upon which a large dug-out has been placed. Following are men on foot, tired after a hard twenty mile portage over a rough trail. A husky rushes forth to meet them, they turn in at a gate. Confusion—dogs barking, voices of men raised in greeting,—then silence. The men have entered the cabin. Through an open door they can be seen seated at a crude table—a laugh floats up—the door is closed.

Silence reigns supreme. The moon in all her silver glory has just risen over the point of the furthest hill. The canyon roars in the distance, a fitting sentinel over a land so vast and wild. The river, a wide rushing expanse of silver-flecked water, rushes on—ever on to the Arctic. The moon mounts higher in the star-lit heavens. Somewhere a husky howls. Then silence again—the all-enveloping silence of North is pervading the land. The cabins stand out startlingly clear in the moon-lit valley below me. A weird radiance fills the air—at the hour of midnight the North comes into her own. Mystery, old and as unfathomable as the ages hovers over all with its irresistible appeal—bewitching, illusive and as unassuming as the wild creatures that wander in the great, lonely spaces of the untamed land.



"Stand and Deliver!"

An enterprising highwayman secures a Christmas dinner



"What experience in the life of a boy can equal his first shave? You may talk about the elation attending the reception of your first athletic medal, or that which accompanied your first dance. You may even go into raptures over your first love; but to my mind the boy who has not been able to say nonchalantly, "Just had a shave; doesn't my face look different?" (whether it does or not), has not really lived.

During the year previous to my first shave, I had spent a great portion of my spare time anxiously watching for stray whiskers. Indeed, I had from time to time strained my eyes in a futile attempt to differentiate between dirt and down on my face, and I finally approached mother on the subject.

"Mother," I remarked casually one day, "I think I'll get Dad's safety razor and shave myself. I really would like to remove some of this wretched down from my face."

Mother looked up and smiled. "Do you think it's easier than washing?" she asked. Then, seeing my face fall about a foot, she added, "Go ahead, son, if you feel you need it," and remarked, "The peroxide and bandages are in the cupboard."

The first thing to do, of course, was to collect the various paraphernalia, and I was really astonished at the number of articles required. Having located the razor, which was under the cupboard, and the blades which were in a like position, I set out on a still hunt for the brush. I looked high and low, upstairs and down, for that brush, and when I found it I discovered also that it had been used recently to paint stove pipes, and straightway threw it out the window.

Mother, however, assured me that I could put on a lather with my fingers, so with a basin of cold water and a cracked hand mirror I commenced.

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First, by dint of much labour I covered my face with a thin, sickly looking lather. Then, with just the necessary amount of delay to allow the lather to dry, I adjusted the razor and started scraping at my face.

Oh, that razor! I shudder still when I think of it, for when I finally got started right (I had spent half an hour trying to use the back of it), the only visible result was a series of parallel cuts down both sides of my face; and yet, what were such minor details compared with the exhilaration attending the deed. The fact that I had actually shaved, that I had really reached that stage of manhood where one shaves every three weeks whether one needs it or not, eclipses all small discomforts.

When Dad came home that night, I sidled importantly up to him and asked expectantly, "Say, Dad, do you notice anything out of the ordinary about my face?"

He glanced at it a second or two, and then answered:

"I should think I do; but you got what you deserved. I told you if you continued to tease that cat you'd get your just deserts."

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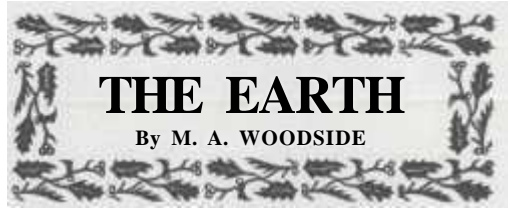
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A Transcription from Bill Nye

The earth is that body in the solar system which most people reside upon and which some, I regret to say, modestly desire to own and control, forgetting that "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." Some men do not care who owns the world as long as they get the fullness.

Newton claimed that the earth would gradually dry up and become porous, and that water would at last become a curiosity. Many believe this and are rapidly preparing their systems by a rigid course of treatment so that they can live for years without the use of water, internally or externally.

Other scientists who have sat up nights to monkey with the solar system and thereby shattered their nervous systems, claim that the earth is getting top-heavy at the north pole and that one of these days while we are thinking of something else, the great weight of accumulated ice, snow and second hand arctic relief expeditions will jerk the earth out of its present position with so much spontaneity and in such an extremely forthwith manner that much bric-a-brac will be for sale at a great sacrifice. This may or may not be true. I have not been up in the arctic regions to investigate its truth or falsity, though there seems to be a growing sentiment throughout the country in favor of my going.

Nothing tickles the earth more than to confuse a man when he is coming home late at night and then to rise up suddenly and hit him in the back with a town lot.

A friend of mine who was returning late at night from a regular meeting of the society for the amelioration of something or other said that the earth rose up suddenly in front of him and hit him with a right of way and as he was about to rise up again, he was stunned by a terrific blow between

the shoulder blades with an old land grant that he thought had lapsed years ago.

The earth of course does not compare "with Mercury in the matter of solidity, yet it is amply firm for all practical purposes. A negro who fell out of the tower of a twelve story building while trying to clean the upper window by drinking a quart of alcohol and then breathing hard on the glass, says that he regards the earth as perfectly solid and safe to do business on for years to come. He claims that those who maintain that the earth's crust is only 2500 miles in thickness have not thoroughly tested the matter by a system of practical experiments.

The long and patient struggle of our earnest and tireless geographers in past years in order to obtain figures and have them exact few can realize. The long and thankless job of measuring the diameter of the earth no matter what the weather might be—away from home and friends—footsore and weary, still plodding on, fatigued but determined to know the mean diameter of the earth—measuring on for thousands of weary miles and getting farther from home and then forgetting perhaps how many thousand miles they had gone, and being compelled to go back and measure it again while their noses got red and their fingers benumbed.

These are a few of the blessed privileges which are ours—ours to anticipate; ours to participate; ours to precipitate.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY ELECTIONS

As intimated elsewhere in these columns, the Collegiate Literary Society is this year being operated along political lines.

The campaign for the leadership of the Society was a very strenuous one. Both parties, the Moderns and the Classics, boasted efficient organization, and the scene of the final jousts in the Assembly Hall on the afternoon of Tuesday, December 4th, was spirited, indeed.

The Classics first entered the lists, and were well received, M. A. Woodside giving a scholarly address on the merits of the classical languages. He was followed by an eminent litterateur of the Modern party,

Miss Kathleen Christie, who pointed out the benefits derived from the study of moderns. Miss Madeline Waghorne, a Classic orator, expressed the conviction of her party that music should be introduced as part of the curriculum, and also indicated the need for additional athletic facilities. The fourth speaker, E. J. Hartman, successfully upheld the Modern contention that the Adolescent Act in its present form was a failure. Don Williamson made a short but forceful oration in which he advocated a monthly dance under the auspices of the Classic party. C. F. Sanders, leader of the Moderns, delivered an address of popular appeal when he demanded that the present examination system, which he termed obsolete and ridiculous, be abolished. Gordon Hutton, leader of the Classics, outlined his platform and held that the present system of school government was preferable to self-government as advocated by C. P. Sterne, who upheld the Modern plan of student self-rule.

P. L. Beckett, a popular Modern speaker, scathingly criticized the Classic platform, and subjected it to volley after volley of good humoured ridicule, which was taken in the spirit in which it was given.

Principal Overholt made a splendid chairman, keeping his audience in high good humour by his witty introductions and jocular observations on the various speeches.

On the following morning the constituents went to the polls and rolled up a substantial majority for the Moderns.

Premier-elect C. F. Sanders, has announced his cabinet as follows: Government Leader, P. L. Beckett; Chancellor of the Exchequer, E. J. Hartman; Foreign Affairs, C. F. Sterne; Secretary of State, Miss Marie Bicknell; Ministers without Portfolio, Miss Kathleen Christie and Miss Florence Gibson.

Palm Beach, Florida, according to Punch, is said to be the favorite resort of film artists. One Los Angeles producer always spends his honeymoon there.

Heard in Front of the Mirror
Pat—"Doesn't my hair look terrible?"
Chris.—"Why no, just natural."



LIFE OF PAULINE JOHNSON

By MARIE BICKNELL

Brantford and Brant County have a great and valuable heritage in the many brilliant people who have lived in the Grand Valley. One of the favorite and most beloved is the Indian poetess, Emily Pauline Johnson. A tablet has been placed at the entrance of the Brantford Public Library in memory of her.

Pauline Johnson, the daughter of Chief Johnson of the renowned Mohawk tribe, was born on March 10th, 1861, on her father's estate, "Chiefswood," in the Indian Reserve. Her mother, Emily Howells, was the daughter of an English Quaker. Thus from both sides of the family, this young Indian girl inherited great literary ability and poetic fancy. She grew up amid the beautiful surroundings of her home on the Grand River, in a most charming household; and from earliest childhood her mind was fed and her imagination stirred by the strange legends of her tribe. She did not have the advantage of a very extensive education, but she was a great reader. Books and nature were ever her chief teachers.

As early as her sixteenth year she began to write poetry. The first to accept and publish her poems were some New York magazines. Since then she has contributed to many of the high grade magazines of this continent and England.

In 1892 she was given a chance to call public attention to herself in another way. Her friend, Mr. Frank Yeigh, arranged for her to recite some of her own poems to a Toronto audience. "A Cry from an Indian Wife" brought her great renown, for in it she upheld the Red Man's cause in the West.

"They but forget we Indians owned the land
From ocean unto ocean; that they stand
Upon a soil that centuries ago
Was our sole kingdom and our right alone."

Pauline Johnson had, indeed, great talent and was soon reciting her poems to large and delighted audiences. As a result of these recitals, she was enabled to go to England, and it was there that "The White Wampum" was first published. Everywhere she was received with favour; and taking with her numerous letters of introduction, she met authors, artists, and critics of renown, and was even welcomed to some of the noblest homes to recite in the drawing-rooms.

