

Saint Andrew's College Review



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Christmas
1931

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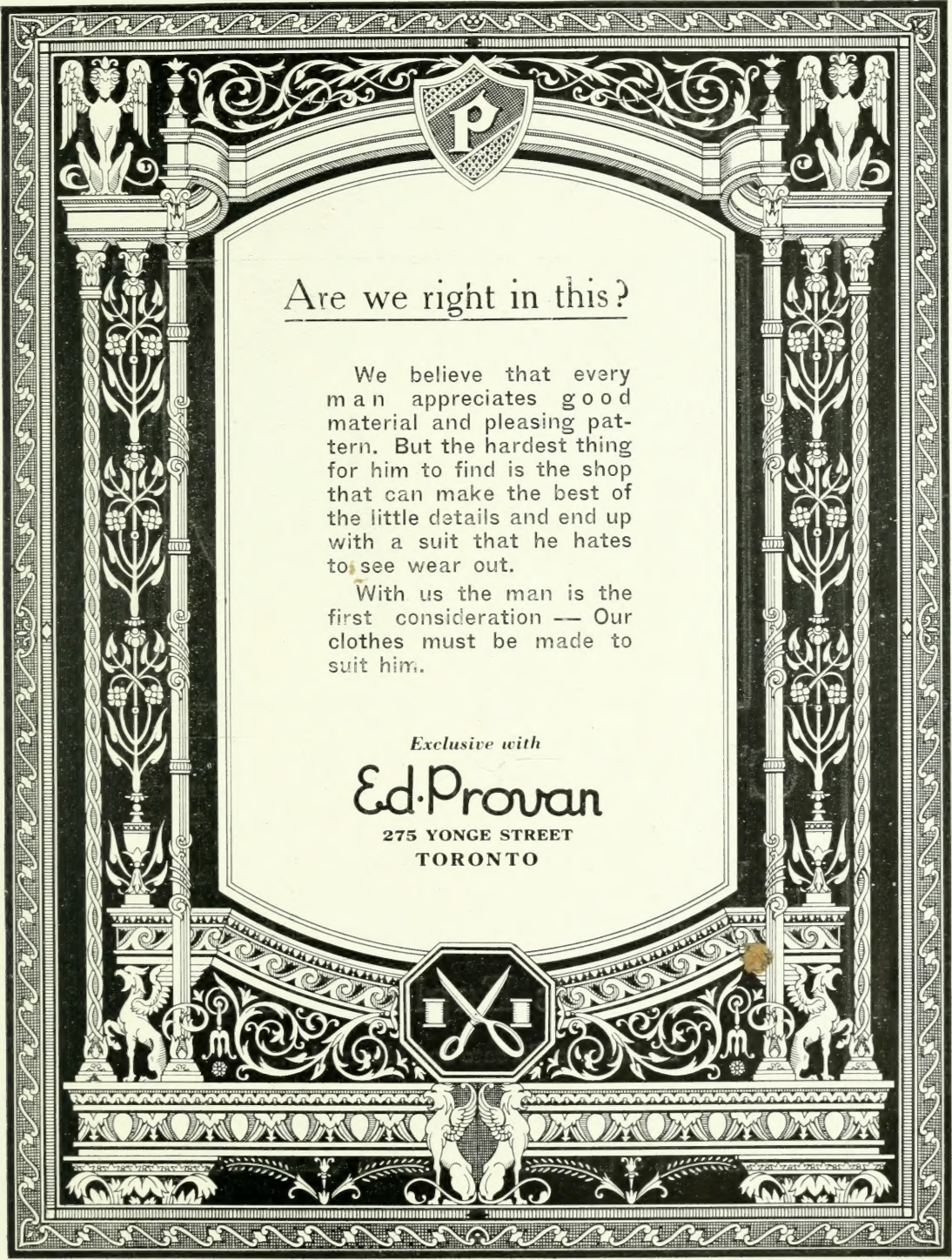
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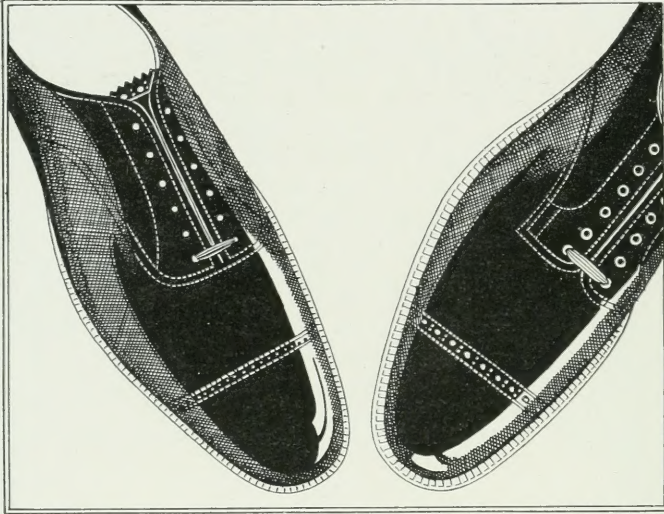
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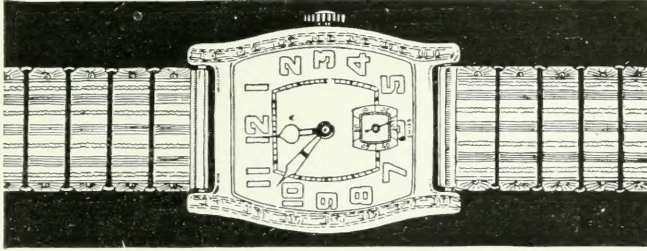
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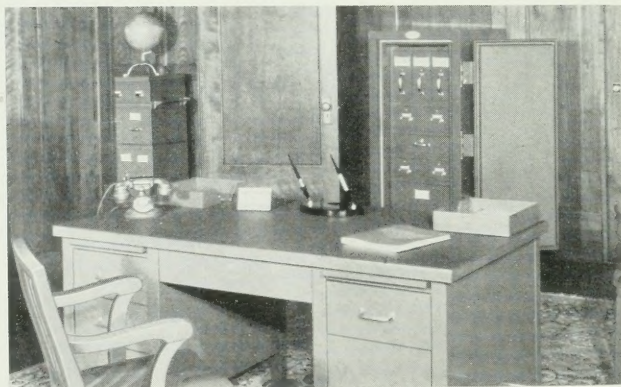
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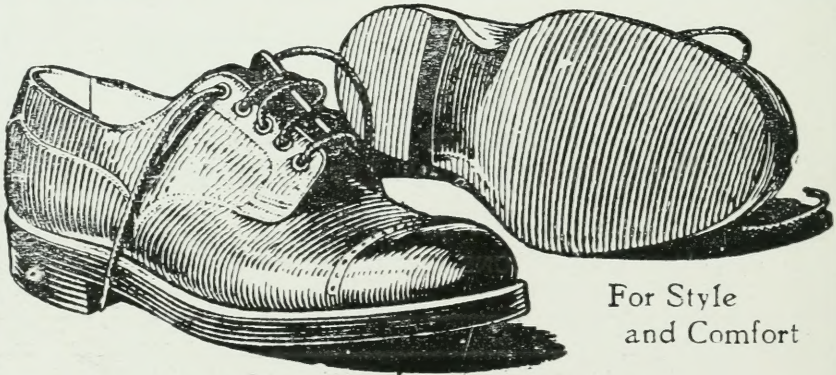
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The St. Andrew's College Review



Christmas 1931

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The Review—a magazine faithfully recording the life of St. Andrew's and representing the spirit and proud tradition of our school, past and present—a publication endeavouring to better itself each issue and the result of the untiring efforts of the editor and the boys.

WCB



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FIRST RUGBY TEAM

St. Andrew's College Review

Christmas, 1931

EDITORIAL

A GAIN we are faced with the task of building up the REVIEW for the school year 1931-32. To edit an interesting magazine, to the approval of all, is indeed a hard task.

Looking back over the term just completed, we perhaps think of it a little happily as gone. It is always a hard term—the settling back into place, the strenuous football season, and the new studies. It has, however, been a very pleasant and smooth-running autumn for us.

* * * * *

We are extremely glad to welcome in this our first publication of this year's REVIEW, Mr. M. M. Griffiths, who has taken over Sergt.-Major Millican's position in the gymnasium and the responsible duty of producing a football team. Mr. Griffiths spent the summer in Springfield studying physical culture and football. He has made himself popular with the boys and masters alike.

* * * * *

The Staff wish to draw the boys' attention to the advertisements. Since the advertisers enable us to have the REVIEW, it is only fair that we should patronize them.

* * * * *

The Lower School library has been enriched by the donation of a handsome set of reference books from Mrs. A. R. MacDougall, Toronto. The boys wish to express their thanks through the REVIEW.

* * * * *

A point system in regard to the REVIEW has been adopted. We should like all the students to read carefully the rules which are printed with the points already awarded, at the end of the school news. We

would like more of the boys to write compositions of a short-story nature. Unless interest is continued the point system will not be effective. There is a need of snapshots also, so that any suitable pictures taken about the school will be welcome. Don't leave it to "the other fellow." Do your bit.

* * * * *

We are glad to publish, with some fine illustrations, an interesting article by an Old Boy, E. S. Magill. Contributions from those who have passed beyond our cloisters into the world will always be welcomed by the REVIEW staff.

* * * * *

We sincerely wish all our readers and friends a most Merry Christmas and Happy and Prosperous New Year.

EDITOR-GENERAL



The Macabre Star

I found myself one night
Far from the realm of men,
In lands beyond their sight,
And sights beyond their ken

A lonely planet drear
Hung in the vault of space.
To this was I drawn near;
This was before my face:

A great flat plain stretched out,
Paved with the dust of pearls.
The hills of silver sand
Contained the wealth of earls.

Sapphire dust was sprinkled
Far as the eye could see.
Blue-white diamonds twinkled,
And seemed to wink at me.

In a trance I wandered
Long in this land of dreams.
Wealth a world had squandered
Blinded me with its beams.

Dreary figures clambered
Over the mounds of gold;
Sightless men that wandered—
All were withered and old;

Ghastly things that staggered
Under a weight of sin;
Puppets drawn and haggard
And skulls with horrid grin.

What were these awful things?
What was this cursed land
Where no one smiles or sings?
Where were these hills of sand?

These were the souls of men
 Condemned by a grim fate
 To eons in this den,
 This hell without a gate.

These were the men who sinned
 Down through thousands of years,
 Men in whose ears had dinned
 The bells that passion wears.

Lust had been in their eye,
 They'd sought for worldly gain,
 True joy had passed them by,
 They'd caused a world of pain.

Now in retribution
 They suffer for their hate;
 Their plans have reached fruition
 In this dread hall of fate.

Then I saw the vision:
 The good Lord spoke to me,
 "That thou might'st come to wisdom
 I brought thee here to see,

Lest thou, too, might fall
 And lose eternal grace
 And come within the pall
 That clouds your land and race."

The vision then departed
 And I was left alone.
 A chill that was unwonted
 Pierced me to the bone.

I longed to be returned
 To the kindly world of men;
 My soul within me burned,
 I would not go back again.

And back once more on earth,
 I struggle yet again.
 My mind has given birth,
 My soul is seared with pain

I wrestle with temptations,
 Against the golden god I strive,
I fight against the nations,
 O God, but let me live!

That I might pass beyond
 To a better land by far,
And break the iron bond
 That binds me to that star.

ROBT. T. CATTLE, JR., UP. VI.



The Wreck of No. Five

The night was bitterly cold. The wet sleet beat down upon the station roof and the plank platform with increasing vigour; the north wind was whistling along the line. A huge engine, with its long line of loaded freight cars, stood panting on the main tracks.

Inside the station stood the engineer, a husky six-footer, with rain dripping from his greasy overalls, and forming dirty puddles on the floor.

"Tom," said the stationmaster, with a frown, "I know it's a bad night and that broken rail back there held you up, but you're away behind time, and it's absolutely imperative that that grain gets to X—on time! Can't you coax her on?"

Tom jumped into the cab of No. 5 and shouted to the grimy fireman for more steam. With a jerk and a protesting groan from the twenty carloads of wheat, the train pulled out into the night. The chugging turned into a steady roar. The engineer, unmindful of the driving hail, stared out of the cab window. One hundred and forty miles to make in two hours. Would he do it? What a job for even a fast freight! Gradually he opened the throttle. Sixty-five miles an hour! The engine swayed sickeningly but Tom and the fireman took no notice. The latter, stripped to the waist, was working madly to keep up steam. Seventy miles an hour.

Ten miles down the line the telegraph operator at the little flag station of Tunbridge was receiving an incoherent message from Thorold, a town seven miles farther on. Exactly between the two stations lay an old trestle bridge, which spanned the Micmac river, well-known for its great depth and swiftness. The bridge, which was about one hundred and seventy feet high and at most a quarter of a mile long, had been washed away by the river, swollen by recent storms. The operator, when he at last deciphered the jumble of dots and dashes, snatched up a flag and jumped out on the platform, but too late! As he reached the edge of the tracks, No. 5 thundered through at seventy-five miles an hour. With a groan, he threw down his danger flag, and ran back to his instrument to send for wrecking trains.

Meanwhile Tom eased open the throttle of the old but powerful "iron horse" to its full extent on the three-mile down-grade past Tunbridge. He could think of only one thing—to get to X—on time.

On and on they tore. Eighty per! Half a mile ahead was the curve on the other side of which lay the broken bridge. As he rounded the long bend, and the headlight showed that awful gap before him, his heart stood still. He jammed on the emergency brakes and shut off steam, but the rails were coated with ice and the train could not pull up.

No. 5 jumped far out into space and turned turtle. Down! down! Thousands of tons of steel and wood hurtling over and over towards the water far below. With a horrible rending crash the train struck the surface and disappeared into the depths. A gigantic spout of water leaped into the air, then gradually subsided, leaving nothing to indicate tragedy except the remnants of the bridge, swaying in the gale.

E. S. MACDONALD, I. L. VIA.



“ . . . BOOKS IN THE RUNNING BROOKS AND GOOD IN EVERYTHING.”

The Harmsworth Races of 1931

This year the Harmsworth races at Detroit aroused more interest and deeper feeling than they ever have in the past. Instead of a brief entry in the sports sections of a few papers, there were glaring headlines and front-page articles in nearly all the large newspapers in Canada and the United States. All this because one man had not "played cricket" in an attempt to retain a coveted trophy.

The main challenger for the cup this year was Kaye Don, the British speed king. His boat, "Miss England II," was the one in which Sir Henry Seagrave was killed while trying to better the world's speed record. The boat was wrecked, but Lord Wakefield rebuilt her and powered her with two 2,000 horsepower Rolls-Royce engines. Kaye Don was selected to carry on Seagrave's work and he drove "Miss England" to a new world's record of 110 miles per hour.

