"WELL, if there isn't Jean Ellory!" Jean had been an old sweetheart of Salina's and she had not seen him for years; but she would know him in a million, for she had always loved him. He was busy cutting fancy figures on the ice. She stood watching him, her heart skipping beats as she did so.

The ice had been especially prepared for the Christmas holidays and Salina, in her pretty white wool sports outfit was gliding along, swan-like, still watching Jean Ellory out of the corner of her eye.

He must have felt the strong contact of her thought for suddenly he looked in her direction, but she quickly turned the other way. Then he skated more fiercely than ever, cutting a huge letter "S." She skated about pretending not to notice, but when he started off toward the far end of the lagoon she glided over to where he had cut the figures. There was the old-fashioned letter "S" and another and still another. There were "S's" all over. How she wondered if they represented the regular ice-cutter's "S" or if she really dared hope that they might by any chance stand for "Salina."

The snow was becoming heavier and more cumbersome and she noticed that most of the skaters had already left for home and celebrations.

All the way homeward she was thinking about Jean Ellory and stopping at intervals to trace his name in the snow. She must have written it a dozen times or more. The gifts she had been expecting for Christmas suddenly appeared insignificant and useless in comparison to the one vital gift —the love of Jean.

Only with a mighty struggle was Salina endeavoring to join in the Christmas celebrations, for her heart was nearly breaking.

"What is the matter, Salina?" questioned mother, as Salina almost choked with the lump in her throat.

"Nothing, Mother dear, only the Christmas spirit," answered Salina, bravely.

At this very moment Jean was hurrying home whistling merrily, his skates swinging over his shoulders. Suddenly he stopped short at seeing his own name displayed all over the snow, here, there and everywhere. "What on earth could that mean?" It was beautifully lettered and in a girl's handwriting!

Jean, stooping, carefully noted the letters in their every detail. He was determined to learn who the girl could be, who had so thought of him on Christmas eve that she had scrolled his name all over the snow.

Jean, quickening his pace, reached home, luckily before the celebrations had begun and skipped up the staircase two steps at a time to his own room. Most excitedly he dug through his belongings in search of a box of old valentines from school days. It was missing! Where could it be?

"Mother, have you seen my valentines?" shouted Jean.

"What on earth do you want with valentines on Christmas, Jean?"

"They are decorating the walls of my room and have been, for some time, my dear brother!" taunted Clara-Bell.

The next moment Jean was tearing down the valentines regardless of his sister's protestations and began frantically examining their contents, still [illegible] mother and sister stupefied.

[illegible] is! I knew it! This is the o[illegible]

C[illegible]ned in the hand of Jean was a small red, lace-trimmed heart with the words, "To Jean, from Salina." 'Twas an exact duplicate of the letters in the snow. Now he knew! Dear old Salina! His childhood sweetheart!

The doorbell at Salina's rang with a loud peal right in the midst of the Christmas celebration.

"Who could be calling on Christmas eve?" they all wondered.

"You had better go, Salina," said Mother, sweetly.

Salina went, brushing aside a tear, as she did so.

She opened the door, as if in a dream scene. She had apparently lost all sense of reality for the moment.

"Salina!" said Jean.

"Jean, dear," replied Salina. The "dear" just slipping out from her heart before she knew it.

"My name in the snow," said Jean

"The letter 'S,'" whispered Salina.

"Merry Christmas!" shouted the whole family.

A brass band headed a wedding procession at Guelph and a gold band completed the service.

Feversham School Held Commencement

Billy Burk Gave Valedictory Address — Splendid Entertainment

The interest of the village and surrounding district in the first commencement ever held in the Feversham Continuation School was shown by the presence there of a capacity audience on Friday evening, Nov. 29.

Mr. Howard Short, chairman of the school board, made a very capable chairman for the program, the first number of which was a chorus by the school "Glee Club" — "There is a High School in our Town." The next number was wand exercises by a group of girls, followed by a valedictory address by Billy Burke, a members of the graduating class of last year. The chairman at this point drew attention to the fact that Billy, who is at present taking upper school work at the Dundalk High School is a graduate of whom the school is justly proud; in the twelve middle school subjects he obtained first class honors in five, second class honors in five and third in two. He has also been prominent in athletics, having in 1934 won the junior boy's cup at the annual school meet of the Honeywood, Singhampton and Feversham continuation schools. The chairman also mentioned Harold Mills as an outstanding graduate of last year; in the Middle School examinations he obtained first class honors in eleven subjects, and second in one.

The next half hour was pleasantly spent in watching the chemistry class, under the capable direction of the "Professor," Lloyd Clifton, perform experiments to demonstrate "The Magic of Colors."