On her return to Canada, she made the first of her many tours to the Pacific coast, reciting in all the principal towns and cities. Her personality and natural attractiveness won friends among all who heard her. She visited not only the West, but all parts of our vast Canada. After her first trip to the Pacific she went to Newfoundland and the Maritime provinces; especially at St. John she was received as an author of renown. She secured there much material and an intimate knowledge of the Atlantic fisher folk. This she used in her magazine articles, for which there was a continuous demand.

In 1906 and again in 1907 Pauline Johnson visited England, and on her return, toured the United States with the American Chatauquas.

It was no easy task to journey back and forth in the pioneer country of the North-West, and Pauline Johnson underwent many hardships and had many interesting experiences. She travelled the old Battleford trail before the railroad was built; and once took an eight hundred and fifty mile ride to the gold fields over a Cariboo trail. She always retained her love of canoeing, and traversed many a rushing river and lonely lake.

"August is laughing across the sky,
 Laughing, while paddle, canoe and I
 Drift, drift,
 Where the hills uplift
 On either side of the current swift."

About 1908, after one more trip across Canada, Pauline Johnson gave up her recitals and settled down in Vancouver, her favourite city. Now she devoted herself entirely to her literary efforts. Needless to say, her pen had not been idle up to this point. "Canadian Born" was published in 1903 and was received with great acclaim.

However, her strenuous life gradually told upon her health, and her strength began to fail soon after she settled in Vancouver. She was an invalid for nearly two years, and knowing her illness to be fatal, she had some of her friends, prominent men of Vancouver, collect and publish her Indian Legends and some excellent boys' stories, previously published in various magazines.

The majority of her poems are of the Red Men and the beauties of nature, but she has given us examples of her patriotic zeal as in "Canadian Born." She has written "Brier—Good Friday" and "Christmastide," as well as others, which revealed a deep religious strain in her character.

As one writer says, "The whole keynote of her character was a generous charity toward everything and everybody with whom she came in contact." She was ever working tirelessly for her companions, helping and cheering them on. She was, in spite of a sad undertone in her poems, one of the merriest, happiest, most delightful persons imaginable. She always remained loyal to her first home in Brant County, but the sea, giant firs and the rugged mountains of the Pacific made an irresistible appeal to her.

When Pauline Johnson died on March 7th, 1913, she was mourned by many. At her own request, she was laid to rest in Stanley Park, amid the thick shadows of its great trees. On the huge boulder above her grave was carved the single word "Pauline." One of the most touching and impressive features of her funeral was the silent crowd of Red Men, who lined the streets as the procession passed on its way to the cemetery.

From the Roof of Our Building

we can see a picture of the economic life of Brantford lying like a great panorama about us. Towering factory smokestacks mark our large manufacturing areas where numberless kinds of merchandise are wrought from raw materials. We see the steel highways of the railroads which furnish transportation facilities to carry these products to the consumer.

In the panorama, too, we see the business district, the buildings of residential districts, the schools where our future citizens are being educated, and with that expression of peace and piety so characteristic of them, we see the spires of our Churches.

And looking beyond all this we see the River, grandly flowing through the countryside, winding through fertile valleys until it is lost from view, hidden by acres of trees.

Looking out over this scene we feel proud that we may honestly say: —
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The death of this talented daughter of the Mohawk tribe was not only a loss to those who knew and loved her, but to Canadian literature and to the Canadian nation.

"I seem to hear a bar of music float
 And swoon into the west;
 My ear can scarcely catch the whispered
 note,
 But something in my breast
 Blends with that strain, till both accord
 in one,
 As cloud and colour blend at set of sun.
 "And twilight comes with grey and rest-
 ful eyes,
 As ashes follow flame.
 But O! I heard a voice from those rich
 skies
 Call tenderly my name;
 It was as if some priestly fingers stole
 In benedictions o'er my lonely soul."



SCHOOL NEWS

"Lines of Golden Thought

Encumbered with the dross of News."

Such words might possibly be said of this magazine. It is held by some that a statement of events tends to mar the literary brilliance of a publication whose object is not the propagation of news. If this were the mission of the School News section, the "Hello" could well do without it. Nothing is recorded here with which the student body is not already familiar. From a standpoint of "news" we are behind the times. Therefore, if this section is to justify its existence it must lay claim to some other function.

We desire to permanently record a few of those events of school life which contribute not only to educational efficiency, but to the general interest of the student body. Great events and small ones, serious and frivolous, are written here for your perusal, it would be a difficult task to judge and grade, according to value, those happenings chronicled here. We do not presume to attempt this. We but write them and leave the classification to you.

Were it possible to ask each student what he considered the most important event of the past year many different answers would be forthcoming. Each student judges for himself according to his own lights; he is prejudiced and influenced by his own interests and mental attitude. To those whose sole aim is the attainment of scholastic honour, news pertaining to scholarships and student proficiency is all-important. The student engrossed in sport cares little for this, but eagerly turns to the pages whereon is written the record of field and track, while he who cares for lighter things passes

over these pages until he reaches that department written in a humorous vein.

But whether he be a scholar, athlete or care-free youth, he will not value the happenings of school life to-day or in the immediate future. Perhaps those things which to him seem most important have in reality counted for little and vice versa. Men are ever prone to blind themselves to true values by using the false standards of self-interest.

We cannot set down in this limited space all the occurrences of the past year. Many are left to be perpetuated by your memories. Each item in these columns will recall a similar one in your experience, and though these fragmentary notes are not news to-day, to-morrow when time has brought forgetfulness, they will bring back old scenes and old times to your minds. Then unprejudiced, you will be able to judge and classify and in so doing will be carried back to this our "Alma Mater."

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE SCHOOL

D. J. WILSON

"Every year in every sphere the B. C. I. is getting bigger and bigger." Mons. Code's formula is indeed applicable to the Collegiate. Beginning in the early eighties with a staff of three and a mere handful of students, it has grown until it consists at the present time of a staff of twenty-six and a student body of nine hundred and thirty.

The first permanent building to be erected as High School in Brantford was opened some forty years ago. This structure was on Park Avenue in the East Ward. It was nothing more than a small red-brick cottage and its capacity was soon overtaxed. It was seen that a larger building would be

required, so a site was selected on George Street for the High School. This, upon completion in 1882, was declared to be a "most elegant and commodious" structure. (Reville's "History of the County of Brant.") The staff which in the first building had consisted of the principal, Mr. Mills, and two teachers, was greatly increased, Mr. Hodgson becoming principal and five teachers being added to the staff. A few of the members of the present B. C. I. staff taught at the Collegiate on George Street. These are Miss Bunnell and Messrs. Coates, Passmore and Shultis. All due respect is accorded to this faithful group of teachers by those whom they have taught, or are now teaching. Mr. W. Oliver, who succeeded Mr. Hodgson, retained the principalship until 1893, when Mr. A. W. Burt was appointed.

The "commodious" building on George Street was not large enough to meet the demands of an increasing population, and in 1910 the magnificent Collegiate on Brant Avenue was erected at a cost of \$130,000. The architects for this were Chapman and McGiffin, who also designed the plans for Knox College, Toronto.

Mr. Burt ably directed the school for twenty-five years, resigning in 1918. He was, however, induced to remain as Senior English master until the spring of 1922, when he retired. Mr. Burt was an excellent teacher, and a worthy and conscientious gentleman, and his leaving was a matter of great regret to the staff and student body alike.

On Mr. Burt's resignation Mr. A. M. Overholt, M.A., then principal of the Sarnia C. I., was appointed to succeed him.

Year by year the attendance increased, until it reached a total of 565 in 1920, with a staff of twenty teachers. This was an increase of some 365 students in thirty-eight years.

The advent of the Adolescent Act sent the attendance up at a stupendous rate, and accommodation at the school became inadequate. Temporarily, rooms were used in Grace and St. Jude's Parish Halls, until more accommodation could be provided. The enrollment this year totalled 930 students,

Don't Sacrifice It Needlessly!

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THE CADET RIFLE TEAM

Top Row: Cadet Corp. Buschlen, Corp. Lehman, Cadet Corp. Benson, Sgt. Wilson, Sgt. Creech, Cadet Corp. Thompson, Major Oxtaby.

Front Row: Cadet Lieut. Woodside, Cadet Willetts, Cadet Meggitt, Cadet Adams, Cadet Corp. Fisher, Cadet Lieut. Digby.

an increase of 365 students in three years, the same as for the thirty-eight years previous.

When the over-crowded condition of the school became apparent, steps were taken for the construction of an \$84,600 extension to the main building. Mr. Fred Bodley submitted plans which were very acceptable, and the contract for building was awarded to Schultz Bros. The extension is being built in such a way that it corresponds exactly with the former building. In this manner nothing of the architectural beauty is lost either inside or out.

When the new wing is opened there will be forty-six rooms available at the Collegiate. Twenty-six of these are class rooms while three are used as Science Laboratories.

Practical work, such as manual training and household science, requires six rooms. Four more are in use for officers and teachers' rooms. There is also a large Assembly Hall and a splendid gymnasium, which are taxed to the utmost, being used practically every period in the school day.

This splendid new wing, which should be completed by the time this paper is published, will relieve the congestion which in recent years has made the work of the principal and staff so burdensome. It will also allow the Assembly Hall to be used for meetings of the school. These assemblies, which are quite an institution, have been greatly missed, and it is to be hoped that after the opening of the new wing more will be held.

In educational circles the B. C. I. has risen from comparative obscurity to fame. The buildings, once so small, have been replaced by more imposing structures, and Brantford now boasts one of the finest Collegiates in Ontario. Each one of us, as a pupil of the B. C. I., forms an integral part of an organization of which we may well be proud.

A DREAM ON THE NIGHT BEFORE EXAMINATIONS

"Potassium chlorate and magnanese dioxide," I droned over and over again with the regularity of the "Big Ben" under my pillow.