Great Britain then challenged for the Harmsworth Trophy, which Gar Wood in his first "Miss America" won in 1920. Quite naturally, Don was chosen to pilot the British boat over the Detroit course.

The defender of the cup was Gar Wood, seasoned old veteran of Harmsworth races for five years and holder of the record for the course. "The Silver Fox of Algonac," as he was called, proposed to enter his three boats, "Miss America V," defender in 1926; "Miss America VIII," defender in 1929; and "Miss America IX," defender in 1930, against the lone British challenger. This aroused a protest from all the sportsmen of the United States. Horace Dodge built a boat, "Miss Syndicate," and spent thousands of dollars on her to enable the boat to show speed enough to shut out one of Gar Wood's boats. This he succeeded in doing, although he withdrew "Miss Syndicate" before the race started. In spite of this the people of Wood's city and country declared him un-sportsmanlike. It seemed that Kaye Don had won the hearts of the American people.

The races were scheduled to be run on the Saturday before Labor Day, Labor Day, and the following Tuesday. But there was no race on Saturday, as the water was too rough for such high speed. On account of this postponement, the first heat was run on Sunday.

Sunday afternoon, Kaye Don in "Miss England II," Gar Wood in "Miss America IX," and his brother George in "Miss America VIII," circled around behind the starting line waiting for the starting gun and warming up their engines. As the boats were hurtling towards the starting line, the British driver was caught between the two American boats. He sent his at top speed through the narrow gap and was away to a fine start. After that sensational beginning, Gar Wood's only

chance was to beat Don around the turns of the five-mile course. But Kaye Don whipped Wood on the turns, pulled his boat out of two nerve-wrecking skids and won by a mile and a half. Don was the first man to win a heat from Wood and he also set a new record for the course.

As the time-gun boomed on the Monday, "Miss England II" moved away up the river to wait the five minutes till the starting gun. As on Saturday, the two Woods split, one going on each side of the British boat. They, too, circled around to wait for the gun. The yellow balls, marking the passing of the minutes, dropped one by one from the frame at the starting stand.

When the fourth ball dropped, Gar Wood shot out from behind a fleet of pleasure boats that lined the course. He headed straight for the starting line. Don was puzzled for there was still a minute to go and those boats do a mile and a half in that time. Wood was heading straight for the starting point and travelling wide open. If Wood crossed that line a fraction of a second before the five seconds' leeway he would be disqualified. In all Wood's racing history he had never crossed that line previous to the starter's gun.

Don did not wait any longer, but followed the American boat at full speed and crossed the line two seconds after the American speedster. It was at this point in the race that Great Britain lost the cup for the sixth time. Why? Because both boats had crossed the line ahead of time and both were disqualified. But Don did not know this, and whether Wood did or not is left to the imagination. The British pilot settled down to gain the two seconds he had lost on the start. When the starting gun went the boats were almost out of sight down the course.

At the first turn Wood, who was in the lead, turned the first buoy close, the second farther out and the third two hundred yards out of the straightaway. It was a good turn, but Don followed Wood's wake around the first buoy, cut in closer to the second and went skimming past the curve wide open. Wood's two hundred yard lead had been cut to a hundred yards by the wonderfully manoeuvred turn of the British pilot. There was now a two-mile stretch without any turns. Here the faster boat could gain time and "Miss England" fairly flew through the water. And then before anybody realized it, the British boat leaped high in the air, water sprayed sixty feet in the air and the three men were floundering around in the river. The race was over as far as competition was concerned. In the next lap Gar Wood was called off the course and George Wood, in the comparatively slow "Miss America VIII," finished the course.

The next day the slower American boat ran the course by itself and the trophy was presented to the United States. One can well imagine the feeling of the Americans who were deriding Wood for entering two

boats. The race had hardly been over when a party of six Detroit business men promised to back Kaye Don if he would come over in 1932 and race again. Before he left Detroit with his wrecked boat he had three or four similar offers. If he does come back, and most reports say he will, it is certain he will not be tricked into a false start by the Silver Fox of Algonac.

B. E. METCALFE, Form V.



A LOT OF BULLY.

Indian Life on a Reservation

Many years ago, before the time of the coming of the white people, Indians roamed over Canada. The Georgian bay formed a natural waterway from the north of Ontario to the south. One tribe took up its abode on the islands and on the mainland near what is now Parry Sound.

After the European immigrants had conquered and settled in Ontario, the government set aside reservations for the remains of these once powerful tribes. One of these reservations is situated on a large island beside our summer place. The island is about fifteen miles long and roughly thirty miles in circumference, and is shaped like a V with the larger end opposite Parry Sound. They live on the island as they did when they ruled the land—by hunting deer and fishing, although now they also use baker's bread and canned goods.

The Indians on this reserve are fairly well civilized and speak comparatively good English. They wear European clothes, changing into their tribal regalia only to honour privileged visitors. Their famous bows and arrows are given up for the rifle and shotgun, which they find more adaptable for shooting game.

I was once out on a hunting expedition with our caretaker, who is an Indian from the reserve. We paddled down a long bay to a gap in the woods, lining the banks of which was a path he had cut leading to his deer run. We landed and soon reached the run. He placed my three companions and me at intervals along the track. Then he set his dog, which he always took with him when hunting, out to round up a victim.

After waiting at a cross-section, with rifle ready for action, for nearly half an hour, I heard the frantic barks of the dog far away, but in a few moments they subsided. The same thing happened time after time, until I was called away. I found out afterwards that the cause of the barking was a rabbit, but although the hunt in itself was unsuccessful, it gives one an idea how to hunt deer.

To get on with my description of "Indian Life in a Reserve." The Indians usually build their own homes in their special plot of land. Our caretaker has his summer residence, which he built himself of logs and plaster, at the head of a long shallow bay, which is his own private hunting ground. The bay is grown up with wild grass and weeds, being an ideal feeding place for duck. Directly in front of his house he has cleared away quite a large area, burnt out the stumps of the trees he had cut down, and planted timothy. He has also clear sections on both sides of the cabin, one for a chicken run and the other for a kitchen garden. Behind he has dense forests of pine, spruce and cedar swamps.

Besides this lone cabin, he has also a town house in the Indian village

where, in winter, he has to send his children to school. He himself spends half of his time in one and half in the other.

The Indian village on Parry Island is set apart from any other community. It consists mainly of a number of log or frame houses, a church and a schoolhouse. The life there is much the same as that of the early colonists in Upper Canada. The children are sent to school every morning at nine o'clock, by their mother, to be taught the elements of education, while she manages the affairs of the house. Each Sunday they all gather at the little church to sing hymns, say prayers and be lectured to by the native or visiting white clergyman.

A. F. GRAHAM, Form L VIA.



THE HOLD-UP

A 'Bus Trip

"One ticket to St. Andrew's College, please."

I tossed a one dollar bill to the agent at the city limits. He politely returned me my ticket and twenty-five cents change. I rushed to the 'bus, and, my ticket punched, I approached the only seat left (of course, the one over the rear wheels). I waved a hurried good-bye to my parents and was soon on the outward road past Loretta Abbey, and over the bridge. When at last I got settled, I began to look around me, though the many different blends of cigar smoke were enough to put me to sleep much more readily than would any anaesthetic.

The most noteworthy passengers with whom I had the pleasure to travel I will now describe. Immediately behind me sat a small, old man. He was the proud owner of a moustache and a goatee. Beside him sat a youth of about sixteen years, who was not so tall himself. He was a rather foggy-looking person, somewhat like the drug fiend you often read of. His head of superfluous hair rested upon a large brown suitcase, and it in turn on a medium-sized black one. Neither of these two queer people said a word the whole of the trip. Whether they suffered from lack of sleep or too much drug I do not know.

Then I began to study one of the most fascinating figures of all in the 'bus at the time. He was an evangelistic preacher. When I first glanced at him his eyes were glued on the Bible. He pored over it with a great deal of trouble as the print was small and the constant lurching of the 'bus added to his difficulty. A little later the 'bus driver turned off the inside lights and the preacher was forced to close the authorized version. If this was done with a slight curse or not, I failed to see as the light did not quite permit me to do so.

Ahead of him sat two ladies about thirty-five years of age. They were dressed well, and chatted confidentially at all times. Between smokes they frequently gazed at each other, wide-eyed and open-mouthed, evincing that they had been exchanging opinions concerning well-to-do friends of theirs.

I believe there was but one farmer on the 'bus. He sat three seats in front of me and inhaled deeply the fumes of some vile-smelling tobacco in an overworked corn-cob pipe. His fedora was rather dilapidated. A dark rim of about an eighth and in some places a quarter of an inch in width, just above the cloth band that held this carelessly-cared-for hat together, was a sign that he had been freely perspiring over something. Whether it was his securities on the stock exchange or his fall wheat is still an unsolved mystery to me.

I conclude this list of passengers who attracted my attention to any

degree with a lady who sat a seat ahead of me. She was not handsome, although she tried at times to attract the attention of the evangelist. She had hardly any neck and almost cleverly concealed the fact by a new permanent wave which ended at the end of her very short nape. The preacher is moving. There's a seat behind the woman with the permanent wave which was recently vacated. He is sitting in it. The woman turns around and they begin a conversation. He compares his hand to hers, finger to finger. His is, of course, much larger. They say a few more words and the preacher leaves.

"My! what a cunning pair of crooks they would make," I mumbled to myself as he ambled back to his seat.

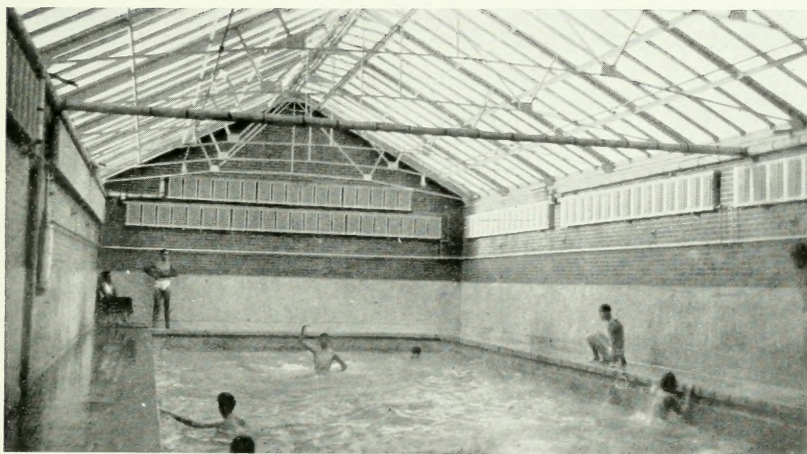
From this stage of my journey onward I spent most of my time staring at the beautiful harvest moon, which had quite recently made its appearance over the eastern horizon. As I looked at that moon, memories of summer time and its beautiful evenings under that same orb, found their way to my brain. The bright ball of silvery dust, whose light was intercepted by the occasional tall pine tree, brought thoughts of more beautiful summer evenings next year into the bounds of my mind.

My gaze was interrupted by a series of lights, indicating our passing through some small town. I opened my window a slight bit, took off my fedora and placed it in my lap. I relaxed completely and allowed a draught of air to play havoc with my hair and also to refresh my weary face, tired of the city's dust and dirt being continually puffed into it by the greasy gusts of wind. I almost went to sleep, but the sudden stop of the 'bus and the gasp of air escaping from the brakes, brought me to my senses again. A lady left the 'bus. It was Schomberg and Aurora Junction. I put my hat back on my head and rubbed the sleep out of my eyes with my two forefingers. I now sat more alert as I had not so far to go till I should reach my destination. When I awoke, I found the lights on again and the evangelist reading his Bible. The two ladies on the opposite side of the aisle were now silent, having said all they thought fit to say. The farmer had put away his corncob pipe. The old man and the boy behind me were both asleep as far as appearances go. The lady without much neck was sitting very silently and looked rather wistful.

It did not take us long to reach Aurora from Aurora Junction and I was rather glad to see my somewhat monotonous journey coming to an end. As we passed out of Aurora, I began to wonder if I had all my possessions with me. I could not recall where I had put my ticket. We were coming to the footbridge and I was feeling slightly nervous. A hurried search revealed the mislaid ticket under the band of my hat. I pulled the cord that signals the 'bus driver to stop. I reeled down the

aisle and gave the driver my ticket, and leapt lightly to the ground. There was certainly a change from the stuffy atmosphere of the 'bus to the refreshing October air that was so brisk and cool. Then began the dreary tramp up the drive to the school and so to bed. As I lay there half asleep, reviewing the day as a whole, I thought to myself, "There's a subject for my next composition."

W. H. ADAMS I, Form IV.



THE "'OLE SWIMMIN' 'OLE

The Aurora Jungle

A jungle, our dictionaries tell us, is an impenetrable thicket. Just how this word changed to its present day newspaper meaning is not known. The modern version, according to such famous authors as Gordon Sinclair, is a collection of rough huts inhabited by bums, or, more plainly, hoboes.

The idea of jungle life seems to have been brought to the eye of the public this fall, when a section of the Toronto unemployed, yearning for the outdoor life, set up a village in the Don valley. This being widely chronicled in the newspapers, many of our Lower School friends seem to have heard about it. Being anxious to keep up with the world in all things new, these youngsters have created for Aurora and St. Andrew's a jungle of their own. No longer will we have to look in envy at the Queen City, but, happy in the realization that we are not at all behind the times, wander on a tour of inspection of our own "impenetrable thicket."

Beginning at the power house, we walk up the lane to the barn. There we turn half left off the road, surmount a little rise, and before us is spread in all its glory the gully devoted to the pursuit of this new type of architecture and construction.

In this ward of the village, the huts are of wood and sheet-metal materials. They are of the one-storey variety, and some are so inclined to the futuristic that they even lack roofs. These, however, are just built by the extremists. Most have a type of doorway involving the use of hands and knees, similar to the entrance to an igloo. These are all built into the sides of a ravine, and show the expenditure of much labour in their construction.

Turning up to our right, and crossing the fields about 300 yards, we come upon what is perhaps the "highest and healthiest suburb." This is also located in a valley, but here the happy homes are mainly subterranean. Straith I and Cox III possess a beautiful one-roomed house with western exposure. Rea also lives in this district.

Continuing farther north, and, alas, beyond the limit of bounds, we come upon perhaps the highest attainment of any of the builders. This, a large dugout, well thatched and quite watertight, as we are proudly told, is the product of Messrs. Blair and Sweezey. They claim to have been the pioneers in the "back to the earth" movement. For two weeks they laboured on their home, and then, in the hour of final success, were ordered to dismantle their creation as it was out of bounds.

