

# Saint Andrew's College Review

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Christmas  
1930

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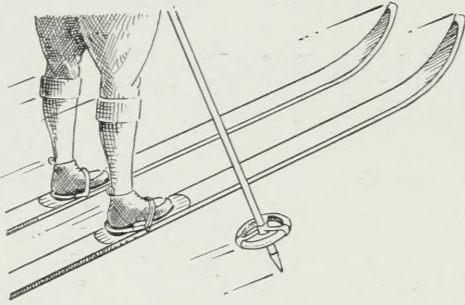
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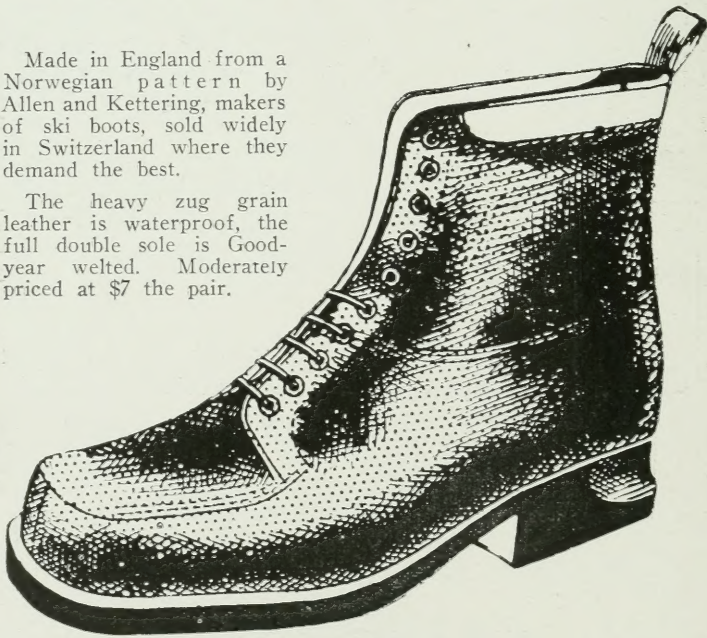
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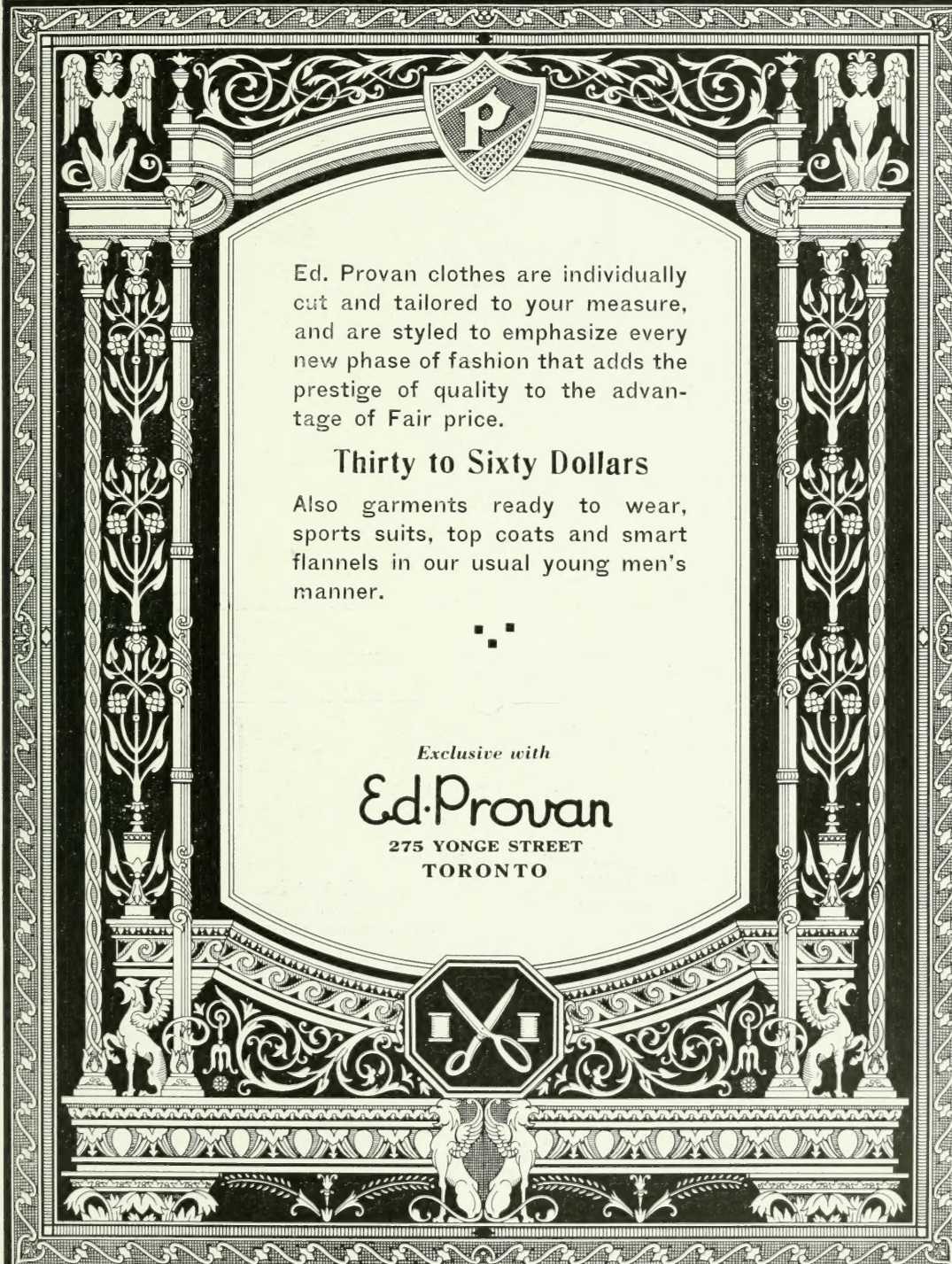
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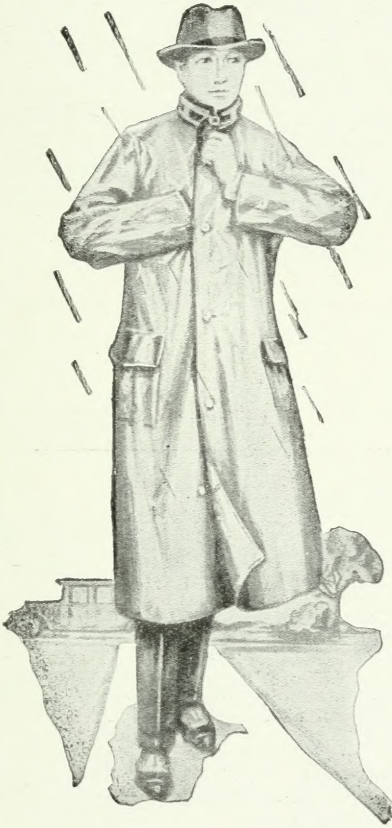
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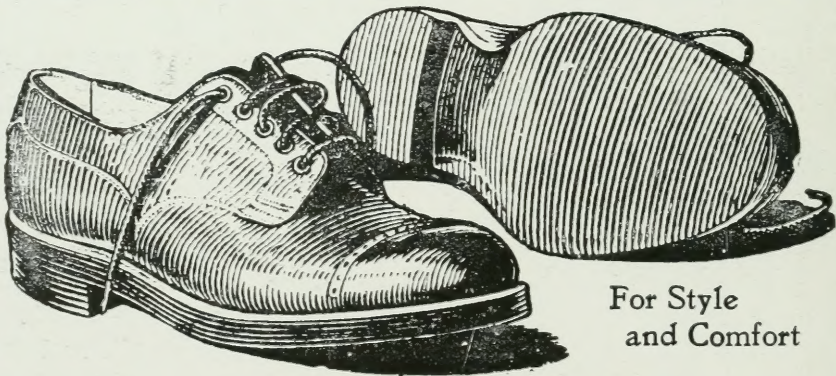
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# The St. Andrew's College Review



## Christmas 1930

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*EVERY CHRISTMAS EASTER and MIDSUMMER*



# Christmas 1930

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*"Justum et Tenacem Propositi Virum"*



# St. Andrew's College Review

Christmas, 1930

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## Editorial

"Under New Management" is an impressive and awe-inspiring phrase. Your first impression is perhaps one of confidence, while we are filled with awe at the burden of retaining that confidence and of trying to continue the high standard Mr. Magee has attained through years of pains-taking labour that has brought such rich results, for under him the REVIEW has reached the apex of publications of its kind. We cannot pay his efforts too great a tribute. The task now is to keep it where his efforts have put it, and that can only be done by the school realizing that it is not our magazine, nor the staff's, but *yours*. We would like to see every word in it written by the boys. You must co-operate with us to support it by submitting contributions, and when called upon to help us out, to do your bit cheerfully and promptly. Unless you contribute yourself, you have little right to criticise the work of those who do.

\* \* \* \* \*

Almost since Prize Day we have greatly missed the cheering and gracious presence of Mrs. Macdonald; her absence has been keenly felt, and she has been continually in our thoughts. We pray that the Christmas recess will restore her health that she may be with us through the New Year.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is our pleasure, on behalf of the College, to greet several new masters: Dr. Paulin, with his interesting war record, comes to us from the Bathurst Street United Church to take charge of Memorial House. There, on the field, and in his sermons he has already made felt a powerful influence for good. Mr. Blomfield, an Old Boy, is the son of a former master here; he comes to us from the Sorbonne and London University to succeed Mr. Leathers. An innovation this year is the introduction of a resident music master who, besides teaching piano and violin, will also teach singing and the organ—when we get it. Already a great improvement has been noticed in the singing and a new interest in the art has been aroused, for W. A. Crookshank, A.R.C.M., is filling the new position. Educated at St. Columbus College, Dublin, a student of music in Germany, and for three years at the Royal College of Music,

London, he gives us great hopes for this department. The Lower School has been favoured with two gentlemen of the world: Captain C. A. B. Young was educated at Wellington College and Sandhurst. He served with his regiment throughout the war, although severely wounded in 1914. He was mentioned in despatches. He soldiered for an additional five years in India before retiring, and since then he has been teaching in England. Major A. C. J. Leyson-Howell, B.D. (Oxford), C.S.I., C.I.E., D.S.O., M.C., M.M., also served in France from 1914-18. He distinguished himself in the suppression of the Moplah Rebellion in India in 1920-21; later he saw active service in Egypt and China. A publishing poet and an artist as well, he has given us some valuable contributions, and we welcome him as an *ex-officio* member of the REVIEW staff.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the college opened in September, we found the new Lower School in operation and the new chapel well under way. Both are handsome and well-planned buildings; we hope to be in the latter before we next go to press. The approach and the campus have been greatly improved, and Andy himself looks quite respectable. The lighted driveway is a measure making for the comfort and safety of many, and is an added attraction to our park-like grounds. We are nearly complete, but we do hope to see a covered rink and the installation of a manual training department in the not too distant future.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our seasonal thoughts have been so well expressed in Major Howell's article that there only remains to wish each of our readers the Merriest Christmas yet; and that, however poor your start in the term may have been, the New Year will be a bright and happy one and bring you the fulfilment of every good desire.



## The First Mercy

Ox and ass at Bethlehem  
On a night, ye know of them.  
We were only creatures small  
Hid by shadows on the wall.

We were swallow, moth and mouse;  
The Child was born in our house,  
And the bright eyes of us three  
Peeped out at His Nativity.

Hands of peace upon that place  
Hushed our beings for a space—  
Quiet feet and folded wing,  
Nor a sound of anything.

With a moving star we crept  
Closer when the Baby slept;  
Men who guarded where He lay  
Moved to frighten us away.

But the Babe, awakened, laid  
Love on things that were afraid:  
With so sweet a gesture He  
Called us to His company.

L.-H.

## Christmas Mercies

By the time this article is in print Christmas will be almost here, and, in all probability, the country will lie under a mantle of snow; Christmas-card weather. It is the season of "good will to all men." There is a great deal of nonsense written about Christmas. And, it needs be, in the advance of Thought, that Yuletide has been turned from a holy and blessed feast, in memory of a little Child who came to dwell among us, into a tawdry and tinsel-hung affair. Christmas is such a simple feast, or was. It was a feast enshrined about the blessed memory of a Mother and Baby. A feast of pity, a festival of goodwill.

But whether we still keep the feast in veneration of a belief in Divinity made manifest, or merely because we all admire and reverence Motherhood and Childhood we have left out of it a great deal, we have become a little selfish in our perspective towards it, and we absorb only ourselves and our friends on this day. Presents are given, good wishes exchanged. There is no room for the people who need presents, for those who are lacking good wishes.

Have you ever spent a lonely Christmas? I have. It is the most terrible day of the year. Have you ever spent a hungry Christmas? I have, and that also is the hungriest day of all the year. One year I remember being with a college chum and outside the window there was a time-greyed old man playing a shrill violin. He was more deserving of a Christmas present than the rich aunt from whom my chum had expectations. Yet he was naturally inclined to bestow lavishly upon his rich aunt, whereas if he had given a copper or two to the old fellow with the violin he would have considered he had done remarkably well. Behind that old man there may have been a noble past; on the other hand, there may have been a criminal record. Because we do not know, experience, and that hideous attribute called common-sense tell us that it is probably a criminal one. It is easier for one to suppose that; it covers one's lack of charity more readily. We are too ready to condemn as wrong the thing that we do not understand. We do not know what has brought the beggar to the gutter; because he distresses us by his pitiful plight we try to think that perhaps it is his own fault. We do not know what the weary woman is doing selling miserable little lavender bags from door to door with a sad-eyed baby in her arms.

But because we do not know, that is no excuse. We revile the Jews. Two thousand years ago there was no room for a baby in an inn. In the subsequent two thousand years there has been no Christian heart that would not readily have received that Baby and found room for Him, but only because (in their belief) they knew who He was. If this was

the Christ, that, surely, as I understand His teaching, was not what He desired. The reason that now people would make room is because they think of Him as Lord, and that He brought the great gift of all time—Christianity.

If to-day He came again, if He were the weary-eyed Baby in the tired arms of the woman selling lavender bags from door to door, how many doors would be shut upon Him? Christianity has not taught people its lesson. We have not grown kinder. We have so much and of that much we give too little. We accept the spirit of goodwill flowing about us, but in return for our blessings we should give bountifully of that spirit in return.

To-day, as then, there is no room. It is not because we cannot afford it, though that is our first excuse. There has been no man poorer than was Jesus Himself, yet He gave plenteously of His store. I have known rich men to fail in this world through extravagance, through thriftlessness, through meanness, but never through charity. It might be assured me that if one were too generous to "undeserving" people one would be ruined, but I do not think anyone can name a concrete case that has failed through this cause.

The spirit of goodwill abounds in the poor outcast whom we would help. My mother has told me that once she saw a poor old man trying to drink some water at a tap. She told him that if he would come to the house she would get him a meal. She gave him what she could and filled his can with hot cocoa, and sent him on his way. She never missed that food: to him probably it was a god-send. Two hours later, though lame and old, he came back from a longish distance. Tramping along the road he had picked up a tiny rubber doll, and as he had noticed in the kitchen the cook's little girl he brought the doll because he thought the child might like it. That made my mother feel bitterly ashamed that she had done so little. And I am always ashamed that I do, and have done, so little.

Two thousand years ago there came the essence of goodwill into this world. Goodwill not only to the comfortable person, but to the "down-and-outer." Goodwill not only to us personally, but as our heritage to distribute among those around us.

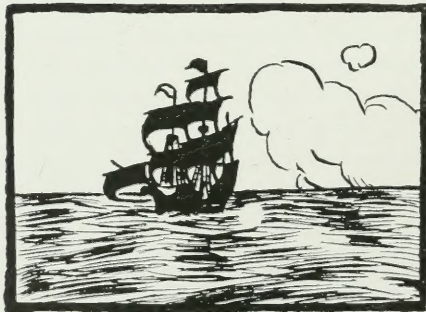
That to me, whatever our particular religious beliefs might be, is the teaching of Christmas.

L.-H.

More for the giving  
Than for the getting  
Did we but know;  
Let each year find us,  
Casting behind us  
Failures and fretting  
Of years long ago.

Fair in their beauty,  
Courage and Duty  
Stand up before us,  
Glorious and blest,  
Love, true and tender,  
Life, in its splendour,  
Rise and implore us  
"Give of your best."

Every new morning  
Start we from dawning  
Till the sun setting  
Forward to go.  
Life is worth living!  
More for the giving  
Than for the getting.—  
Let it be so!



## A Bedtime Story

Once during the vacation I had the pleasure of sleeping in a summer hotel. My elder brother shared this pleasure with me and also the bed. I always have difficulty in sleeping with him anyhow, but as the bed was short and the bedclothes shorter, it was downright impossible. I hate that feeling of insecurity caused by the fact that the covers stretch right from one occupant to his fellow like telephone wires. Not only does this give an uncertain feeling to the persons concerned, but also the cold air of the room creeps down and gives one rheumatism.

At first everything was all right, but gradually the bedclothes began to sneak up on us till they were round our necks and would have strangled us but for the timely suggestion of my brother's that we arise and remake the bed. He favoured putting half the blanket underneath the mattress, saying that it could not come out. I contended that by lying perfectly still in the middle of a bed, I could make the bedclothes climb out from under the mattress. But when he threatened to prove it by higher mathematics, I gave in and we put half under the mattress and half on top.