At the creak of a hinge echoing through the house, I glanced nervously around my room. No detail had been overlooked. The cracks around the door were so carefully stuffed that no tell-tale light could penetrate. An untidy pile of books almost buried the reading-lamp. I felt quite safe from interruption and would have continued cramming for the examinations of the morrow had I not become aware of another presence.

Venturing a covert peek at the intruder I choked back the scream on my lips. The room had suddenly become darker, and before me stood a tall spectre in a tight fitting suit of red. His hair also was as red as an Algebra book; and it was unnecessary for him to announce himself. His garment was literally alive with queer figures and letters. There were xy's and z's and a and b2 and the signs changed with "click." Brackets alternately fell off or miraculously appeared.

My eyes were like saucers as I watched the ever-moving spectacle, and I was speechless with terror. I tried in vain to move, to speak, but all grew black and silent.

Presently, out of the darkness came a mellow, musical voice, and in a gleam of golden light stood Tennyson himself repeating a few lines from "The Brook." I attempted to welcome him, but he shrank back, looking at me in pity and sympathy.

As he faded away a group of little gas bottles came dancing in, waving their tiny black arms and legs and smiling at the more graceful test-tubes. Some mischievous crucibles turned somersaults on wire-gauze, while others perched on upturned florence-flasks and sipped sulphuricade through

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thistle-tubes.

An angry growl was heard, and all the merry fellows whisked out of sight as a fierce bull-dog carried a Union Jack into the room. On the collar of this huge monster was written "British History." Standing out distinctly among the myriads of dates that covered his body, was that mysterious number that strikes terror to the hearts of all.

Apparently my doom had come. "Thirteen," I shrieked.

"Yes," replied many voices. "We have come to tell you the results of your examinations."

Suddenly I perceived all my visitors crowded around me. I shuddered, but was powerless to intervene.

During the pause that followed my hopes rose and fell till a volley of numbers burst upon me.

"Eight," cried one.

"Fifteen," shouted another.

I felt a grip on my shoulder and stared .. into the puzzled eyes of my mother.

"It's eight-fifteen," she said, "and breakfast is waiting."

EMPIRE DAY IN THE B. C. I.

To hear the voices of their King and Queen, to witness the generosity of a friend, and to see evidenced in tangible form the good will of other Brantford organizations, was the experience of B. C. I. students on Empire Day.

Mr. S. F. Passmore, long the esteemed Classical Master of this Collegiate Institute, presented a Classical scholarship in memory of his late wife. As if this were not sufficiently indicative of his interest in our school he also presented two handsome mural tablets of brass mounted on oak. On these will be recorded the names of those students who win the Stanley Schell and Carter Scholarships each succeeding year.

Mr. Passmore, who received an enthusiastic ovation, said that the celebration of the day bespoke loyalty. Apart from loyalty to a nation and king, we were actuated by loyalty for an institution. Nature had implanted in our hearts a love for home and our "Alma Mater", from which we had drawn intellectual nurture in preparation for the position we hoped to fill. He directed attention to the tablets, and suggested that there was still plenty of room for the names of ambitious scholars.

"Those names already inscribed," said he, "should be an incentive to others to follow in the example set. Personal distinction, honour for the school, and intellectual strength are all to be obtained."

In closing his address Mr. Passmore pointed out that only by efficiency and constant effort in study could we hope to indicate our loyalty to the Empire, and at the same time express our gratitude for living in the light of religious and political liberty.

Miss Colter then addressed the school, and in a few well chosen words accepted Mr. Passmore's generous gift, and expressed the gratitude of the Collegiate Institute.

Mr. S. B. Chadsey joined with Mr. W. B. Race, principal of the School for the Blind, in impressing the students with the fact that the greatness of an Empire depends not on natural resources or war-acquired gain, but on the integrity and truth of its people.

The lesson of patriotism was further impressed by the presentation of a flag chart by the Dufferin Rifles Chapter Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire. Mrs. M. A. Colquhoun, Regent of the organization, gave an address in which she demonstrated to the students the manner in which the flag should be honoured.

Col. M. A. Colquhoun, on behalf of his regiment, presented a very excellent rifle to the B. C. I. Cadets. It was received by Major Greenwood, who thanked the Colonel for this generous gift.

Not the least interesting part of the program was the music rendered by Miss M. Laing, Mrs. Dickey, Mrs. Dorothy Belle Jones, Miss Maude Standing, Miss L. Maudsley, Miss Sanderson and Mr. Unger.

Mr. Overholt expressed his appreciation in an excellent address, to all those who contributed to the success of this occasion.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

There is a movement on foot to organize a Literary Society for the students of the school, the meeting to be held every second Tuesday evening. As before, there will be the election of the premier, together with his cabinet designate, and the party elected will control the Society until defeated in debate, when the opposition will take over the government.

Both the premier and the leader of the opposition may select the debaters for the various programmes from all the members regardless of how they voted at election. The party in power chooses the subjects for the debate, while a board of judges awards the decision.

"Open sessions" will be held on alternate meetings.

Editor—"Is this a joke?"

Contributor—"Yes, sir."

Editor—"Did you think it out yourself?"

Contributor—"Yes sir."

Editor—"Then you must be older than you look."

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION'S SCROLL

The Athletic Association has made arrangements to preserve the Athletic Association Membership Lists for 1922-1923, by providing a suitable mounting for the Scroll.

This Scroll is the artistic production of Mr. Bob Walker, who deserves all the compliments received for the superior lettering of this list. It contains the names of 252 loyal supporters of athletics in the school who made Field Day and Athletic Activities possible by their contributions. Such a list will no doubt acquire historic value in its preservation. Miss Florence Gibson, of Upper B., is preparing a similar list of the members of the Athletic Association of the B. C. I. for 1923-1924.

Some More Examination Breaks

Auriferous—pertaining to an orifice.

Ammonia—the food of the gods.

Equestrian—one who asks questions.

Parasite—a kind of umbrella.

Ipercac—a man who likes a good dinner.

Republican—a sinner mentioned in the Bible.

Demagogue—a vessel containing beer and other liquids.

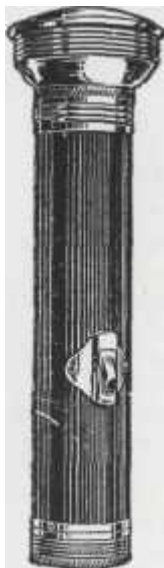
Said Mrs. Parkington — "I attended the concert at the female cemetery last night. The whole thing went off like a Pakenham shot. Some songs were extracted with touching pythagoras and the young angels sung like syrups." During the shower of applause which followed, she remembered that she had forgotten her umbrella.

Policeman—"Your honour, he's charged with bigotry. He is married three times.

Magistrate—"Now, now my man, you go to night school. You know that that isn't bigotry. When a man is married three times it's called trigonometry."

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B. C. I. CADET OFFICERS 1922-23

Back Row: Cadet Lieuts. Broadbent and Woodside, Cadet Captain Ziegler, Cadet Major Greenwood, Cadet Captains Sterne and Moore, Cadet Lieuts. Hutton and Hartman.
 Front Row: Cadet Lieuts. Walsh and Walker. Lieut. W. R. McCamus, Principal A. M. Overholt, Major Oxtaby, Cadet Lieuts. Tench and Ballachey.

THE B. C. I. CADETS

If there is one organization in this school which boasts a longer history than any other, it is the B. C. I. Cadet Corps.

Some years ago, when the school was situated on George St., Captain Nelles was chosen as the first instructor of the Brantford Collegiate Cadets.

After a period of efficient service, he was followed by Sergeant-Major Oxtaby, who reorganized the company. He equipped it as a military unit and introduced the blue uniforms which were obtained through private subscription and personal effort by the cadets.

On the removal of our school to the present building, Sgt.-Major Oxtaby organized a rifle competition, and as a result three Brantford boys were chosen by the Canadian Government to represent Canadian

Cadets at the Bisley meet in England. These excellent shots were Sgt. Harry Genet, Corporal Daniels and Corporal Burt.

The record of the Corps is an enviable one, and not the least of its achievements has been the fitting of many cadets for positions of military and civil importance. Many army officers and men prominent in the business world lay claim to an early training with the B. C. I. Cadets.

Except for four years spent in the service of his country, Major Oxtaby has been the guiding hand of the organization. After returning from the Great War, he again became the instructor, and is quickly bringing the Corps back to the high standard of old.

At present the Corps consists of two companies, of which Cadet Major Greenwood is commanding officer. Cadet Captain C. Sterne commands A company, and has associated with him as platoon commanders

Capt. Hartman, Lieut. Woodside, Lieut. Hutton and Lieut. Broadbent.

Cadet Captain A. Moore leads B company and has an able staff of platoon commanders in Lieuts. Walsh, Tench, Morrison and Roberts.

There can be no doubt that a very great deal of credit is due to Major W. G. Oxtaby, without whose untiring energy and ever present aid the Corps would not have risen to the position of eminence it occupies among the cadet companies of the province.

"The Major" has advanced steadily from rank to rank in his chosen profession, but in so doing has still found it possible to devote much of his time to the Cadets. To-day he deservedly occupies a position of influence and respect in Collegiate life.

MILITARY NOTES

We are familiar with Major Oxtaby in the capacity of an exceptionally fine instructor and good friend to the cadets, but he assumed yet another role when the offic-

ers discovered in him an excellent host. The cadet officers were the guests of Major and Mrs. Oxtaby at a very delightful dinner recently. After the repast they gathered in the Major's den. There between the examination of various implements of war and the discussion of cadet affairs an enjoyable and profitable evening was spent.

A detachment of the B. C. I. cadets attended camp this summer and acquitted themselves very creditably. In deportment and efficiency they received high commendation, and in the field of athletics made a very fine showing.

"If there is any place where I like to transact business in," said the village sage, "it is in a bank. There is no beatin' down there. All you have to do is put your bill on the counter and they exonerate it at once."

"Here's Dr. Johnson's Dictionary," said a woman to her son, "study it contentively, and you will gain a great deal of inflammation."