Many of these huts have fireplaces and some are actually lit by candles. Several housewarmings have taken place, with the consump-

tion of much bacon and biscuits. Two energetic youths were even apprehended in an attempt to go out for a meal in the middle of the night.

The mania for this afternoon amusement has become epidemic and has spread to even some of the Upper School boys. These, however, build their huts in sections more remote from the school.

Darwin, in his theory of evolution, never got beyond the present-day man. Perhaps if he were alive to-day, he might take this outdoor tendency as an indication of a gradual decline back to the tree life of the beginning of his theory. The inclination of the modern age towards the customs of the cliff-dwellers may foretell the presence of apes and dinosaurs hereabouts in a few thousand years. If such happens to be the case, let it be put down here for future reference that here again St. Andrew's leads the field.

I. L. JENNINGS, Lower VIA.



"SAILING, SAILING . . ."

In the Dock

All eyes were focused upon the slim grey figure as she stood silent and motionless in the dock. Widespread interest had been created, and people from all grades of life had assembled or were assembling to witness this spectacle. The subdued buzz of chatter which rose on all sides meant little to her as she gazed with unseeing eyes upon the rows of fashionable ladies and gentlemen. Comment upon her appearance which passed from mouth to mouth meant nothing to her. Remarks concerning the beauty of her appearance and the majesty of her poise did not provoke the slightest symptom of interest as far as she was concerned. Proudly she stood aloof, disdaining to look either to the right or to the left, waiting silently and without a quiver to hear her fate pronounced. For a moment attention was diverted from her; suddenly there was a hush in the murmur of voices and all present stood up.

There was deep silence, a pause, then the pregnant silence was broken by the sound of her name being called.

Conjecture began as to whether, if released, she would begin on a career of strife; whether her appearance and her capabilities would result in the subduing of multitudes, or whether she might inflict her fiery wrath on whomsoever might offend her or on whomsoever might offend her friends. It was generally agreed that her rakish appearance and potentialities would command respect, that she in turn under those circumstances would adopt a suitable, a dignified poise.

Then, through all this vein of thought, before those present had realized it, there was a crash, a tinkle of broken glass, and a bottle which a few moments before had been full, fell empty by her side. Then, as the excited men and women strained forward anxiously, she slipped silently off the dock.

The launch of the new cruiser had been performed without a hitch.

ANON.

Tamsui

Perhaps the three most important factors which give any town individuality and interest are its scenic surroundings, the town and its people, and its history. As a true patriot I claim that my home town of Tamsui, on the island of Formosa, stands out alone in the above three respects. Let me now endeavour to prove it to you.

A priceless ruby looks shoddy if placed in a cheap and ill-made setting. The beauty of a town depends a great deal, therefore, upon the loveliness of its natural scenic setting. Here Tamsui takes second place to no other town. World travellers, explorers, and artists have complimented us upon the perfect beauty of the spot.

The town, built at the mouth of a wide sweeping river, is a seaport. From the deck of an in-going steamer, let us see what a panorama is spread before us. On either side green headlands sweep wide apart, affording a truly magnificent view of the port. Far away on either shore fishing boats may be seen drawn up on the yellow sand, and the faint barking of a dog or the shouting of a boy may float across the water to our ears. Built high on a bluff above the river and overlooking the sea, a large, dark-red, and weatherbeaten building immediately attracts our attention. Fort San Domingo was built by the Spanish. Successively have the Spanish, Dutch, and Chinese flags flown over it, but now it flies the red cross of Britain, for it is the British consular building. The town itself lies, a mass of red and grayish roofs, a little further up stream. Behind it and on either side of the river lie green rice-fields in tiny terraces. Behind the town and rising to four thousand magnificent feet, the Tai-tun range rears its many peaks against the sky.

Opposite the town, across the river on our right-hand side, we see the beautiful and picturesque Kwan-yin, the Goddess of Mercy Mountain. It rears its graceful head two thousand feet above the sea which breaks and curls at its feet. Straight ahead and far up the river we see still more mountains which appear dark blue in the distance, mountains which rise higher than the Rockies to five, seven, ten, twelve and even thirteen thousand feet above the sea. There is nothing all around you, look where you will, which irritates the eyes or grates upon the senses. Look again where you will, except above and below you where the sky is as azure and the sea as blue as artist or poet could wish, and all is green; even the mountains clothed to their very summits with verdant vegetation, are a rich, dark green. A few years ago the Emperor of Japan sent his empire's most famous artists to choose for him the most beautiful spot in all Formosa as a site for a detached palace. Although this palace was never built, the artists unanimously chose—Tamsui!

The town itself represents a clash between East and West, between age and modernism. The post office, station, and a few other buildings are all modern; so, for that matter, are the telephone poles which fringe the narrow streets, and the rattling bicycles which bump along. The streets are as narrow and crooked as their age-old contemporaries in Peiping or Chentu. The Buddhist temple opposite the market was built two centuries before Japan was ceded the island by China. The native drug stores prescribe herbs from such medical manuals as were used a thousand years ago.

And if the town fascinates one, so also do its people. Formerly a province of the Chinese empire, the Chinese now outnumber the ruling Japanese by a score to one. In Tamsui we may see, therefore, the occasional Japanese policeman with his proud bearing and clanking sword, his meek little wife in "kimono" and "geta" (clogs), bronzed fishermen bringing to market their silver fish and frothing crabs, farmers bearing to town their oranges, vegetables or ducks, and once in a while a group of sailors off their Chinese junks, and once in a very long while one of the fifteen English-speaking inhabitants of the town. A study of the human element of Tamsui is no less attractive than that of its delightful surroundings.

The history of the town has been as varied as its attractions are to-day. Centuries ago it was founded by an enterprising Chinese pioneer and enjoyed great prosperity as a seaport. Then came the Spanish who built Fort San Domingo. After them the Dutch East India Company obtained control of the island. Then China's famous adventurer, Koxinga, the great pirate, drove out the Dutch and was proclaimed the king of Formosa. Every port swarmed with his pirate horde. After his death the republic was formed with its headquarters at Tamsui. The republic of Formosa enjoyed an eventful rule of three weeks. In their war with China, about forty years ago, the French bombarded and blockaded Tamsui but without success. Finally, about a decade after that, the whole of Formosa was ceded to Japan and is now one of the richest and most beautiful provinces of that great empire of the East.

For beauty of natural surroundings, for charm of town and of people, and for the living interest of its history, I claim that above and beyond all other spots there stands out my home town of Tamsui.

L. MACKAY, Upper VI.

The Cenotaph

The morning is grey and bleak, a clammy mist is hanging low over the heart of the Empire, 'buses wheeze and choke in the fog, dark blurred forms are hurrying from Northumberland Avenue, from the Haymarket, and the Strand, all in one direction.

A clatter of horses' hooves is borne faintly to the ear as a squadron of Horse Guards emerges from the gloom of Whitehall court, closely followed by a large closed sedan; they enter Whitehall and turn down toward the Houses of Parliament.

As the car passes, heads are bared to the Sovereign of the British people who has humbly come to honour the memories of those who did not return.

Something looms up ahead mistily white and resolves itself into a simply carved column of white stone. Hanging motionless on either side of the shaft are the Union Jack and the white ensign.

Around the base are placed a number of beautiful wreaths and sprays, a striking tribute to those hundreds of thousands of courageous souls whose lives were laid on the altar of sacrifice to save their successors from oppression and tyranny, and to champion the cause of justice and mercy.

A brigade of infantry, with arms at the reverse, stands rigidly at attention on all four sides; behind them a large crowd is assembled, waiting reverently.

The various emotions of that sea of humanity, many of whom bear the scars of that colossal tragedy slashed across their bodies and seared with all its grim sordidness into their souls, are shared only with God, but the deeper feelings which all men have in common, and which all too frequently they attempt to conceal under a cloak of callous indifference, bind them all together in an unspoken appeal to the Creator, that He shall make wars to cease upon the earth.

From the gaunt outline of the Houses of Parliament there comes a muffled "clang" which sets the misty heavens vibrating with the sound. It is "Big Ben" striking the hour of eleven.

Chime after chime breaks out upon the stillness while a nation stands at attention with head bowed, honouring the memory of those who have passed beyond the veil.

As the last stroke dies away, the order rings out, "Company, present arms!" and the knife-like notes of a trumpet cleave the silence; the Last Post is being sounded, and in a moment, the *réveillé*.

From a little group at the front of the crowd, steps forward a figure

in a white surplice and offers up a prayer for peace upon earth. Only a few in the front ranks of the multitude are able to hear the words of the Archbishop of Canterbury, but their significance is understood by all.

As the Archbishop rejoins the little group, the voices of the choir of Westminster Abbey blend in that beautiful memorial hymn, written by a man who had lost three sons in the war:

"Oh valiant hearts, who to your glory came, through dust of conflict, and through battle's flame,

"Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved, your memory hallowed in the land you loved!"

From the lull that follows this inspiring tribute to a nation's dead, the King—a small figure in khaki—steps forward and places a wreath at the base of the cenotaph, then stands at attention for the benediction.

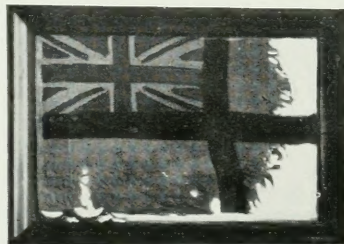
The official ceremony is over, but many people still linger, perhaps with trembling lips, and moist but shining eyes, to place a wreath on this hallowed spot, in proud and loving remembrance of a wooden cross somewhere in Flanders.

Through a rift in the clouds, a shaft of sunlight bathes, for a moment, the cenotaph, in a celestial radiance, as if pronouncing a heavenly blessing on this symbol of remembrance. Its warmth is felt by some, who instinctively turn their sightless eyes upward, in its direction.

In remembering the dead, let us be mindful of those helpless victims who are still with us, enduring a living death, whose names, while not reposing on any earthly tablet, are recorded beside their dead comrades in God's great Honour Roll.

Let us, then, always remember these human cenotaphs, whose battered and broken frames cry out to us to maintain the Peace of the World.

T. E. HETHRINGTON, Form IV.



—Mr. Dowden.

"PLAY UP! PLAY UP, AND PLAY THE GAME!"

The Canadian Autumn

Of the four seasons of the year, each has its peculiar attractions. This is especially true in Canada, for our climate is one of the most variable of any place. Our winter runs to extremes of cold, and yet our summer months contain numerous days which are hotter than comfort requires. The two intermediate seasons of spring and autumn are also very changeable.

It is to the beautiful Canadian autumn that I wish to draw your attention here. In spite of the fact that it means the return to school life from the freedom of the summer months, it holds a place in the hearts of many Canadian boys second only to the latter in their preference for the seasons.

For the sport-loving, it is a time of great interests. Foremost of these, of course, are the rugby campaigns. The hopes and despairs of both great and little teams in their respective schedules are the subjects of many an argument and conversation. Then the finish of the playing in the baseball leagues, and the competition in the world's series provide entertainment for countless thousands by way of radio and newspaper. The fall meetings of the Canadian Racing Association are followed by many devotees of that sport. Around Toronto, for a period of four weeks at the beginning of the autumn, this pastime holds sway at the various tracks in the district. This year is especially interesting because it marks the opening of the new Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto. This shows the great effort made by the Hockey Club directorate to give to Toronto a winner in the Stanley Cup championships.

For those of more aesthetic tastes, the season is crammed with delights. The gradual changes of the trees, which turn them from soft yellowy green to bright reds and browns is beautiful beyond words to describe. From a hill, a view of the surrounding countryside is given to which those of other seasons are incomparable. Every wood is aflame, the fields are yellow with the standing grain, and pillars of smoke rise on the still air from numerous piles of burning leaves. At night the scene is equally lovely, for at no other time is the moon so bright and clear. Everything is a-sparkle with the heavy dew, and the crisp night air quickly invigorates the jaded spirit.

The realization that in the autumn season the fruits of a year's toil and labour are being garnered must come to all in a spirit of prayerful thankfulness. The sight of any country marketplace in the fall is one to awaken in the hearts of men an understanding of the benevolence of nature. The abundance of golden pumpkins, the ruddy apples, and all

the lesser fruits and vegetables is evidence of the work expended throughout the spring and summer months, and indeed very profitable evidence.

The Ontario autumns bring to us the Royal Winter Fair, for the exposition of the year's harvest and the showing of the farmers' livestock. This is the farmers' at-home to the public, and, while there is now a very fine horse-show in conjunction with the fair, it is still a rural gathering at heart.

To many the autumn brings a much needed holiday. They choose this time rather than the summer because of the opportunity they have in the later months of hunting. Many hundreds annually go to northern Ontario for deer or duck-shooting. Farther south our interest is caught by the passage overhead of numerous flights of wild-fowl before the cold which they know will soon be here.

To us of St. Andrew's College the fall term is probably that most enjoyed. The rugby games against our traditional rivals, Trinity, Ridley, and Upper Canada, bring forth such interest as to dispel any fears of a decrease in school spirit. The Prize Day is a time of inspiration to newcomers and Old Boys alike. The cross-country run in November is probably the finest test of stamina and condition to which a schoolboy is subjected.

And so, though at the end of the season we have naught but cold, blustery days to look forward to, a truly "dead" period at any boarding school, the fall is still a prime favourite with Canadian youth.

I. L. JENNINGS, Lower VIA.

The Question of Strenuous Sport Competition

You may well ask, what is meant by strenuous sport competition? We shall attempt to find out, in the participation of such games as rugby, football, basketball, and hockey, whether the player is benefited as much as he is harmed.

Let us consider the harm that can be done by participating in these sports. While the player is moving quickly, his heart is beating at a swifter pace than usual. If he exerts himself beyond the strength of his heart, it may be weakened and in later years he may suffer as a result. Football, perhaps the roughest of the sports mentioned, carries in its participation more physical danger than the rest. To date, eight deaths have accompanied the football season in the United States. Every school expects injuries to the football playing students, and many of the parents are consequently prejudiced against the game. There are so many permanent injuries, such as bad knees and ankles, that one cannot blame the parents' attitude.

In spite of this fact, however, we cannot but think that some genuine and beneficial qualities are derived. The physical development is really wonderful; muscles are hardened, bones are toughened, the system is regulated and the mind cleared and sharpened. The reason a great number of accidents happen is because of lack of condition. Without this necessity—condition—the heart is strained, muscles are tired, and everyone is the loser; but with it, bones are less liable to be broken, the mind has a chance to think, and the team has something to fall back on. There can be no more valueable asset in later life than a strong, healthy body. The way such a body is built is by entering the sport slowly, and gradually working up a strong physical condition which is not easily lost.

