THE GEORGETOWN HERALD

Sixty-Sixth Year of Publication | The Georgetown Herald, Wednesday Evening, November 16th, 1932. | $1.50 per Annum in Advance; $2.00 to U.S.A.

The Georgetown Herald
J. M. MOORE
Publisher and Proprietor
Member Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association

C.N.R. Time Table
(Standard Time)

Going East

Passenger and Mail	10.30 a.m.
Passenger	2.39 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	6.50 p.m.
Passenger, stops for passengers going East and Toronto Sunday's going East	9.55 p.m.
Passenger	8.12 p.m.
Passenger	9.55 p.m.

Going West

Passenger and Mail	7.25 a.m.
Passenger	8.54 a.m.
Passenger	2.08 p.m.
Passenger and Mail	8.25 p.m.
Passenger, Sunday	8.50 a.m.
Passenger, Sunday	10.28 p.m.

Going North

Mail and Passenger	8.55 a.m.

Going South

Mail and Passenger	6.28 p.m.

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A VOICE FROM THE PAST

What might be done if men were wise,
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they untie in love and rite,
And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving-kindness,
And knowledge pour from shore to shore
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies and wrongs,
All vice and crime might die together;
And meat and corn, to each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect in self-respect
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother,
More than the tongue e'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other
—Charles Mackay, 1850.

BLANE'S FEATHER BED

By Edwin Cole

I THOUGHT I was seeing things that day when I rounded a turn in the Tres Bellotes trail and saw floating toward me that feather bed of Blane's. As I didn't know Blane then, and as I had never met his bed before, you can't blame me if for a moment I thought it was some new animal that grew only in the Sierra Madres, for it was strapped to Blane's little burro. The donkey's long ears stood up above it, and his big white-rimmed eyes looked out from under it for all the world like one of those antediluvian bats you see in pictures.

There wasn't any way of passing in that narrow trail; at least no way that I could see. And the burro came to the same conclusion, I guess, because it stood there blinking its wise old eyes at me until Blane shouted from behind, "Go 'long there," and then if charged me.

I might have stood my ground, but my horse whirled and was off down the trail, nearly throwing me. By the time I had got him in hand I was back in the valley at the beginning of the canon. I figured that I couldn't gain much by going back, so I dismounted under a live oak and waited. My Bruno was too much upset to graze, and I kept a tight grip on his reins when the feather bed came meandering out of the canon on four small legs. Blane was close behind it, mounted on his big rat-colored mare.

"So that's what it was that made all the noise," he called out. He slipped his rifles back into its boot and dismounted beside me. As for the feather bed, it moved off to graze on a bunch of canon grass.

"Well, I'll be hanged," I said as I saw for sure what it was. "It is a feather bed."

"Sure it's a feather bed," he retorted with a grin. "Canada geese at that."

I saw his ranger's badge then and understood. I shook my head. "That's sure what they call travelling de luxe. Where's the mahogany four-poster?"

He grinned again good-naturedly. "Reckon I can get along without that, he said. "There're apt to be drafty down here. The closer the ground the lighter the help."

"You can't get very close to the ground on that mountain of feathers," I said.

"You don't have to," he retorted. "Once you're in the middle of it, you sink out of sight, and nothing but a bomber can reach you."

"It sounds all right," I said.

"It's as right as it sounds," he retorted warmly. "Did you ever shoot into a feather bed?"

"Why, no, I can't say that I make a practice of it."

Try it some time. You'll be surprised; it beats sand all hollar."

"Uh, huh," I said. "I don't remember seeing any used in France."

He scrutinized me more closely. "So you was in France?" he said.

I nodded.

He was silent for a minute. Then, "So was I," he said. "Wish I had known about it then," he added sadly. "It would have shortened the war by a year."

Later I came to wonder whether he wasn't right. I was down with X Troop, riding the mountain trails over west of Nogales, looking for Mexican bandits. We hadn't had any run-ins with them yet, but we hadn't been there long, and the chances looked good. That day I had been sent down to Tres Bellotes to talk with old Enriques, who lived with one leg on the American side and both ears over the barbed-wire into Mexico. They said he was straight and didn't love the bandits any more than we did, and that, if we sent one man down to him instead of a platoon, he might tell us something we should like to know.