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THE POINT OF VIEW

First Boarding School Girl, (putting up pictures—"I can't find a single pin. Where do they all go to anyway?")

Second Boarding School Girl:—"It's hard to tell because they're pointed in one direction and headed in another."

MR. OVERHOLT'S READING CLASS

Something altogether new in school life were the Saturday evening reading classes of last winter for the senior students, in Mr. Overholt's home.

The Principal's wide range of reading made it possible for him to select the right books, and to elucidate them as only a reader and a thinker can. His remarks and explanations were clear and to the point, and made the following of the writer's thought a matter of no difficulty. Even Browning's works were robbed of their mental puzzles.

Altogether apart from the benefits derived from the books themselves, there was gained a real insight into the pleasure and profit to be gained from reading the best literature of the day in the right way.

Heard in Upper A.

Foster—"I've got four dollars, and I need five to redeem my Ford, What'll I do?"

Blain—"That's easy. Pawn the four dollars for three and sell the pawn ticket for two."

THE RIFLE TEAM

M. A. W.

The annual cadet shooting matches of the province were held this year at Long Branch rifle ranges, Friday, October the twelfth. Entries were received from most of the Cadet Corps of Ontario, even distant cities like Ottawa, Kingston and Peterborough sending a representation.

The Brantford delegation was conveyed to the lists by means of three cars, and arrived there Thursday night in a more or less damaged condition. However, that very effectual restorative, the drug caffeine soon restored the drooping spirits of the "shots" to such a high pitch that several did not find their way to the arms of Morpheus until a very late hour, being called upon to regale the slumbering company with most of their experiences through life. The night passed peacefully but coldly, interrupted at intervals by the ghost-like tread of the frost-bitten one stealthily creeping across the floor to steal his neighbour's blankets, or the stertorous snore of the dreamer of gold medals.

The morning was very foggy, which perhaps explains why some cadets "mist" the bull's eye; the visibility was so low that the match had to be fired at 100 and 200 yards instead of 200 and 300 yards. The Brantford cadets did extremely well, the first team winning third place in the province.

After the morning match a general adjournment was made to the canteen where tissues were restored and the inner man refreshed for the afternoon struggle.

A heavy mist again enveloped the ranges and veiled the targets in the afternoon, and the match had to be discontinued upon the completion of the snap-shooting at 200 yds. The results were decided upon the scores of this practice only. The B. C. I. first team again fought their way to seventh place, but unfortunately seven, although the perfect number, went prizeless.

The awards were presented by Mrs. Borden, wife of the commanding officer of that military district, Hamilton Collegiate Institute receiving the lion's share of the spoil, but with the B. C. I. figuring frequently in the prize list.

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The journey home was made in record time by one automobile despite the dense fog, but the occupants of other cars seemed to have a great attachment to the histrionic art, and gratified their whims in this direction in Hamilton. They returned at a very early hour (next morning).

The rifle team wish to express here their appreciation of all that Major Oxtaby has done to make the trip a pleasant success. They consider that the major is exactly what an officer in charge should be, and are persuaded that in the very near future he will bring home as much pewter from the Cadet Matches as the proteges of the Ambitious City carried off this year.

The teams are as follows:

First Team — Lieut. Woodside (capt.), Lieut. Digby, Corporal Fisher, Corporal Lehman, L.-C. Benson, L.-C. Thompson.

Second Team—Sgt. Wilson (capt.), Corp. Buschlen, Sgt. Creech, Cadets Adams, Willetts, Meggitt.

Lieut. Digby was captain of the team ensemble.

NEWS NOTES OF THE UPPER SCHOOL

No longer is the pride of the B. C. I. gathered in one room. Our institution now boasts two forms devoted to the teaching of Upper School subjects. Upper A. is undoubtedly the most efficient, but Upper B. claims to be equally notorious.

Upper A. boasts many men of renown. Moffatt Woodside is certainly a credit to any form, and Douglas Styles is a shining light. Merle Blain, the philosopher, continues to expound his particular brand and does not hesitate to apply his logic even to Miss McDougall.

The Chemistry class was treated to a demonstration on the preparation of hydrogen not long ago. Charles Sterne, of Upper B. acted as laboratory assistant while Mr. Wilson lectured.

The apparatus worked splendidly (for the rest of the class) and both Mr. Wilson and his helper refuse to make hydrogen again. After the pieces were picked up, R. A. Benson, of Upper A., was cruel enough to remark that a treatise on the elementary preparation of hydrogen was now forthcoming.

THE HIGH SCHOOL CLUB

Once more the High School Club is taking an active part in the life of this school. Organized for the purpose of bringing students closer together and interspersing social pleasure with instructive messages, it has fulfilled its object faithfully and well.

Allan Broadbent is the president for this year, and has associated with him as secretary Edward Hartman. Both are capable men, and success is again assured for the organization.

The High School Club meets each Friday evening, and after the usual repast the boys adjourn to the various groups to listen to instructive addresses by their mentors.

Mr. S. B. Chadsey is taking an active part in the work, and with the support of such men as this, the club is a powerful influence among B. C. I. students.

ECHOES FROM M I.

The beauty and genius of Brantford, Cainsville and Lynden is gathered together in our illustrious form. We're not a bit conceited—only pleased with ourselves.

Mr. Charles Sterne has been selected to fill the position of gentleman-in-waiting to our brilliant Latin scholar, Mr. Harry Dayman. His duties consist of arousing Harry from his slumbers when Mr. McCamus questions him. We sincerely hope Charlie will not break down under his heavy responsibility.

Four members of M I. were chosen by Mr. Wilson to enter the non-stop line-writing contest held recently. All four reached the three hundred mark before they collapsed.

George Clemons, whose sister has left school, has taken Miss Bunnell's advice and is advertising for some other boy's sister to assist him with his French. Come early and avoid the rush!

A very touching little playlet, entitled "The Wounded Hero's Return," was enacted in M I. after the rugby game with Kitchen-er. The leading part was taken by Mr. Charlie Colombo.

What's the matter with Louis Hagey? Has he reformed or is he in love?

The M I. copper-matching season is in full swing. Miss Leile Ryerson seems to first in line for the championship.

M II

Some Forms have brains, others have industry, but we lay small claim to either. We excel, however, in sports—(chiefly basket-ball and flirtations). In Zoology, too, our tastes are well developed. The latest specimen to be added to our collection is a prize mud turtle, especially trained to climb in and out the ink wells and to attract female attention.

When it comes to brains, we feel we must hand the laurels to someone in Cooper's vicinity. When asked to name four kinds of angles the brilliant one ventured this brainy answer. "Acute angle, right angle, straight angle and TRI-ANGLE!"

Perhaps he even thinks the Saturday Evening Post is for hitching horses. You never can tell!



She: "The man I marry must have intelligence"
 He (bitterly): "He won't have."

M 3

Someone on the "Hello" staff once remarked that nothing had been heard from M 3. That is not strange, for apparently we keep our geniuses hidden so deeply that they seldom venture up from the depths (of the basements) to visit the leading lights on the other floors.

But there is one thing at least for which M 3 deserves credit. That is for the many devices by which the Black and Yellow's succeed in reaching the form at just one minute to nine and twenty-one minutes to two.

It would be a safe venture to say that there are never two watches in the whole form that keep the same time. That, however, is not necessary. It is sufficient to say that when we see Dorothy steaming to school on her wheel it is time to run.

The door is just being closed when a dozen or so of our fastest pacers slip through the crack.

In the meantime, hats, coats and gloves have been tossed from the M 3 door to the cloakroom. Here they decorate the floor in a muddled heap, until some kind hearted person deigns to restore them to some sem-

blance of order, or until they are found by their hurried owners who are prepared to have them undergo the same treatment at the beginning of the afternoon.

THE SCHOLARSHIPS

Principal Overholt and the staff of the Brantford Collegiate Institute are to be congratulated on the high standing taken by those students who last term went up for scholarship examinations.

M. A. Woodside added to his laurels when he obtained the first Carter Scholarship for Brant County. He is continuing his studies in the Upper School this year, and we may well expect to hear of further triumphs in the near future.

Victor Railton, who is now in his first year of Medicine at Toronto, succeeded in winning the Second Carter honours. Victor's work in the sporting as well as in the academic spheres of school life has won for him a prominent place in the annals of the Collegiate. He also succeeded in winning the scholarship presented by Mr. S. F. Passmore for proficiency in the Classics.

The Third Carter Scholarship was won by H. J. Down. Harry further indicated his ability by carrying off a scholarship in Victoria College.

The Southorn Memorial Scholarship, offered by Upper Canada College, was captured by Jack Reid, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Reid of this city. This excellent scholarship carries with it a fund of six hundred dollars annually for a period of three years. The "Hello" joins with Jack's many friends in offering congratulations and good wishes for the future.

Lorne Whitaker was rewarded for his industry and proficiency when he received the Thompson Scholarship of McMaster University. This scholarship of three hundred dollars is awarded yearly for proficiency in Mathematics. We have no doubt that Lorne's career at McMaster will be as brilliant as it has been at the B. C. I.

The I. O. D. E. Scholarship for general proficiency was won by A. G. Ballachey. It carries a prize of two hundred and seventy-

five dollars annually for three years. "Alex." has gone down to study science at the University of Toronto where he will undoubtedly "make good."

Miss Margaret McCormack, who is continuing her studies in the Upper School, had the best ten papers on the Pass Matriculation. This excellent showing won for her the Stanley Schell Memorial Scholarship presented annually to this school.

The splendid record of these scholars should be an incentive to those students whose academic careers are yet before them. "Personal distinction, honour for the school and intellectual strength are all to be gained."

The boys of the Upper School were not interested in the world series this year. Mr. Overholt was out of the city, and after a conference led by Harry Smith, it was decided that all should remain at school and wait for the results in the Expositor that evening. A kind citizen called up and congratulated principal that not a single student was observed watching the Playograph. Mr. Overholt generously passed the congratulations on to the students of the Upper School and, in appreciation, gave some of them a holiday. If you don't believe this, we refer you to Mr. Overholt.