Perhaps the greatest good derived from sports is the mental. The prime idea in them is to outwit the opponent and though, to all appearances, it seems that the husky chap has the advantage, the man with a clear mind is the one who will advance more rapidly and effectively his own and his team's cause. There is, also, in these sports the experience of "tasting dirt," of getting used to the "digs" and "jabs" of the opponent. The individual is thereby toughened and leaves the soft road of idleness.

Once a boy turns out from the path of comfort and learns to enjoy a game, he is on the way to experience physical development. To attain any knowledge of this world, experience must be the best teacher.

J. G. SMITH I, Lower VIA.

The Empress of Britain

In recent months, so much has been written concerning the new luxury liner of the Canadian Pacific merchant fleet, that I feel any effort of mine to convey a general idea of the magnitude and space of this truly amazing "Wonder Ship," as she has been termed, would be almost futile; therefore, I take up my pen only to record my own impressions of her.

It was shortly after the completion of her second trip to Canada that I was privileged to spend two unforgettable hours aboard her, in company with Captain Latta, with whom I was slightly acquainted, having crossed twice on the Empress of Australia when he was commanding her.

The Empress of Britain is 42,500 tons, and has an average cruising speed of $24\frac{1}{2}$ knots. She is ninth largest among ships of the world, and perhaps the finest equipped ship in existence.

She lay majestically at rest beside the new three-million-dollar docks, which had been built especially for just such an occasion. Here she had been moored by six puffing tugs, after an hour of pulling, pushing and nosing around, her long, graceful white hull gleaming in the light of the early afternoon sunshine. She presented a vivid contrast with the gaunt, ugly heights behind her. She seemed to symbolize the same spirit of courage and foresight that had resulted in the founding of a new empire on the summit of those rocky cliffs washed by the mighty St. Lawrence, for surely it had taken just those rare qualities to warrant the spending of millions of dollars on this great enterprise, at a time when the very foundations of commerce were tottering. And it also showed a faith in the future of Canada, a faith which many of us, alas, seem to be without.

As I drew near her resting place, having traversed seemingly endless miles of cement docks, derricks, sheds, and railway tracks, I noticed her towering masts and huge funnels, which, by the way, are the largest of any ship in the world; her row of neat white lifeboats, which seemed almost a mockery to her apparent seaworthiness, all visible above the top of the long black shed, which served to hide her rows of shining portholes.

The Empress of Britain has more recreation space than any ship in the world; her promenade deck is nearly twice the width of those on other ships, and she has two full-sized tennis courts on her boat-deck; in fact throughout, she provides more space per person than any ship ever built. To illustrate this fact, I mention the remark made recently by a famous statesman who had been shown around her: "I am greatly impressed with this magnificent ship," he said, "but I should like very much to get a look at the water before I leave!"

If the Empress of Britain is an inspiring sight from without, it is magnificent from within.

The decoration and furnishings of the ship are strikingly modern in tone; they have been carried out by a group of famous British artists, including Edmond Dulac and W. Heath Robinson.

Her lounges and smoking rooms contain so many novel and artistic touches, that a detailed description would be too involved, so I shall just mention a few of them.

One of the most notable paintings on the ship is the immense mural at the head of the main staircase, which depicts Champlain presenting his wife to the Jesuit Fathers at Quebec.

A most unusual colour scheme is embodied in the decoration of the Cathay lounge; the walls are of black plate glass and silver, and the ultra modern furniture in chinese red, with silver stripes.

A more restful room is the Moorish smoking room, finished in cream stucco, with iron grilles set high up in the walls, and massive iron-bound doors. Its wrought iron chandeliers, costly Turkish rugs, and great red leather chairs are typical of the villas in northern Spain.

Mention, too, must be made of the ballroom, which is, perhaps, the most distinctive of them all. Its walls are finished in a soft green, and at the far end, a great green glass screen, against which masses of hydrangeas are banked, separates the dancers from what is considered to be one of the finest groups of musicians on the Atlantic. The dance floor itself is built on springs and is one of the largest afloat.

On one side of the room there is a large stage, and complete apparatus for showing talking pictures; on the other side, long narrow French windows extend right to the floor, and open onto the verandah café.

An ingenious reflecting device by which lights concealed in the pillars throw a diffused glow over the entire ballroom, is made doubly effective by long, trailing ostrich plumes, which curl gracefully down from the pillars and from around the walls.

Space does not permit a detailed account of the beautiful main dining room, or the quaint oak-panelled French-Canadian grill. Even the Queen Anne writing room, and the Knickerbocker bar, with its humorous sketches around the four walls, by W. Heath Robinson, must be passed over here.

The wonderfully equipped gymnasium and beauty parlours, presided over by a leading Paris beauty specialist, the brokerage offices, where the stock and bond reports are obtained, and where orders may be transmitted to the London or New York stock exchanges, the press rooms, where a newspaper containing all the latest news, straight from the Associated Press, is printed and distributed twice a day, and the Grande Allée, as it is called, where all the principal firms of the world's most

important cities display their goods in beautiful salons, are all part of the luxurious appointments of this floating city.

The Olympian swimming pool, the largest afloat, with its balcony lounge and its sun treatment rooms and Turkish baths, is another convenience enjoyed by the aquatic-minded.

Although the public rooms are a revelation in lavish magnificence, her passenger accommodation sets a new standard in ocean travel. Instead of the cramped and unpleasant quarters that are to be found even in this day and age on so many of our liners, the rooms on the *Empress of Britain*,—I say rooms because they are larger than most cabins—are built with one object in view, space!

There are suites of five rooms, with all the comforts of a stately town house, including tiled bathrooms in contrasting colours, loud speakers inlaid in the wall, where one may receive, simply by turning a knob, any of the three orchestras playing in the different lounges, and many other startling improvements. Some of the rooms have private sun-parlours equipped with Vita glass, and all have ship-to-shore telephones installed, by which one may pick up the receiver and become connected with one's friends on either side of the Atlantic. The *Empress of Britain* is the only liner in the world to offer this amazing invention, perfected only a few months ago, to their passengers at no extra cost. It is also the only ship afloat with every first-class room an outside one.

With the unquestionable advantage of space, the *Empress of Britain* is also holder of the world's shortest Atlantic crossing, that of four days, three hours and twenty-six minutes, which she obtained this summer after twice beating her own record. It must not be thought that she has beaten the *Bremen*, however, as the distance from Quebec to Southampton is almost three hundred miles shorter than from New York.

As I descended the gangway and retraced my steps through the silent black shed, the curtain was drawn across one of my most enjoyable experiences, and I was once more in the drab world of derricks and docks which I had left two hours before. Those scenes of regal grandeur, which I had gazed upon so lately, were now shut out by that gigantic casing of iron and steel, which was the ship itself.

At the top of the heights I paused. The bluish dusk of evening had settled over the river and the mountains beyond. A band was playing on the terrace out in front of the Chateau Frontenac, and its strains were wafted faintly toward me on the wings of the rising night breeze. Below me, the *Empress of Britain* lay serenely in the hushed twilight, her mast lights twinkling from high above,—one of man's mightiest works against a background of one of nature's masterpieces.

THE AMBASSADOR

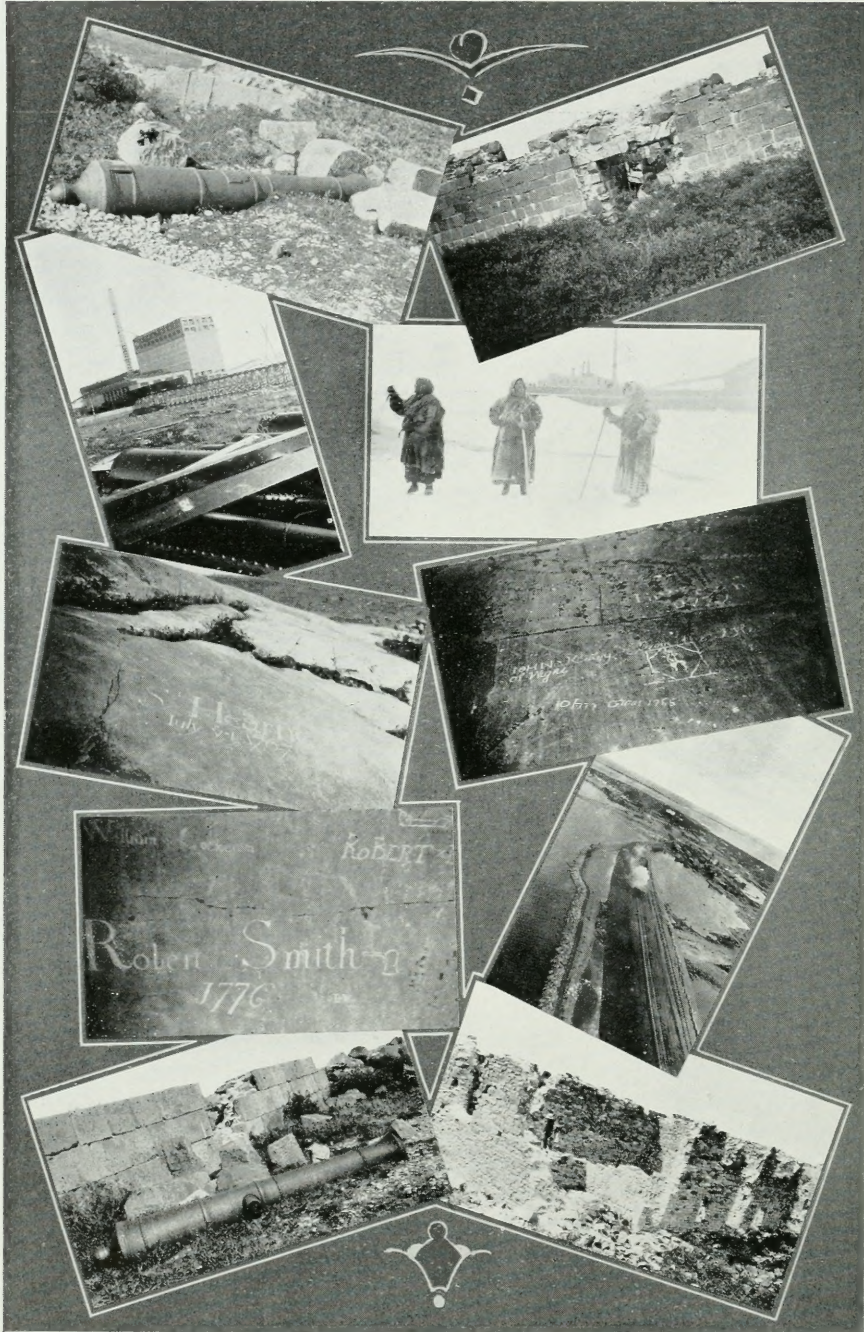
Historic Churchill

A great number of the historic events of this continent are connected with the Hudson's Bay and Churchill. At one time it was thought that the bay afforded a short route from the European countries to the Orient, so making possible the north-west passage. In the 17th century, Henry Hudson, the explorer, entered Hudson's Bay, explored the eastern coast of it, and wintered at its foot. In 1611 he was cast adrift by the mutineers, together with his young son and some of the loyal members of his crew.

In the rocks and ruins around Churchill are read the stories of three outstanding events. The first of these was the expedition of Captain Jens Munck, who searched for a north-west passage. He had been sent out from Denmark by King Christian IV in 1619. With Munck were 64 men and a chaplain and he commanded two ships, the "Enhjoringen" and the "Lampren." Leaving Denmark on May 9th, they entered the Hudson's Straits early in July, and arrived in the Hudson's Bay in August. The only native inhabitants they saw on the trip were a party of Eskimos with whom they traded knives and mirrors for meat and birds. At Churchill their winter quarters were established. It is believed by some that the camp was at Sloop's Cove. Iron staples and rings at this place indicate that at some time they were used for tying up vessels. During the winter sickness carried off the majority of the men. The next year they left Churchill, taking only the Lampren, after sinking the other ship.

The most important development in the history of the bay was the founding of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1670. This was due in large measure to the efforts of two Frenchmen, Radisson and Chouart, who in 1668 commenced fur trading under English backing. The royal charter granted to this company gave to it exclusive rights over the whole drainage basin of the Hudson's Bay, this territory later being called Rupert's Land, after Prince Rupert, the first governor of the company. In the years that followed the founding of the company, opposition forced it to build forts at strategic positions in order to preserve its rights.

Within 15 years five trading posts were built: at Albany, Hayes Island, Rupert River, Port Nelson, and New Severn. In 1715 the first Fort Prince of Wales was built about five miles in from the mouth of the Churchill river. Later this position was abandoned and a new fort built at the mouth of the river, on the west side. Commenced in 1733, the construction was of solid masonry, the materials being gathered locally. The fort was approximately 300 feet square, and inside it were placed the living quarters, the storehouse and the powder magazine. The house was 103 feet long and 33 feet wide.



Due to interference from the then governor at Churchill, the fort was not built to the original plans at first. These plans called for walls 42 feet thick, but the governor objected to this, as he considered 25 feet quite enough. After the walls were erected to this dimension, it was found that the cannon would not stay on them, so the whole thing had to be torn down and rebuilt to the original plans. The height was 16 feet 9 inches and this was capped by a parapet 5 feet in height and 6 feet 3 inches in thickness. The parapet contained 40 embrasures, and the guns for these varied from 6 to 24 pounders. These guns are still lying around the fort.

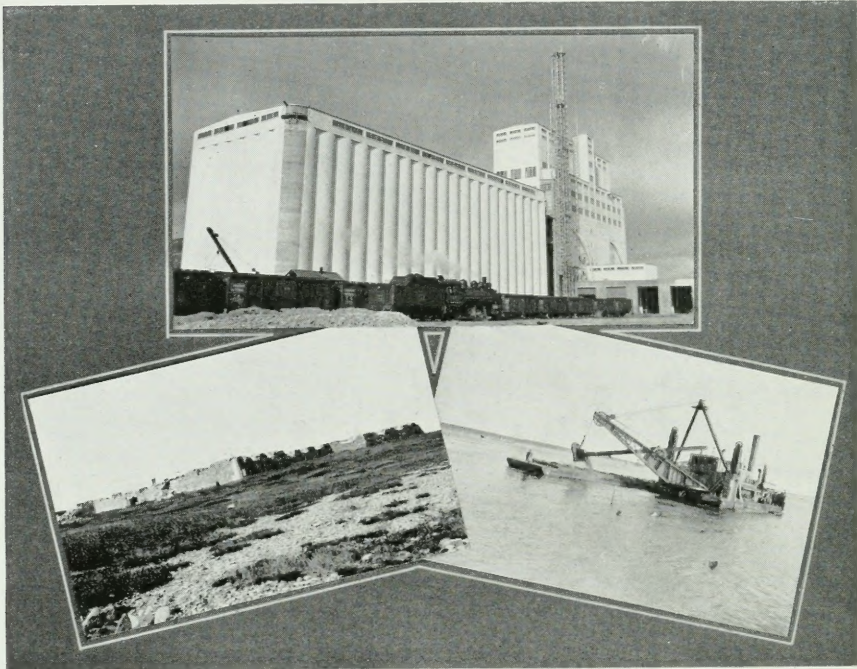
Completed in 1747, the fort was one of the strongest in North America. It is interesting to note that the masons received £25 a year, the labourers £6, and the teamsters £15. The cost for three years' work amounted to £1,428, and the estimated cost, completed, £8,000.