It was Boynton, the cattle company man, who told the captain that. He may have been right, I'll never know, because he forgot to add that old Enriques talked only Mexican, and I forgot to say that I knew only American. Old Enriques had waved his hands about as if the mesquite were full of bandits; but when he got through all I could make out of it was that he was glad to see me, and that anything he had was mine for the asking.

When I mentioned bandidos he looked savage and drew his hand across his throat. That was all right as far as it went, but you couldn't cut their throats until you caught 'em, and when I asked, "Where are they?" he nodded pleasantly and ordered his Yaqui wife to bring me coffee.

It was on my way back that I met Blane. When he had got through trying to prove that feather beds could take the place both of trenches and of barbed wire, because it was just as hard to walk across a feather bed as it was to shoot through it, I asked him about old Enriques.

He shrugged his shoulders Mexican fashion. "He knows a lot more English than he 'lows," he said. "As for being friendly he plays the winner. He's on the fence in more ways than being astraddle the barbed wire." Part of Enriques's land was in the United States, and part in Mexico. "When there are plenty of yellow cords around he's dead nuts on the bandits, and when Mr. Bandit is within calling distance his Yaqui wife drops in and tells him how Enriques hates the gringo. So far he's got away with it, and both sides think he's their amigo."

"His smile sure looks all right," I said.

Blane grunted. "A big mouth and plenty of teeth go a long ways with some people."

That didn't set very well, for I pride myself that I am as good as the next man at sizing up a man, but I didn't say anything. It was Blane's stamping ground, and it wasn't mine.

"On your way back to camp?" he asked me after a minute.

"I was until your pullman made my animal change its mind," I admitted.

He grinned. "When you've slept on rock and sand as long as I have you'll forgive me for that," he said. "You don't want to help me round up a rustler, do you?" he went on. "It's only down here a piece."

Now my orders were to go down and come back, but the "old man" liked the rangers. They often dropped into our camp and gave us information about the trails; so I said I was willing as long as I got back by night.

"Never fear about that," Blane said. "If I pick this greaser up, we'll go back fast enough, for his friends are fond of him."

That looked like action, and action was what I was hunting for. We mounted and rode back down the trail toward Tres Bellotes. On the way Blane told me about the rustler. It seems that a Mexican by the name of Cordova had been going through the canons, picking his own brand on the cattle company's calves had before round-up time and Blane wanted to nab him before the calves forgot who their mothers were, so they could give evidence against him.

We turned off into a side canon about a mile above Enrique's and climbed up into the mountains. A stream ran down the canon in the rainy season, but it was September, and only a green pool here and there in a pocket of the rock was left to show it. Everything except cactus and mesquite had become discouraged and gone to sleep until the next rain, which was several months off. Blane drove his walking feather bed on before him, and I brought up the rear, for the trail was worn down for only one horse.

Once the burro took a slant off into one of the scummy pools and got down on its knees, ready to roll. Blane yelled like a wild Indian and pushed his horse in after the burro while I waited on the bank, laughing so that I couldn't have helped him if I had wanted to, and I didn't. But he got the little donk out with no more than wetting the corners of his bed.

A little farther on he came to a halt at a turn in the canon and got off his horse. "Cordova's place is just around the bend," he said. "If you care to stop here with the animals, I'll go on and pick him up."

I didn't like that very well. "Then I'll miss the fun," I said.

He glanced at me sharply. "The fun will come later, and you may have all you want," he retorted. "As for this, I reckon it's a one-man job if I can slip up there afoot, and some one has got to look out for the animals or—my feather bed'll be running away again." He grinned, and so did I.

I dismounted and caught the burro's halter. "Whatever happens, we mustn't lose the feather bed," I said ironically.

"Now you've said something," he replied. "I reckon if I lost that, I'd have what they call insomnia."