The true story of Sir Isaac Newton

Little things often produce great things. To illustrate, take Sir Isaac Newton—I presume some of you have heard of Mr. Newton. Well, once when Sir Isaac Newton—a mere lad—got over into the man's apple orchard—I don't know what he was doing there—I don't question Mr. Newton's honesty—but when he was there—in the man's orchard—he saw an apple fall and was attracted towards it and that led to the discovery—not of Mr. Newton—but of the great law of attraction and gravitation.

(From Mark Twain.)

Kindly villager (to mother of newly-appointed A.D.C.) "An' 'ow's Mas'r John gettin' on? I see by the paper 'e's become a 'andicap to a general."



THE ATOMIC THEORY BECAME A LAW M. S. R.

Chemistry and physics text-books may define the atom as "hypothetically the smallest unit of matter."

The atom is no longer hypothetical—an imagination of man's mind—as the persevering and patient research of two scientists has proved its existence.

Let us examine a piece of granite. How dense and solid it appears! Yet the particles of the rock are relatively just as far apart as the planets of our solar system. A planet may whirl through space without danger of collision with other planets. Likewise a tiny electron may float through a rock without touching an atom.

It is interesting to note how the atomic theory has been proved. In 1902, Lane, a Swiss physicist, suggested that the real nature of X-rays might be learned if the X-rays were turned on the surface of a crystal. To understand why Lane reached this conclusion, it is necessary to know something of wave action. In the intangible ether which pervades all space, there are waves travelling like ripples upon the surface of a body of water which has been disturbed. The waves are of great variety. They comprise heat and light waves, radio-waves, ultra-violet rays, X-rays, etc. The difference between the waves is that of wave-length—the measurement between the crests of the waves.

Light waves are reflected by a smooth surface, but the most polished surface of an object is like sand-paper to the X-ray. Hitherto, scientists were unable to reflect the X-rays, consequently there was some doubt as to whether they were similar to radio, heat and light waves which could be reflected.

Hence, Lane suggested that X-rays be turned upon crystals to ascertain if X-rays were reflected.

As a result of investigation, the discovery was made that X-rays were reflected from the surface of a broken mica crystal. The X-rays were so short that a very small surface reflected them.

At this point two physicists, Sir William Bragg and his son, continued the investigations. They constructed a specially designed instrument which cast X-rays upon a crystal. The smooth surface of the atomic crystal (not the visible surface) reflects the X-rays which were then photographed.

Scientists take these photographs and read them as an engineer reads a complicated blue print. They proceed to actually measure the size of the atoms and the spaces between them. This investigation is another step taken in the conquest of truth.

INSULIN

The world welcomes any discovery which serves to alleviate the sufferings of mankind. This explains the reception of Dr. F. G. Banting and his associates in Medical Research in Toronto University. On every hand honours have been extended to these scientists because of the discovery of "insulin"—to be used in the treatment of diabetes.

At least three chronic diseases afflict the human race. These are tuberculosis, cancer and diabetes. True, diabetes—diabetes mellitus—frequently attacks persons of a debilitated constitution. The symptoms are thirst, voracious appetite, emaciation and muscular weakness. The sufferer is unable to derive the requisite energy from the food consumed, hence he is unable to work and

suffers because the system cannot be satisfied with food.

The assimilation of food and the conversion of food into energy for the body is a complex chemical process involving the conversion of much food material into sugars. These sugars are carried to the liver where they are secreted as glycogen or animal starch. This starch is converted back into sugar, as it is needed by the system. This supplies the tissues with material for their energy and heat.

In the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research, New York, a series of experiments resulted in the discovery that diabetes is due to a defect in the operation of the pancreas, a gland behind the stomach, causing the development of excess dextrose in the blood. The food was thus converted into a form which could not be utilized by the system in producing energy and heat.

The treatment of diabetes consisted in the use of bicarbonate of soda and eliminating all carbohydrates or foods containing starch from the patient's diet, and allowing a normal supply of nitrogenous or proteid food. The patient was unable to exert himself, as he received little of energy-producing foods and he was subject to other diseases, particularly diseases of the lungs.

Thus the treatment of diabetes resulted in the practical starvation of the patient.

The discovery of "insulin" recently by Dr. Banting and his associates may mean that people with defective pancreas may be enabled to engage in all the activities and enjoyments of life in which healthy people participate.

The writer of this article is particularly pleased that this momentous discovery in Medical Research should have been made by Dr. F. G. Banting, native of South-western Ontario, and a former University class mate.

Dr. P. G. Banting began research work by investigating the relation which the secretions of the digestive gland—the pancreas—had to the formation of blood-sugar. In the body there are several endocrine or ductless glands. These glands do not pass their secretion into the digestive tract, but the blood apparently absorbs their secre-

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tions. The hormone secreted by the thyroid glands on the tongue-bone stimulate development, and that of the thymus glands stimulate growth. In the pancreas there are certain endocrine glands known as the "Islands (Latin—insulse) of Langueloc." With true scientific acumen Dr. Banting considered the effect of introducing the secretion of these "islands"—hence insulin—hypodermically into the blood of diabetic sufferers. The results have justified his supposition that a supply of this pancreatic secretion would enable the diabetic sufferer to assimilate sugars and be freed from his condition of practical starvation.

In the advanced stages of diabetes, patients relapse into a state of coma. Insulin was introduced to patients even in this advanced stage of the disease, and in course of treatment diabetic symptoms disappear.

In the few months which have passed since the announcement of the discovery by Dr. Banting, "insulin" has been used in the treatment of diabetes in most of the largest hospitals of the globe. In practically every case the diabetic sufferer has experienced relief from the disease.

While the discoverer does not claim that the use of insulin will cure diabetes, the use of the product is evidently removing the disease symptoms. It may be that the use of insulin will enable the pancreas to resume its normal function of producing the hormone in sufficient quantities to enable the system to assimilate sugar requisite to produce heat and energy for normal activities.

For some time the cost of insulin must be considerable, as it is difficult to procure. At present the source of supply is the fresh pancreas secured when cattle are slaughtered at abattoirs. In the future insulin may be obtained from plants or prepared synthetically.

Because of the large number of people suffering from diabetes and the small sources of supply of insulin, the Medical Research Council have restricted its use by hospitals and practitioners by making a careful correlation of diet, blood-sugar changes and dosage of insulin in each case. Insulin will be given to all those in diabetic

coma and to those with diabetic symptoms needing special preparation for some surgical operation.

In order to conserve the supply of this discovery in medical science, practitioners have to attend special clinics to receive instruction regarding the treatment of diabetes by insulin.

Insulin is prepared in considerable quantities by treatment of fresh pancreatic and related glands with a solvent such as alcohol. This dissolves the minute quantities of the secretion present. The extract may be separated from the solution by the use of ammonium sulphate, which is dissolved out. The substance may then be concentrated by the use of benzoic acid. This acid is separate, and an aqueous sterile solution of insulin is prepared in concentrated form and sufficiently free from impurities for repeated administration to patients suffering from diabetes.

At Toronto University special laboratories have been equipped for the preparation of insulin.

This notable discovery has undoubtedly enhanced the prestige of Toronto University and its students in the world of science.

In recognition of the work in the discovery of insulin, the Nobel prize in Medicine for 1923 has been awarded to Drs. Banting and J. J. R. MacLeod. These men are thus honored as the first Canadians to receive the Nobel Award.

Nobel, the Swedish scientist and inventor, of dynamite, who died in 1896, bequeathed nine million dollars for the establishment of a fund, the interest on which should be distributed annually to those who had most contributed to the benefit of mankind during the year immediately preceding the awards. These prizes are awarded annually in Medicine, Physics, Chemistry, Literature and Peace. The average value of each award is \$40,000.

There is a possibility that Dr. Banting's award may be devoted to research work.

For the student in the secondary schools the discovery of insulin has some significance. Up to the present very few of nature's secrets have been discovered. The other secrets wait for the investigator who is willing to work for other discoveries.

(Continued on Page 59)



*"—And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his captain's hand on his shoulder smote:
Play up, play up, and play the game."*

Sir Henry Newbolt

It was the spirit fostered by these words which gave truth to Wellington's assertion that the battles of England are won upon her playgrounds. It was true in his day, and it is still true, for it is that spirit of perseverance and cheerful fair play, bred upon the athletic fields of the nation, which gives the morale of the British soldier its peerless rank.

One of the most important lessons we learn from war is the value and necessity of the proper development of the body. It is a grave reproach to our civilization that so many Canadians who volunteer for military service should be found physically unfit for the duties involved. Strength and health of body depend of course, largely upon inheritance, but a poor inheritance can be supplemented by judicious physical training, and a full one can be maintained and enriched by no other means.

Among all forms of physical exercise none take a higher place in the work of developing the body than do athletic sports and games. It is for this reason that wise educationalists heartily sponsor these means of physical culture. And by perusing the past history of the B. C. I. we find our school has ever had a high position, not only in the type of scholar it produced, but in the vigorous and healthy body which housed the brilliant intellect.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Early in September a meeting of representatives from the various forms was called to form the Athletic Association. For the benefit of the new students, Major Oxtaby explained the objects of the Association and the manner of forming the executive. The officers were then elected as follows:

- Honorary President—Principal Overholt.
- President—Ted. Greenwood.
- Vice-President—Audrey Cinnamon.
- Directors—Major Oxtaby, Miss Murphy.
- Treasurer—Mr. Shultis.
- Secretary—Edward Hartman.
- Committee—Mr. R. W. E. McFadden, Tom Walsh, Murray Cinnamon, Miss G. Ryan, Miss L. Wilde, Miss B. F. Force.