In 1769, S. Hearne was sent by the Hudson's Bay Company to report on copper deposits in the region northwest of Churchill. After two unsuccessful attempts, he succeeded in reaching the Coppermine River, and followed it down to Coronation Bay. As a reward for the valuable data gathered by him, he was given the governorship of the new fort. During his rule the fort had its one and only attack. In August, 1782, the French boats "Sceptre" and "Astarte Engageante," with a total of 110 guns, attacked the fort. The attacking force was led by Admiral La Perouse. Hearne had only 39 men and he faced 400 of the enemy, so he promptly surrendered, not knowing that the opposing force were ill clad and in very poor condition after a long sea voyage. After the surrender, La Perouse replenished his stores, then demolished the fort, leaving it in the condition that it is in to-day. Hearne was taken prisoner to France. In the following year peace was signed between France and Britain, and Hearne returned to Churchill.

Another reminder of the history of Churchill are names carved in the rocks on the west side of the river. That of S. Hearne is quite distinct, together with a date "July Ye 1, 1767." There are in all about thirteen names with the accompanying dates ranging from 1741 to 1776. Of the names, only that of S. Hearne has been preserved by history. One of the carvings, "John Kelly from the Isle of Wight," is the name of a man who is reputed to have been hanged for the theft of a goose. A little distance away are the names of two boats, the "Furnace" and the "Discovery," and just to the right of them is the beginning of the Latin quotation, of which there is only "*Pro publ—*" completed. These two boats were sent out in 1741 by the British to look for the north-west passage.

A tragic reminder of the suffering of a group of our western pioneers is seen in the gravestone of one "John Sutherland, 1813." This marks the grave of one of the original Selkirk settlers. Brought out in 1811 by

Lord Selkirk, this group of Scottish people were landed at Sloop's Cove, as the captain of the ship refused to take them to Port Nelson. The season was far advanced, and preparations had to be made for the winter. It was an extremely severe one. Scurvy broke out. In the spring the remainder of the group started out on the long trek to the Red River, which was reached in the late summer.



To-day the eyes of North America are focussed on Churchill. A 2,500,000 bushel grain elevator has been built and successfully operated. With the safe arrival at the European ports of the "Walkworth" and "Farnworth," a new commercial route has been opened up. A railway terminal has been constructed with all the necessary shops. In the summer the scene is one of the utmost activity. What the ultimate development of Churchill will be only the future can tell, but we in western Canada are looking forward to the time when oceanic sailings from Churchill will be as common as those from the eastern ports.

E. S. MAGILL, '24.

The Mystic East as Viewed Through Western Spectacles

The continent of Asia has aroused a more widespread interest among the peoples of the western world during the twentieth century than during any corresponding period hitherto. The problems of the East are discussed in very general terms. The East yet remains, however, a great mystery to the uninitiated, whether they admit it or not. In the case of India, since the war particularly, a deluge of generalities and theoretic idealism has found its setting in the press, particularly of the United States, whereby people such as Ghandi have been portrayed, not in the light of political agitators, but rather in the category of saints. Existing holy writings might pale into insignificance in the matter of volume, were modern publicity, in its effort to satisfy modern sensationalism in the matter of creating saints and possibly a new flame of faith, not actually stimulating circulation for the benefit of local advertisers. It is understood, of course, that any statement or statements savouring of sensationalism are promptly "lapped up" by those to whom sensationalism means life in this present day and age of change and consequent instability.

Within recent months the British government, which may always be relied upon for sanity and wisdom, using these rare talents, has called together representative leaders of Indian life and has just asked them to agree among themselves in the matter of forming a new constitution favourable to all shades of Indian opinion. They have failed to agree. This disagreement has therefore exposed a colossal volume of spurious matter which has been circulated for the last ten years by those who generally use words without wisdom and who have been, in reality, very childishly twisting the lion's tail, merely using India as a medium.

The reality of things as they are in India has no sooner been disclosed, and the creating of saints, etc., temporarily checked, than the East again flares into the limelight. On this occasion, the Japanese conflict with China in Manchuria is the premier theme. As in the case of India, so now in the case of Japan and Manchuria: much spurious matter is again being written without any regard whatever for the facts. The sensationalist now has for his slogan, having temporarily released his grasp on the lion's tail, that the Japanese are carrying on an aggressive campaign into China. Were the facts of this matter to be studied it would be revealed that Japan has her point of view; that in Manchuria, Japan has numerous leases and huge investments which in recent times have been seriously threatened by unscrupulous Chinese bandits, whose numbers

have increased in recent years due to deserters and men otherwise released from periodic Chinese armies which have been operating against one another in the last decade.

Were United States interests in the Philippines similarly threatened, similar action by the United States would be readily understood. Here western views would be more normal, as they are concerned with western actions. Where the criticism of Oriental matters, whatever they may be, by western peoples who are unfamiliar with the countries in question, is erroneous is not so much that such criticism is malicious as that it is misleading.

It is but sheer ignorance of the Orient and the Oriental. Western civilization, such as it is now, is taken as the standard; eastern civilization and culture are not understood. This in reality is a form of conceit, a steadily increasing perquisite of the uninitiated, on the part of western people, the duration of whose civilization and culture is indeed negligible compared with that of the East. The psychology and philosophy generally of Oriental peoples is just as different as it could be, if comparison with the West is made. The climate, which has much influence on the life and habits of humanity, although scant reference is ever made to this important fact, is again quite different. As environment places an indelible stamp on humanity, and as humanity evolves from sundry environments gradually to realize a consciousness other than its own, a religious element is inculcated and a philosophy finally created. In the case of oriental civilizations, this evolution has been gradual, thousands of years have passed in its making, and the environment remains and demands a loyalty to its eternal influence.

It may perhaps be seen, therefore, that it is indeed futile to view eastern matters except through eastern spectacles. Any other judgment must be amateur and in this particular western critics must be accused of unfamiliarity with the facts in the matters which they presume to discuss.

A Mohammedan would view the Bible only as a sceptic, just as a Christian would view the Koran.

Those who have been resident in the East, and who are in no way concerned with the criticism aforementioned, may be relied upon to give an impartial view. They are the only ones competent to do so for very obvious reasons. They will all stress the existence, socially, religiously, and philosophically of the impassible gulf between Oriental and Occidental culture.

Taking the Polynesian as an example, he may be described as one in no way interested in material gain, but as one who is religiously superior and philosophically wise; the former trait in his character, disinterestedness in things material, may possibly be explained in the American

medical dictionary under the heading "dementia"; the latter characteristics, however, are not subject to change. They do not sober with age. They are mellow at the onset and remain so. They do not yield under alien moral suasion, nor is the outlook on life in any way influenced or perturbed by the insolence of a passing "Ford." This but constitutes one example among numberless which could be cited to demonstrate a fixity of purpose peculiar to Asiatic people, which in no way harmonizes basically with western experimental idealism, but is the result of an environment which has generated an outlook on life true to nature, and for that reason different from western equivalents, which are similarly resultant from what nature demands.

The Asiatic has been so far removed in point of view of time from what is termed the pioneering age, and has lived so long in a stable and fixed environment, that centuries and centuries of custom and firm conviction have moulded the philosophy of these people into a changeless entity, which survives the ravages of time and contact, which is immutable and to them eternal.

HIBERNIA.



The Saguenay

The Saguenay river, perhaps more than any other stretch of water in America, is famous for the ruggedly majestic grandeur of its scenery. A popular writer has named it "The River of Death," and how truly you realize his reason for doing so, as you leave behind the mighty St. Lawrence and head toward the grim and towering portals that seem to guard the other world.

At the mouth of the Saguenay and in the very shadow of its awe-inspiring heights of gray rock and stunted pine, nestles the little village of Tadoussac, the oldest settlement in Canada. It was here that the Breton sailors bartered for furs with the Indians, and on the sloping hillside stands the little Indian chapel erected by the Jesuits over three hundred and fifty years ago.

Tadoussac is indeed a wildly beautiful if primitive settlement, with its ancient French farmhouses and old wharf, where fishing smacks anchor when a storm threatens the heaving bosom of the St. Lawrence.

Soon, however, Tadoussac is hidden from sight, and this little village, steeped in Indian legends, becomes a fond memory.

You are now surrounded on all sides by towering cliffs rising sheer from the water to stupendous heights, nearly shutting out the sun. The water here is a dark brown, almost black, and very deep. The silence is oppressive,—not a sound but the wash of the waves as they are cleft by the bow of the boat.

It is usually late in the afternoon when you begin the ascent of the river and for some time after you enter it there is no sign of living habitation. You wind silently around the bends in the river, in a northwesterly direction; sometimes the river is three-quarters of a mile wide, more often only half a mile.

The mountains become higher as you progress; soon they shut out the sun and a thin mist settles down over their lofty peaks. At a twist in the river the sun again becomes visible, slowly setting, a misty golden ball of fire in a yellow haze, like some great street lamp on a foggy night.

The river lies before you, a winding ribbon of black crêpe, the mountains like silent black wraiths shutting it in on all sides.

Upon rounding a bend in the river you see, far in the distance, a grim sentinel, standing head and shoulders above the others, its massive peak thrown into sharp relief against the crimson twilight so typical of Quebec sunsets. Cape Eternity! How appropriate a name for the guardian of this river Styx, slowly winding its way into another world. There is a little bay which separates this awesome monster of stone from its equally impressive neighbour, Cape Trinity, named thus because of its three

distinct humps, rising one on top of the other. Into this bay the steamer turns, passing within what seems to be a few yards of the sheer sides of Cape Trinity, yet in reality a considerable distance away. This effect of nearness is produced by the colossal height of the cliff; it seems almost to be swaying toward you as you gaze up at it. Then, suddenly, the steamer's whistle is given a loud blast, and an amazing thing happens; the silence is shattered by a hundred echoes, rumbling back and forth among these granite heights, for fully five minutes. As you turn once more out of this little bay, the whistle gives a parting blast, that plays back and forth between these cliffs long after you have left them behind.

On the face of Cape Trinity, about half way up, stands what at first appears to be merely a white blotch, in amongst the pines, but on closer examination through field glasses turns out to be a statue of the Virgin Mary, with one hand extended over the river; it is of real marble, and is sixty feet high, giving some idea of the height of Cape Trinity. It was erected some years ago by a Frenchman, an ardent Roman Catholic, who, while climbing the mountain in the middle of winter, slipped into a crevice, breaking his leg. While he lay there he remembered his past sins, and offered up a prayer to the Virgin Mary for deliverance, saying that if he were saved he would come back to the spot and erect a statue to her. In some miraculous way he was discovered, and he kept his promise.

From here on the mountains become smaller once more, and soon the river is surrounded by rolling hills.

As the last red rays of the lingering twilight blend into the purple of night, your boat arrives at the town of Bagotville, practically the end of the navigable river, and ties up at the dock to spend the night before making the return trip.

Bagotville, while not as quaint as Tadoussac, is yet an interesting town. It is the centre of the paper industry of northern Quebec, and there are large pulp mills here, but these are the only signs of civilization in the place. Not even a railway branch line connects this little town, nestling in the northern pines, with the large cities. In winter it is utterly inaccessible.

At Bagotville we had reached our farthest point, the termination of a trip that will ever remain in my memory as one of the most beautiful and majestic trips I have ever taken.

T. E. HETHERINGTON, Form IV



My Lady

Tall tufted trees that tower
High above my lady's bower;
And twisted vines that round her twine
Of fragrant smelling eglantine:
These are her dower.

The doe that muzzles at her hand,
And dainty fawn that scarce may stand;
The crystal-throated hermit thrush
That sings from flowered laurel bush:
These are her demand.

The silver brook that hurries by
And mirrors clear the azure sky;
The rugged mountain's deep-set glen,
The haunt of stag and foxes' den:
These are her cry.

The cattle lowing in their byre,
A cosy place beside the fire,
Of home and fireside every sound,
And little children playing 'round:
These are her desire.

R. T. CATTLE, JR., Upper VI

Alexander Graham Bell

With the death this term of Thomas A. Edison, there is called to mind the life of another great inventor, Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on the third day of March, 1847, the son of Alexander Melville Bell, who was the inventor of visible speech.

When Alexander Melville Bell came to Canada in 1870, he brought with him his son who was just twenty-three years of age. The young man was given only six months to live, and during that brief space allotted to him, his greatest problem was to transfer the human voice through space by means of wires, or render practical his theory of what was called "electric speech." He would spend many weary hours turning the problem over in his mind as he sat on the banks of the Grand river, looking toward the town of Brantford.

After recovering his health, he went to Boston where he became instructor in vocal physiology at Boston University. He kept working on the invention of the telephone all the time he was there, but he worked the hardest when he came home to Brantford in the summertime. After two years of labour in experiments to perfect the talking apparatus, he finally succeeded in his invention that would send the human voice over wires.

On March 10th, 1876, the first actual wire message of the voice was heard from the distance of seven miles, between Brantford and Paris, Ontario. Thomas Watson, Bell's assistant, heard the message, though it was not very clear on account of the different kinds of wire used to transmit the message. Nevertheless, Watson heard it clearly enough to know what Bell was saying.

On January 25th, 1915, thirty-nine years after sending his first message, Bell took his invention to New York and repeated the same message over a machine not quite so crude as the first; and again his assistant Watson heard it, but this time he was in San Francisco!

The house where the telephone was invented stands on the banks of the Grand river. The view of Brantford from Tutela Heights (for that is the name of that part of the country) is a pleasant panorama of roofs and spires with the river meadow lying between the heights and the town.

A long, high hedge makes a sort of green tunnel to the front verandah of the little house painted white, and within you are shown the glass cases where the different stages of the telephone, from the first talking apparatus to the present day instrument, are preserved. The house is just the way Bell left it; the furniture is very simple and plain. As you enter the hallway, there is a writing-table with a book where you may register

your name. People from all over the world come to the place where the human voice was first sent out over wires.