He walked away around the corner, and that was the last I heard of him for half an hour. I had made up my mind that something had happened to him and that it was about time to find out what, feather bed or not, when I heard voices coming down the canon. I took my gun out of its holster, for whoever they were, there were more than one, and they were jabbering in Mexican.

But it was Blane all right. He came round the corner of the canon wall. He had the coils of his lariat in one hand and was leading a cayuse by the bridle with the other.

Then the rider came into view. It was a greaser, but a woman greaser! She was young and a Yaqui, I should say. They looked like Eskimos to me. But she was a woman, and I had never made war on women. Blane had her wrists tied with the lariat, but her feet were free.

"What's the idea?" I asked him.

He gave me that grin of his again. "She's the Princess of Mexico, old Montezuma's daughter," he said, "and I am leading her into captivity to be my bride."

"Quit your kidding," I said. "She may not be a princess, but she's a woman, and I didn't come along to help you catch a woman. I didn't suppose you would need any help to do that."

That made Blane mad. "Look-a-here," he said; "I ain't in this business for the fun of it any more than you are in yours, but I reckon to take it as it comes. Cordova heard us coming and cleared out. He left his wife to tell me that some one had stolen his branding iron. That's how much he looks out for his woman!"

"Well, perhaps they did," I said.

"Perhaps they did what?" he asked.

"Stole his irons."

Blane looked at me as if I weren't quite grown up. He held something up with the coils of his lariat. "Then what do you call that?" he asked. "I found it in a fresh-dug hole in the floor of his 'dobe."

It was a branding iron.

"If you look close, you'll see it's been used within a day or two at that."

I didn't like to back down then, with the Yaqui woman looking at me with eyes like those of a dog. "What's she got to do with it?" I asked, nodding toward her. "She didn't brand the calves, did she?"

"I ain't so sure but what she had a part in it," he replied. "Anyway I reckon when Cordova finds I've got her I'll find out."

"So you're going to hold her as kind of a hostage. That's the way you do things down here."

Blane put his hand on his hips and looked me up and down as if he weren't sure I was there. "If you don't like the way I do things, I reckon you don't have to wait round and watch me no longer," he said.

I guess I got kind of mad myself then. "Having seen so much, I guess I'll see a little more before I leave you," I said.

He caught his horse's bridle and mounted jerking the animal's head round as if it were on a greased swivel. He rode up along side the burro and shooed it down the canon ahead of him. Then he started to follow it, still holding on to the bight of his lariat.

"Wait a minute!" I said.

He looked ugly over his shoulder at me. "Well?" he demanded.

"You may have the right to arrest that woman, but I guess you haven't any right to hog-tie her and lead her at the end of your rope."

"I'm sorry I didn't bring the patrol wagon along same as you do in the North," he retorted, "but you see I hated to wake up the driver. He might go on a strike."

I passed that by; as long as I got my point the rest didn't count. "If you're afraid she'll run away from you, I'll ride ahead, and she can ride between us; but I won't stand to have her tied up that way."

(Continued on page 4)

LITTLE BY LITTLE

Someone has said that if there was one thing the American people needed to know more than anything else it was the meaning of the expression "little by little," and of the possibilities of doing big things in just that modest way.

One of the reasons why the young people of America often meet with disappointments and failures is that they attempt too much—that they try to reach their goal in seven league strides, instead of step by step.

It is easy to do a "little" more work, or be a "little" more considerate, or give a "little" more attention to details or to find a "little" pleasure here and give a "little" pleasure there.

"Little" kindnesses and "little" favors are not burdensome. We can extend them without handicapping ourselves It is when we try to do the "big" things that we hit the snag—whether those "big" things are to change entirely our daily habits, double our output of work, take over the obligations of another or to suddenly develop from a "small-timer" to a performer of miracles.

It is a simple matter to improve ourselves a little here and a little there, to extend our efforts a trifle now and a trifle again, and to be a mite more thoughtful today and a mite more happy to-morrow. Little improvements come easy and can be duplicated often with slight effort, and yet when they are all added up we discover that we have done infinitely more than the "big" thing that we were afraid to tackle or that had hurled us back when we threw ourselves against it.