This system worked well enough for a time, but I have a pretty little habit, when turning over, of taking all that is movable in the way of blankets with me. Now my brother has taken a most extraordinary dislike to this little trick of mine and on this particular occasion said some quite nasty things referring to beds and small brothers in general. I must admit that I was a bit put out by some of his remarks, but knowing that he had been working hard at school all year and was a little peevish while awaiting his results, I forgave him.

I suppose I must have gone to sleep sometime because I remember waking and I never have heard of anyone waking up without going to sleep, but I suppose it can be done. Anyhow when I finally awoke I was wrapped up in the only blanket, and he was covered by the only sheet. For myself I prefer the blanket.

PARKER, VA.

## An Aeroplane Adventure

A few years ago I was spending my holidays on Lake Rosseau in Muskoka.

One day, while standing on the wharf of the hotel and gazing blankly up at the sky, I heard a soft droning noise in my ears; looking up I saw an aeroplane in the east; it was making towards the hotel. It was coming closer and closer, dropping lower every minute. It skimmed along the top of the water and then taxied up to the wharf. The 'plane was an early pusher type of a flying boat. The pilot threw me the rope and told me to pull the ship to the beach. I pulled it up and having fastened the rope securely around a tree, I proceeded to show the pilot up to the hotel. On the way up he told me his name was Paul Robert and that he was a French-Canadian from Montreal. He had been sent to take a government observer up north; he was on his way back when he hit a storm which damaged one of the wings and he was stopping at the hotel to repair it.

I grew quite friendly with him and one day he said he was going to take me up in his 'plane. My parents were doubtful at first as to whether I should go, but he soon persuaded them that it was perfectly safe. He gave me a helmet and goggles. He said he would take the 'plane out first to see if it was running all right; after circling around a few times, he brought the ship back and told me to get in. I clambered into the front cockpit and adjusted my helmet and goggles. We tore out into the lake, it felt as if we were going very fast and I found out later we were doing seventy-five miles an hour. We then began to rise very smoothly until we were about a thousand feet up; we then banked and turned toward the north. In the air it seemed that we were going at quite a slow rate, but really we were going much faster than on the water. After we had gone about five miles, we began to climb steadily until we reached two thousand feet.

Suddenly Paul poked me on the back and yelled to me to look below us. I looked down and directly beneath us was a ruddy tinge in the woods with heavy black smoke curling up above it. Paul put the 'plane in a dive; we fell until we were about a hundred feet from the fire; then with a terrific burst of speed zoomed upwards. I looked around at Paul; he was tight-lipped and a trifle pale. Having reached the thousand foot level again, Paul turned the ship toward the fire rangers' station which was about fifteen miles away; after a speedy ride we landed at it.

Paul jumped out and told them the necessary directions. They got in their 'planes and flew towards the spot. When we arrived half an hour later we found that the fire was out. The chief thanked Paul very much for what he had done and said it was very lucky we discovered it.

J. L. GREEN, IV.



## My First and Last Aeroplane Ride

One fairly bright and sunny day, I was offered, by a mis-led but well-meaning parent, an aeroplane ride. Not having been "up" before, I decided to accept.

In a few hours I was all rigged up in what looked like a rugby helmet and a pair of shoulder pads. They turned out to be, however, a parachute and an aviator's helmet, and I felt quite secure as I watched a spot in the sky where I had been directed. The only flaw was that the spot in the sky turned out to be a bird, and I turned around in disgust just in time to see the 'plane I was to go in make a perfect landing. The passenger stepped out, helped by the pilot, who beckoned to me and busied himself with his engine, leaving the rather ill passenger on his own power. He made an awful mess.

With a farewell wave and glare at the aforesaid parent, I ran to the still throbbing 'plane. The pilot gave me a friendly grin and helped me in the cockpit. Then he fastened me to my seat by some leather straps. I yelled as loudly as I could in his ear, and asked him how on earth I was to get out of the 'plane if it ever fell. He laughed, and patted me reassuringly on my back. It made me feel better somehow.

With a final look at his engine, he jumped into the cockpit, and as I suppose he would say, "gave her the gun". The 'plane seemed to leap forward, and before I had time even to catch my breath, the earth seemed to slide and drop away beneath my feet, and I got that feeling one gets when one is going up on an express elevator. I started to speak, or rather yell at the pilot, but the words were forced down my throat by the wind. I gulped for breath, but was forced to crouch behind the stream-lined windshield in front of me until I got my breath back. After a few minutes had passed, I was able to sit up and look about me.

We were about half a mile up, and everything seemed like a miniature golf course with toy people creeping around it. On my left I saw a train, steaming off to Ottawa, winding its way like any toy train. On my right was the city of Montreal. The mountain was silhouetted against a cloudless, blood-red summer sunset, and I do not believe I have ever witnessed such a perfect scene before as that, with the shadow of Mt. Royal over Montreal in the foreground. It reminded me of Nature overlooking and ruling Canada's centre of commerce. As we grew nearer, Montreal seemed to hold out her arms in welcome. It was, indeed, a wonderful scene.

I was startled out of these pleasant reflections by the sudden descent of the 'plane. The streets grew nearer and bigger. We were going faster every second, and I looked at the pilot. He seemed to be struggling

with the controls. Horror of horrors, could we possibly be going to . . . ? The thought was too dreadful. I covered my face with my hands, and cowered into the cockpit. Ashamed of my cowardice, I straightened and took another look. Something seemed to snap in me. We were going as fast as any dropping object could fall and only a few hundred yards away from the ground. I trembled like jelly, and crouched on my knees crying, crying as I had never cried for years. The 'plane gave a sickening lurch, and I was flung back into my seat. I was too frightened to cry now, and I had a flurried effect of Montreal appearing on top of me, and then on one side, finally far below me. The pilot had just controlled his 'plane in time.

With tears in my eyes I implored the pilot never to do that again, and for heaven's sake, to get me out of the skies and hurry up—or down—about it. I could read sympathy and understanding in the man's eyes, and a beautiful, celestial to me, three-point landing was made. Soon I was on good old terra firma again and as boastful as ever. But never again! I've had my share.

J. H. FLEMMING, VA.



THE GATES IN ALL THEIR GLORY

*Whitehouse*

## A Narrow Escape

I do not know whether or not any of you have ever been caught in the middle of a railway bridge with a train bearing down on you at sixty per. If you have, you will agree with me that it gives you that "sinking feeling".

This summer, while hitch-hiking from Toronto to Stratford, I tired of the highway and decided to take to the rails for a few miles.

I began to regret my decision shortly, however, for everyone knows how difficult it is to fit one's stride to the railway sleepers. Rounding a bend, I found myself on a long bridge spanning a deep ravine. About half-way across, I heard a sound that literally made my knees knock—the whistle of a locomotive. The next moment an express train swooped around the curve not seventy yards in front of me. My sensations can be better imagined than described. I felt cold as ice all over. Thoughts went through my head like flashes. When coming on the bridge, I had noticed that the rails were set higher than usual, leaving a marked hollow between. In a split-second I was prostrate between the rails. This took only a moment, but it seemed hours to me. Just as I hit the ties the train thundered over me. The structure shook until I was nearly sea-sick, then something scraped my back like a red hot iron and it was past. I heard the screaming of brakes and I rose to see the conductor racing towards me. He was a little stout man, very much out of wind, and very angry. At length he became sufficiently coherent to tell me that I had broken the law in walking the tracks and that he wanted my name and address. When he had obtained these, he raced away again, yelling something over his shoulder about summonses and police courts. I really thought, from his actions, that he was rather weak in the head. I then woke up to the fact that my shirt was ripped off my back and most of the skin also. The coupling connection on the last car had scraped my shoulders and I was drenched with blood. As I was fifty miles from home and in the middle of the country, the best I could do was to get to the creek in the ravine and soak myself in the water. I was rather faint from losing so much blood, and being very tired, I slept all afternoon on my stomach. When I awoke at six-thirty I was stiff and sore and could hardly bear to move my body. After another wash I felt better and taking to the road again, I arrived in Stratford by ten o'clock. Here I put up with friends for a few days until my back healed.

I was rather afraid that I would be summoned to court, but after a few weeks had passed and nothing had happened, I concluded that the conductor had been bluffing. I changed that opinion, however, when I learned that there was a five-hundred dollar fine for being on the railroad property.

MACDONALD II, VA.

## Adventures With Rattle-Snakes

The rattle-snake with his small beady eyes and slim glistening body looks quite harmless although disgusting. Peculiar to his class he has a set of rattles on the tip of his tail which he shakes when he is in danger. These rattles are said to represent his age, one for every year.

This summer, when up at the cottage, a friend and I, while playing about on the island, came upon a large cross-cut saw. We decided to put it to its practical use and were soon looking for something to saw.

At last we came upon a large box half full of earth which had been used to grow greens in. Placing the saw on the box, we began to cut it. All of a sudden we heard a peculiar sound coming from under the box. My friend recognized it as the warning buzz of an angry rattler.

Pushing a board under the box we pried it up and over. There we saw a large mother rattle-snake. Beside her we saw the marks of five baby snakes which were nowhere to be seen.

After killing the mother we opened her mouth and there could see the tail of a baby snake. She had swallowed them for protection when she heard the grating of the saw on the box.

We cut her rattles off and hung them by a string in the porch. The wind, blowing across the porch, shook the string causing the rattles to give out their buzz. Outside the mate was replying.

Next day we set out to look for it. It was finally found down in the water by the pier. Picking up an oar, my friend hit it in the middle of the back. The blow broke its backbone and it sank out of sight.

Later on near the end of the summer, my father and I went out fishing on one of the neighbouring islands. When we had been there for a while, Dad got a bite and told me to get the landing net which he had left in the boat. After about a quarter of an hour of playing it, we managed to land the fish which was a large-sized bass.

We put it in the bow of the boat and were returning to our fishing spot when Dad performed a funny kind of half step, half hop backwards. At his feet was a large rattle-snake striking out at him. We managed to put some large rocks on its head and quiet it.

Next morning my friend went over to get the rattles off the tail of the snake. When he took the stones from its head, it suddenly struck out at him with its dying energy. Although it did not reach him, it gave him quite a scare. To make sure of its death he cut off the head and threw the body into the lake.

McLEAN, IV.

## Helpful Hints for Christmas Shoppers

It is usually a month before Christmas when your best friend 'phones you to say that he, or she as the case may be, has decided in view of the hard times not to give anything this year. "Please", they add, "don't worry about me; I'll manage all right."

Now this is a very noble decision—unless you have already purchased a solid silver cigarette case, or something equally expensive, in which event my article already begins to serve the use for which it was designed.

When you find that you have things such as the above mentioned on your hands, the first thing to do is to get someone to throw a bridge, and offer them for prizes.

That difficulty over with, let us touch on the Christmas card question.

After considerable discussion the verdict is usually, "We won't send any at all this year," followed by a mad rush to the nearest store three days before Christmas and a choice of nothing at all, or a very repulsive picture of Santa Claus on a roof-top with the words, "Just to wish you the Season's greetings."

All this is caused because most people get the idea that Christmas cards will not be sent this year.

This lamentable state of affairs is also the reason for the slushy New Year cards that crawl in about December the 30th, with shame and regret written all over them and inscriptions such as "Better late than never," scrawled across the bottom. It is my opinion that stores do a bigger business after Christmas, out of these, than from Christmas cards themselves.

It will be a year like this that you will find the old mantle-place filled up with excuses for presents more than ever.

And now for the Christmas gift question; in the past few years presents for men and women have worked down to a list of about three things, two or more of these are always in the possession of three-quarters of the male and female population on Christmas morning—while this goes on, there is no use in holding Peace Conferences. Wouldn't Christmas be a brighter and more cheerful affair if you could wake up on Christmas morning with expectations of anything from a lion cub to an inner tube—or if a lady had the happy anticipation of five rivets and a pane of plate glass?

Once we succeeded in establishing this idea, we could go back to the bridge sets, boxes of cigars, and perfumes—the spirit of suspense would be there, and after all that is much of Christmas.

Many a man's heart jumps as he reads signs—"Christmas will be different this year." His hope is dashed to the ground as he opens mysterious parcels to find lighter after lighter or wonders gloomily if it would be possible to wear such and such a tie.

Men have a horror of exchanging things that is not shared by the opposite sex, who cold-heartedly bargain with a cloisonne vase or a picture of Pan playing the pipes.

The enterprising wife should always ask for something to the value of a couple of hundred dollars about the middle of summer and say, "Please don't give me anything for Christmas." The fond husband will, hence she is always sure of two presents.

Let us all unite to make this year the most unusual one we have ever had. Let us resolve to do away with the cigarette lighter, the bridge scores, the silk chesterfield cushions, and all the rest; and make up our minds to distribute telegraph poles, picture wire, and other really useful things among our families.

Don't ask me how to wrap them up, this ordeal will add to the general merriment.

When your relations open these on Christmas morning, notice their shouts of delight—"Just what I wanted", warbles Uncle John as he surveys a brand new set of castors. I am not prepared to say whether these exclamations of delight are absolutely genuine, but I am prepared to offer a substantial wager that they are more so than the hopeless gurgles of the population, as it tears the tissue paper from its tie boxes.

T. E. HETHRINGTON, III.



## The Problem of India

I have been asked to write an article on the India question or problem, but I do not think that one could do any sort of justice to such an extensive subject within the compass of a short article. And, to really understand India's problems it is necessary I think, first to, know something of the man who is mostly responsible for the present trouble in India, and who probably has a greater personal following than any other man in the world—Mahatma Gandhi.

From time to time the most reliable Press correspondents inform their editors that Gandhi's power has passed, that his authority is discredited, and that he is no longer a living force within his own country. Then, a few weeks later his name appears once more in large type, and his opinions and directions are quoted and discussed on the ground that they will alter the minds and actions of millions of men. There is no saint that has been placed in Christian hagiology since the time of the Apostles who could be invoked to mould men's actions today to the same extent that the Mahatma Gandhi can influence devout and superstitious Hindus of certain classes.

Gandhi (called Mahatma or "Great Soul") is now sixty-one years old. He was married at the age of thirteen, and at eighteen, already a father, went to England to study. Having qualified as a barrister of the Inner Temple, he returned to India to practise. His first appearance in court was not successful, breaking down in mere speechless nervousness. He abandoned law for trade. Sixteen years ago he began to take an active part in politics, and quickly achieved an enormous influence. He became an ascetic, and advocated for Indians a return to the simple life—the spinning wheel and the plough. In 1919, he initiated the policy of non-co-operation, causing disturbances which led to his imprisonment. After serving three years of a sentence of six he was released. He has lately substituted for the policy of non-co-operation the more active policy of civil disobedience. Gandhi is uncompromising in his opposition to British rule, but enjoins his followers not to commit violence of any kind.

What is it that has raised a man of comparatively obscure birth, of no family influence, of small financial means, and of delicate constitution to such a pinnacle as Gandhi has reached?

My answer is "Character", and again "Character."

No one has ever accused him of seeking money. No one could ever impute to him a taint of dishonesty or of self seeking. He is no Western politician who could be bribed by wealth or silenced by honours conferred. Threats have no power over him. Neither torture nor the

penalty of death would move him a hair's breadth from what he believed to be right. Like Socrates he is guided by his Daimon, and if you want to alter Gandhi's actions you must convince his conscience, and then he is as tractable as a lamb.

How did Gandhi's soul become embittered against the British authorities? He was in South Africa and took up the cause of his oppressed fellow-countrymen in that country. It did not affect him personally that he, a British barrister, was thrown out of a train in the wilds of Africa, bag and baggage, either to perish or to tramp his way to some distant habitation—and all because he was Indian born. No protection was afforded him by the British Government. No protest was raised by the Inns of Court. He formed a Committee. He interviewed the great men of England. He spent his days and half his nights in writing, interviewing, and pressing for the fulfilment of the pledge of citizenship to his fellow-countrymen in Africa—but in vain.

He returned to India pledged to his own soul to raise the position of the cultured aristocrats of India to the level of the English agricultural labourer at least. He came repeatedly into conflict with the Government. Yet his "oppressors" were singularly kind to him. The judge who sentenced him to prison in the disturbances for which he was responsible was obviously reluctant. "Even those who differ from you in politics look upon you as a man of high ideals and of noble and even saintly life," said the judge. "You have consistently preached against violence, and have done much to prevent violence." He fascinated the present Viceroy of India, and the extraordinary forbearance of the Government is due mainly to their admiration of Gandhi's saintliness. A violent insurrection would be easily suppressed; but this passive disobedience movement led by a philosopher-saint seems to paralyse the secular arm. In the Moplah Rebellion—at which I served—of 1921—a matter first of civil disobedience which he had organized Gandhi, was so shocked by the bloodshed which resulted that he called off the whole campaign.

Does Gandhi not know that the success of his present movement must inevitably lead to an ocean of bloodshed?

The truth about Gandhi is that he is not a politician at all, but a mere generaliser in abstract ideas. Many of his views are fantastic, and in order to be in any way effective would require endurance, courage, and long-drawn-out patience by millions of ignorant and undeveloped people, peasants to whom the fight for the barest existence is carried on from the day of their birth to their death. The art of the politician is to see a little way ahead and to devise means for making things just a little better than they were. But your philosopher-saint can splash about in generalities without making himself responsible for actual



events. One is disposed to agree with the high view that is held of his moral character, but the loftier his character the more terrible his power for evil. Gandhi had a tremendous field of reform open to him which he might have cultivated with immense benefits to India. He might have purified the religion of India. He might have resisted early marriages, which ruin the stamina of the race. He might have preached the virtues in which the Indian is deficient. He might have attacked the caste system and relieved the misery of the "untouchables".