In Brantford there is a memorial dedicated to the honour of the inventor. At the unveiling of the memorial, Dr. Bell said to the assembled crowd that witnessed the ceremony, "I cannot claim to be the inventor of the modern telephone. That is the product of many minds. I only initiated the transmission of sound. It was initiated here in Brantford. So many people say I invented it in Boston; it only acquired a physical existence in Boston."

Bell had to fight for his rights in the invention of the telephone. Many costly lawsuits followed; but Bell won his rights before the Supreme Court of the United States.

The telephone was not his only invention. In 1880 he invented the photophone, which was used for the transmission and reproduction of sounds by waves of light. In 1887 he invented the graphophone, an instrument which mechanically reproduces the human speech. He followed his father in important researches regarding the instruction of deaf mutes.

He received the Volta prize from the French Government in 1881, and in 1882 a diploma and the decoration of the National Legion of Honour of France. He was elected a member of the National Academy of Sciences in 1883.

His last few years were spent in making wider applications of his greatest invention, the telephone, and also in the development of aviation. Indeed, it is quite possible that he foresaw the present day when one may talk across the ocean from continent to continent; from ship to ship on the high seas; and now, with a Canadian's perfection of the device, from a moving train across a continent.

For many years Bell spent his summers at beautiful Baddeck in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, and there he died on August 1st, 1922, at the age of seventy-three, quite a ripe old age for a man who fifty-two years before had been given but six months to live. There he is buried in a tomb hollowed from the solid rock, marked by a simple and stately cairn of stones, overlooking the magnificent harbour; and here, too, come thousands of tourists annually to pay tribute to one of the greatest of mankind's benefactors, one whose very life, in overcoming so many obstacles, may well serve as an inspiration to the youth of Canada.

T. R. FORBES, Form IV.

Edison

Thomas Alva Edison was born on February 11th, 1847, at Milan, Ohio. In 1854, he moved to Port Huron, Michigan, and two years later commenced chemical experiments in the cellar of his home. His school teachers thought him mentally incompetent for asking so many questions and he was finally taken out of school and taught by his mother.

At the early age of fifteen he attempted to establish a homemade newspaper, but was thrown into the St. Clair river on his first attempt and therefore decided to pursue a different career. He turned toward the field of scientific research. The journalistic world lost a great publisher, but the world at large gained its greatest inventor, "the man who invented inventing."

From this he turned to telegraphy, a routine path for most who follow it. For him it was a path that led to historic lights and phonographs and motion pictures and storage batteries and a thousand and one things which combine to make material existence what it is to-day.

His first job was that of a candy and news "butcher" on the Grand Trunk Railway, between his home in Port Huron and Detroit. While working on the train he managed to operate in the combined baggage and express car a publishing plant and an experimental laboratory. His publication was the "Weekly Herald," which had a circulation of 500 and the cost of output was limited to ink and paper.

When he was sixteen he became night operator at the Stratford station, but immediately set to work on an invention which cost him his job but started him on his career.

Owing to his tendency to fall asleep at this work, he was instructed to wire the letter "A" to another station every hour. This ruling was what lost him his job. He devised an instrument which would automatically send the letter "A" every hour, while he dozed. However, he was caught asleep on duty and discharged.

Edison prophesied as early as 1907, the use of sound pictures, and to-day the theatres in all progressive countries have relegated the silent movie to second place.

Edison's services in inventing the hundreds of electrical devices which are in common use to-day, have rounded out a career of usefulness which probably has no parallel in man's record.

One of his early triumphs was the invention of the incandescent electric lamp in 1879, and from that grew a family of lighting creations to displace the lamps which used whale-oil and kerosene. To-day the long-distance transmission of electric power carries the electric lamp to remote communities and transforms the life of the farmer and the pioneer.

The year 1868 saw the first of Edison's inventions patented. It was an electrical fool-proof, "graft-proof," vote recording machine; yet it never caught anybody's fancy.

Edison went on to greater discoveries. The radio tube, the wireless telegraph between lands, ships, or trains, dictating machines—all came from the creation of his workshop, now factory size, at Orange. He combined with Eastman and invented a motion picture camera. He improved storage batteries, cement works, and iron mills. When war broke out he turned his activities towards the need of his country.

Edison also had his failures. Lowest on his patent list was his "vocal engine." He tried in the '70's to harness the energy of vocal sound vibrations, apparently being appalled at the waste in after-dinner speeches. A diaphragm, behind a mouthpiece, was connected by a small link, with a ratchet so constructed that the motions of the diaphragm caused by the voice vibrations would turn a wheel. To this was attached a grooved pulley, around which a belt could be placed. The belt, he figured, could be applied to the driving of a small machine. It didn't work.

Had Edison not lived, and had no one else perfected the devices he invented, life would be vastly different. Without Edison's work the world would be using gas for lights; it would be using one-way telegraphy wires instead of the multiplex system now used. It would have no wireless telegraphy, and consequently no radio broadcasting. There would be no phonographs, no motion pictures, nor dozens of other devices in routine use to-day, commercially or privately.

No figure so completely satisfied the popular ideal of what an inventor should be. He was poor, but he acquired affluence through his own ingenuity and industry. He had a sure instinct for the right mechanical or electrical combination of parts. He defied the doctrines of pure science, and succeeded where theoretically he should have failed. Sometimes he saw in a flash the proper method of attaining his technical ends. More often he groped patiently, tirelessly. He cared nothing for dress. He probably never wore evening clothes more than once a year, after he became famous. He cared nothing for the ordinary comforts and pleasures of life. There were times when he did not leave his laboratory for a fortnight, yet his home was only a city block away.

A few days before he passed away he was sitting in his chair apparently enjoying a pleasant dream. Suddenly opening his eyes and gazing upwards, his face illuminated with a smile, he said, "It is very beautiful over there." Later he lapsed into a coma and thence to his last sleep. He died at the great age of 84, in the early morning of October 18th, 1931.

He gave his life to invention, moving from one problem to another

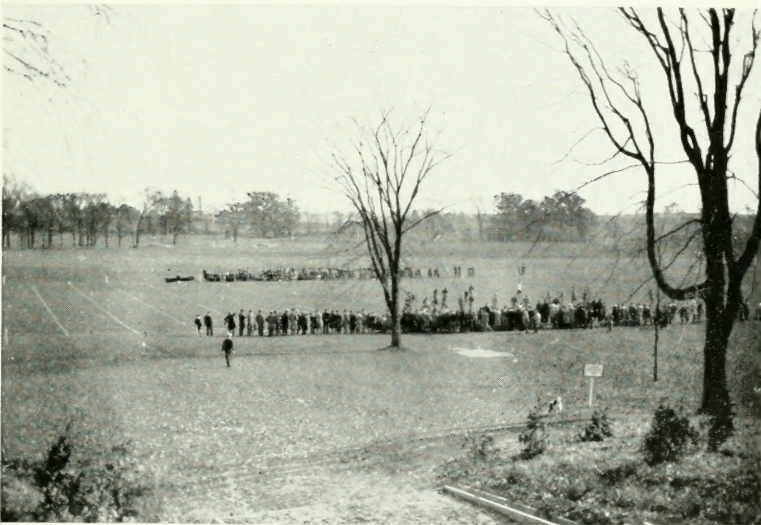
and emerging from his laboratory triumphant, as he contributed to the progress of the machine age.

Edison was a confirmed inventor, his brain ever fashioning in imagination some new creation for the advance of industry or the increase of man's comfort. With him the heroic age of invention probably ends. The future belongs to the organized, highly-trained physicists and chemists of to-day.

Edison himself did not grow old. He was like a young driver in a wornout cart. The sense of personal loss is very heavy to everyone.

There was only one Edison.

H. PAULIN, Form L. VIA.



—Whitehouse

"THE GAME'S AFOOT . . ."

SCHOOL NEWS



TERM DIARY

- September 10—School opens.
- “ 13—The Old Boys begin to come back.
- “ 20—Entertainment for new boys, Flavelle house basement.
- “ 26—S.A.C. II, 9; Oakwood Jrs., 0; at Aurora.
- “ 30—S.A.C. 135 lb., 36; Pickering 135 lb., 0; at Aurora.
- October 3—S.A.C. I, 10; Varsity Intermediates, 16; at Toronto.
- “ 5—Mrs. Macdonald's Lower School party.
- “ 7—S.A.C. I, 1; Malvern Srs., 18. Mrs. Macdonald's Memorial House party.
- “ 8—S.A.C. II, 13; Pickering II, 13; at Aurora. Mrs. Macdonald's Flavelle House party.
- “ 9—Weekend.
- “ 16—S.A.C. I, 2; North Toronto, 7; at Toronto.
- “ 17—S.A.C. III, 4; Lakefield I, 42; at Lakefield.
- “ 19—S.A.C. I, 10; Pickering I, 7; at Pickering.
- “ 21—Prize Day. Visit of Sir William Clarke.
- “ 23—S.A.C. L.S., 26; Elm House, 0; at Aurora.
- “ 24—Little Big Four starts. S.A.C. I, 15; T.C.S. I, 5; at Aurora.
- “ 27—S.A.C. II, 27; Newmarket C.I., 0; at Aurora.
- “ 28—S.A.C. L.S., 5; T.C.S. L.S., 57; at Port Hope.
- “ 29—S.A.C. III, 2; Pickering 135-lb., 27; at Pickering.
- “ 31—S.A.C. I, 0; Ridley I, 22; at Aurora.
- November 3—S.A.C. L.S., 5; U.C.C. L.S., 22; at Aurora.
- “ 4—S.A.C. L.S., 6; T.C.S. L.S., 11; at Aurora
- “ 6—Lower School cross-country run.
- “ 7—S.A.C. I, 6; U.C.C. I, 8; at Toronto. Weekend.
- “ 11—Remembrance Day Service. Upper School cross-country run.
- “ 16—Visit of Mr. Pilcher. Talk on “India.”
- “ 19—Master's soccer team, 0; “*Les Canadiens*, Champions,” 2.
- “ 23—S.P.A. hockey. S.A.C., 5; Parkdale C.C., 12.

November 25—Meeting of the Toronto Hunt at the College.
 “ 30—St. Andrew's Day. First parade of the Horse Marines.
 December 1—Review contest closes.
 “ 18—School closes. Merry Christmas.

I. L. JENNINGS.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

So far this year we have had two meetings of the Literary Society. Mr. O'Sullivan is again our president and under his direction the society seems to be keeping to the high standard set in previous years. Thomson I and his skit committee have already excelled themselves and we hope to see them in action quite often this year. The new boys are willing contributors to each evening's programme and are to be congratulated on their obvious talent. The following officers and committee have been appointed:

Hon. President—Dr. D. B. Macdonald.

President—Mr. W. B. O'Sullivan.

First Vice-President—R. T. Cattle.

Second Vice-President—J. A. Detweiler.

Secretary—H. J. Findlay I.

Historians—Thomson I, Clement I.

Memorial House Representatives—Young, Macdonald II.

Flavelle House Representatives—Hughes, Shapley.

Macdonald House Representatives—Rea, Macdonald IV.

R. T. C.

CADET CORPS

Under the able direction of Cadet Instructor Capt. C. A. B. Young, the Cadet Corps has progressed with great speed. The simpler movements of company drill have already been gone through, which is an innovation in fall drill. This autumn our instructor has concentrated on foot drill. Only the first arms movements have been taught the corps. During the winter term we hope to complete and perfect our knowledge of arms movements, polishing up everything in the spring. The marksmanship end of our training has been taken over by Mr. Dowden, who is himself an excellent shot and a prominent figure in Dominion and Provincial contests. We hope to have a rifle team selected soon after

Christmas to enter junior competitions. The following officers and senior N.C.O.'s have been appointed:

CADET CORPS

Captain—R T. Cattle.

First Lieutenant—W. G. Jennings I.

Second Lieutenants—R. E. Waller, J. G. Armstrong I, J. T. Young.

C.S.M.—J. Perrin.

C.Q.M.S.—J. Bloom.

BAND:

First Lieutenant—J. A. Detweiler.

R. T. C.

PRIZE DAY

Another fall season has rapidly drawn to a close, and like the previous years has brought with it many activities at the college. Between the many rugby games, two week-ends, dashing to town on the excuse to get the odd tie or pair of socks, and last, but not least, our studies, it has been a comparatively full term.

Perhaps the most important event to the real students of the school was the annual distribution of prizes, which was held this year on October the twenty-first. A few weeks previous to this, the headmaster announced that Sir William Clark, British High Commissioner to the United Kingdom, would present some of the prizes and give a short address.

By some miracle, Prize Day was granted a beautiful clear fall day, rather than the usual St. Andrew's weather of rain or snow.

At about two o'clock, Sir William, accompanied by Sir Joseph Flavelle, General Ashton, and the Headmaster, made an inspection of both Upper School houses, Macdonald House, and the chapel. During this inspection the populace of the school had assembled on the quad ready to greet their relatives and friends, and as the distinguished guests came across from the chapel, the hum of movie cameras was heard, for the movie fans had turned out in full force to get the party as they entered Dunlap Hall.

Between two-thirty and three o'clock, a steady stream of shining cars made their way up the drive from Yonge Street, each one stopping in front of the academic building while their occupants alighted.

There was a call-over in all the forms at five minutes to three, and a few minutes later the classes filed into the gymnasium, which was decor-

ated with cedar boughs, autumn leaves, and Union Jacks. It was filled to its seating capacity with many friends and relatives.

The afternoon was opened by the singing of the school hymn, after which the lesson was read by Dr. J. B. Paulin, followed by a short prayer from Canon Cody.

The Headmaster then made his speech about the school in general last year, saying that the matriculation results were not what they had



been in previous years. He declared that Ontario's system of education was utterly wrong. He went on to say that he had heard university professors complain that many schools sent students lacking in independence of thought, but he said that the schools were not to blame for this and that it was the matriculation system, which he said he hoped would be remedied by the university. He then welcomed Sir Robert Falconer to Prize Day, for the last time as President of the University of Toronto, but said that he hoped it would not be his last visit as a friend of the school, and that any time he would be most welcome.

Sir Robert assured us that any time the school needed him he would be at its service. He then referred to the educational system which Dr.

Macdonald had previously mentioned, saying that he quite agreed, but that he would leave that now to Dr. Cody, who would very soon fill the office from which he was retiring. Sir Robert stated that examinations were not a true test of ability though there must be intellectual discernment and precision of thought, and he added that if a human being has these two, he or she will go far in getting at the thing that really counts. In conclusion he said that a school like St. Andrew's should give you these things as well as put you through examinations. "We need," he said, "a radical change in our system of education and we will not get it by tinkering."