A medley of French songs concluding with "O Canada" was sung in the lively French manner by the Lower School students.

The next feature, pyramid building by the boys, was followed by a humorous one-act play "Ici on Parle Français." The brief synopsis in original verse was recited by Hubert Byers. Each character, as the lines concerning him were recited, came to the platform and recited one of his speeches.

The characters were as follows: Mr. Spriggins — Lloyd Clifton; Mrs. Spriggins — Ethel Fenwick; Angelina Spriggins — Kathleen Hawton; Anna Maria — Evelyn Hale; Major Patton — Lawrence Phillips; Mrs. Major Ratton — Beatrice Maxwell; Victor Dubois — McCallum Stephens.

Before the Glee Club's closing chorus and "God Save the King" brought the program to a close Ethel Fenwick and Delmar Seeley were called to the platform, both received tokens of appreciation, the former for good salesmanship in ticket-selling, and the latter for her capable services as pianist for the evening. The presentations were made by Oscar Hopper and Evelyn Hale respectively.

The following is the valedictory address as given by Billy Burke:—

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is with the greatest pleasure that I represent the graduating class of 1935 by giving this "valedictory address" this evening. If I remember the Latin correctly "vele" means "farewell" and "dico" "I say" Therefore this is to be a farewell to the old school, teachers and associates.

Four years ago last September, we as a student body, first met. During these four years we have worked together, played together, erred together and been punished together. During these four years we have been guided and supervised by the best teachers possible in languages, mathematics, science, etc., and now we, as a class, are going forth into world.

Where are we going? Some are forming part of a new student body, pursuing their studies at the various schools, others have gone from the F. C. S. and are occupied in various lines of work. For both these, whether or not they will make a success of the work they have chosen depends largely upon the foundation they have had in academic work during their High School career. The experience that they have had within the school in working with fellow-students the practice that they have had in co-operating with others and the initiative that they have developed will prove of great value to them in their work.

During the time we attended the F. C. S. all our time was not spent in studying. We have many pleasant memories of the days passed here, but they are not all of homework, tests, examinations and results either. Wherefore, then, have we spent four years within these walls? Could we not have faced life just as gladly just as eagerly, just as confidently and just as capably without the training received here? We think not.

Almost everyone found a position in which he was needed, in one of the various organizations, in the literary society, there were many important educational offices to be filled, indeed only those who have attended the instructive and entertaining meetings can realize its benefit, and certainly we shall never forget it. Many also where interested in the field meets. Through these the bonds of comradeship and enthusiastic school spirit were developed, and we found that as the poet has expressed it: "It is better to lose with a conscience clear, than to win by a trick unfair." Then, too, our minds have been developed, and our mental and moral beings strengthened by what we have learned. We recognize now that education teaches us "What we should do when we should do it, whether we want to or not."

Just how well we have learned our lessons here remains to be seen, that we have not learned them perfectly is certain; that we have not learned them better is our regret. Often our efforts have fallen far below our best, often we have passed our opportunity unheeded. For this we are sincerely sorry. If we may be allowed to give a word of advice to those who follow us, we would ask that they profit by our failures and be warned by our mistakes, so that when they arrive at the point we have now reached they will have learned therir lessons better and be better prepared to go forth than we, the graduating class of 1935 are.

Now that we have achieved this goal for which we set out four years ago, how glad we are that we did not give in to those discouragements which so often beset a high school pupils. We believe that we have been brought to realize that as someone has expressed it: "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle."

In closing, ladies and gentlemen may I say to those who are taking our place in the Feversham Continuation school that we can only urge them to live up to the Latin phrase, "Ut rosemus" that we may be of service, which is a fitting motto for any school, and trust that they will hold high the honor of the F. C. S.

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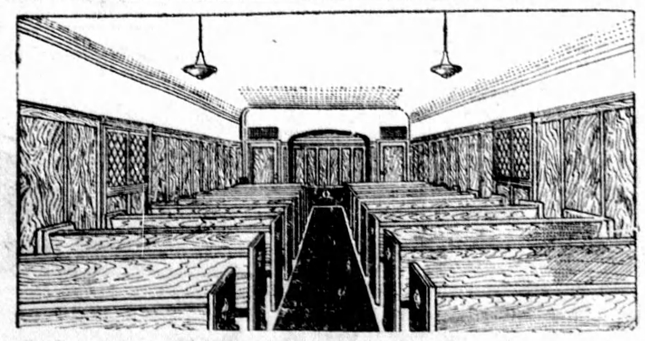

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