B. C. I. FIELD DAY

September the nineteenth dawned clear and warm, an ideal day for sports. The campus was flooded with mellow sunlight, and the terrace with its carpet of green, made an excellent grandstand for those spectators who wished to obtain a complete view of the panorama spread before them. At ten o'clock the athletes made their appearance upon the field, and after the short preliminary exercises the contest for the athletic championships commenced. At each pit and track, crowds of interested students lustily cheered their favourites as some remarkable feat was accomplished or some record broken.

(Continued on Page 46.)

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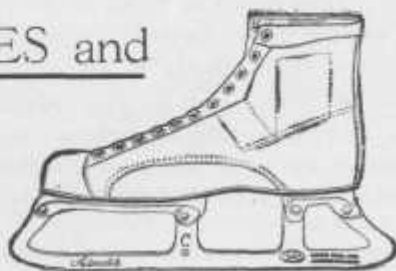
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THE SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

C. Colombo, A. De Marco, J. Ashton, M. Cinnamon, E. Grobb, T. Walsh, R. E.K. Tench (Manager), I. Dowling, G. Wallace, C. Greenwood, M. Scruton, G. Brandon, A. Broadbent, D. Wilson, G. Kerr, E. Greenwood (Captain), Mr. Robbins.

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Nor were the participants all of the male of the species. The fair sex was represented by scores of gentle maidens, each striving to wrest the laurel wreath from her sisters.

One of the most amusing of the girls' events, from the spectators' point of view, was the obstacle race. The contestants were obliged to climb through the rungs of a ladder, leap over a bar, crawl under a hurdle and pass over a barrier composed of two chains, climbing up one side and down the other. They then tied both feet together and jumped the remaining distance. Madeline Waghorne succeeded in carrying off the honours for this event.

The Girls' Novelty Race was another entertaining feature. The contestants ran half the distance, stopped and donned shoes, gloves, hat and coat, fastening at least two buttons of the latter. Then taking up an umbrella, they finished the course, opening the umbrella on the way. Miss S. Hewitt was the winner.

Besides these particular events the usual running and jumping contests were staged, and many of the young ladies displayed remarkable skill in this line of endeavour.

The boys' events consisted entirely of running, broad and high jumping, and the shot put. In these the boys performed splendidly. The senior championship was won by Chester Greenwood, a new-comer to the school. Chet gave a fine demonstration of athletic skill.

The final results are given below:

Girls' Championships—Senior—Miss L. H. Christie. Junior—Miss H. Chisholm.

Boys' Championships—Senior—Chester Greenwood (35 points); Intermediate — Harold Thompson (37 points); Junior — Albert Nobbs (27 points.)

During the day refreshments and hot dogs were served on the grounds, under the direction of Miss Hartley. It was generally conceded that the 1923 Field Day was one of the most successful in years. Those largely responsible for the success are Major Oxtaby and Miss Murphy, the physical directors.

RUGBY

The Rugby team passed through a season of hardship and handicaps this year. To begin with the team was without the services of five or six of the mainstays of last year's team, and as a result it was necessary to call upon a number of absolute novices at the game. To create a team from such material is the work of an experienced and expert coach. Once again the B. C. I. was without the assistance of a rugby coach and it remained for the boys themselves together with the kind advice of several gentlemen of the city to attempt this task. It was also unfortunate that several of the most reliable players received injuries which prevented them from taking part in the majority of games. The boys worked hard to prepare for their adversaries, but it was impossible to successfully compete against well trained teams in this condition. The players performed creditably, however, and if we are ever inclined to criticisms let us remember that "they did their best."

THE TEAM

EDWIN GREENWOOD—Captain and centre half back. Ted had the misfortune to seriously injure his ankle during the early part of the season and as a result was prevented from playing in all the games. Ted was undoubtedly the mainstay of the team and it is generally conceded that if he had been able to participate in more of the games, the team's standing would have been among the highest.

KENNETH TENCH — Manager, Ken played right middle and great credit is due to him both for his playing and his work as manager. He will be missed next year.

IAN DOWLING—At quarter Ian showed he knew how to play rugby. He was best at open field running, using his head every minute of the game.

MURRAY CINNAMON — Murray was another hard man to tackle. He played centre and also right half. He will be a valuable member of next year's team.

RUSSEL BIGGAR — "Coon" was able to play only at the first of the season, but while he was on the job he displayed plenty of ability.

WALTER MCCORMICK — Walt, was forced to drop out on account of an injured leg, but during his time on the active list he worked hard and filled his position well.

CHARLIE COLOMBO — Played left-end and was a splendid man for the position. His clever tackling was a feature of every game. He was unable to finish the season on account of a sprained ankle.

GORDON (JUMBO) WALLACE—Jumbo played right-end. He was a good tackler and a speedy runner. If he continues in the manner he displayed this year he will be sure to play with higher company.

.....AHMET DE MARCO—Played a splendid game as a sub. for both ends. It is safe to say that when Mimmy went after a man he brought him down.

ALLAN BROADBENT — Broady is probably our youngest player, and also the best buckler on the team. His line plunging and defensive work were features of every game. He played left-middle.

GORDON BRANDON — Gordy was the "biggest" man on the team, and he was there working hard in every game. He was best on defensive work, for when a man hit Gord. he went no further. Gord. played left inside.

FREDERICK GROBB—Eric played snap-back and filled that difficult position very well. It is one of the most trying positions on the team, but Eric was always equal to it.

GEORGE KERR—Kerry was a sub. line-man, a hard worker at all times and willing to do what was best for the team at any time. He is still very young, and the school will appreciate his services next year.

DAVID WILSON—Dave was a novice at the first of the season, but he made the team and did very good work. He played right-inside.

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CHESTER GREENWOOD — This was Chet's first year at rugby, and he showed himself quite equal to any position he played. He was a sub. for almost every position.

MURRAY SCRUTON — Murray did not turn out till late in the season, but he played splendidly on both defensive and offensive work. He played right-inside.

THOMAS WALSH — Tom played left-half, and his running and kicking were outstanding in every game.

JACK ASHTON—"Cricket" was perhaps the hardest man on the team to catch. His favourite pastime was to run away from his tacklers, then laugh at them. He played right-half. A good man for next year.

WALTER DICK — Walt, played flying wing. He was a sure tackle and good at breaking up interference. He also will be a good man for next season's team.

THE RUGBY GAMES OF 1923

St. Thomas 41—B. C. I. 0

The first game of the season was an exhibition game with St. Thomas. The interference plays of the visitors, together with the speedy end runs and heavy bucking proved too much for the inexperienced B. C. I. team. Although the local boys played well individually, team work was lacking, and no progress could be made against the well-trained St. Thomas squad.

Guelph 17—B. C. I. 5

The next contest was the first league game, played against Guelph. In this game the B. C. I. lads showed much better form as a team, and were able to make many gains in open field, but could not muster the final strength to push the ball over after fighting their way close to the line. Cinnamon made some good runs. Grobb and Tench were best on the defensive, breaking up many plays.



THE JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row: Principal Overholt, Major Oxtaby, R. McGilvray (Manager), Mr. McFadden.

Third Row: N. Wilson, L. Book, F. Billo, L. Tucker, W. Scruton.

Second Row: B. Northcote, A. Stillman, W. Smith, B. Dowling, A. Woolams, S. Statham

Front Row: M. Dug-dale, N. Harris, E. Cooper, F. Ziegler (Captain), J. Tipper,
S. Reavely, G. Clemons.

Kitchener 18—B. C. I. 4

On the day of the Kitchener team's visit the locals certainly seemed to be playing against fate. The invaders, greatly assisted by the good work of Paul Hauck and the breaks they received, romped away with a winning score. Their onside kicks were almost invariably successful, and they obtained great gains by these alone. The excellent work of Broadbent, Colombo and Brandon was outstanding in this game.

Galt 2-1—B. C. I. 4

One of the best games of the season, with regard to the brand of rugby displayed, took place at Galt. Although the score ended in favour of the enemy, the Brant boys fought a splendid battle. Ashton and Cinnamon both made several fine runs, and Walsh was great on running back kicks. Broadbent, Tench, Colombo and Wallace starred on defensive work. Somebody became rough during the game, with the result that Tench was removed to the Galt Hospital.

B. C. I. 11—Kitchener 6

The Kitchener aggregation received the surprise of their young lives when the local

lads descended upon them and swept through to the tune of an 11—6 victory. It would be difficult to pick out a particular star player in this game, as every one on the team played a great game. Bucks went for naught against the stonewall defense of the B. C. I., and the onside kicks which had proved so disastrous in the home game, spelled repeated losses for the Kitchener Kids. The play was in our hosts' territory the greater part of the game. Dowling's headwork was very noticeable in the last half.

Guelph 5—B. C. I. 2

The Guelph squad once again defeated the B. C. I., this time by a considerably smaller margin. The game was a splendid demonstration in every way. The work of De Marco was perhaps the most outstanding event in the game. He was right down on the kicks, and twice fell on fumbled catches near the touch line. Broadbent's powerful plunging brought repeated gains. Dick did some fine tackling, and Ashton's runs gained many yards.





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Galt 19—B. C. I. 6

The final game of the season was played on the home field against Galt. Our half-line was without the services of Ashton and Greenwood for a large part of the game. Having no regular half-line spares to put in, the team was greatly handicapped. The fine tackling of Colombo, De Marco and Wallace, and the running and tackling of Walter Dick, were outstanding in this game. Grobb, on the defensive, was in the lime-light, while Tench and Broadbent gained on bucks. Murray Scruton received a friendly tap that removed his nasal appendage from its orthodox position to a location dangerously near one ear, and was consequently forced to stop playing.

THE McFADDEN TROPHY

In former years the games played by the second teams in the Interscholastic League were merely exhibition games, there being no definitely organized league. This season the junior league took definite form and the junior gridders were spurred on by the hope of bringing to their school the admirable trophy presented, for competition in the junior league, by Mr. R. W. E. McFadden, of the B. C. I. teaching staff. Mr. McFadden has always been one of the staunchest friends and supporters of all forms of athletics in the school and especially of the rugby teams. This season Mr. McFadden gave further proof of his whole hearted interest in the boys by donating this handsome cup to the league. It is surely a matter for congratulation that the B. C. I. juniors were successful in capturing the coveted trophy in the first year of its existence.