Instead he has entered politics and chosen to release forces which he cannot control. Why? I think the answer must be that he has attacked the Government not because it was harsh and brutal but because it was more tolerant and more enlightened. There seems almost a streak of cowardice in his action. He attacks the unreal grievance of British rule because he dare not attack the native sources of the moral corruption in India.

It is a tragedy. How much wiser was Christ when He distinguished between politics and morals, and told those who sought to ensnare Him to render to Caesar the things that were Caesar's. Personally, though my knowledge of India is limited, I feel that Gandhi is largely wrong and is honestly aiming for that which will not be beneficent to India, but a large share of the fault must lie with those who by their deaf ears and callous opportunism warped his mind at a time when he was as sane as he was sincere.

THE MAJOR.



## Canadian Pacific Ocean Steamships

The Canadian Pacific Steamships Company has, during twenty-nine years of service under that name, built up for itself a very creditable name. It controls the largest and most luxurious liners of any company whose vessels are to be seen in Canadian ports, and when their building schedule for 1931 is completed the C.P.O.S. will have a ship which will rank amongst the largest in the world and which will surpass anything afloat for comfort and spaciousness.

The present C.P.O.S. fleet is comprised of seventeen liners and several freighters with headquarters in Montreal.

The flagship "Empress of Scotland" is an old German vessel built in 1906 and before the war sailed under the Hamburg-American flag as "Kaiserine Auguste Victoria" until she was taken over in 1921 by the Canadian Pacific as a war prize. She is about 25,000 tons gross register and will make her last voyage to Quebec this season as she is to be replaced next year by the giant new "Empress of Britain".

With the "Scotland" (as she is often affectionately named) came another German ship, "Empress of Australia" which sailed under the name of "Von Tirpetz" and was built for the Kaiser to view his new dominions after the war. Outwardly she is the ugliest ship on the St. Lawrence, but her interior is even more elaborately fitted out than that of the "Scotland".

The other Atlantic Empress is the "Empress of France" built by the Allan line in 1913 as the "Alsatian". She and her sister-ship the "Calgarian" were the largest, fastest, and most comfortable ships to Canada before the war. They have the distinction to have been the first ships with "cruiser's sterns" which have since become so popular. The "Calgarian" was torpedoed and sunk in 1916 but the "Alsatian" although she is known by a different name is still fast, comfortable, and very popular.

Next come the "Duchess" class ships, Duchess of Atholl, Bedford, Richmond, and York respectively, each with a gross tonnage of 20,000, the largest ships to enter Montreal. These ships have flat bottoms and double keels to enable them to navigate the thirty-five foot channel into the harbour at Montreal. They are also equipped with telescopic masts which can be made several feet shorter whenever the ship goes under the Quebec bridge.

Running the "Duchesses" a close race for Montreal popularity, come the "Montcalm", "Montrose", and "Montclare". These ships are

slightly smaller and several years older than the "Duchesses", but nevertheless are very modern, comfortable, and seaworthy. The "Montrose" is supposed to be "jinxed", having had several minor accidents during her six years of existence.

The "Minnedosa" and "Melita" of 14,000 gross tons are the Scottish twins, being two out of the three ships on the whole fleet that have a regular route from Montreal to Glasgow. The other of the Scottish trio is the "Metagama", a pre-war ship of 12,000 gross tons and is now the "baby-sister" of the fleet. She and her sistership "Missanabie" were very popular when they first came into service not long before the war, but the "Missanabie" suffered the same fate as the "Calgarian" and since then the little "Metagama" has been hopelessly outclassed by larger, speedier, and more modern ships.

And so, having dealt with the Atlantic fleet we will turn to the great "White Empresses of the Pacific".

The present pride of the company is flagship of the Pacific fleet—the "Empress of Japan". She is not only the newest and largest ship on the whole line but has captured the Pacific speed record on her first trip across that ocean not long ago. Next to her ranks the ex-flagship of the Pacific fleet "Empress of Canada". Since her launch in 1921 she has been the fastest and most beautiful ship to the East, only to be outclassed this year by the "Japan".

Then come the "Empress of Russia" and "Empress of Asia" of 16,000 tons gross. Both these ships are noted for their speed and their brilliant war records, the "Russia" having had a lot to do with the capture of the German cruiser "Emden". They were the first steel-hulled White Empresses.

Up till last year this was a distinction which only belonged to the Empresses of the Pacific, but last year it was decided that on both the Atlantic and Pacific when anyone should see a ship with a white hull around which is a thin blue band, he should be able to tell immediately it is a Canadian Pacific "Empress", and so last season the Atlantic Empresses appeared in their new paint.

Many Americans travel by the C.P.O.S. because they do not have to endure so many days of open sea if they sail up the beautiful St. Lawrence from Quebec or Montreal and the only difference is the size of our ships compared with the American leviathans. But the C.P.O.S. have remedied even this expensive complaint and in the summer of next year with the "Empress of Britain" the company will have size, speed, comfort, luxury, courteousness, and a wonderful reputation behind them, and these ships are only one arm of the greatest transportation system in the world.

## How to Get on the "Port Side" of a Captain on an Ocean Liner

In order to have a successful voyage, the first thing to do is to get on the right side of the ship's Commander, so the following lines should be of immense value to the unseasoned traveller about to embark on his or her first ocean trip.

On entering the ship, you will, in all probability, see the Commander standing by the gang plank, welcoming the first-class passengers on board; he doesn't like to do this particularly, but it's a good bit of business on the part of the company. Walk up to him, and say, "Oh, I'm so glad to meet you; my aunt's cousin was a personal friend of Captain Morrison of the 'Olympic'." Be sure and get this over correctly, first impressions always count, and remember not to stop here; if you give the Captain time to reflect, he will remember that Captain Morrison never commanded the "Olympic". The next thing to say should be after this fashion, "I know I'm going to like this ship; you know, I once knew someone who crossed on this ship, and they said that you gave them a simply marvellous time."

Remember, if you are married, don't let the Captain know that you have children on board. He will discover this lamentable fact soon enough, usually after he has invited you to his table, along with members of the Swedish Aristocracy. If you have children (and if you have, it can't be helped), tell the Captain that Dickey, aged six, is just dying to have his picture taken with the Captain, on the bridge—that is, if it wouldn't be too much bother.

If you're a woman, and have not had a chance to sit at the Captain's table, you can at least tell the bridge club back home that you were asked, but refused because you did not wish to appear conspicuous; though of course, every one will know that you were snubbed.

The first night, buttonhole the Captain in the lounge, sit in a conspicuous position, so all your friends can see you, and say: "Oh, Captain, I've heard so much about the speed of this ship, I'm so interested in the time we make, I do hope that there will be a chart up in the main hallway." Of course it is understood that you have not one idea in a million of going up there every morning to check this fact, so this will be the time for the Captain to say, "Is that so? Well, I should be delighted to send you down a card with the ship's run every morning." "Talking of bridges, I have always wanted to see what the bridge looks like." The Captain hears this from every first class passenger on every trip; he doesn't let you know this, however; you will get up all right.

Another satisfactory mode of attack is to sit in a deck-chair, with a pair of binoculars, waiting for the Captain to pass (failing him the First Officer will do; they all give the same information)—and say, “Oh, Captain! do you know the name of that steamer, 'way out on the horizon?’ This gets the Captain in a good humour, and he will pick up his field glasses, give a short glance, then reply: “Yes, that’s the old *Alonia*—we were due to pass her in half an hour; I guess she’s doing ten knots, and all out at that.”

Of course the Captain has no idea what the ship is, or what speed she is doing—if he did know, he wouldn’t tell you correctly. In fact the whole crew will tell you the same thing, perhaps giving the ship another name; you see the Captain delights in seeing the average passenger completely taken in.

This same barrage will be of great benefit in the case of whales, icebergs, and Trans-Atlantic flyers. These are just some of the countless ways of getting on the “Port side” of the ship’s commander. Other ways which space does not permit me to touch on, are, “Captain, is this ship really unsinkable?”. The reply is, “Well, I remember when we were entering the Gulf in '09” (this account will take an hour at least). Another way is to do something in the ship’s concert, or get him started about the Labour Government, in the smoking-room.

Remember, if all this fails, don’t be too hard on the Captain. He is the one who has to sit and listen to the ship’s concert and laugh, when he has heard the same joke cracked, or the same piece sung, for years and years.

T. E. HETHRINGTON, III.



## The Detroit-Windsor Tunnel

At present there are three modes of transportation between Detroit and Windsor. There is the age old Ferry Company, which has served well and now carries on a regular seven minute service between the two cities. Then there is the new Ambassador Bridge, which was opened a year ago this Thanksgiving, and now we have the world's latest engineering triumph, the Detroit-Windsor tunnel.

Three years ago this daring project was started, and was open and ready for use on the third of November, 1930. Every minute detail was worked out to perfection. A two hundred and fifty ton shield, the largest ever constructed in this country, was pushed through yards of clay, and joined perfectly with the American link. Large sections of the tunnel, longer than city blocks, were submerged beneath the Detroit River, and were accurately linked together. At this section on the Detroit River, three boats pass each minute during the year, which is more than pass through the Welland, Suez, and Panama combined, but the work on the tunnel was completed without a single interruption to traffic.

The tunnel is almost a mile long, and is electrically lighted in the most effective way possible. There are almost six hundred lights, and the reflectors for them are of a special metal, that will never grow dim and will never need polishing. Illumination is so effective that drivers do not need their headlights. The roadway is twenty-two feet wide, and can accommodate one thousand cars in either direction. There is no sidewalk for pedestrians, but on one side of the roadway is a railing, along which policemen are stationed every hundred feet, in order to see that everything is all right. If a motorist stalls his car, the policeman nearest him turns on a series of red lights on the automobile's side, and as soon as the other policemen see them they stop all traffic going in that direction, and officials at the entrances allow no more cars to enter the tunnel. Cars coming in the opposite direction are slowed down, but are not stopped. Provision has been made for cars that stall; a wrecker is rushed in, which can either push or pull the car according to which side it is nearest. The walls of the tunnel are lined with a special glazed metal, and for the first time in a tunnel of large size, steel was used for the lining, instead of iron or wood. This effects a great saving in weight and expense.

The system of ventilation in the tunnel is marvellous. The air is purer than the air on the average city streets. It comes in through ducts at the bottom of the passage and is withdrawn through outlets at the top, the circulation being set up by large fans, twelve in each of the two ventilating houses, on either side of the river. Each house ventilates

half of the tunnel. The fans, driven by very large motors, effect over forty complete changes of air inside the passage every hour. One of the most interesting details of the tunnel is the way in which the freshness of the air is tested. It is a continuous operation, and should the percentage of carbon monoxide rise to the danger point, a warning bell rings automatically.

In order that pedestrians may go through the tunnel, the company has provided thirty buses, large enough to carry thirty people each. These buses were an enormous expense to the Company, costing ten thousand, five hundred dollars each. However, they are very luxurious, and provide very good service. The bus going to Detroit, takes people as far as Cadillac Square, which is in the centre of the business district; but the bus leaving Detroit for Windsor just goes as far as the Immigration House. Three tickets for the bus can be purchased for a quarter, and a car and driver may go through for twenty-five cents, charging ten cents extra for each additional passenger.

This marvellous engineering feat provides a three minute service between Detroit and Windsor, and is situated in the centre of business in each city. It will be many years before anything is built to equal this twenty-five million dollar mile.

PAULIN, VB.



## Books and Art

At first thought books and painting may seem to be in no way connected, but the virtue common to each that I am discussing is—expression.

The primitive man, the stone-cutter, described his ideas with an axe by pictures on a flat rock. Some of them exist now. Later the pictures or hieroglyphics were abbreviated to letters. Writing, then, is an outcome of drawing or art.

Men have been known to have no friends but their books. This is easy to believe. A man may easily find a companion in something that he can appreciate, love, and understand. There is the type of collector who purchases a wonderful library or group of paintings just to boast of it. His type might just as well be dismissed. A picture or intelligent book means nothing to him; he has no sympathy for it, no real understanding.

Take the book—a wonderful means of conveying a thought, an idea, or an opinion. In a number of words any belief or view may be conveyed to the mind of the reader. But the picture; on one flat surface a whole story is laid before you. The subtle expression of a mist, the quiet peacefulness of a vale and stream, the gay charm of a fairy-like dancer, and the clearness of a blue sky—all conveyed in a single glance. You feel the picture; it responds and your soul is touched. It takes words in a book whereas in a picture it is all before you. Only a short story may be painted on a picture, but here the book has a slight advantage, as it may be drawn out to any length.

Books do not often change, but there are always people who wish to change anything. They chose art and attempted to create a new class—the futuristic. With many it is unpopular because of the unfamiliar expression, the gaudy colours, the exaggerations, the lack of feeling, and the rakish perspectives. But I think that the almost priceless paintings of the old, true masters, will always hold their own in the admiration and esteem of the genuine enthusiast and collector. The soul of the artist is portrayed in his picture—his interpretation of a nature scene or mood. A book, too, very clearly outlines the character of the writer. Money is a poor way of summing up the value of a piece of work. The value of a beautiful canvas painting is not expressed in money, but in the feeling and sensations it creates.

Thus we see that the book and the painting are parallel in their duty and without them we should be greatly impoverished.

SMITH II, VB.



## A Philosophy of Life

What is Autumn? Is it just the season that follows summer in the endless cycle of the years, or has it a greater significance than that? Are not these seasonal phases of Nature paralleled in the span of a human life? Cannot the greenness and freshness of Nature in Spring be compared with the newness and freshness of a human life in its youth?

Picture a rosebud unfolding under the caress of the sun in June. Does not a human child develop and unfold similarly under the warming influence of its parents and friends? The child of Nature, the rosebud, and the child of Man, the youth, do they not peep out on life a little hesitantly when they unfold, as if the strange beauty and complexity of it both pleased and appalled them? If, at this stage, they are tampered with by evil-doers, is not the beauty and purity of the rose and man impaired?

Cannot the Summer be compared with the middle age of Man? Is it not the time when Nature contends with torrential floods and scorching drouths, and Man with the troubles and responsibilities of his business and domestic life?

It is during this time that Man and Nature strive along that long hard road up the mountain called Life to the peak which is Achievement, above which shine the light of Perfection for which both Man and Nature strive.

Autumn may be likened to old age, a time when both Man and Nature rest and quietly look back on their earlier phases. Both Man and Nature, if they have contended well and fairly with the difficulties that besot them during their earlier life or Spring and their middle age or Summer, sit back in the reflected glory of their earlier achievements.

This is the most beautiful stage of all, for both Man and Nature are ripened and mellowed to their fullest degree. The trials and tribulations they have endured have brought out a latent beauty in them both and they are at the high tide of their existence.

But beware, O Man; take warning from Nature and enjoy those last full years for the tide soon falls from the peak, Autumn is swiftly metamorphosed into Winter, and from old age it is but a step to Death.

CATTLE, Lower VI.

## Phantasma

A leaden sky above,  
A leaden sea below,  
And o'er that leaden sea  
A hurricane did blow.

A seagull in the sky  
Uttered its doleful cry,  
And wailed and moan'd its hate  
Of the strident hand of Fate.  
The waves dashed white and high,  
With crests that swept the sky;  
And a pale moon shone.

The dark clouds weav'd  
Fantastic shapes,  
And the billows heav'd  
And roll'd forlorn.

And over all  
A grey mist hung.

Pale ghostly forms  
That follow storms  
Swirl'd all aglow  
On the wild wind's wings.

I cried out!  
And lo!  
The mists had vanished,  
The waters calmed,  
And little wavelets broke,  
Softly, on the shore.

## The Storm

A wide span of whitecaps and foam; dark angry clouds whisking across a forbidding sky; a grey horizon in the distance. Such a scene is painted on a bleak day in November. A two-masted fishing "smack" is beating its way up into the wind on the starboard tack. She is coming down hard. Her skipper evidently is aware of the approaching storm as he is pressing her forward under full canvas, obviously endeavouring to obtain shelter of port before the storm is fully upon him.

Already the boat is feeling the storm. Waves are dashing over the bow and filling the hold with seething brine. Orders have been given to "make everything fast". Half a dozen men are on deck swathed in "oil skins". They are working frantically, securing ropes and reefing the mainsail. Their work completed, they hasten back to cover.

Now the storm is raging forth with pent up fury. One mile of furious seas separate the vessel from the protected harbour. The ship's test has now come. Can she weather the storm successfully, or will she go down, another of Neptune's vanquished?

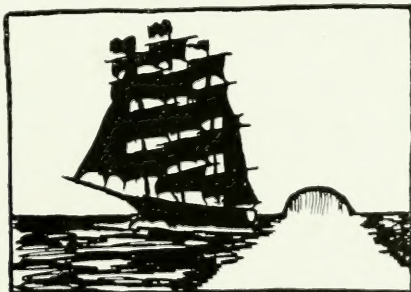
The wind is crashing through the stays. The sheets until now have stood up against the furious gale. But now the older sails are weakening. A great gust suddenly rips the topsail to shreds.