The Headmaster then read a list of a few prizewinners, who came forward and received them from Sir Robert.

The next speaker of the afternoon was His Grace Archbishop McNeil, who has always taken a keen interest in the school's activities. In regard to examinations, His Grace said that they exercised the memory rather than the mental power. He said that undue emphasis was placed on examinations and that too much emphasis on the result had a tendency to make the purpose of education utilitarian rather than cultural.

Apart from the general proficiency prizes and various medals, a rifle is given each year by the 48th Highlanders Chapter of the I.O.D.E. for the best shot, and it was won this year by N. L. Hilary of Aurora, and was presented by Mrs. Ian Sinclair.

Sir William Clark then presented the remaining prizes, after which he made a very fine speech, telling the boys what was expected of them when they left the school. After speaking about current history, he explained Britain's departure from the gold standard, and stated that salvation would only come to the world when all nations were ready to meet sacrifices, and that if our political leaders acted wisely, we should see before very long the nations beginning to rally once more.

Just as the proceedings were about to close, Mrs. Macdonald stepped forward and asked if the boys might be given a holiday on her behalf, which was added to the week-end later in the term. The formalities closed with the singing of the National Anthem, and the guests left the hall to meet Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald in the Upper School dining-room, where refreshments were served. The long tea tables were attractively decorated with yellow 'mums, autumn leaves, and tall red candles.

At about five-thirty a roar of motors was heard in the parking area and it was finally drained of every car; the quad lights snapped on and there I stood in the purple twilight watching the long line of twinkling lights stream down the drive into the night. Another Prize Day had come and gone.

D. F. C.

Form Lower VIA

1st....	"	" Hamilton I, G. P.	1st....	Hamilton I, G. P.
2nd....	"	" Hamilton II, J. H.	2nd....	Waller
3rd....	"	" Waller	3rd....	Hamilton II, J. H.
				4th....	Slingsby
				5th....	Cattle
				6th....	Jennings I, W. G.

Form Upper VI

1st....	General Proficiency Hogarth	1st....	Duncan
2nd....	"	"	2nd....	Kingston
3rd....	"	"	3rd....	Tucker
4th....	"	"	4th....	Graham I, J. S.
			5th....	Smith I, H. P.

Head Prefect's Prize..... T. A. Gordon
(A. B. Gordon, 8 Forest Hill Rd.)

Governor-General's Medal..... G. R. Duncan

Lieutenant-Governor's Silver Medal..... G. R. Duncan

Lieutenant-Governor's Bronze Medal..... J. H. Hamilton

The Chairman's Gold Medal..... G. P. Hamilton
Ellsworth Cup, For annual competition for the best Platoon in the Cadet Corps. Won
by Platoon No. 1, W. T. Turnbull, Platoon Commander.

48th Highlander's Chapter of the I.O.D.E. Rifle (for Proficiency in Shooting)... N. L. Hillary

Wyld Prize in Latin..... E. B. Edwards
(E. S. Edwards, 153 Forest Hill Pd.)

The Isabelle Cockshutt Prizes in History..... { E. S. Macdonald
H. F. Gould

Old Boys' Medal in Mathematics..... G. R. Duncan

Ashton Medal in English..... R. T. Cattle

Cooper Medal in Science..... J. D. Tucker

Georges Etienne Cartier Medal in French..... G. R. Duncan

Hulbig Medal in Mathematics..... R. E. Waller

Laurence Crowe Medal..... E. H. Ellis

Thorley Medal..... A. W. Dunbar

Christie Cup..... R. T. Cattle

Cricket Cup..... T. A. Gordon

REMEMBRANCE DAY

The nation-wide observance this year of Remembrance Day was responsible for the impressive service which was held so appropriately in our Memorial Chapel.

A number of visitors from Aurora and the surrounding country were already assembled when at ten forty-five the school filed in, and sat during the rendering of Brahm's *O how blessed, faithful spirits, are ye*, on the organ.

At eleven o'clock, the Headmaster rose, followed by the congregation which stood with bowed heads, in silent tribute to those names engraved on the Roll of Honour behind the communion table, and those other thousands who parted with life itself to maintain the freedom of the world.

At the conclusion of the two minutes silence, Dr. Macdonald offered a prayer of praise and thanksgiving for the glorious victory obtained by the allies. Then followed the hymn,

"Praise to our God, whose bounteous Hand,
Prepared of old, our glorious land."

As the last notes died away, another prayer, in remembrance of the innumerable company gathered in the heavenly world, was offered. After which, Dr. Macdonald read a passage from the twelfth chapter of Hebrews, and the hymn, "For all the saints who from their labours rest," was sung.

Following a short prayer, Dr. Paulin delivered an inspiring address, emphasizing the sacrifice of the sixty thousand Canadians, whose lives were forfeited in order that the world might be maintained as a fit place to live in by those who have the blood of free men coursing through their veins.

He spoke of those men who were standing on the threshold of manhood, and who, at the call of duty, "poured out the red, sweet wine of youth."

"I am glad," he said, "that the counsels of those who wanted to bring the body of an unknown soldier to Ottawa did not prevail, and the body of the unknown warrior which rests in Westminster Abbey with the mighty dead of many centuries represents our dead.

"On the eleventh day of November, 1920, eleven years ago to-day, the Empire bestowed the highest honour she could upon her dead. From one of the war areas the body was taken. General Foch stood at the salute as it was placed upon a stately man-of-war, and brought to England. All night it remained at Victoria Station, guarded by soldiers who stood with bayonets fixed. On the morning of the eleventh, the casket, draped in the flag which was flown at Ypres during the historic defence of that city, was brought in solemn procession through the streets of London. Such a procession was never witnessed before in London or anywhere else, no other cortege was ever seen which awakened such universal signs of emotion. Who was this warrior at whose burial the King was chief mourner? No one knows. One little lad was allowed to enter the Abbey because he said, 'He might be my dad.'

"That funeral was a symbol; that casket contained not one body only, but a great host. He was the representative of thousands of fallen

heroes resting in nameless graves, and all the love and gratitude of the Empire were poured out on him."

He continued, recalling his visit to the battlefields after the war, and he thought that here was buried an army of men so great that if they were to march four abreast, they would take ten days to pass a given point. "Surely," he said, "such a sacrifice is too great to be wasted or idly thrown away."

In closing, he mentioned the monuments on the battlefields, particularly at St. Julien, where one has been erected by the Canadian Government. On the front is the word "Canada"; on the back is commemorated the sacrifice of the two thousand men who were the first victims of poison gas.

"The word Canada thrilled me," he concluded, "as nothing had ever done before, with one exception, and that was when the boys were marching through the valley of Sourchez, from the Somme, and passing an old Massey-Harris binder by the side of the road, they lifted their hats and gave three cheers for something that came from Canada.

"It is not enough, that once a year on Remembrance Day we place in reverent thought, a wreath of memory upon the tombs of the imperishable dead. A special obligation rests upon the youth of to-day, for upon their shoulders must be laid the responsibilities of leadership which would have been carried by them if they had not died.

"They must believe that what is worth dying for, is worth living for, and keep ever fresh the memory of those men who did the last, best thing that any man can do, and who still challenge us to keep faith with them."

At the conclusion of the address, the three verses of the National Anthem were sung, and the benediction was pronounced by Dr. Macdonald.

As the whole school stood during the playing of the Hallelujah Chorus, the first armistice service to be held at the college had drawn to a close.

T. E. HETHRINGTON.

MR. GEORGE PILCHER

On Monday, November the seventeenth, the school was favoured by a visit from Mr. George Pilcher, who is making a tour of Canada under the auspices of the National Council of Education, delivering a series of lectures on India.

Mr. Pilcher has spent considerable time in India as a member of the India Central Parliament, which has brought him in close contact with

the people and problems of that vast country of which we know so little. Mr. Pilcher also had the distinction of serving as a member of parliament for Falmouth. He has at present the honour of being secretary of the Royal Colonial Institute (now Royal Empire Society), and in 1928 came to Canada as secretary of Lord Peel's delegation.

So the affairs of India were most ably portrayed before the boys, who appreciated the information on a problem of which they had a very sketchy idea.

Mr. Pilcher outlined for us what was going on in India to-day. He spoke of the vast population and how in the last twenty years it had increased rapidly, ultimately due to the great strides in public health which has been undertaken by the government through its numerous departments.

He told us of the luxuriousness in which the rajahs lived, how the people of the cities which they governed fairly worshipped them. Many interesting anecdotes followed.

His speech was enjoyed by everyone and we are very grateful to him for taking valuable time to come up to speak to us.

D. F. C.

ARMAGEDDON : TWILIGHT OF THE GODS

On a Thursday afternoon in mid-November, the great soccer epic, a challenge game featuring the Masters and *Les Canadiens*, took place. In spite of their superior classroom sagacity, the faculty members were given the short end of the score and *Les Canadiens*, an all-star aggregation from the body of the school, walked off with two counters.

The score does not give a fair idea of the play as throughout the first period and half way through the second, the ball was deep in the territory of the *Canadiens*. The only dangerous scoring thrusts, however, were made by the forward line of the self-styled "school champs," which name they are now justified in adopting, having finished a highly successful season. Only sensational saves on the part of Mr. Laidlaw kept the score from being a great deal more, for the Master's goal was often threatened.

We must say that, although the Masters looked well at the start, their condition did not allow them to keep up such a high standard of play. Probably their best and most consistent player was Mr. Whitehead. This gentleman is a sterling defence man and, it is hinted, once played for an "All Canada" championship team. This player was imported by the Masters at the last minute, when their confidence had begun to wane.

Rumour has it that his services were secured on a substantial down-payment. However, as this statement is only a suspicion, we sincerely hope that the Masters will be able to refute it.

Coach Griffiths turned out to be a valuable man for the challengers, and although he failed to score, was very annoying to his opponents, being a difficult person to deal with and apt to give quite as well as he receives. Capt. Blomfield showed a fine knowledge of tactics but was unable to "stand the gaff." He was offered a sturdy substitute at half-time but refused.

Les Canadiens have a reputation, but although rough they are kind-



LES CANADIENS—CHAMPIONS

hearted, always providing the stretcher when one is needed. On this day, when the game came to its conclusion, the stretcher, which up until this time had occupied a prominent position on the field, was brought out and Mr. Blomfield was kindly assisted from the battleground by many willing hands.

Mr. Cowan was also a valuable player. His efforts were loudly recognized by the spectators and when he helpfully assisted Hughes to score for the *Canadiens*, his prowess received full acclaim. Mr. Dowden, although hampered by a great length of limb, turned in a fine performance, marred only by his "muffing" the only scoring chance of the Masters.

Les Canadiens, whose goal has never been crossed during the entire season, are a group of braw lads who, in spite of their peculiar system of training, always appear to have plenty of wind left at the finish. They

are a rough and ready group and their reputation brings out a great many spectators

They have a number of strange customs to which they adhere rigidly. One is to wear rugby headwear and shin guards. Another is to wear shoulder pads on the outside of their jerseys. They present an awe-inspiring spectacle when they trot out onto the field led by the redoubtable Capt. Graham. Many of their opponents lose heart when this manoeuvre is executed and so fail to do themselves justice. Perhaps this was the trouble with the Masters.

It would be a difficult thing to decide who was the best player as all six of them showed up equally well during the season.

Mr. Cowan obligingly scored the first goal for the school team after very cleverly receiving a pass from Hughes. This came late in the third period and was followed a few minutes later by another one. This time the Masters wouldn't help, so Webster I was obliged to do it himself on a pass from Young. There was no more scoring and the game ended a short time after. *Les Canadiens* emerged from the struggle with another win and still able to say that no one had been able to score against them.

R. T. CATTLE.

COMPETITION AT THE C.N.E. FOR DOMINION GYMNASTIC CHAMPIONSHIP

The school extends hearty congratulations to Vowell, who again showed his exceptional gymnastic ability in the contest at the Canadian National Exhibition last summer. He received a gold medal for winning first place in the Dominion competition on the high bar, a gold medal for winning the parallel bars contest, and a bronze medal for attaining third place in the all-round Canadian championship. His total was 294 points.

Congratulations are also due Ted Dunbar II, alias "Twirt", whom we all remember as one of the bright lights of last year's gym. team. Dunbar finished with a total of 291 $\frac{2}{3}$ points, only 2 $\frac{1}{3}$ points behind Vowell.

E. S. M.

On Wednesday evening, October 7th, Mrs. Macdonald entertained the boys of Memorial House, and on Thursday evening, October 8th, Flavelle House members were the guests. After refreshments, some wandered into Dr. Macdonald's library and read or looked through old REVIEWS; others remained with their host and hostess. The enjoyable parties broke up about half-past ten.

On Monday, October 5th, at four o'clock, Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald held a party for the boys of Macdonald House. Refreshments were served, following which all assembled in the garden, where games were played. At five-thirty three cheers were given, and the party ended after a very pleasant afternoon.

REA.



LOWER SCHOOL HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Mr. and Mrs. Tudball invited all the boys of the Lower School, on October 31st, to a Hallowe'en celebration in the library. The cakes and candies carried out the attractive colour and decorative scheme, and were enjoyed by everybody. After a very fine evening of games and refreshments, it ended with a game of Musical Arms, and then with three cheers for our host and hostess, we all departed for bed.

I. B. M.

CHRISTMAS REVIEW AWARDS

Poetry: 1st, Cattle 3; 2nd, Cattle 2; 3rd, no award.
 Stories: 1st, Macdonald I 3; 2nd, Metcalfe 2; 3rd, Graham II 1.
 Humour: 1st, Jennings II 3; 2nd and 3rd, no awards.
 Articles: 1st, Mackay 3; 2nd, Hethrington 2; 3rd Jennings II 1.
 Science: 1st, no award; 2nd, Forbes 2; 3rd, Paulin 1.
 School News: 1st, Cattle 2; 2nd, Cousins 1.
 Athletics: 1st, Shapley 2; 2nd, Parker 1.
 Exchanges: 1st, Macdonald I 2; 2nd, Flemming 1.

Jokes: 1st, Jennings I 2; 2nd, Clement I 1.
 Cartoons: No awards.
 Snapshots: 1st, Christie 2; 2nd, McColl 1.
 Old Boys' News: 1st, Parker 2; 2nd, no award.
 Floating Unit: Hethrington 1.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW

Whereas the school's magazine should be as much a school activity as the school's football or Literary Society, it is the earnest desire of the staff that every boy in the school should take an active part in the creation three times a year of our REVIEW. To stimulate interest it has been decided to put every department in the REVIEW upon a competitive basis. In *every* department in *each* issue so many points will be awarded to the writers whose work, in the opinion of the editor of the department concerned, is judged to be the best. To every boy who wins at any time while on the school roll, a total of 20 points, a gold distinction letter will be awarded that he may have some permanent recognition of his work to carry away with him. It will naturally follow that those boys who rank highest in points will be next in line for staff appointments. Records will be kept from year to year and a boy's work the previous year carried over to the next.