THE SECOND TEAM

ROLLAND McGILVRAY—Snap and sub. half-back. Yank has been termed a snappy snap-back, and he also showed his ability by his gains for the half-line.

ART. WOOLAMS — Flying wing. Art. was one of the heavy artillery, and used his weight to great advantage.

ELLSTON COOPER — Right-half — the Rudolph Valentino of the team. He gained frequently on line plunges and had a nasty straight-arm which he used to advantage.

STAN. REAVELY—Centre-half—a valuable member of the half-line. He was the star punter, but received injuries which hindered his prowess in this direction.

NORMAN WILSON—Left-half. Nip was late in getting back to school, but he made the team, and proved of great value as a second defense man.

.....FRED ZIEGLER—Fred was the star of the team. He was a human shadow and flitted in and out amongst the players making great gains. He was the best field runner of the team.

NORMAN HARRIS — Right-end. Norm was a fast runner and an adept at the shoe-string tackle. He and Clemons made a speedy pair of wings as could be found in the league.

GEORGE CLEMONS—Left end. George was down under every kick and seldom missed his man. He was a wonder at interference plays.

STANLEY STATHAM — Left middle. Stan was a tower of strength when it came to stopping bucks. He made a specialty of capturing fumbles.

JACK TIPPER—Left inside. Jack had previous experience in the game and was a reliable defense man. He also gained frequently on bucks.

ELMER McGILVRAY — Right inside. This was Elmer's first year out, but he showed considerable ability at the game.

LLOYD TUCKER—Right middle. Lloyd has had considerable experience in the game and showed skill as a tackier and heavy defense man.

LLOYD BOOKE— Middle. Although a novice at the game, "Booky" proved to be a splendid defense man.

BILL SMITH—Inside. Bill was another powerful defense player and usually stopped his man.

MORGAN DUGDALE — Utility. Dug. was at home in any position and played a real game as sub-quarter, and also in half line positions.

ARTHUR STILLMAN — Inside. Art. showed that he could play a good game when called upon. He will be an asset to next year's team.

JAMES SCACE — Big Jim was just out for one game, being forced to retire owing to injuries. Another good man lost.

HAROLD BUCK — Bucky played in the half line and showed real ability.

FRED BILLO — End wing sub. Fred will no doubt have a regular position on next year's team.

WILFRED RIDDOLS — Sub end wing. Is also in line for a regular position next season.

BOB DOWLING — Although new at the game, Bob showed some great work.

WILFRED SCRUTON — Spare snap back. Played a good game and ought to make a regular place next year.

LAWRENCE NORTHCOTE — Was a little light for the team, but ought to make good next year. He was spare snap.

HERBERT COCORAN — Inside. Corker was a big man on the defense and a good line plunger. He was forced to retire in mid-season.

"DYNAMITE" WILSON — Walt usually accompanied the team to act as trainer. He was a fast worker.

SECOND TEAM GAMES 1923

The B. C. I. Juniors had a most successful season this year. The boys displayed a splendid brand of rugby and succeeded in battling their way to the R. W. E. McFadden Trophy in the first year of its existence. This is the second consecutive year that the Juniors have won the league championship.

The boys owe their success to the coaching of Mr. Reg. Robbins who expended a great deal of time and energy in building

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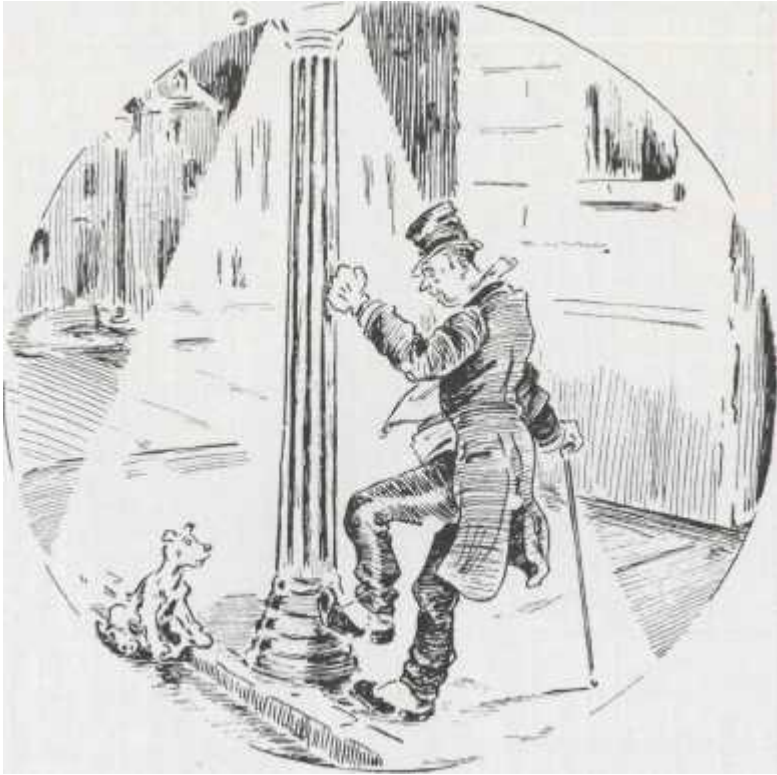
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Kathleen Christie	Kay.....	But You've Got To	Very Varied	Various Tea Rooms	Smilin' Through
Edward Hartman	Ed.....	Listen Here.....	Baiting Advertisers	Vernor's	Boot, Saddle, To Horse And Away.
Florence Gibson.....	Florrie	Oh, Come On	Artiste.....	Various' Tea Rooms.....	You've Got To See, Etc.
Gordon Hutton	Major	That's Potent.....	Y. M. C. A. Membership	Vernor's	I Love a Lassie
Moffat Woodside.....	Ego	Hades	Consulting Dictionaries	Zion Church Pipe Organ	Mon Coeur S'Ouvre a' Ta Voix
Madge Brewster.....	Just "Madge	Oh Heck.....	Collecting Guide Fees ..	Not Discovered Yet	The Psalms of David
R. E. Kenneth Tench	R. E. K.....		Latin Exercises	Y. M. Bowling Alley.....	Baby Blue Eyes
Margaret Watt	Marg.....	Gwan	Riding	Dodge Sedan	Waltz Me Around Again Johnny
Ted. Greenwood.....	Ben	Listen, Fellas	Cadet Orders	Y. M. Bowling Alley	Swinging Down The Lane
R. Ashley Benson ..	Rash.....	Pile In	Pumping Tires	St. George Barber Shop ...	And Her Mother Came Too.
Doris Burgar	Doris	I Won't	Artiste.....	Artemis	Do I?
Percy Beckett	P. L.....	Logandoy	Playing Checkers	Y. M. C. A. Rotunda	Checkers (It's Your Move)
Merle Blain	Blarney	Pfui	Philosophizing	With The Sages.....	I'm A Lonesome Little Raindrop
Audrey Cinnamon ..	Aud.....	Oh Gee!	Basketball	The Gym.....	Hold Me.
David Wilson	Romeo.....	Heavens!	Waiting For Her	The B. C. I. Halls	When You and I were Young Maggie
William Cooke	Willys	S'Matter?	Selling Overlands	The Temple	Crossing the Bar.
Charles Sterne	Charlie	Oh Min!	Chemical Experiments	Chemistry Lab.....	Sweet Mamma.
Reginald Jeakins	Jenkins	What A Life	Snoozing	Olympia	I'm A Twelve O'clock Fellow.
Harvey Buschlen	Bush. ...	I Dunno	Driving Fords	Y. M. Steps	No, No, Nora.
Gordon Brandon	Gord.....	Oh Al	Collecting Snapshots ...	Artemis	Cut Yourself a Piece of Cake.
Allan Broadbent	Al.....	Seen Gord?	Looking For Gord.....	High School Club	Lower Lights Be Burning.
Vernon Smith	Smitty	Good Gracious! ...	Upifting.....	Ford Sedan	Which Hazel?
Allan Moore	Dinty	Is He?	Writing Notes	On The Corner	Oh gee, Oh gosh, Oh golly I'm in love
Francis Clarke	Clarkie	'S Alright	Has None	Sometimes At School	In a Little Town Near By.



Somewhat inebriated gentleman, (after knocking at lamp post for ten minutes): "Sh-funny! I know shesh home; I can shee a light up-stairs!"

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up the second team. Mr. Robbins is a former member of the Tigers, and had a wealth of information to impart to the Juniors. The boys greatly appreciate Mr. Robin's assistance and are very grateful to him for his kindness.

B. C. I. 19—Guelph 1

The opening game of the league ended with a crushing defeat for Guelph. The B. C. I. team played a wonderful game, receiving great encouragement by their initial victory. Stan Reavely obtained the only drop kick of the season in this game.

Kitchener 12--B.C.I. 5.

The easy victory over the Guelph squad left the locals a little over-confident with the result that the Kitchener lads surprised them and smashed their way to victory. The absence of Reavely, due to injuries, was a handicap, and the boys didn't lose heart, but got down to harder practice.

B.C.I. 10--Galt 3.

After the defeat at the hands of Kitchener, Reg. Robinson took charge of the team and at once made some radical changes in the line up. The result was that the boys were prepared for Galt and when they found the Terriers leading by a 3-0 score at the end of the third quarter, they brought the heavy artillery into action. Cooper and Woolams tore through the gaps opened by the line. Galt could not withstand the terrific assaults and the B.C.I. youths nicked off two touchdowns in the final moments of the game.

B. C.I. 7--Kitchener 2.

On the following Saturday the boys wrought vengeance upon the Kitchener battlers, who had up to that time had no defeat. The game was hard fought, but during the second quarter our lads gradually worked their way towards the enemy lines and at the zero hour, Cooper plunged over for the only touch of the game. After that the Brants frustrated all attempts to equal the score.