The vessel is staggering gallantly onward. Now down in a pit of the sea; now coming up, shaking the water off like a wet mastiff and ploughing ever onward. Now a gigantic wave is rushing at her. It crashes into her. She quivers from stem to stern at the impact and staggers forth to meet another mountain of boiling foam.

And so the schooner struggles onward, one minute in a valley between two mighty breakers; the next minute on the crest of a giant wave. But now the goal is in sight. Just around a neck of land ships lay at anchor in a protected port. But even now the victory has not been won. Nimble manoeuvring is needed to round the cape.

But the skipper is a veteran. Skilfully he directs the course of the vessel around the cape and safely into anchorage amid the cheers of the gathered townspeople.

MACKERROW I, IV.



# SCHOOL NEWS



## LITERARY SOCIETY 1930-31

The Literary Society, which aims at giving all boys an opportunity of making their debut on the platform, either in the presentation of readings or in the delivery of addresses before the whole school, began its activities this year a little earlier than usual. Although it is a bit early to say much concerning the year's work, three meetings have so far been held and many interesting readings and addresses have already been delivered.

As usual in order to balance our programmes, the musical side of the organization appears to have begun very well.

The Glee Club with many of last year's members present, promises to give a very good account of itself this year, and frequent practises will bring their performances up to a very high standard. We are fortunate in having many good musicians.

Nothing of a Dramatic nature has yet been presented, but next term it is hoped that some short plays and sketches will be ready.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. O'Sullivan on behalf of the Committee, for again accepting the Presidency, as his untiring efforts were greatly responsible for last year's success.

With all these points in mind, I think that this year should be the most successful in the history of the Literary Society.

The following are on the Committee:

*Honorary President*—Dr. Macdonald.

*President*—Mr. O'Sullivan.

*First Vice-President*—T. A. Gordon.

*Second Vice-President*—A. A. Cox.

*Secretary*—J. M. Burns.

### COMMITTEE:

*Memorial House Representatives*—Annand, Cattle.

*Flavelle House Representatives*—Findlay I, Young.

*Macdonald House Representatives*—Hetherington, Flemming.

J. M. B.

### THE CADET CORPS

This year the Cadet Corps has the very difficult task of equalling last year's record of being the best Corps in the history of the school. With this idea in view, the fall parades were begun as soon as the company was organised.

Prize Day was the first public appearance of the Corps this school year. On this occasion a platoon chosen from boys who were in the cadets last year, acted as a guard of honour for His Honour the Lieutenant Governor when he unveiled the memorial tablet on the J. K. Macdonald gates. His Honour, after receiving the general salute, inspected the guard and complimented them on their smart appearance.

The weather became colder after Thanksgiving, so the drill was discontinued until spring. The Officers and N.C.O.'s training class was immediately started and it will continue throughout the winter.

Cox I.



BUDDY C. DE WAYNE RICHARDSON

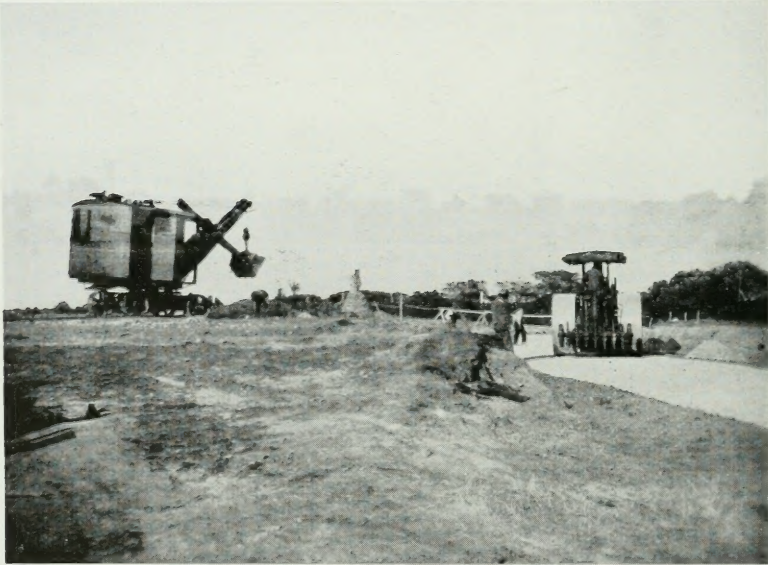
### JUNIOR SCHOOL SINGING

The singers in the Junior School have been divided into two groups. Group A: Adamson, Barker, Blair, Chantler, Cox III, Henderson, MacKerrow II. Group B: Christie, Finlay III, McColl, Macdonald IV, Pentland, Richardson, Straith II.

A competition was held in the Assembly Hall on the 25th of November between these groups, Chantler and McColl singing solos for their respective sides. "He who would valiant be", "O come, all ye faithful", "Good King Wenceslas", and "Loch Lomond" were sung. Dr. Paulin and Mr. Laidlaw very kindly acted as judges. They considered that the two sides were so closely matched that it was impossible to come to a decision. As Dr. Macdonald had promised the winners a treat in the Tuck Shop, this verdict put us in a quandary, but Dr. Paulin relieved the situation by announcing that he would treat one side if the Headmaster would provide for the other.

I would like to express the pious hope that the Junior School Singers will allow us the pleasure of hearing them sing the morning hymns in their natural voices. At present they seem to think it beneath their dignity, when in the presence of the Senior School, to sing in any other manner than that of a very aged man of 18. There are plenty of good voices among them, and there is nothing to prevent us having a clear, audible, agreeable treble every morning at Prayers.

W. S. C.



"GET A LOAD OF THIS!"

*Whitehouse*

**THE ORCHESTRA**

The orchestra is materialising. MacIntyre, Hillary, and Ackerman in the Senior School, and McLean in the Junior School have started practising their violins, with the orchestra in view, and it looks as if sometime next term we will be able to have an ensemble of them all, with the powerful assistance of Duncan and his clarionet. We hope that some more members of the Junior School will face the rigours of learning the violin or viola next term, and that some courageous, not to say enterprising, member of the Upper School will get himself a Double bass.

W. S. C.



*Matronae of Sterling Worth*

*Whitehouse*

### THE GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club started as soon as the football was over. The first tenors are Cummings, Hogarth, Kennedy; second tenors: Grant, Housser, Pearson, Waller; first basses: Mr. Edwards, Detweiler, Tucker; second basses: Findlay I, Findlay II, Grange, Russell I.

They sang "Goin' Home" and "Ole Black Joe" at the first Lit, and are at present practising "Do ye ken John Peel" and "Scandalize my name" for the next one.

I am delighted with the keenness of the members, and with their quickness at picking up difficult inner parts, and I am certain they will improve steadily.

W. S. C.



THREE LOWER SCHOOL DARLINGS



## THE BISHOP OF TORONTO'S VISIT

We noted with regret the absence, due to Confirmations, of His Lordship, the Bishop of Toronto, on Prize Day. But we had the great pleasure of a visit from him on the 2nd of November when he spoke to us at evening chapel. This was his first visit with us since our sojourn at Knox College, and he was most welcome.

After joining in the tribute to the late J. K. Macdonald, he chose as his text these words from Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews in the first verse of the twelfth chapter: "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus." In an amazingly few, carefully chosen words of simple Saxon origin so that all might understand, he drew, with apt quotations, a startling and vivid analogy between running a race and our journey through the life that lies before us. Needless to say, his visit was much appreciated and he made a tremendous impression. Indeed, the only "fear of everyone that heard him was that he would make an end."

J. S. GRAHAM, Upper VI.



THE BIG PARADE

*Whitehouse*

**MAURICE TALBOT MALONE**

It is with deep sorrow that THE REVIEW records the death of Maurice Talbot Malone who was on the school roll since September, 1929, when he entered the Preparatory Form. Never very robust, Malone was out of school in November, 1929, suffering from ear trouble which later developed into an abscess of the brain. He made a gallant fight for a year, but a second operation having become necessary a few weeks ago, he passed away on Sunday, November 30th, 1930, at the age of eleven years and ten months. His death has removed from the school a lad of real promise. Possessed of mental ability above the average, and an attractive disposition, coupled with the instincts of a real boy, his removal means a loss to the school, of which he grew so fond during his all too brief stay. The quiet courage with which he bore suffering and pain, and the ever ready smile for those about him during the long days of patient waiting, will ever be remembered by those who were in contact with him during his trying illness. As the uncle, for whom he was named, met his death facing the enemy, so the Maurice of another generation fought his fight and met his end with a smile and unflinching courage. Of him it can be said, "*Vita brevis satis ad bene vivendum.*"

**THE FIRST CANADIAN FLIGHT ACROSS THE ATLANTIC**

THE REVIEW voices the feeling of all at St. Andrew's in offering very sincere congratulations to Errol Boyd on his magnificent feat in flying across the Atlantic on October 11th, 1930. His record as an airman during the war, and his performances since, had led us all to feel assured that he would be successful in his great adventure, but there was much relief and great rejoicing experienced at the school when the news came that he and his companion had arrived in safety. The holiday subsequently granted by the Headmaster in honour of Boyd's achievement was warmly welcomed by the boys.

For the benefit of our younger generation of Andreans, we record that Errol Boyd attended St. Andrew's College from 1902 to 1909.



"BUT THEY GRIND EXCEEDINGLY SMALL"

*Whitehouse*

### PRIZE DAY

The date chosen for Prize-Day this year was a compromise between the traditional one of St. Andrew's Day and a date earlier in the season when conditions of weather are likely to be propitious. The twenty-ninth of October was selected in order to secure the presence of His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor.

The occasion was marked this year by an important event—the formal presentation of the new gates to the school and their acceptance by the Board of Governors; and the unveiling of a memorial tablet affixed to one of the pillars in memory of the late J. K. Macdonald,



THE MARCH PAST

for many years identified with the school as Chairman of the Governing Board, and father of the donors: the Headmaster and Mr. C. S. Macdonald.

The act of presentation was performed by Mr. C. S. Macdonald, and a short dedicatory service was conducted by Archdeacon Cody. On behalf of the Governors, Sir Joseph Flavelle accepted the gift. Sir Joseph spoke briefly but warmly of the character and career of Mr. J. K. Macdonald, whom he described as a great Canadian citizen. Archdeacon Cody also spoke feelingly of his long acquaintance with Mr. Macdonald, whose sterling qualities, he said, could not be more appropriately summed up than by the famous words of Horace inscribed upon the tablet—*JUSTUM ET TENACEM PROPOSITI VIRUM*.

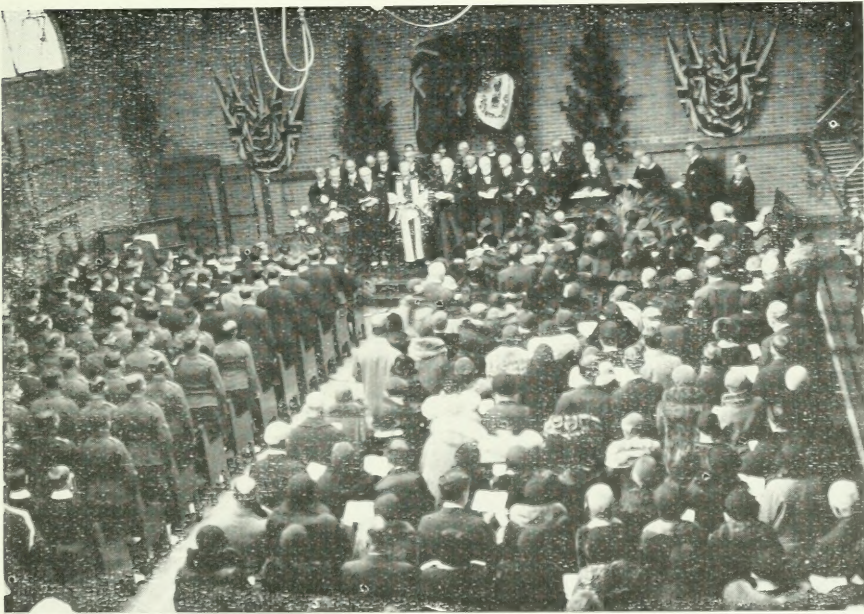
The Cadet Corps, as Guard of Honour, played a conspicuous and

picturesque part in the ceremony, after they had been inspected by his Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor; standing rigidly to attention during the proceedings which took place under rather trying weather-conditions, as a cutting wind was blowing, and the many guests and visitors were huddled in overcoats and furs.

Of the Prize-giving function which followed, there is nothing special to record. There was the usual crowd of notabilities on the platform, including the Hon. Newton W. Rowell, Mr. Justice Riddell, Sir William Mulock, Prof. Alfred T. DeLury, Col. Hertzberg and others. The speeches, however, and the proceedings in general seemed rather dull in comparison with other years. There were no enlivening or amusing incidents to break the solemnity. No officer tumbled over his sword. No orator extolled us under the fond impression that he was addressing Upper Canada College students. No sound was heard of saxophone, dulcimer or piccolo. We think the boys, and especially the cadet-corps well deserved the half-holiday which was duly requested by his Honour, particularly as the usual dance was omitted after the subsequent refreshments had been served. This was done to give the First Football Team a chance to get in an afternoon practice in view of the approaching game with Ridley.

The Prize List follows:

M.



THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

## PRIZE LIST, 1929-1930

## PRIZE LIST—YEAR'S WORK

HONOUR LIST—66% and  
over  
Midsummer Exams.

*Preparatory Form*

1st.... General Proficiency .... Finlay III, W. G.

1st.... Finlay III, W. G.  
2nd.... Sweezy

*Form II*

1st.... " " .... Grier II, E. B.  
2nd.... " " .... Ritchie  
3rd.... " " .... McColl

1st.... McColl  
2nd.... Ritchie  
3rd.... Grier II, E. B.  
4th.... Clement  
5th.... Richardson

*Form III*

1st.... " " .... Rea II, P. C.  
2nd.... " " .... MacKerrow I, R. E.  
3rd.... " " .... McLean

1st.... Rea II, P. C.  
2nd.... MacKerrow I, R. E.  
3rd.... McLean  
4th.... Donnelly  
5th.... Webster III, K. L.  
6th.... Donovan  
7th.... Perrin

*Form IV*

1st.... " " .... Macdonald IV, E. S.  
2nd.... " " .... Parker II, P. B.  
3rd.... " " .... Corson  
4th.... " " .... Innes  
5th.... " " .... Smith II, J. G.

1st.... Macdonald IV, E. S.  
2nd.... Parker II, P. B.  
3rd.... Corson  
4th.... Innes  
5th.... Montgomery  
6th.... Smith II, J. G.  
7th.... Graham III, A. F.  
8th.... Shapley  
9th.... Roden  
10th.... Paulin

*Form VA*

1st.... " " .... Cattle  
2nd.... " " .... Waller

1st.... Cattle  
2nd.... Waller  
3rd.... Hamilton

*Form VB*

1st.... " " .... Preston

*Form Lower VIA*

1st.... " " .... Graham I, J. S.  
2nd.... " " .... Hogarth  
3rd.... " " .... Smith I, H. P.