Any successful man, popular woman or happy individual of either sex will tell you that after all there is nothing big in the world that is not just a number of "little" things done well.

So that's our little message this month. Don't worry about accomplishing the big things and don't put off improving yourself and your circumstances because it looks like too great a job... Instead just start brushing up a little here and a little there, and just improve yourself a bit now and a trifle again. If you do that, surprisingly soon you will discover that your little bits and trifles have totalled something even bigger than the big things you were afraid to tackle

That's all there is to it If you want to be successful—just work a little harder now, spend a little more time and a little more effort in what you are attempting and have a little more confidence in yourself. And, if you want to be happier, just be a "little" more cheery in your greeting, smile a trifle more often and be a bit more ready to share your happiness with others.

And last, but not least, read the little verse below. It will prove a little more helpful and inspirational each time you see it.

Little by little the time goes by—
Short, if you sing through it, long, if you sigh
Little by little—an hour a day,
Gone with the years that have vanished away.
Little by little the race is run;
Trouble and waiting and toil are done!

Little by little the skies grow clear;
Little by little the sun comes near;
Little by little the days smile out,
Gladder and brighter on pain and doubt;
Little by little the seed we sow
Into a beautiful yield will grow.

Little by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battle of Right and Wrong;
Little by little the Wrong gives way—
Little by little the Right has sway,
Little by little all longing souls
Struggle up nearer the shining goals.

Little by little the good in men
Blossoms to beauty, for human ken;
Little by little the angels see
Prophecies better of good to be;
Little by little the God of all
Lifts the world nearer the pleading call.

—William Fleming French, in The Canadian.

"A Dogs Life" in Alaska

NOWHERE does the dog more truly lead "a dog's life" than in Alaska, that vast, frozen land where for ages past he has been the chief means of transportation. Up on the Arctic coast the hard life of the Eskimo would be almost impossible without the sled dog. It is the dog who draws him out upon the frozen sea to sit all day beside a blow hole, watching for the seal that means hunger or plenty in the igloo. It is the dog who tows the sealskin, "oomiak" loaded with household goods, with wood and coal and meat, along the beach of sea or inlet during the brief summer season. It is the dog who, during the flush hunting season of the spring, is kept perpetually on the bepack trail, hauling tons of blubber, meat, sold home in from the open water to the ice cellars of the village.

What, then, is the faithful animal's wage for this life of toil? He is tethered by means of a chain, a sealskin line, or a heavy stick of wood, to a stake beside his master's igloo, and there, without shelter, often without food, he must remain, forgotten until his services are needed. He has no protection from the piercing winds that, during nine months of the year, blow incessantly across hundreds of unbroken miles of ice and snow. Curled in a ball in the depression melted by his body in the hard-packed snow, his bushy tail over his nose, he lies, week after week, month after month, enduring the ache of the terrible cold. Once a day, a chunk of frozen seal or walrus is flung to him, and he gets stiffly to his feet and bolts it.

Sometimes a blizzard blows for days. Then the Eskimos do not venture from their igloos and the dogs, tightly curled, shivering under the impact of battering snow, go hungry. During these storms, many dogs are severely frosen, especially in the belly and flanks where they are not so well protected by shaggy, matted coats as elsewhere. The deep wounds resulting from these freezes often end in death.

Up on the northern coast we used the large, strong packing boxes in which our annual supplies had been shipped North, to house our sled dogs. It was not easy, however, to persuade them to accept our offerings. Used to life in the open, they had a terror of any sort of enclosure—the wild instinct alert for traps. "I-chew-ee-aah," our lead dog, when first coaxed into one of these improvised dog-houses, bolted wildly out with bared fangs. Much patient persuasion was required in order to accustom our team to the shelters provided for them; but our efforts were well-rewarded when, on winter days, the school-house shook under the force of blizzards, we saw, through chinks in our ice-coated windows, our dogs tucked safely away in their snug shelters.