Guelph 8--B. C. I. 6.

The Royals staging a complete comeback, defeated the Juniors on their own gridiron. The score was 8-0 at the end of

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the third quarter in favour of the Guelphites. Once again the Blue and White rallied to the attack and tallied six points. But the whistle blew before the required score was reached, and the B. C. I. received their

second and last defeat of the season.

B. C. I. 25 --- Galt 11.

For the second time the Telephone City lads administered a bitter defeat to the Galtonians. Four times the Brants smashed their way to the Galt line and four times Ziegler, the elusive quarter slipped over a touchdown, Nip Wilson scoring the fifth. With the score 25-0 at half time the local lads eased up and the Galt squad marked up eleven points.

The league was closely contested and the final standing indicated that the Juniors had no easy task to clinch the trophy.

THE STANDING

Team	Won	Lost	Tied			
Brantford	4	2	0	8	72	37
Kitchener	3	2	1	7	40	33
Guelph	3	3	0	6	37	43
		4	1	3	31	67
	1					

BASKETBALL

Basketball has once again taken its hold upon the students. All day long the gym is a scene of lively battle as the physical culture classes engage in fierce combat, and after school hours the inter-form league games draw crowds of eager followers to the scene. This league has so far proved very successful. There are girls' and boys' leagues and the games are held on alternate nights. It can be safely said that no games of the boys' league arouses more excitement than do some of the games put up by the girls.

The school teams are also expecting some lively contests this winter. The boys will be able to put forth a fast and clever team and expect to bring honors to the school before the winter is over. Under the direction of Miss Murphy, the girls' team has reached a high state of skill and although at the time of going to press no games have been played, it is expected that the young ladies will do themselves credit before the end of the season.

THE MORNING AFTER

I arose in the morning in nervous woe,
The time was quarter past eight;
And I said my prayers as I dressed myself,
For I feared that I'd be late.

I spent precious moments in hunting a shoe,
And my necktie couldn't be found;
The language I used was not of the best,
As I descended the stairs at a bound.

I gathered together my scattered books,
And, jamming my hat on my head,
I swallowed a couple of oxo cubes,
And away to the school I sped.

I tumbled over a detestable cur,
And, crossing the avenue park,
I made the next mile in record time,
But my brow was drawn and dark.

I threw my hat down the basement steps,
And stood in the classroom at last,
Rut the janitor said I was well on time—
My watch was a full hour fast!

—D. Edmiston.

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BRANTFORD
STUDENTS



First Guide: "Tell 'em all you know."

Second Guide: "Tell 'em all we both know. Won't take any longer."

A NIGHT IN A GIRL GUIDE TENT

"Oh, I'm tired! Let's hurry up and get into bed," cried Janice Farrington, as she struggled with her shoelace.

"I would," answered her chum Agnes Houlding, "if you wouldn't mind sitting on something else beside my pyjamas."

"I'm not on your pyjamas, Aggie. They're my own."

"Well, where are mine then, I'd like to know. I can't find them. Everyone's got their clothes over the floor and it's as dark as Egypt. What shall I do? I wish I were home," she said half crying.

"Oh, shut up, Aggie, for heaven's sake. You're always losing something. Anyway, 'a guide smiles and sings under all difficulties,' you know.

"Well, I call this too much of a difficulty. I'll have to sleep in my bathing suit I suppose, and its perfectly sopping. I forgot to hang it out to dry."

"You know you can't do that," said Carol Simpson. "You'll catch Ammonia."

"I think you mean pneumonia, Carol," replied Agnes in withering tones, "but nevertheless I'll have to wear it," and she flung her bathing suit onto her bed.

"I've found your pyjamas," came a triumphant voice from Janice. "They're stick-

ing out from under your mattress."

"Oh, yes. I remember now. I put them there so I'd know where they were when I went to bed."

"Aggie's just had another memory lapse," laughed Carol gaily, as she popped into bed.

"Here comes Captain," said Janice, who was peeking out of the tent flap.

"Mercy," screamed Agnes, and made a bound to get into bed. Then "Oh! oh! oh! something's on my bed all cold and wet. Snakes, ugh!" and she made a leap for the tent door only to collide with the Captain.

"My dear girl!" said that dignified personage. "Whatever is the matter?"

"Snakes on my bed," she gasped. The Captain calmly turned her flashlight on the bed. "There is nothing there, child, only your bathing suit."

"That's what it was, my bathing suit," she stammered amid a hearty peal of laughter.

"Hush! you'll disturb the girls in the next tent," warned the Captain. "Have you fastened your tent down with boulders? There's going to be a storm I fear."

"Yes, Captain, we fastened it."

"Very well, then. Good-night, girls."

"Good-night, Captain."

"I'm not very tired now, are you, Carrol?" asked Janice.

"No, neither am I. What did you do with the lemon pie you bought this afternoon?"

"It's under my middy skirt. Do you want some?"

"No, not now. You might put it on the bench, though. We could eat it in the middle of night."

"Look!" exclaimed Agnes. "There's a hole in the tent right above my head. I can see the moon, and there seems to be a donkey's face sticking out of it."

"Probably it's your reflection," suggested Janice.

"Har! har! When do we laugh?" asked Agnes.

"Oh! stop your quarrelling and get to sleep," grumbled Carrol.

"Silence reigned for half an an hour. Then hear the disconsolate voice of Agnes.

"Janice, are you asleep?"

"No. I can't for the mosquitoes and sheets. They smell like a rubber factory."

"Which the sheets or mosquitoes?"

"The sheets, of course, silly."

"Well, how do you expect me to know?"

"I thought you had a few brains."

"Aggie, you didn't," said Carrol, who had been awakened by the conversation. "Of all the funny things you've said in your life, that's the funniest.: A well aimed pillow from Janice checked further speech on Carrol's part.

Five more minutes elapsed. Then, "Carrol, are you asleep?" No response. "Agnes, are you?"

"No, nearly, though."

"I'm bitten to death, Aggie I'm nearly crazy with bits. Don't they bother you?"

"Certainly your bites don't bother me. Why should they?"

"I mean the mosquitoes."

"No, not now. I've found a way to combat them. I've taken all the covers off and I'm lying between two rubber sheets with a perfume bottle at my nose.

"And don't the mosquitoes come near you?"

"No, the smell of the sheets keeps them away. It has the same effect as citronella."

"Oh, I'm glad to hear it. I'll have to try it."

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"Oh, dear! but I'm tired, Janice."

"So am I. Carrol's sound asleep. Good-night. "

"It must be over twelve o'clock. Good-night."

For three hours sleep reigned over the tent. Suddenly Janice awakened amid a deafening, war of thunder. A vivid flash of lightning revealed her companions to her. Both were sleeping soundly while the rain pattered gently over them. "Carrol! Agnes!. Wake up!" she cried

"W-wha'ts the matter?" asked Carrol drowsily.

"The ten's leaking. Can't you feel it? Wait until the lightning comes, and you'll see. There now—Look at Agnes. Why the poor child is absolutely drenched. It's just pouring in that hole above her head.

"Agnes! Agnes!" called Carrol. "Wake up! Do you want to perish in your sleep?"

"Oh, no!" cried Agnes, waking suddenly. "Help! help! life-guards! I'm drowning."

"Well come over here then," said Janice. "It isn't leaking very much at this side."

"No, no," sobbed the poor girl. "I want my, mother

"What do you want her for?"
ice. "I'd rather have a raincoat."

"Oh, you think you're smart, don't you?"
inquired Agnes, as she sank down on the
bench. "Lawsy!" she suddenly exclaimed,
"I'm stuck to some fly-paper"

"Mercy!" screamed Janice. "Aggie's on
the pie."

"Aggie, you wasteful creature make
me sick," said Carrol as Aggie rched
over to her with the battered pie.

"Come on. Let's move our beds over to
the dry side of the tent and get to sleep
again," suggested Janice.

There at seven o'clock in the morning the
Captain found them sleeping soundly amid
a debris of soaking garments, perfume bot-
tles, rubber sheets and a ruined pie.

SCIENCE DEPT.—Continued

LIQUID CHLORINE

The word "Chlorine" recalls the German
gas attack near Ypres in the late war, and
the peculiar odour which tap-water some-
times gives.

Chlorine is a gas, two and one-half times
as heavy as ordinary air. It is character-
ized by greenish colour and disagreeable
odour. During the last few years the de-
mand for liquid chlorine has grown tremen-
dously. It is much used in the treatment of
water supplies in cities, as chlorine kills in-
jurious bacteria such as typhoid fever bac-
cilli. Chlorine is much used in the bleach-
ing of sulphite pulp in paper making, tex-
tile bleaching, etc.

During the past year the first liquid
chlorine plant in Canada has commenced
operations at Sandwich, Ontario. This plant
is capable of producing 300 tons of liquid
chlorine per month. The Canadian Salt Co.
manufactures the chlorine by treating with
electricity the brine pumped from salt wells.
The chlorine gas liberated from the salt by
electrolysis is cooled and dried by passing
through a forty-foot tower of sulphuric
acid. The dry chlorine gas is then subjected
to a pressure of about thirty-five pounds
and cooled to 20 degrees below zero. The
liquid chlorine is stored in large tanks. It
is then shipped to customers in tank cars—

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containing fifteen tons of liquid chlorine, or
in 150 pound cylinders.

Canada will be able to supply its own
needs of chlorine for industrial purposes.

"What do you know of Titus," asked the
examination paper in its peremptory way.

"Titus was one of the later Roman Em-
perors," answered the boy, "and he wrote
the Epistle to the Ephesians, his other name
was Oats."

*Puella Nigrens is ridebat,
Quam tigris in dorso vehebat,
Externa profecta
Interna revecta,*

Et risus in tigre manebat,

(A translation of this may be had from
R. E. K. Tench.)

Professor—I am dismissing you ten min-
utes early to-day. Please go out quietly
so as not to wake the other classes.

Autographs



A. E. DAY, Principal

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STUDENTS

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