1st.... Smith I, H. P.  
2nd.... Graham I, J. S.  
3rd.... Hogarth  
4th.... Annand

*Form Lower VIA*

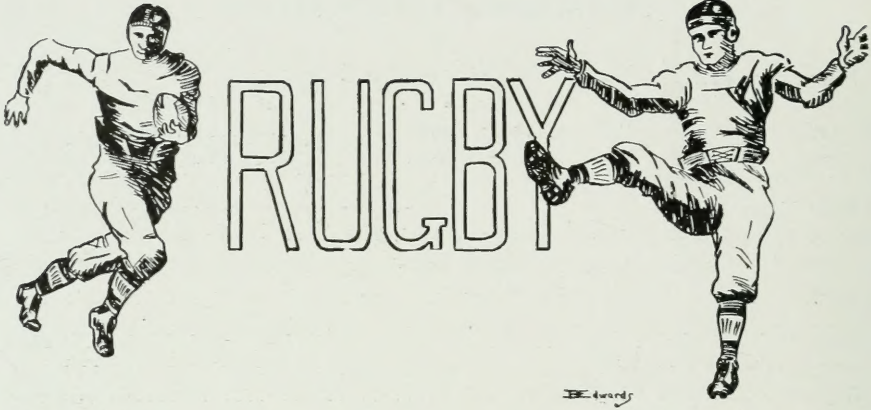
1st....	"	"	....Murchison	1st....	MacMillan
2nd....	"	"	....MacMillan.	2nd....	Murchison
				3rd....	Tucker

*Form Upper VI*

1st....	"	"	....Burson I, G. E.
2nd....	"	"	....Rea I, F. T.
3rd....	"	"	....Wright

<i>Head Prefect's Prize</i> .....	E. P. Broome
<i>Governor-General's Medal</i> .....	G. E. Burson
<i>Lieutenant-Governor's Silver Medal</i> .....	G. E. Burson
<i>Lieutenant-Governor's Bronze Medal</i> .....	Hugh MacMillan
<i>The Chairman's Gold Medal</i> .....	Hugh MacMillan
<i>Ellsworth Cup</i> —For annual competition for the best Platoon in the Cadet Corps. Won by Platoon No. 5, E. P. Broome, Platoon Commander.	
<i>48th Highlander's Chapter of the I.O.D.E. Rifle (for Proficiency in Shooting)</i> .....	E. H. Sinclair
<i>Wyld Prize in Latin</i> .....	G. E. Burson
<i>The Isabelle Cockshutt Prizes in History</i> .....	} J. S. Wright } Hugh MacMillan
<i>Old Boys' Medal in Mathematics</i> .....	G. E. Burson
<i>Ashton Medal in English</i> .....	G. E. Burson
<i>Cooper Medal in Science</i> .....	H. P. Smith
<i>Georges Etienne Cartier Medal in French</i> .....	D. J. G. Murchison
<i>Hulbig Medal in Mathematics</i> .....	W. L. Hogarth
<i>Laurence Crowe Medal</i> .....	F. T. Rea
<i>Thorley Medal</i> .....	J. S. Ellis
<i>Christie Cup</i> .....	T. G. Armstrong
<i>Cricket Cup</i> .....	R. McDougall

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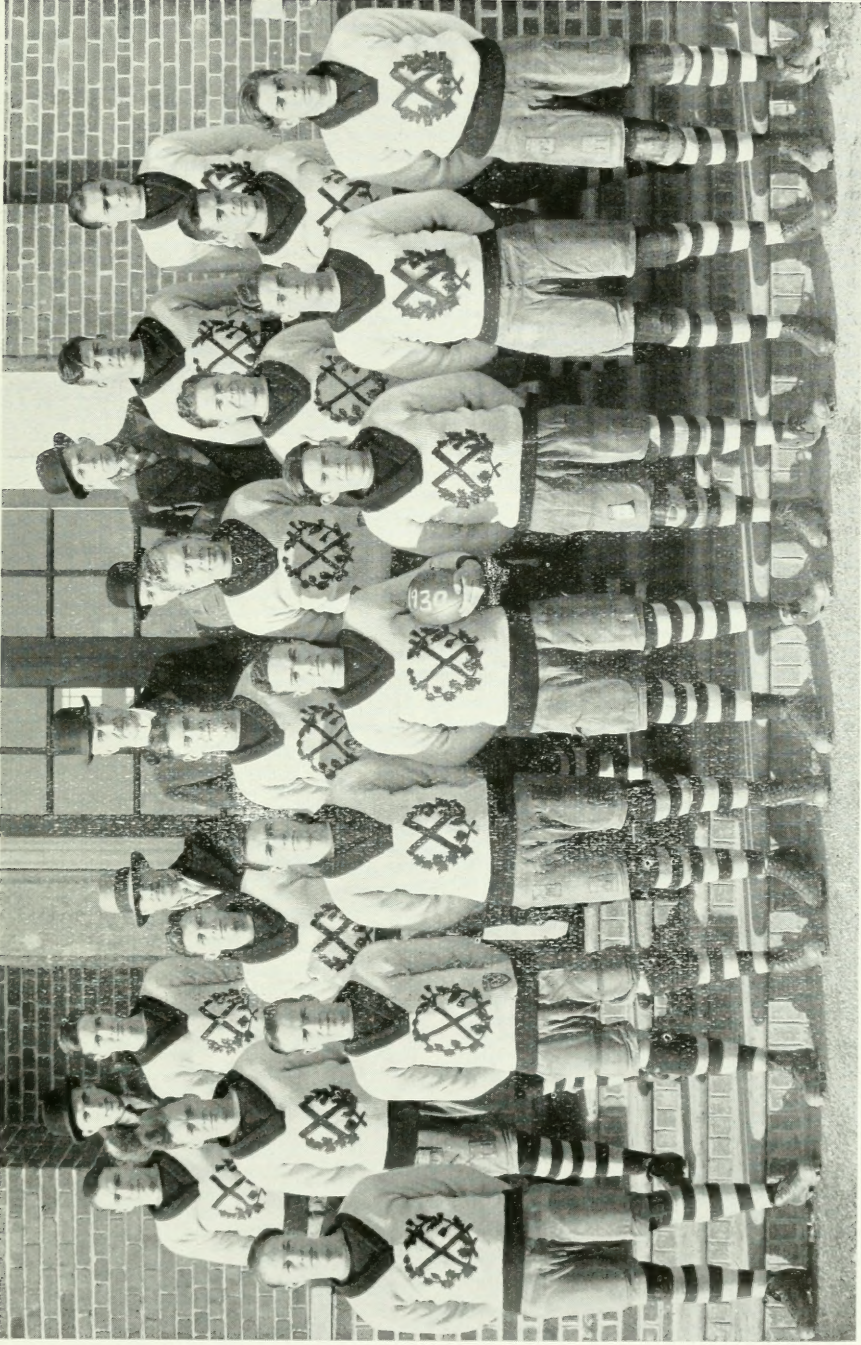
Thanksgiving brought to a close another successful football season. It is true we did not win another championship, but we did tie for it—with Ridley and Trinity. We defeated Upper Canada and Trinity very easily but had the tables turned on us at Ridley.

This year a professional coach was to be secured and under the good advice of Mr. "Buck" McKenna of the Argonauts, Mr. Cliff Chilcott was given the assignment. Too much cannot be said for his services to the school. He was extremely well liked, not only by the boys of the team but by all those who came in contact with him during the season. He not only turned out the best conditioned team we have had for years, but also taught them more of the fine points than they expected to be taught. Not to be content with this he instilled into them a great fighting spirit, and I think we can safely say, a team spirit that would equal any of the famous Andrean football squads. It is only unfortunate that he is not credited with a championship in his first attempt at coaching our team and it will be a sad blow to the school as a whole if his broad smile is not seen again on the Maurice Malone playing fields next fall.

Tom Gordon was elected captain, and right from the start worked with Mr. Chilcott in the building of a team. His handling of the team could not be criticized and his judgment at all times sound.

This year we had nine old colours back and many of them found it hard to keep their places with the new material working so hard. However, it was thought to be unfair to grant less than seventeen colours, so they were granted to Gordon II, Russell I, Webster I, Burns, Young, Kennedy, Gordon I, Ponsford, Findlay I, Turnbull, Qua, Grant, Tucker, Choppin, Cox I, Smith I, Cummings.





ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE FIRST RUGBY TEAM

## S.A.C. vs. U.C.C.

The annual battle with Upper Canada was played this year at Aurora. S.A.C. being narrowly beaten by U.C.C. every year for three years made up for it this time, outplaying the Blue and White in every department and winning 20-0. S.A.C. kicked off against the wind and play began at a fast clip. Upper Canada's tactics of centering almost every play on Stewart were soon evident. However, our wings bottled him up pretty until finally he found an opening on an end run and ran 45 yards to S.A.C.'s 15 yard line. Another good play carried the ball to the



A PLEASING VISTA: 20-0

*Whitehouse*

8 yard line. Here S.A.C. woke up and broke up all the plays including the onside kick which was Upper Canada's last attempt to score from this advantage. S.A.C. carried the ball down into their opponents' territory out of danger into which, with one exception, it never returned again. U.C.C. were forced back until Stewart fumbled behind the line and Turnbull fell on it for a touch which Russell converted. Play was then even until quarter time score S.A.C.—6; U.C.C.—0.

After the change around U.C.C. began an aerial attack and much to their discouragement Gordon and Burns caught faultlessly. The Upper Canada wings, however, tackled very well and little ground was gained, play remaining around centre-field. S.A.C. got a break on Stewart's

fumble and Gordon kicked to the deadline for a single leaving half time score S.A.C.—7; U.C.C.—0.

S.A.C. began an aerial attack themselves after half time, Gordon kicking all the time to Stewart the Upper Canada "star". This bit of strategy which looked foolish to most onlookers was what really won the game. The wings were hitting Stewart hard, and the break of the game was in sight. Very soon the wind took the ball to one side on a kick and Stewart was forced to let it bounce. It bounced over his head and started for the goal line. Russell and Stewart ran for it, Stewart reached it and in trying to pick it up fumbled it, and Russell crossed the line to fall on it and add another touchdown to the score. This was unconverted. Three quarter time score, S.A.C.—12; U.C.C.—0.

Things went then from bad to worse for the Blue and White. The great running of Stewart only saving them from disaster. U.C.C. were backed right up until they were forced to kick from their 10 yard line. Webster ran the kick right back for another touchdown which Russell converted. This put the lid on it, so to speak, and nothing else of importance happened except that play being in Upper Canada's territory. Gordon was able to kick for one point and Stewart was forced to rouge



THE CAPTAINS

for another leaving the final score S.A.C.—20; U.C.C.—0. For S.A.C. Webster, Russell, and Gordon II were the most effective with the wings, Choppin and Cummings and Turnbull playing very hard games.

#### S.A.C. vs. T.C.S.

This game was played at Port Hope. It was a great day for football with a light wind favouring T.C.S. in the first quarter. S.A.C. kicked off and play began. Right from the start things went wrong for T.C.S. The S.A.C. plays were got away fast, leaving the much heavier Trinity team flatfooted. Long gains by Finlay I and Webster I coupled with fumbles by T.C.S. soon had the ball deep in their territory. Soon Findlay I crossed the line for our first touchdown which Russell converted. S.A.C. still dominated the play and forcing T.C.S. back, Gordon II kicked and Osborne was forced to rouge. Further scoring in that quarter was only prevented by our own mistakes.

Quarter time score, S.A.C.—7; T.C.S.—0.

The second quarter was marked by a rally by T.C.S. The first few minutes S.A.C. forced the play and just as it looked as if they might score, two or three doubtful decisions on yards pulled them back. One or two fellows lost their heads and received penalties for rough work. This gave T.C.S. her start. Her big linemen were thrown into action, and they pushed right up the field but frequent fumbles spoiled their chances of scoring. Half-time score, S.A.C.—7; T.C.S.—0.

After the interval T.C.S. were a new team. Knowing their strong points they began to make use of their weight. With perfectly timed interference their line plays were successful and they made yards time and time again but S.A.C. playing a style of game which brought them lucky breaks, stemmed the tide. Gordon's high kicking together with punishing tackling by the wings and Young's handling of the team at quarter made up for the edge T.C.S. had in weight along the line, and so although it looked gloomy at times for the Red and White, there was no scoring at all. Three quarter time score, S.A.C.—7; T.C.S.—0.

The last quarter S.A.C.'s superb condition showed itself to be the deciding factor. They began to hold along the line again. Play saw-sawed about center-field all the first part of the period. And then just as T.C.S. were giving the final push, George Gordon tackled Osborne so hard on an end run that he dropped the ball and Cummings, cruising about picked it up and galloped over for a touchdown which Russell converted. A minute later the whistle blew leaving the final score, S.A.C.—13; T.C.S.—0.

## S.A.C. vs. RIDLEY

Just when it looked like a championship for the old Red and White, Ridley "spilled the beans", as they so often do; down in Ridley. Conditions were not good for our team, the field was sticky and the wind cross-field. St. Andrew's chose to allow Ridley to kick off which proved to be another mistake and the play began with S.A.C. in possession on their 20 yard line. Two plays failed and a poor kick gave Ridley the ball at half-way. Two sequence plays brought yards and an end-run saw Nicholls travel 35 yards to put Ridley in a scoring position. They made yards in two downs and then the old Ridley wedge formation put Nicholls over for a try. All this before the Red and White thought the game had begun. Seagram converted the try. Things just wouldn't go right for S.A.C. Ridley had every play figured out well and smashed up everything Mr. Young at quarter had in his head. Our big strong point, our kicking and tricking game, was not able to offset the smashing gains of Ridley through the line coupled with perfectly timed end-runs ending always with the speedy Nicholls. Gordon tried to take one of Lauber's low punts on the run and looted it into touch at the 25 yard line. With this break Ridley smashed on and Seagram carried it over from the 10 yard line for another touchdown. This he failed to convert. Nothing seemed to be able to get that ball down the field and very soon Lauber kicked to Gordon who was forced to rouge, leaving the score at quarter time, Ridley 12; S.A.C.—0.

After the change around S.A.C. began to hold and that coupled with frequent penalties to Ridley, prevented any scoring in this period, although Gordon was forced to run the ball out from behind his own line once. Also two or three long runs by Webster put the ball in Ridley's territory, though chances of a score were remote. Ridley's flashy back-fielders were being hard tackled often enough to lose their edge in this quarter. Half-time score, Ridley—12; S.A.C.—0.

After half-time S.A.C. supporters had hopes of the traditional rally but play had hardly begun when Lauber galloped through the line for 35 yards to give Ridley the ball on our 20 yard line. From there it was another march to a touchdown, Nicholls carrying it over. Seagram failed to convert this one. Things were pretty well "shot up", but the boys still kept on fighting as if one point would give them a win. Pretty soon another break on a bouncing kick forced Burns to rouge for a single. Then S.A.C. strengthened up again and Ridley were kept out of a scoring position for the rest of the quarter. Three quarter time score, Ridley—18; S.A.C.—0.

Ridley then found the stubborn spirit of the Scots still alive, and

though their clever half-backs ran for long gains, Webster and Gordon were running them right back. Finally the Saints were pushed back and although Gordon ran out 3 or 4 times, he was forced to rouge twice. Then on a fumble S.A.C. got possession at half way. They made yards and were fighting to get into a scoring position when the whistle blew ending the game. Final score, Ridley—20; S.A.C.—0.

It was just one of those days Ridley couldn't do anything wrong and anything that we did rightly didn't get us anywhere. Ridley were unbeatable on the day's play, although in defeat Webster, Gordon II and Burns were wonderful.

### S.A.C. vs. VARSITY JUNIORS

The boys expected to take an awful trimming in this game against the strong Varsity team on the north campus, but they surprised everyone with a strong showing. The first half was played under the fourteen man game. Being much lighter, S.A.C. resolved to open up and speed up the game. End runs, in which Betsy Webster was the driving pin, were used right away. They worked—Webster carried the ball to the ten yard line from where Tom Gordon kicked a perfect outside kick, which was recovered for a touchdown. Russell converted, putting us well in the lead. Our fast play still bewildered U.T.S. and soon we were in a position to kick another point. Although we didn't score, play was in our favour for the rest of the quarter.

The second quarter was uninteresting play being very even. Smith V had his hand broken, Cummings his face split and Turnbull was hurt, so it became evident that the team out there would have to go the full route. Arnup for Varsity ran the ball into our territory from where he kicked a single. They continued to hold us there and added two more before half-time.

After half time, playing under their rules, things were not so good. When it looked as though we were holding them, they would send in five or six fresh men from their squad of 45 and our fellows could not stand the pace. A fumble in the backfield gave them an opportunity to dribble the ball over the line and fall on it for a touchdown which they failed to convert. Soon after this a Varsity player intercepted an end run at the 45 yard line and ran for another touchdown which they converted. Our fellows were tiring badly and the subs were exhausted, while Varsity seemed to have an endless supply.

The last quarter was played most of the time in our territory and featured by the running of Arnup and Patterson for Varsity and the tackling of Russell for us. During this quarter they added three more singles to their score and the game ended, Varsity—17; S.A.C.—7.

This game showed us that the other schools had something to reckon with in our team this year.

#### S.A.C. vs. U.T.S.

This game was played at our grounds and was the first of the season for our old colours. The first half was played under our rules and with this advantage they went right to work. Russell's kick-off was over the goal line and had to be repeated. U.T.S. made mistakes right at the start and the ball was soon deep in their territory, in our possession. An inside kick was recovered by the crimson and white to put us five points ahead. U.T.S. looked poor on this play. More U.T.S. fumbles on the backfield put us in position for Gordon II to add another point to the score. Great work by Art Stollery only, prevented further scoring by us in this quarter.

In the second quarter U.T.S. held along the line and the game became an aerial fight, which was about even, with some great tackling being displayed by Smith I and Pansford. Before long Stollery found a hole and romped 35 yards to put them in position to kick for their first point just before the first half ended.

The second half began under their rules and the gaps along our line of defence were very noticeable. However, play remained even for a while and straight football and waiting for breaks became the mode. They came—for U.T.S. Boomer broke through for 35 yards and Evans added another 15 to put the ball on our five yard line. From there Stollery put over for a touchdown, which he converted. Then the game became a real fight, but although we made frequent gains through the line, they were immediately returned with compliments by Boomer and Evans for U.T.S.

The last quarter was just a continuation of the previous one, the offensive work of Stollery for U.T.S. standing out, while the live plumping of Bill Qua was the most pleasing part of S.A.C.'s attack. As the game drew to a close Evans galloped 40 yards to put the ball on our three yard line, from where they plunged for another try, which was converted. Soon after the whistle blew. Final score, U.T.S.—13; S.A.C.—6.

#### U.C.C. 17, S.A.C. 6

At Upper Canada they were met by a greatly strengthened team. Right from the start U.C.C. uncovered perfectly timed end runs of four and five men. These were too much for our team who are taught to play their own positions. The gains made by the running of McColl and

Elliott and Elliott's long kicks were offset by the well-coached plays of the blue and white. Although we were ahead 1-0 at quarter time and 6-4 at half-time we were lucky. The game, however, was much closer than the score would indicate. The issue being in doubt until the final three minutes when a fumble gave them another touchdown. The boys gave their very best and looked good even in defeat. Elliott and McColl especially were good, although everyone else was in top form. The best team won this game.

Colours were granted to: Captain John McColl, Elliott, Holton, Adams, Doyle, Finlay III, Straith I, Pentland, Cox III, Adamson, McDowell, Sharpe, Russell II and McKerrow II.



THE FIFTH TEAM



## PERSONNEL

Captain "Tommy" Gordon—centre half, S.A.C.'s Gibraltar. Powerful on the offense, impregnable on the defense. Tom uses the old "noodle" and who kicks 'em higher and farther than our Tom ?