The arctic Eskimos could not, of course, make wooden shelters for their dogs out, on that barren, treeless coast, one building material was peculiar—snow. We had a meeting at the government school-house, which was our home, and discussed the dog question. We convinced them that, for economic reasons, if no others, they should provide protection for their sled dogs for, besides saving the lives of many dogs, less food would be required for the dogs, and they would remain in better condition and give better service. Innovations take hold slowly among this primitive people but eventually we had the satisfaction of seeing the villages dotted with little snow houses in the lee of which curled some two hundred sled dogs, only too glad to creep inside when blizzards howled.

During the summer days the air is heavy with humidity and the never-setting sun circling above the horizon heats down with merciless force upon the poor beasts panting at their stakes, suffering the pangs of thirst. The Eskimo is not often deliberately brutal to his dogs. His is the sort of cruelty of a heedless child. When we had helped them to fashion watering-pans from the ubiquitous coal oil tin, they carried the dark tundra water to their thirsty dogs with childlike pleasure.

Mosquitoes, on those days that no breeze blows from the Arctic ocean, swarm in from the tundra to the village, surrounding the dogs in a tormenting cloud. But down in the interior of Alaska they are at their worst. There I have seen dogs lie whimpering pitifully, a black rim around each eye, muzzles crusted with the blood-suckers, the dogs too completely exhausted from shaking their heads and pawing at their faces, to make another effort to drive their tormentors away. The bloody circels about the eyes, the raw muzzles, that one sees in walking through a native village in summer are a nauseating sight, and the continual scream and whine of sled dogs make the days and nights hideous.

We staked our own dogs out along the river bank, well away from the lush grass from which mosquitoes rise in swarms. There a breeze, drawing down river, carried the insects away and they could dig protective burrows in the bank. On sultry days, smudge pots were kept burning near the dogs, and the acrid smoke rising from smoldering "smart weed" made an effective smoke screen. Many natives along the Yukon and the Kuskokwim add to their incomes by summering "white" men's dog-teams—mail teams, freighting dogs, and those kept purely for pleasure. Our dogs went to the man whom we could trust, not only to keep them watered and well-fed on mulligan of salmon heads, but who would protect them from the incessant torment of mosquitoes.

Alaska being the ruthless land it is, a great deal of the suffering of its dogs is unavoidable; but much, by measures such as those suggested, may be done to relieve their misery.—Elizabeth C. Forrest, in "Our Dumb Animals."

SCENE OF BLASTS FOUND AT GUELPH

Partial solution to the series of mysterious explosions which rocked the city of Guelph at an early hour last Friday morning was revealed by the police over the week-end with the discovery that the blasts were set off in an open field at the edge of the Outten Golf Course, just below the O. A. C. grounds.

Information which they received after two days of investigation led provincial and city police to the spot where the explosions occurred, but they are still very much in the dark as to who was responsible.

Although the great force of the blasts suggested that gaping holes would be found where the detonations took place, the ground was only slightly marked. Splintered sticks of wood picked up in the immediate vicinity, however, gave evidence that the explosions were quite severe Owing to the fact that the charges were set off in the field, some distance away from any buildings, the police are convinced there was no attempt made to harm property.

CELEBRATED FIFTIETH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. anr Mrs. Mathew Smith celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary at the home of their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Ferguson, 10th line, Erin Township, on Tuesday, November 8th, when seven of their family spent the day with them and enjoyed bounteous repasts, a part of which was the wedding cake, which was decorated with fifty candles In the evening about twenty guests assembled and enjoyed a social time with this venerable and esteemed couple. One daughter Mrs. W. J. Ferris of Sterling, Manitoba, being unable to be present The bridesmaid and groomsman of fifty years ago are also enjoying life's sunset, but were unable to be present at this fiftieth anniversary.