Don Russell—flyng wing. Many a good play smashed up on the shoulders of big Don. A better defensive player wasn't seen in our group. Don was the fear of half-backs.

"Benny" Webster—left half. The spark that set our cannon cracker going. Let Benny have five yards start and the best the opposition can do is pray. Benny is in there allright.

"Tony" Burns—right half. Another Old Reliable. Many were the times the enemy tried to make Tony the goat, but it just couldn't be done. Tony's position was well handled.

"Lem" Young—quarter. Jack was a find at quarter. He handled the team like a veteran and what he lacked in experience he made up for in good old "fight".

"Jawn" Kennedy—snap. We've been 'round these parts for a good many years but we haven't seen anyone shooting out like Jawn. An old colour, John played a steady game.

Ken Findlay—inside. This was Ken's first year with the team and in this position. But his great speed made him the most dangerous plunger. His quick thinking became an important defensive factor.

Don Tucker—middle. Don is renowned for pluck. Small for a middle wing, he has to give all he has and he does. He is fast and hits the line all out for murder.

"Moose" Grant—middle. The big moose seemed to take great delight in breaking through the line and smearing people. The only thing was that the moose got sick and we had to play Ridley without the big trampler.

Bill Qua—inside. Bill was a real "find". It seems he set his mind on making the team and did, with not much more, at the start, than the determination. However, he soon learned the fine points and when the big games came around could smash the line with the best of them.

"Piccolo" Ponsford—scrim support. The bee in the bonnet so to speak. The big fellows were always wondering where he came from, but never mind he was always there, tied around somebody's neck. We often wondered why they didn't call him Jumpin' Jimminy, why you just couldn't keep him still even with a lollypop.

George Gordon—inside. Old injuries seemed to have slowed George up this year. Shifting him to the line was a big improvement for George tears in with the biggest of them. There's no giving in with George.

Bill Turnbull—scrim support. Last year Bill was a half-back but this year most of the time he was a sick boy. However, his knowledge of the game and his great tackling ability couldn't be done without so he was used as a utility player.

Mead Cummings—outside. Another discovery. Mead developed, late in the season, into a fast and accurate tackler and before long showed us that he knew quite well what it was all about.

Choppin—outside. At the start Choppin didn't know a great deal about it, but he could tackle and tackle hard so they left him there until he found out then he was as good as any.

"Pen" Smith—outside. In the preliminary games Pen showed himself to be a real outside wing. But unfortunately he broke his hand before the Little Big Four games. However, he played the Ridley game with a cast on his hand and played a great game. He is fast, can tackle hard and consistently and knows what it is all about.

"Alfie" Cox—outside. Although an old colour, Alf. was out of the game most of the season with a wrenched shoulder. He got into the Ridley game, however, and showed us the old Alf., fighting like a terrier and inspiring the fellows about him to give the last ounce.



## THE SECOND TEAM

This season, there were only three actual second team games.

The first game, at Oakwood Stadium with Oakwood Collegiate, was played in misty and muddy weather. The team was composed of last year's old colours and the new material. Cummings scored a touch-down by falling on a loose ball. Good kicking by Chubb enabled us to make up as final score, S.A.C.—9; Oakwood—1. Our best player was Findlay I.



THE SECOND TEAM

The second game, played here, was with Central Technical School seniors. The ground was hard and it was a good day for football. It looked as if it were going to be a no-point game, until Chubb, in the last three minutes, forced a rouge. Final score being S.A.C.—1; C.T.S.—0. Chubb was best on the half-line while Smith II made frequent gains thru' the line.

The last game played at Pickering, with their seconds was the greatest success. The field was extremely poor but we were able to down the other team with condition and hard playing. Pickering scored

a touchdown in the first quarter, but in the next Chubb ran for a touchdown. His good kicking enabled us to gain five more points. Smith II in the last quarter made a long buck for a touchdown. Another five points were almost made but the ball was held a yard from the line.

The best players for our team were Smith II, Chubb, and Green I. Final score S.A.C.—15; Pickering—7.

The following colours were granted:—Waller, captain, Smith II, Chubb, Bimel, Green I, Armstrong, Mussen, Cox II, Jennings I, Fee, Gould, Hughes, Plaunt, Innes, Detweiler, Pearson, Findlay II.

S.

### THIRD TEAM

This year the Third Team produced some remarkably good football players who have exceptional ability and whom the school will be proud to have on their first team some day.

Unfortunately we did not win even one of our four games. In the first encounter, against Pickering on our grounds, our visitors managed



THE THIRD TEAM

to nose us out in the last few minutes of the game winning by a 13-5 score; our points coming in the third period when Forbes picked up a loose ball near the Pickering line and ran over for a touchdown.

The second game was against U.C.C. and played in Toronto. We were matched against Wedd's senior house team who I must say, put it over us properly. In spite of the fact that the Blue and White had a heavier line, our boys gave their very best until the last whistle sounded, and had it not been for Upper Canada's shifty halves, it might have been a different story as our line held them to a standstill.

Our return match with Pickering came two days later and I am afraid our "Fighting Thirds" were too confident of victory after putting up such a good scrap against the much heavier U.C.C. team; and they again went down to defeat.

Last but not least was the struggle with U.T.S. on November the fourth. The teams which were very evenly matched battled for sixty minutes only to have to change ends again to fight out a four-all tie. Almost immediately our visitors crossed our line for a converted touchdown, and although we fought our best, we were unable to tally so the score ended 10-4.

Peter Parker, the captain, proved a very efficient quarterback. He showed outstanding ability to hold his team together against odds, was very consistent, and worked hard all through the season.

The following boys were awarded third team colours: P. B. Parker, captain; T. R. Forbes, H. M. Thomson, A. S. Montgomery, T. H. G. Donnelly, J. D. Perrin, G. R. Duncan, R. E. MacKerrow, H. M. Paulin, R. R. Corson, A. W. Dunbar, J. S. Ellis, E. H. Ellis, G. F. Pipe, G. P. Hamilton.

E. H. S.

#### **FOURTH TEAM**

Unfortunately the fourth team had only one game this fall.

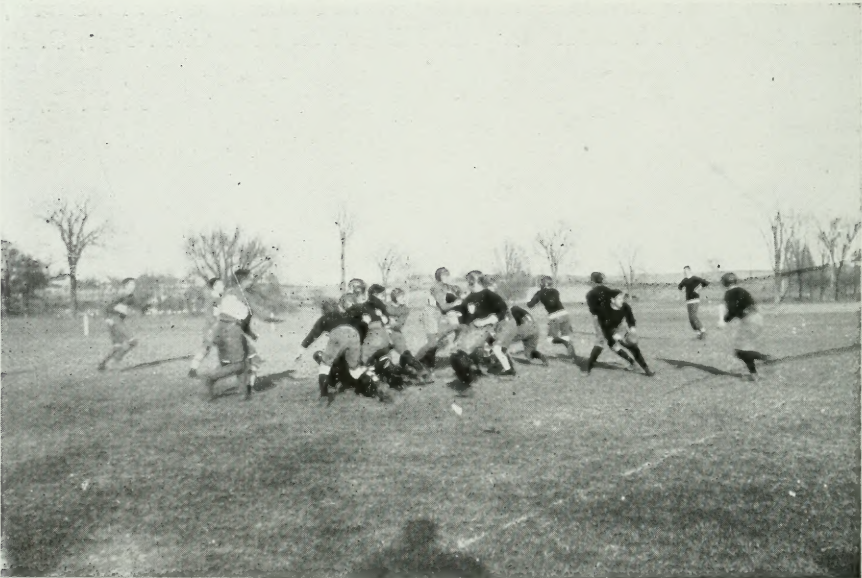
Well! it may be said of the Fourths that what they have done they have done well. In the early stages of the season we were visited by our Pickering friends from Newmarket whom we defeated in a hard-fought game by a 12-6 score, Donnelly being responsible for all our points.

The following boys were granted fourth team colours: A. F. Graham, captain, W. R. Chapman, J. G. Housser, C. R. Black, J. H. Flemming, W. T. Steele, I. L. Jennings, I. G. Cohen, J. A. Vibert, H. H. Moore, B. E. Metcalfe, C. B. Grier, H. R. Burson, T. R. Roden, W. B. Griffin.

E. H. S.



THE FOURTH TEAM



### LOWER SCHOOL FOOTBALL

The Lower School Football Team had a goodly share of success again this season winning one and losing one with both T.C.S. and Upper Canada. A greater keenness was shown this year in practice and hence a better knowledge of the game was enjoyed by the team under the captaincy of Johnny McColl. May a word be said here for John. His ability to keep the spirits of the little fellows up when things were not so



LOWER SCHOOL TEAM

bright enabled such a light team to do great things to say nothing of his phenomenal ability for a lad so young.

T.C.S. 20, S.A.C. 1

As this was the first rugby game in the lines of two-thirds of our boys, they rather suffered from stage-fright and were awed by the cheering of the numerous onlookers. Using a good kicking and tackling game, they had the edge on T.C.S. in the first quarter. Failing to get a drop-kick

over, they had to be content with only a one point lead in the first quarter. In the second quarter something went wrong. The much heavier Trinity middles plunged their way down the field for two touchdowns, one of which was converted. Soon afterwards T.C.S. added a single to their score. Then S.A.C. marched the ball up the field to within scoring distance when the whistle blew half-time. After half-time they were lost. T.C.S. paraded for another touchdown which they failed to convert. Soon afterwards McGinnis of T.C.S. added a fieldgoal to the score which ended the hopes of the rain-soaked red and white. However, St. Andrew's led by some clever running by Elliott held them in the last quarter and the game ended T.C.S. 20, S.A.C. 1.

S.A.C. 13, U.C.C. 1

At home, with a fair crowd of loyal supporters and a game under their belts it was a different matter. They were not nervous but rather determined to avenge themselves. Which they did. Headed by the fiery little Johnny McColl and the flashy Elliott they turned in a perfect game. Except late in the second quarter when U.C.C. kicked for a point the blue and white were never in the picture. The tackling of Adamson and McDowell was extraordinary, the line work of Cox III and Finlay III equal to it and on top of that McColl and Elliott making big gains continually around the ends, not to mention that everyone else played their positions perfectly.

S.A.C. 13, T.C.S. 0

The return game with Trinity gave them a great surprise. The little fellows turned in another great game and although the great superiority in weight of T.C.S. made them work their heads off they had the "stuff" and with one exception were on top all the time. The one exception was when T.C.S. advanced the ball to the one yard line but could get it no further. The little Saints then advanced the ball to the 20 yard line before having to kick and so ruined Trinity's chance of a score. The tackling of Adamson, McKerrow II and McDowell was again the factor that broke the opposition's offensive. While Doyle and Adams broke up everything along the line and McColl and Elliott tore off long gains, Elliott ran half the length of the field twice for touchdowns.



## UPPER SCHOOL SOCCER

During the interval between the conclusion of the Rugby Season and the commencement of Hockey, we had some enjoyable soccer games, which seemed to pass the time, and, in addition, to keep those who participated in good condition. Only a couple of practises were possible before the first game, which was against Aurora High School. Pearson made a very active "goalie", though if he used his hands more than he has been doing, it would be an advantage. McPhail played a very strenuous game, and was not afraid to throw his weight about. James, our captain, has proved himself this term quite a clever soccer player; he has the advantage of both speed and weight. Slingsby distinguished himself in this first game, and demonstrated that size is not everything. Hamilton II, Detweiller, Armstrong, Parker, and Pipe all played keenly, if not with skill. Cox I was, perhaps, the hardest worker on the team.

The second game was against Aurora High School—on our own ground this time. Hughes and Graham I joined the team on this occasion. The kicking of the latter was especially noteworthy.

The third and last game was against Pickering. It was, perhaps, the hardest fought struggle of all. Had our team been more experienced, the result might have been very different. As it is, the three games were all lost for the same score, 3-0. They were most enjoyable for spectators and players alike. In spite of a certain amount of clumsiness and muddle, every one was keen.

We regret that in the second game James, our captain, had to retire with a broken collar-bone. His absence undoubtedly, affected the result of the last match.

B.

## LOWER SCHOOL SOCCER

On our return from the Thanksgiving holiday, as the weather was still mild, the edict went forth that soccer was to be played. Happily unaware that it takes five years to build a soccer team, the Junior School decided to raise one in five days!

A match had been arranged to take place between a Junior School team and Crescent School, Toronto, on November 20th. Our difficulty lay in selecting an XI which would neither be in the "sere and yellow" nor yet quite infantile, as the strength of the opposition was unknown.

As events proved the side chosen was rather too strong to make an even game. A slight re-arrangement of the attack at half-time kept the score within reasonable limits. We won very easily by 6-0. The

goal-scorers were Rea (3), McColl, Sharp, and MacKerrow II. The backs had little to do and the goal-keeper had "the afternoon off".

The game could not be considered as a real test of skill but the members of the team are to be congratulated, at least, in obeying the first elementary principle of the game—staying in their correct positions.

TEAM:—Vibert, Pentland, Cox III, MacKerrow II, Holton, Sharp, Elliott, Finlay III, Rea, McColl, and Donovan.

Y.

### THE SENIOR CROSS COUNTRY RUN

On Wednesday, the fifth of November, the Senior Cross Country Run was held. The weather was clear and cold with a strong northwest wind which would take the heart out of anyone but an Andean, who, used as he is to kilt life, can stand the cold. We were also threatened with a snowstorm which, however, held off till the next day.

The starting shot was fired promptly at four o'clock and away they



JAMES WINNING

went. For the first hundred yards Jack Gentles led the field, but soon superior condition began to tell and Jimmy James forged ahead. From then on no one came near him; he was out to break his own record, and so he did not ease up at all.

Meanwhile, in and about the tuck-shop the laymen were exchanging opinions. Of course James was the general favourite for first place, but second was more doubtful. All eyes were on the stop watch, but it did not get at all embarrassed and kept right on ticking. Even shaking did no good.

At last after about eighteen minutes, thirty-six and one-half seconds, a figure in white was seen coming over the brow of the hill onto the home stretch. He seemed ages coming down to the school, but I suppose he was moving all right. As he came nearer it proved to be James, trotting along quite merrily without any sign of being winded. He speeded around the quad in fine style, to breast the tape at twenty-one minutes, thirty-three seconds, exactly. This tied to the second the record he set last year. It was too bad the wind was so strong, as that retarded his progress considerably. Next came "Joe" Annand, Cox primus and his little brother, then the dark horse Moore.

After everyone was in and dressed, the various cups, medals and cakes were presented in Memorial House common-room. This was the third year that James had won the race. While the great Challenge Cup was being presented, a cry of "Speech! Speech!" was raised. James blushed becomingly and in a few well-chosen words advised us on the intricacies of placing one foot before the other. After the medals and cakes had been presented, the school dispersed to help the cake-winners eat their prizes. We must not forget the Stewards who were good enough to go out and take the numbers of the runners with the slight compensation of a little cake, which I should think would hardly go around. Also we congratulate all the finishers, no matter how late, who stuck it to the end.

PARKER, V.

## THE JUNIOR CROSS COUNTRY

The Junior Cross-Country was run this year on November 3rd. It was a very good day, mild and cloudy.

There were about twenty-five competitors. At 4.15 o'clock, Sergt.-Major Millican, fired the starting gun. Till shortly after half-way it appeared that Hetherington might win, but Russell II took the lead to finish in first place. Rea and Parker came up to finish second and third

respectively. Unfortunately there was no prize to cover the Fifth Form contestants so Parker received no award.

Mrs. Macdonald presented the prizes in the Lower School Common Room.

The following is the list of prize winners in order:

Russell II—1st prize silver medal.

Rea—2nd prize bronze medal.

Hetherington—Third Form Cake.

Green II—Fourth Form Cake.

Adamson—Prep. Form Cake.

Smith II—Steward's Cake.

J. C. S.





# BASKET- BALL



EDWARDS

Over a period of four years, basketball has been gradually but surely working its way to a noticable position among our school activities and to one that may be well appreciated.

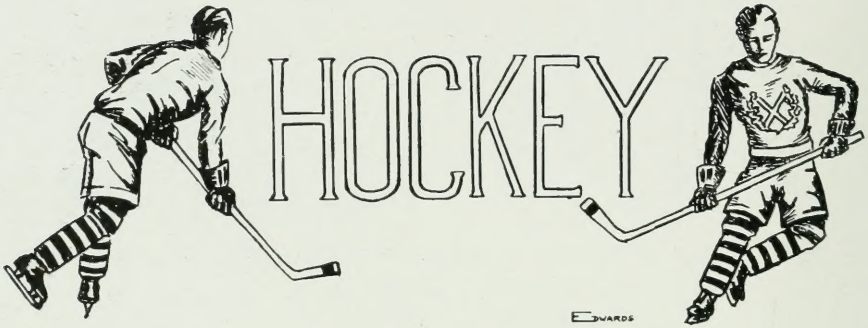
Here a reason or two might be mentioned for its slow progress. Perhaps the lack of knowledge of the game which was prevalent two years ago has been the direct cause. Then, also at that time basket ball was merely used as a good excuse for an afternoon's exercise during the slack season following football. This, fortunately, was overcome by a few at a time who were really interested. This interest continued and this year thirty candidates turned out the first day, thus providing more than enough material to choose from for teams.

I think we owe much to Mr. Cowan whose appreciated efforts have built a foundation which has aided greatly.

In regard to last year's team: it established a good name, principally because of its organization. The team came out on top in the North York League, but was not so fortunate in the Toronto District League. This year we are hoping for a better finish, because of the keen interest shown. The school is being represented in both leagues that have been mentioned. The first team in the T.D.L. and the second team in the N.Y.L. This is something new and has not been done before, so may both teams go far, with all kinds of success.

As a nucleus for the first team we have only two old colours back this year: Cummings, playing right-forward and being captain, and Tucker, as a staunch right-guard. However, we are aided greatly by a number of last year's second team players and also a few promising new boys. These and the old colours should develop into something worth-while. In any case, for this time of the season we have never had team play as well organized as this year considering that two weeks is the maximum amount of time that has been spent on basketball thus far.

J. A. DETWEILER, Upper VI.



The hockey season for the school year 1930-31 has already commenced. True, we did not win our first game of the year in the S.P.A. series, but after all from an academic standpoint we find ourselves in better condition to wrestle with the Christmas examinations.

The first hockey squad took to the ice at the Arena Gardens during the Thanksgiving week-end and a lot of promising material was evident. From Thanksgiving on we practised twice a week and at the close of the second week we found ourselves to be drawn against the formidable Mimico Athletic Association in our first encounter in the S.P.A.

The game was an exciting and close one with the Saints leading all the way until the last frame, when we were nosed out with ten seconds to play.

In previous years the team has been greatly handicapped on account of the distance it had to travel before playing any of its games, this year, however, we shall be able to practise every day, thanks to the new arena in Aurora. Thus, carrying six old colours with the team this year and a lot of promising players coming up, our expectations for the coming season are very high.

T. A. G.



# EXCHANGES

What a task it is to write up exchanges! Well, one may as well be frank about it, because if any serious and unnecessary mistakes are made, perhaps those who suffer for the unjust treatment at the hands of their critic will have a little more forgiveness than ordinarily. Consequently that jilted-felling will be half as great. In short, opinions differ. Of course much controversy has arisen from this, but usually the majority of opposite opinions aid towards the betterment of that which they concern if accepted in a sensible manner. Here is a quotation brought to mind by the "Acta Nostra", the periodical from the Guelph Collegiate—Vocational Institute. "A man's reach should exceed his grasp."

This year a few newcomers are added to our list. To these we give a most hearty welcome. It is difficult to choose one from the other for leading magazines of their respective schools.

*Acta Nostra*—The Guelph Collegiate—Vocational Institute, Guelph, Ont.

*The Argosy*—Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B.

*Argus Year Book*—Sault Ste. Marie Collegiate Institute, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

*The Carillon*—Ottawa Technical School, Ottawa, Ont.

*Hatfield Hall Magazine*—Hatfield Hall School, Cobourg, Ont.

*The Oracle* (year book)—The Fort William Collegiate and Technical Institute, Fort William, Ont.

*Samara*—Elmwood, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.

*The Scarboro Bluff*—Scarboro Collegiate Institute, Toronto, Ont.

*The Windsorian*—King's College School, Windsor, N.S.

## CRITICIZED BY OTHERS

*Acta Nostra*—Guelph Collegiate—Vocational Institute, Guelph, Ont.  
One of our best exchanges and a very welcome one. Your magazine is particularly well balanced.

*Red and Grey*—Canadian Academy, Kobe, Japan.

Your Easter issue is certainly a fine copy. The stories and essays are exceptionally good.

*B.C.S.*—Bishop's College School, Lennoxvill, Que.

Your magazine has always been one of our most welcome Exchanges. It never "dips" from its high level.

#### CRITICISMS BY US

*Acta Nostra*—The Guelph Collegiate—Vocational Institute, Guelph, Ont.

There is really nothing wrong with your periodical. It deserves commendation from every angle. We might make this comment: try to keep your advertisements by themselves.

*Argus*—Sault Ste. Marie Collegiate Institute, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Your 1930 Year Book is well conformed. It shows good organization and work. Putting all the jokes in one section would improve it, we think.

*The Carillon*—Ottawa Technical School, Ottawa, Ont.

The technical news is very good. Congratulations for printing your own magazine. Hope to receive one of your next issues.

*The Oracle*—The Fort William Collegiate and Technical Institute, Fort William, Ont.

In your Year Book the humour is clever. Try to cut down on the form news. If possible, try to keep your advertisements separated from the body of the magazine.

*Red and Grey*—Canadian Academy, Kobe, Japan.

A very attractive and absorbing magazine. The drawings and pictures are most interesting.

*The Scarboro Bluff*—Scarboro Collegiate Institute, Toronto, Ont.

Good spirit and eagerness is shown. Your magazine is crowded. More humour in the joke section is needed.

*St. Peter's College Magazine*—St. Peter's College, Adelaide, Australia.

The proof of a good spirited school. A few more pictures would add colour.

J. A. DETWEILER.

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# OLD BOYS' NEWS

E. S. Magill (Winnipeg) and D. W. Thompson (Winnipeg) are both engaged in work at Fort Churchill Man. Magill is with C. D. Howe Construction Co., and Thompson with the Carter-Halls-Aldinfer Construction Co.

In July Carlos Giraldo sailed to Glasgow to start an eight weeks' bicycle tour of the British Isles and the continent.

Jack Cameron wins the Ottawa Golf Title for the second time, when he had a pair of 77's for a total of 154 and set a mark that his nearest competitor failed to reach by two strokes. R. A. McDougall, representing the Royal Ottawa Golf Club finished second.

Seymour and Russell Black are now with the Sun Life Insurance Co., Montreal. Seymour is in the Investment Dept. and Russell in the Foreign Dept.

George Norman Cook has entered into partnership with Mr. W. A. T. VanEvery for the practice of Law.

Wm. O. Gibson (S.A.C. 1907) has recently been appointed Assistant Crown Attorney for Toronto by the Hon. W. H. Price.

G. H. Lash, who not many years ago was a "cub" reporter in Toronto, from whence he graduated into the publicity department of the Canadian National Railways, is leaving Winnipeg to take charge of the company's affairs in New York City. It is a very striking tribute to Mr. Lash's ability that he is being given charge of a territory even larger and more important, in a way, than he enjoyed when in control at Winnipeg, of all publicity for the railway, and many confidential duties, between the lakes and the coast.

"Herb" is one of Walter Thompson's "real finds" measured by the success during his four years in the west and the circle of worthwhile friends on his list. About every service league and uplift society in the west has been wining and dining him for the past month in honour of his promotion—or because they were glad to get rid of such a nimble golf player. It was his dexterity with a slicer that landed a ball in a cow's ear on the Jericho links, at least that is one of his claims to fame solemnly vouched for by the Vancouver papers at the time so persistently that the event got into "Believe It or Not" pictures.—Reprinted from Saturday Night.

Harry S. Morton (S.A.C. 1918-1921) is to be congratulated on the work he has been doing. After a very excellent record at Dalhousie he went to London, England, where he has been successful in the recent conjoint examination of London and England, and has obtained the Degrees of M.R.C.S. (England) and L.R.C.P. (London). Following his work at Dalhousie he did special research work in Physiology and Bio-Chemistry, under Professors Babkin and Young and received in 1927 his degree of Master of Science. During the past three years he has attended the London Hospital, and during this period has been successful in passing his second M.B. (London) and Primary, F.R.C.S. (England). He now proposes to spend another two years in post-graduate work in the London and Continental Hospital.

### BIRTHS

FINDLAY—At the Great War Memorial Hospital, Perth, Ont., on Monday, June 23, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Hamilton Findlay of Carleton Place, a son.

BROOME—At the Toronto General Hospital on June 25th, to Mr. and Mrs. John G. Broome, 247 Rose Park Drive, a daughter.

MURRAY—To Mr. and Mrs. James S. Murray (nee Margorie Summers), the gift of a baby daughter at the Toronto General Hospital on June 25th.

BOWDEN—At Wellesley Hospital, on July 14th, 1930, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Bowden, a son.

HOWELL—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. John E. Howell, in Mexico City, on August 4th, a son (Edward Davison).

LYTLE—At the Private Patients' Pavilion, August, 1930, Toronto General Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lytle, a son.

KING—On Monday, August 18, 1930, to Mr. and Mrs. Truman Richard King, 9 Highbourne Road, Toronto, a daughter.

EASSON—To Mr. and Mrs. John M. Easson (nee Dorothy Langley), on Saturday, September 6th, at the Wellesley Hospital, a son.

MITCHELL—On August 23rd, 1930, to Dr. and Mrs. Harold C. Mitchell, Grand Rapids, Mich., twin boys, Richard Harold and Robert Grant.

FERGUSON—At the Private Patients' Pavilion, Toronto General Hospital, on Monday, September 15th, to Mr. and Mrs. Neil C. Ferguson, a son.

BOOTHE—On Thursday, October 2nd, at Private Patients' Pavilion, Toronto General Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. C. Harry Boothe, a son.

DEWDNEY—On Sunday, October 5th, at the Women's College Hospital, to the Rev. D. R. and Mrs. Dewdney (nee Edith Buckland), a daughter.

LUMBERS—On Monday, October 6th, at the Private Patients' Pavilion, to Mr. and Mrs. Glen Lumbers (formerly Marjorie Karn), a son.

BOYD—At Wellesley Hospital, October 14th, 1930, to the wife of Norman S. Boyd (nee Maude A. Ingleson), a daughter.

DENTON—On Monday, October 27th, 1930, at Private Patients' Pavilion, Toronto General Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Denton (nee Davies), the gift of a son.

FINDLEY—At the Wellesley Hospital, on Thursday, October 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. Allan Findley, a son.

FLEMING—On Friday, November 14th, at the Private Patients' Pavilion, Toronto General Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. G. O. Fleming, a daughter.

KERR—At the Private Patients' Pavilion, on Thursday, November 20th, to Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Kerr, 62 Beaufort Road, twin sons.

WOOD—On Thursday, November 20th, 1930, at the Private Patients' Pavilion, Toronto General Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Douglas Wood, 129 Imperial Street, a son.

BURRY—On Wednesday, November 26th, 1930, at Wellesley Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. James A. Burry, Jr., 81 Jackman Avenue, a son.

WISHART—On Wednesday, November 26th, 1930, at the Private Patients' Pavilion, Toronto General Hospital, to Dr. and Mrs. D. E. S. Wishart, a son.

YOUNG—On November 30th, at Iroquois Falls, to Dr. and Mrs. Maitland Young, a son.

## MARRIAGES

PEDLEY—COATES—On Monday, June 2nd, at Toronto, by Rev. J. W. Pedley, father of the groom, Grace Evelyn, daughter of John A. Coates, to Lieutenant-Colonel James Henry Pedley, M.C.

BLACK—BREDIN—On Thursday, June 12th, Seymour Roberts Black to Miss Helen Jane Bredin of Toronto.

KING—WASHBURN—On June 14th, 1930, Bruce Barnes King to Miss Eloise Washburn of Worcester, Mass.

HOLDEN—SOUELS—In June, 1930, Waldo Jesse Holden to Miss Gwendolyn K. Souels of Toronto.

BURNS—ALLAN—On Saturday, June 21st, at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Hamilton, by Canon W. H. Daw, Elise, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James G. Allan, Hamilton, to Gavin Kertland Burns, son of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas A. Burns, Rosedale, Toronto.

EASTON—PEPPER—On August 3rd, 1930, William Locke Easton to Miss Cora Virginia Pepper of Windsor, Missouri.

STONE—EWING—On August 4th, 1930, Thomas Archibald Stone to Miss Ellen Cox Ewing of New York.

MCMURTRY—BELCHER—On September 3rd, 1930, Roland Roy McMurtry to Miss Doris Elizabeth Belcher of St. Catharines.

DRYNAN—BURNS—On September , 1930, Norman L. Drynan to Miss Helen Janet Burns of Dunville, Ont.

MILNE—MCCOLLUM—In September, 1930, Manson Milne to Miss Lorna Ruth McCollum.

HILLARY—APPLEBE—On September 20th, 1930, Arthur T. Hillary to Miss Helen Margaret Applebe.

PROUDFOOT—HANNAY—On September 20th, 1930, Douglas F. Proudfoot to Miss Mary Rainnie Hannay of Toronto.

MUELLER—HILL—On Saturday, October 4th, 1930, Norbet Edward Mueller to Miss Jean Hill of Hilton.

LECKIE—MERRILL—On November 3rd, 1930, Walter Alwyn Leckie to Miss Marjorie Phedora Merrill of Vancouver, B.C.

## DEATH

COUSLAND—On July the 7th, at Victoria, B.C., Dr. Philip B. Cousland, late of Shanghai, China, father of the Rev. Kenneth H. Cousland and Dr. Clyde Cousland and Mrs. Ralph Smith.

## OBITUARY

McCLINTON, WILLIAM SINCLAIR was born on January 24th, 1895. He came to St. Andrew's College in September, 1909, from the Barrie Collegiate Institute, entering Form Lower Six. In June, 1910, he obtained his Junior Matriculation and entered Form Upper Six. In June, 1912, he wrote his Honour Matriculation, after winning the

3rd Prize General Proficiency in his Form. Obtaining First Class Honours he was awarded the Governor-General's Medal. In May, 1915 having completed his third year in Medicine, he joined the 35th Battalion as Lieutenant and with them went overseas. In May, 1916, he was transferred to the 18th Battalion and with that unit saw service in France. He obtained his Captaincy and in November, 1916, he was awarded the Military Cross, displaying splendid gallantry on the field leading his men in an attack on the German positions. In December, 1916, he was attached to the 4th Brigade Staff as Bombing Officer. In January, 1917, he returned home, and received a House appointment at the Sick Children's Hospital while completing his Medical course. Obtaining his Medical degree in June, 1918, he commenced practice in Midland.

In July of that year he married Miss Clara Crawford of Oro, Ontario. On October 3rd, 1930, came the sad news of his accidental death by drowning while on a fishing trip on the Georgian Bay.

Possessing ability above the average, coupled with a capacity for diligent work, McClinton was naturally a leader in his class while at school. His subsequent career at the University, overseas, and in general practice fulfilled the promise of his boyhood. He was keenly interested and active in all the school activities, whether in the House or on the Field, and enjoyed much popularity. To many old school mates the knowledge of his death will bring deep sorrow and keen regret at his early passing. THE REVIEW voices the feelings of all Andreans in expressing sympathy with his widow and family.



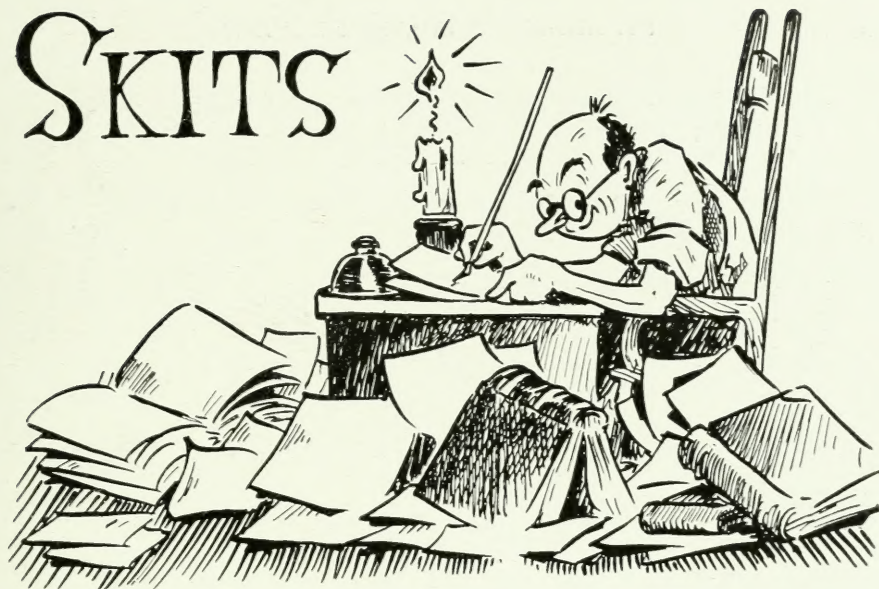
MACDONALD HOUSE

INTRODUCING MACDONALD HOUSE

PERSONNEL

NAME	ALIAS	FAVOURITE EXPRESSION	APPEARANCE	CHIEF WEAKNESS	HIGHEST AMBITION
Mr. Tudball	"Bill"	"Lordy Dow"	Unholy	His outlook on life.	He's been doing it for years.
Mr. Hatfield	"Micky"	"He keeps it to himself"	His ears stand in this way	Miss DeVigne's cat.	To become like Bernard Shaw.
Mr. Hatfield	"Henry"	"Youse is de guy"	Let's pass it over	Mechanical contrivances.	He doesn't know himself
Major Howell	"Andy"	"(It's on his face)"	Petit	His face	To be where boy's aren't.
Captain Young	"Chandelier"	"(You've heard it before)"	With Mr. Crookshank	His Victrola	
	"Biscuits"	"Scram youse"	Farmerish	Corn-flakes	
	"Shem"	"All right, sir"	After Virol	Samples	
	"Cox III"	"(second hand)"	Before Virol	Ping-pong	
	"Dunny"	"Give your word of honour"	Slack	Mr. O'Sullivan	
	"Robert E."	"An' besides"	Don't be prejudiced because of it	The Gym-team	We wish we could say.
	"Tommy"	"No kiddin'"	Herculean	Anything will do.	
	"Finn"	"Two bits on it"	Chubby	Boils	
	"Horace"	"(You wouldn't understand)"	Hot	His kid sister	Count them on your fingers.
	"Tom"	"I'll take and smack you"	Slippy	His grin	
	"Soakum"	"Don't play"	Supercilious	His mind	The opposite sex.
	"Eldon"	"Kiss me"	Touching	Gas	
	"Dicky"	"Why?"	Overdone	Real estate.	
	"Heth"	"Imagine my embarrassment"	Not worth bothering about	The Sofo	Visiting without leave.
	"Flip"	"Oh-Lillie"	Sleepy	The line he strings.	
	"Davey"	"Zizzzzz BOOM!!!"	Shady	Work	Making beds.
	"Stewy"	"Wanna fight?"	Hard	Major Howell	Support.
	"Sonny"	"Say kid"	Fragile	Smart	His profile.
	"Izzy"	"(We haven't found it out yet)"	Pugn	Inimitesimal	Smoking.
	"Muck"	"You not mad at me, are you?"	Smart	We'll save his feelings	His home town.
	"Long-shot"	"Big boy, on you guys"	Smart	In Brampton	His figure.
	"Caesar"	"I'll bet you"	Heavy	Eating	Dorothy Jorden (102 lbs.).
	"Chocoy"	"Get the _____ out"	Crude	Innocent	Peans.
	"McCallum"	"What d'ya think your pulling off?"	Crude	Huge	Manners
	"Caesar"	"(Obscene)"	Crude	With his pins	The Granite Club.
	"Dope"	"Don't play Ape"	Innocent	With his pins	His Family.
	"Fat"	"(It's pretty feeble)"	Huge	With his pins	His operations.
	"Pete"	"Got a match?"	Huge	With his pins	His word of honour.
	"Buddy"	"Is that right?"	Huge	With his pins	His inability to stay at school.
	"Fed"	"Listen to this"	Huge	With his pins	Money.
	"Russ-kid"	"(It is not original)"	Huge	With his pins	His bands.
	"Sponge"	"What's her name?"	Huge	With his pins	They say she's good looking.
	"Munk"	"(He shouldn't know such language)"	Huge	With his pins	Football.
	"Swink"	"Miss Brooks wants you in the office."	Huge	With his pins	
	"Sharp"	"Oh-Oh!!!"	Huge	With his pins	
	"Vibert"	"Three sneers"	Huge	With his pins	
	"Benny"	"Awfully Low"	Huge	With his pins	