Fifty years ago Elizabeth Henry and Matthew Smith were united in marriage by the late Rev. Hassard at Laurel. They spent their life in Mono Township, having recently come to live with Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson. This union was blessed with two sons and six daughters, viz: Duke Smith, Alliston; Howard Smith, Toronto; Mrs. Dave Kinsley, Mono; Mrs Benjamin Squirrel, Malanethon; Mrs W. J Miller Amaranth Station; Mrs. W. J. Ferris, Sterling, Manitoba; Mrs David Lyon, Camilla; Mrs. Donald Ferguson, Erin. There are eighteen grandchildren.—Advocate.

Harold—"They say you married her because her aunt left her a fortune."

Bill—"That's a lie. I'd have married her just the same whoever had left it to her."

When radios first came out they were troubled with static. Now it's advertising and more advertising.

Spinster—"So the waiter says to me, 'How would you like your rice?'"

Friend—"Yes, yes, go on."

Spinster—"So I says, wistfully, 'Thrown at me, big boy.'"

Almost any woman can deceive almost any man. But it is hard for a woman to delude or keep anything from another woman.

Neighbor: "Why is your car painted blue on one side and red on the other?"

Speedy: "Oh, it's a fine idea. You should just hear the witnesses contradicting one another!"

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulses to worthless prayer,
The streams of love and truth.
The longing after something lost
The spirit's yearning cry,
The striving after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need;
A kindly word in griefs dark hour
That proves a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy softly breathed
When justice threatens high;
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things can never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm, be just, be true;
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee:
These things can never die.
—Charles. Dickens.

PUBLIC SCHOOL REPORT

Following is the report of Georgetown Public School for October:—

Sr. IV—Hons., Margaret Maclaren, Grant Mimms, Arnold Brill, Ethel McEnery, Alice Costigan, Mildred Davidson and Jane Rumley, Jean Cofell, Isabel Richardson, Peggy Adams and Joyce Stacey, Walter Brandiford, Elmer McCumber.

Pass—Doris Kean, Ted Arnold, Franklin Cleave, Robert Foulis, Stephen Emmerson and Jack Dann, Ernest Hyde, Violet Ingram, Dorothy McNiven and Evelyn Sanderson, Olive Bailey, Mary Collier, Jessie McDonald, Hazel Richdebcker, Irene Carter, Lorraine Wright, Flossie Smith, Arthur Armstrong, Evelyn Wood, Roxie Rowe.

Jr. IV—Hons., Betty Grant, Floria Feller, Marion Williamson, Jack Bolger, Willie Cummins, Jean Ruddell, Mae Deans, Ethel Alcott, Jack Hoare, Marion Reid, Helen Doig, Robert Goldham.

Pass—Kathleen Kirk, Joan Young, Eccles McClure, Betty McGuigan, Edith Hilts and George Long, Bruce Zimmerman and Gordon Speers, May Hjoken, Mildred Gummer, Billie McNally, Edna Lebbs, Jessie Walters, Helen Holmes, Vernon Cole, Clifford Armstrong, Margaret King.

Sr. III—Hons., Annie Bullivant, Harry Hale, Olive MacDonald, Bernice Herrington, Margaret Graham, Betty Speight, Irene Young, Charles Hoare, Reggie Broomhead.

Pass—Lois Emmerson and George Tarswell equal, James Louth, Celia Girard, Douglas Allatt, Stuart Jordan, Francis Golden, Daisy Brinsby, and Avelyn Hayes equal, Jean Sanderson and Jean Harlow equal, Vera Marchment, Ruth James, Robert McMenemy, Keith Spence, Ethel Riddall, Jas. Cummins and Phyllis LeBas and Wm. Oxley equal; Betty Ritchie, Marjorie Kean, Wm. Murphy, Gordon Hilts and Annie Anderson equal; Margaret James, Margaret Gilliver, Billie Armstrong, Bruce McNiven and Donald Jordon equal; Pearl Carter, Percy King, Eva Harding.

Jr. III—Hons., John McClure and Evelyn Rohey, equal; Mary Cummins, James Emmerson, Douglas Sargent, Elsie Bullock, Eleanor Hornby, Dorothy Alcott, (Jean Martin, Jimmy King and (Margaret Hoare, equal) Verna McClintock.