# SKITS



## MIRTHQUAKES

### THINGS WE CAN NOT IMAGINE

Kingston disrobing in an upper berth.  
McPhail without something wrong with him.  
Young making a place on the first hockey team.  
Roden singing the Stein Song.  
Plaunt with a permanent wave.  
"Young" Russell McCallum motionless.  
Mr. Crookshank playing a saxophone.  
Black in a one-piece bathing suit.  
Hogarth in the "talkies".  
Moore asking for a second helping at the table.

---

MOOREHEAD I: "This napkin is about done for."

BURSON: "Yes, I'm afraid it is on its last lap."

---

MR. GOODMAN: "Morrison, explain Boyle's law."

"BENNY": "Yes sir, just what part don't you understand?"

---

MR. COWAN (watching steam shovel at work): "That reminds me, I have a date to play golf this afternoon."

MR. CHAPMAN: "Have you any scars on your person?"

DUNLEVIE: "No sir, but I have a few cigarettes."

MR. BLOMFIELD (sitting on a tack): "Boys! Boys! This thing has gone far enough!"

MACDONALD I: "Why did you waken me from a sound sleep?"

CHALKER: "Because the sound was too loud."



FRIMSTEAD: "So I must have an anaesthetic." "How long will it be before I know anything?"

DR. BOULDING: "Now don't expect too much of the anaesthetic."

SERGT. MAJ.: "What's that mud doing on your spats?"

THOMPSON II (after careful examination): "Nothing right now."

"I'm fed up on that!" exclaimed little Pamela Evans, pointing to her high chair.

CLEMENT I (at the table): "This stew certainly is an enthusiastic dish!

STEELE: "How's that?"

CLEMENT I: "The chef puts everything he has into it."

GOW: "I see you're rolling your own."

PARSONS II: "Yes, the doctor says I must get more exercise."



KENNEDY: "Hey! Benny, does that nose of yours run in the family?"

MORRISON: "No, just in winter."

---

Heth's father: My son's letters from school always send me to the dictionary.

Tom's ditto: You're lucky! My son's letters always send me to the bank.

---

MARG: Remember when we first met in that revolving door in Bermuda?

METCALFE: Why, that wasn't the first time we met.

MARG: Well, that's when we began going around together.

---

JENNINGS II: What part of the body is the fray?

RUBE I: Fray? What are you talking about?

SECUNDUS: This book says that Ivanhoe was wounded in the fray.

---

MASTER: Why were you not at school this afternoon, Bankes?

MOSES: Please, sir, just as I was coming up the drive, I saw the steam-roller.

MASTER: Well, what about it?

MOSES: A man said to me, "Mind that steam-roller," so I stayed and minded it all afternoon.

---

FARMER: Haven't I warned you not to let me catch you in my orchard again?

HETH (up a tree in more ways than one for he is without the proverbial Murad, but quibbles nobly as ever to the occasion and says, oh quite placidly): Well, you haven't caught me yet.

---

"Laugh that off," said the nurse as she sewed another button on Vibert's vest.

---

BLAIR: You shouldn't play with your soldiers on Sunday.

MCCALLUM: That's all right; this is the Salvation Army.

---

Maid to Forbes: Cocoa.

FORBES: Go on! So are you.

---

Errol Boyd's flight across the Atlantic will confuse little New York boys who thought that Boyd flew to Paris a few years before his trip to the South Pole.

### MENTALITY TEST FOR WISDOM EXAMINATION

If Cleopatra made Mark Anthony the mark he was, and Julius Caesar made Brutus the brute he was, who made Lydia E. Pinkham the pill she was?

Was the Tower of Babel the place where Solomon kept his wives?

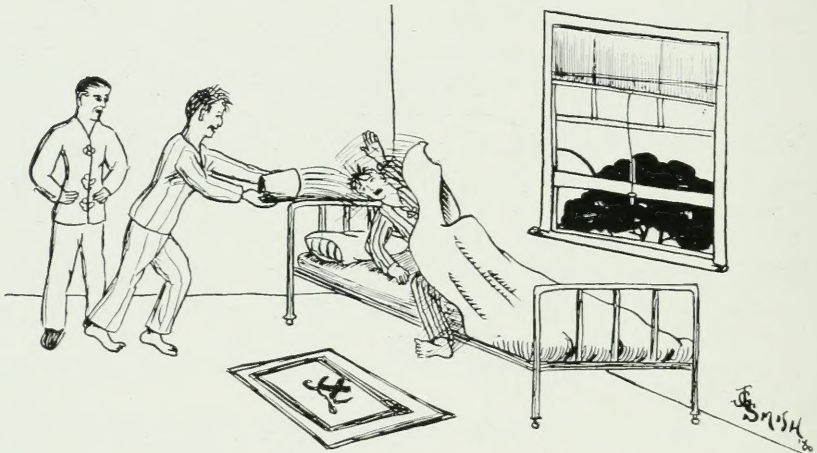
Is the feminine of bachelor a lady-in-waiting?

Is nitrogen not found in Ireland because it is not found in a Free State?

Are divers diseases just water on the brain?

RUSSELL II: For two cents I'd knock your block off.

GRIER II: Professional.



NEW BOY~  
 "NOW I KNOW WHAT GET  
 SOAKED MEANS".

JONES: Do fish cry?

CLEMENT II: No, why?

JONES: Well, I've seen whales blubber.

GREEN II (gloating over perfect drive): Golf is pie for me.

REA: Yes, I noticed you took several slices.

### NEWS ITEM

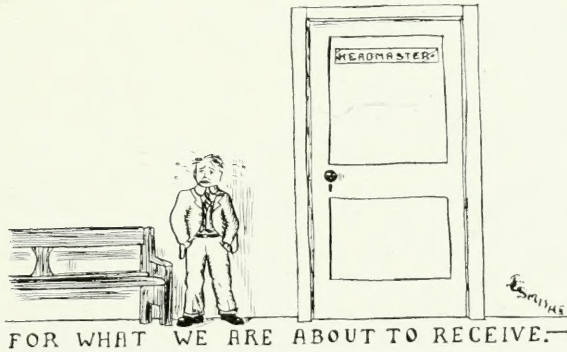
There are two kittens in Macdonald House this year: "Gubbins", who belongs to Miss Devigne, and "Whiskey", who belongs to Major Howell. Gubbins likes Whiskey. So does Major Howell.

## REVIEW

Abraham Lincoln as a "Young" boy was very helpful to his father, "Choppin" wood and looking after the "Cox" and "Cattle" and the old "Omstead". So as not to be ba-"Qua"-d, he would be seen "Stroh"-ling along reading a book. He was terrible at "Parson". One day his teacher asked him how many "Vowells" there were in a word. His reply was, "Housser' fellow like me to know? So 'Pipe' down." "You 'Mussen' speak like that or 'Yule' have to 'Gow' home," was her reply. Lincoln was very "Green", as a boy, and though things often looked "Black", he never had a "Tear(e)" in his eye. He took things for "Grant"-ed and was never mist-"Eaken". He took things "Gentle"-ly and had large "Fee"-t. Of "Corson" the surface. . . .

EDITOR'S NOTE:—We are glad to say that the author was shot just at this point. The Editor does not vouch for the authenticity of the biography.

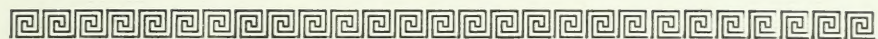
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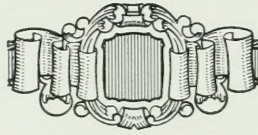




AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS





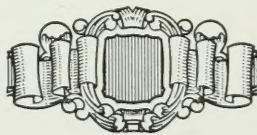
# St. Andrew's Boys!

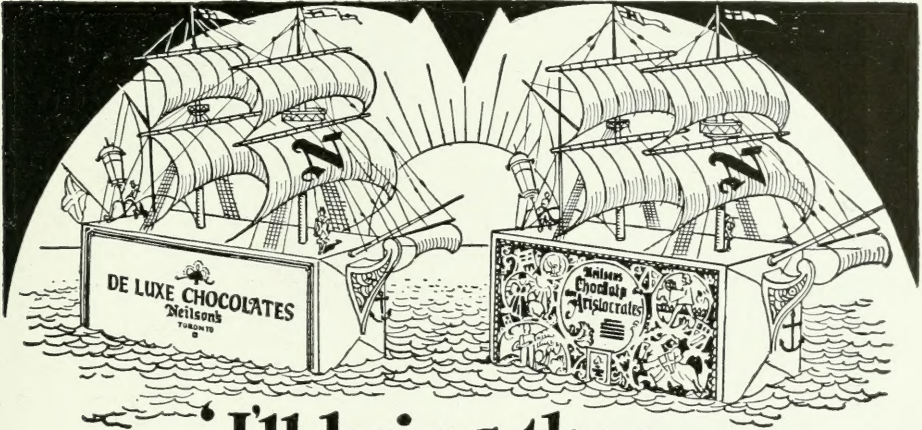
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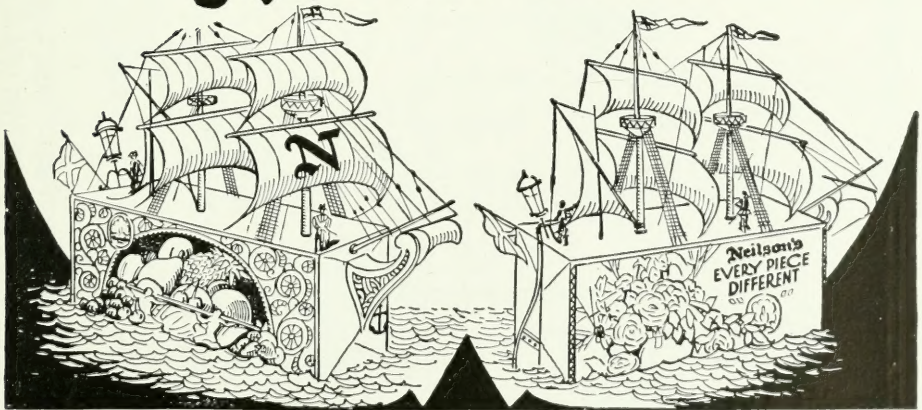


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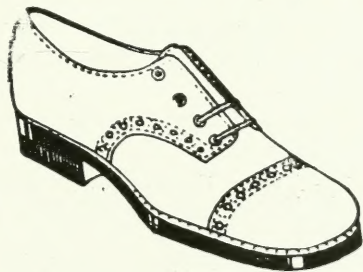
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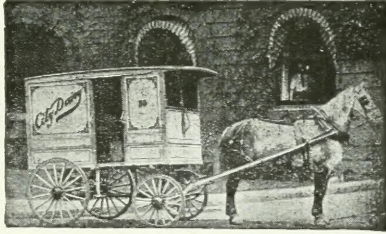
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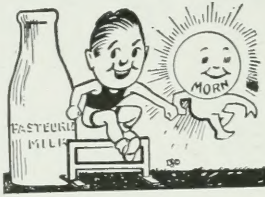
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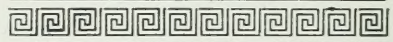


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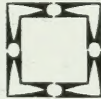
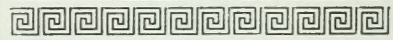
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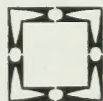
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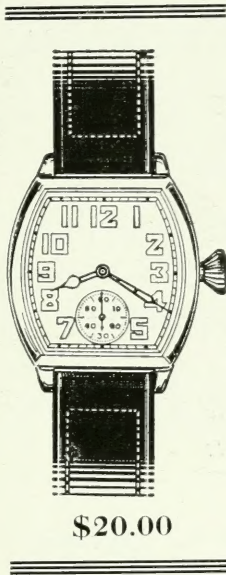
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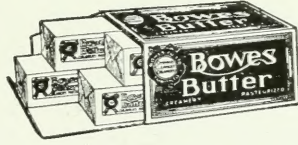
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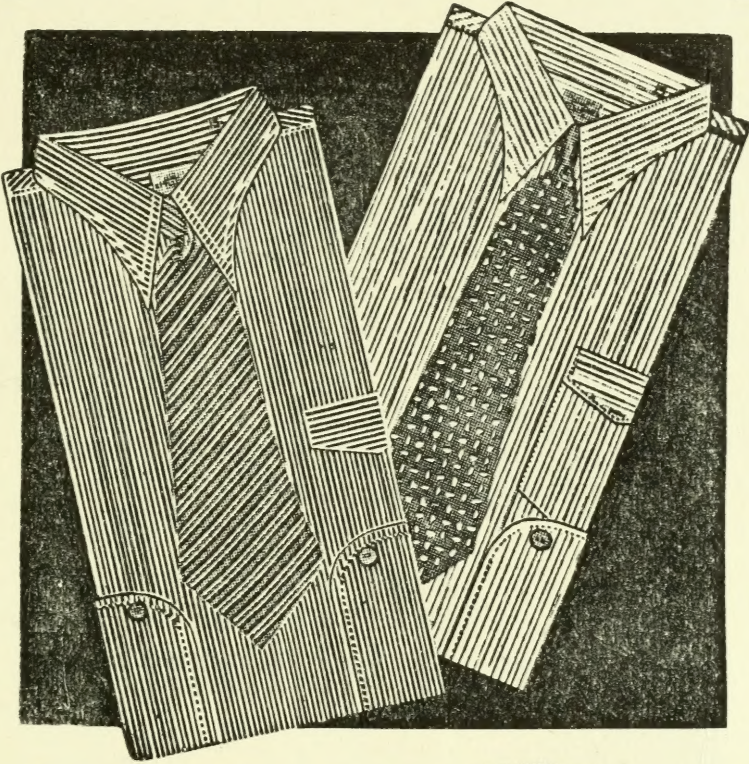
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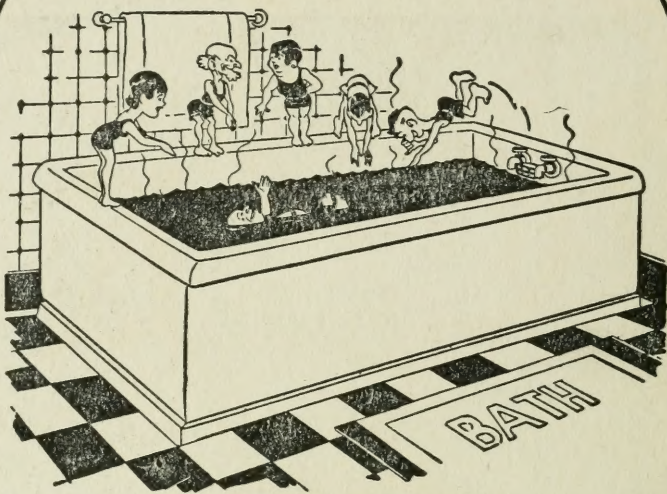


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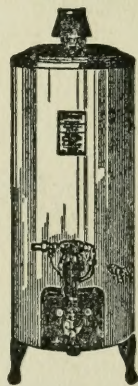


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