Pass—Norma Thompson, James Collier, Dorothy Cummings, Gordon Webster, Margaret Cook, (Hugh Wilson and Jimmy Ruddell equal) Ethel Wood, Betty Snyder, (Audrey Emerson and Hanley Emmerton, equal) (Helen Williamson and Junior Arnold equal) Shirley Dillon, (Jennie Farmer, Jessie Hilts and Eddie Stapleton, equal), Lenord Rayner, Robert Early, Helen Blackburn, Frances Given, Stella Lane, Bernard Diggins, Dorothy Girard, William Boyle, Doris McCartney, Norman Reid, Frank Carter.

Sr. II—Hons., Kate Rumley, Billie Clark, Joan Hale, Roy Peck, Jean Wood, Larry McKenzie Ralph Whitmee Beatrice Brill, Jean Blair, Jack Hanly.

Pass—(Valerie Herbert and Charlie Carney) Bruce Gunniger, Agnes McClure, Hazel Graham, Grace Forster, Walker Cleave, (Teddy Stiggar and Gladys Heaney, equal) Gita Doyle and George Jamel, Joseph Wilson.

Jr. II—Class I—Hons., Ethel Lees, Isobel Dobson, Elaine Collins, Elizabeth Coffin, Mary Paul, Jack Brill, Charles Laws, Frank Connely.

Jr. II—Hons., Malcolm Brandsford, Dorothy Webster, Margaret Bissell, Ruth Millar, Joyce Roberts, Jean Reid, Douglas Cole, Jimmie Yates, Orval Patterson and Muriel Kean, equal; Fred Tost, Margaret Ritchie, Audrey Millar.

Pass — Claude Dillon, Leona Bass and Robert Allatt, equal, Donald Sanderson, Mary Smith, Jack Marrow, George Perry, Reta Ritchie, Dominick Lorusso, George Walker, Jimmie Cofell, Marion Girard, Jack Bailey, Bobbie MacKenzie.

Sr. I—Hons., Walter Cook, Ronald Laidlaw, (Alva Cripps and Billie Long Pequal), George Perry, Irene Comber Gordon James, John Collier, Jane Bailey, Bertha Oliver.

Pass—Peggy Hornby, (Reggie Blain, Billie Kelly and Victor McNiven, equal) (Dorothy King and Betty Faux equal) Alan Young, Gertie Hilts, (Teresa Gilliver and Jean Harley, equal) Ray Harlow, Martha Rumley, Helen Shepherd, (Kathleen Boyle, Bruce McCartney, (Elizabeth Davidson and John Evans equal) David Wood, Douglas Thompson.

Sr. I—Hons., Bobby Connaly, Doris Armstrong, Tommy Hale.

Pass—Alva Grieve, Mary Young, Betty Zimmerman, Marie Wilcox, Amelia Lorriman, Wilfred Clark, Billy Crawford, Albert Whitney, Weldon Emmerson, Donald Early, Doris Miller, Thomas Comber, Andy Crawford.

Sr. Primer—Hons., George Latimer, Bobby Hoare, Charlie Hill, Josephine Lorusso.

Pass—Bruce Shepherd, Arthur Glavin, Evelyn Shepherd, Phoebe Hunter, Gordon King, Tommy Harrow, Edward Doyle, Annabel Mackie, Jimmy Hilts.

Primary—Hons., Mary McClure, Bernice Hughes, Richard Critchlow, Jack Allatt, (Norah Cheere and Shirley Laird, equal) Aileen Jordan, Arthur McAllister, Doris Shepherd, Marjorie Kerkner, Billy Anderson, Mary Dobson.

Pass—Bobbie Burns, Joan Main, Dorothy Crawford, Albert Tost, Hugh Japp, Billy Collier, Jamie Carney, Jane Early, Shirley Marchment, Isaac Bullivant, Alfreda Beswetick, Jack Mackart, Peter Brookfield, Eleanor Cummins, Jimmie Harding.

Mabel—"So you and Maurice are to be married? Why, I thought it was a mere flirtation."

Helen—"He did Maurice."