The REVIEW has been divided into two main departments—the Literary and the General. To win the "R", at least 13 and not more than 16 of the necessary total of 20 points must be in the Literary Department. These departments are subdivided as follows:

LITERARY

For the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd best contributions in *Short-stories*, 3, 2, and 1 units awarded respectively.

For the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd best contributions in *Poems*, 3, 2, and 1 units will be awarded respectively.

For the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd best contributions in *Articles*, 3, 2, and 1 units will be awarded respectively.

For the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd contributions in *Science articles*, 3, 2, and 1 units will be awarded respectively.

For the 1st, and, and 3rd best contributions in *Humour articles*, 3, 2, and 1 units will be awarded respectively.

For the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd best contributions in *One-act plays*, 3, 2, and 1 units will be awarded respectively.

(All the above awards will be decided by the Literary Editor in conference, if necessary, with the Editor-in-Chief. The following awards will be decided by the editor of the department concerned.)

GENERAL

- For the 1st and 2nd best contributions in *Athletics* (write-ups of games on S.A.C. grounds), 2 and 1 units respectively will be awarded.
- For the 1st and 2nd best contributions in *Exchanges* (accessible to all in Miss Brooks' office), 2 and 1 units will be awarded respectively.
- For the 1st and 2nd best contributions in *School News*, 2 and 1 units respectively will be awarded.
- For the 1st and 2nd best contributions in *Old Boys' News*, 2 and 1 units respectively will be awarded.
- For the 1st and 2nd best contributions in *Jokes*, 2 and 1 units will be awarded respectively.
- For the 1st and 2nd best contributions in *Cartoons* (original drawings, not necessarily humorous), 2 and 1 units respectively will be given.
- For the 1st and 2nd best contributions in *Snapshots* (in conjunction with Camera Club contest), 2 and 1 units respectively will be awarded.

RULES GOVERNING COMPETITION

1. All material submitted for competition must be original.
 2. All material must be *neatly* written, preferably on foolscap.
 3. All material must be signed by the real name of the contributor and state his Form.
 4. No manuscript may exceed 2,000 words.
 5. Spacing of at least one line must be left between each joke and each item in the *Old Boys' News*.
 6. *Each* item in the *School News*, *Athletic*, and *Exchange* departments must be written on a *separate* sheet.
 7. No editor of a department may enter material in competition in his own department. (With some exceptions due to this being a "transition" year.)
 8. Manuscripts entered in competition will not be returned unless the writer expressly requests it.
 9. One "floating" unit *may* be awarded at the discretion of the Editor-in-Chief to meritorious work that receives no other award.
 10. Manuscripts that win no award may nevertheless be published.
 11. Notice of awards will be posted within a week of the closing of each contest.
- To give the contest an impetus and to benefit those now in Upper Sixth, it has been decided to award points for work published last year. At this date (18th December, 1931) the standing is as follows:

	Literary	General	Total
Cattle.....	15	2	17
Cousins.....	2	1	3
Christie.....	0	2	2
Clement I.....	0	1	1
Detweiler.....	0	6	6
Flemming.....	2	1	3
Graham II.....	1	0	1
Green II.....	1	0	1
Forbes.....	2	0	2
Hamilton I.....	2	0	2
Hethrington.....	6	1	7

	Literary	General	Total
Housser	2	0	2
Jennings I	0	2	2
Jennings II	7	0	7
Macdonald I, E. S.	6	2	8
Macdonald II, G. H.	1	0	1
MacKerrow I	1	0	1
Metcalfe	5	0	5
Parker	5	3	9
Paulin	4	0	4
Plaunt	5	0	5
Pulling	3	0	3
Rea	1	0	1
McCull	0	1	1
Thomson I	3	6	9
Waller	2	0	2
Webster II	6	0	6
Vowell	1	0	1
Fee	1	0	1
Shapley	0	2	1
Mackay	3	0	3





At the beginning of the year many of us wondered just what kind of a football team we would have this year. The squad was composed of about thirty-five young and inexperienced men. Five old colours returned, four being active. Six of the team were seventeen years of age. Out of this material, Mr. Griffiths, by much labour and energy, produced fourteen men who looked something like a team. A couple of chaps turned up who seemed to know football and they aided greatly the spirit and strength of the team.

An excellent spirit was possessed by the team. In the first Little Big Four game, this showed especially. The injuries were remarkably few. The most serious was a bone broken in Waller's leg. "Bob" was keenly disappointed at losing a season's fun and he had excellent chances for the "Firsts." There were a number of noses broken, but nothing serious.

We should pay Mr. Griffiths our heartiest thanks for his efforts and excellent spirit throughout the season.

The following colours were granted—Ponsford (capt.), Webster I, Young, Qua, Smith I, Hughes, Donnelly, Mackay, Thompson, Graham II, Cox I, Fee, Moffatt.

EDIT.-GEN

S.A.C. VERSUS OAKWOOD C.I.

We opened our football season with an exhibition game against Oakwood Collegiate, played on our grounds. No old colours were allowed to play in this game, and it proved a pretty equal struggle between two somewhat inexperienced teams. However, the Red and White drew ahead early in the game and were able to maintain their lead until the final whistle.

The game showed that we had much good material, but that it was only material, even though we did come out on the heavy end of a 9-0 score.

S.A.C. VERSUS PICKERING COLLEGE

The ordeal in which we scored most points was a 135-pound game with Pickering. As our first team was so light this year, we were able to include many of our best men in the line-up. The great feature of the game was the tricky running of the St. Andrew's halves, who made long gains time after time and frequent touchdowns.

The game ended with a 36-0 score and nothing further need be said.

S.A.C. VERSUS VARSITY INTERMEDIATES

Perhaps the most interesting of the exhibition games was that played with Varsity Intermediates in Toronto. Our opponents fielded a heavy, experienced team which plunged through for yards on almost every play for the first few minutes of the game. They had piled up quite a score before our men came to life. In the second half, however, we came back to the tune of touchdowns and single points totalling 10. Unfortunately, this left a margin of 6 points to our rivals, and S.A.C. chalked up the first defeat of the year.

P. B. P.

ST. ANDREW'S VERSUS MALVERN

This game was the second of the season and perhaps the hardest one played. The Malvern team held the city championship for 1930 and were only minus two of their former team, thus providing a formidable opposition.

In the first quarter, Malvern made yards four successive times and Porter went over for their first touch, which was converted. Continuing their battering tactics in the second quarter, they managed to add another 6 points on a brilliant run by Lowry.

In the second half they continued the scoring but not with quite the same ease as in the first part of the game. In the final moments we made our lone tally on a kick by Moffatt from the 20-yard line.

Final score—19-1.

J. M. S.

S.A.C. VERSUS NORTH TORONTO C.I.

We played our next exhibition game with North Toronto on their home grounds. We began by outplaying them for a point, but the tricky running of their halves soon brought the score level. We were set at a disadvantage for this game and the whole season in the third quarter, when Bob Waller, one of our most promising outside wings, was put out

of this year's rugby with a broken leg. For a great part of the game the teams were deadlocked, but during the last five minutes North Toronto took advantage of a fumble and bucked over for a touch. The game ended with a 7-1 score in favour of North Toronto, which put us one down on the games to date, two victories, three defeats.

S.A.C. VERSUS PICKERING COLLEGE

The last of the practice games was played against Pickering, and was played at Pickering. For the first half they outplayed us in every department. Their fadeaway plays were especially good. Our fellows, thoroughly ashamed of themselves, went back into the game after the intermission and kicked and plunged the score up to 10-7 for us. It might have been higher but for the fact that our repeated attempts for field goals were consistently blocked, thus robbing us of single points we might have gained through rouges.

P. B. P.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE DEFEATS TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, 15-5

The annual game between Trinity College School and St. Andrew's College resulted in a decisive victory for the Aurora College, 15-5. Playing in a driving rain, which was much to the advantage of the heavier T.C.S. team, St. Andrew's handled the slippery ball faultlessly, and uncovering a smooth working attack, together with clever backfield work, went on to victory. For St. Andrew's the outstanding men were Webster I, Moffatt and Smith I, while Ross for Trinity provided a most brilliant ground-gaining display.

First Quarter

T.C.S. kicked off against the wind and it was returned by Thompson to midfield. Play see-sawed about with S.A.C. making up for Trinity's line work by superior kicking and fine backfield running by Moffatt and Webster. At quarter time the ball was in centre field, neither team having scored. Score—S.A.C. 0, T.C.S. 0.

Second Quarter

The opening minutes of the second quarter were featured by an end-skirting play and a fine pass from Mackay to Webster, which enabled the latter to run 40 yards for a touchdown. Thompson converted. T.C.S. then forced the play and a 40-yard run by Groughall gave them the ball in S.A.C.'s territory. S.A.C. then got the ball on the five-yard

line but Smith plunged for yards and on the next play Qua ran 40 yards to take the ball out of danger, just before half time. Score—S.A.C. 6, T.C.S. 0.

Third Quarter

St. Andrew's increased their lead soon after the second half commenced, when Moffatt forced T.C.S. halves to rouge for 1 point. S.A.C. continued to force the play and Thompson dropped a field goal to make 3 more points. Copperthwaite broke away for 50 yards for T.C.S., but was prevented from getting a touchdown by Webster on the backfield

Third quarter: Score—S.A.C. 10, T.C.S. 0.

Fourth Quarter

Soon after the beginning of the fourth quarter, an outside kick was recovered by S.A.C. and Smith plunged the five yards for a touchdown, which was unconverted. From then on T.C.S.'s advantage in weight began to tell, and picking up a fumble Ross plunged over for a touchdown which was unconverted. Several long runs by T.C.S. were stopped by Webster on the backfield and Trinity were unable to score, although at the end they were forcing the play. Final score:—S.A.C. 15, T.C.S. 5.

Line-up of T.C.S.—Flying wing, Wigle; halves, Combe, Copperthwaite, Ryerson; quarter, Taylor; snap, Robson; scrim-supports, Rogers, Nicholls; insides, Wynne, Groughall; middles, Ross, Duncanson; outsides, Grant, Ambrose; subs., Wigle, Whitehouse, Hatton, Barber, McClosky, Vaughan,

Line-up of S.A.C.—Halves, Moffatt, Webster, Hughes; flying wing, Smith; quarter, Young; outsides, Mackay, Donnelly; middles, Thompson, Forbes; insides, Fee, Qua; scrim-supports, Graham, Ponsford (capt.); snap, Cox; subs., Parker, Graham, Armstrong, Findlay, Slingsby, Sinclair.

ST. ANDREW'S VERSUS RIDLEY

This year the annual game was held on our grounds. The day was perfect except perhaps for the soggy ground from the rain of the previous day. In this game we expected quite a battle as Ridley had won all its games of the season by a large margin. When it came we were not disappointed.

St. Andrew's kicked off to begin the game, Ridley defending the north end of the field. The ball was returned by B.R.C., but shortly after they were again in possession on a fumble. Nicholls breaking away on their second down, ran to our 10 yard line before being stopped. From there they scored their first point on a kick. Immediately afterwards we were

again in trouble but managed to kick out and regain possession of the ball in mid-field. Until nearly the end we were quite safe from being scored against until Powell kicked a beautiful placement for three more points.

Score—B.R.C. 4, S.A.C. 0.

Second Quarter

Ridley began this quarter by driving us back to our own goal line and scoring a safety touch. Our team, though fighting hard, did not seem to be able to get the breaks and all our efforts did not avail us very much. Shortly after the safety touch, Moffatt was forced to rouge, adding another point to their fast mounting score. At half time we were well within Ridley territory, thanks to the work of Smith, Moffatt and Webster. Score—B.R.C.7, S.A.C. 0.

Third Quarter

After half-time, Armstrong replaced Forbes, who had been injured. Ridley kicked off and we took our first down on the 40-yard line. Not being able to make yards, B.R.C. got the ball and we were forced to rouge. In the middle of this period, S.A.C. were driven back to our line, but prevented a major score by kicking. Ridley, disappointed in not getting their touch, were forced to be content with another single from the 25-yard line. Score—B.R.C. 9, S.A.C. 0.

Fourth Quarter

The fireworks of the last quarter were begun by our visitors in two successful outside kicks. In the second of these, Kingsmill fell on the ball behind the goal posts for five points plus one for the convert. Following the kick-off, the scrimmage began on our 35-yard line. By kicking, our opponents drove us back again to our 5-yard line. Our team here strove valiantly to avert another touchdown, but on their last down, McNett, the quarterback, scored, and Powell converted. From then to the time the whistle blew, play see-sawed about the field, neither team having any advantage. Final score—B.R.C. 21, S.A.C. 0.

Line-up B.R.C.—Halves, Armstrong, Powell and Nicholls; fly wing, Barker; outsides, Bolton and Rossiter; quarter, McNett; middles, MacLachlan and Harris I; insides, Kingsmill and Gartschore; snap, Mackenzie; scrim-supports, McIntyre, Harris II; subs., Hart, Harper, Doig, Vick, Archer, Owen, Gooderham.

S.A.C.—Fly wing, Smith; halves, Hughes, Moffatt, Webster; quarter, Young; outsides, Mackay, Donnelly; middles, Qua and Fee; insides, Thompson and Forbes; snap, Cox; scrim-supports, Ponsford, Graham II; subs., Parker, Findlay, Sinclair, Graham I and Armstrong.

J. M. S.

THE UPPER CANADA GAME

Our yearly game with U.C.C. was held on November 7 on their home grounds. The day was ideal, there being little or no wind and hardly any sun. In the first half St. Andrew's had quite an edge on our opponents and it looked very much as though we would win. In the second half, however, partly by an excellent rally in the last quarter, and our loss of Webster, who had been playing a brilliant game up until the time he was hurt, they managed to come from behind to win.

First Quarter

Upper Canada kicked off from the west end of the field. The ball was returned by Young and the scrimmage began in the centre of the field. Shortly after U.C.C. drew the first blood of the game on a kick by Allen. Immediately after this, St. Andrew's on successive kicks drove the ball down to our opponents' 10-yard line, but here they held and we failed in our attempts at a drop and a touchdown. After this Burkhardt replaced Allen, who had been injured. From then to the end of the quarter, though several long runs were made, there was no further scoring. U.C.C. 1, S.A.C. 0.

Second Quarter

The second quarter was begun by Donnelly, who, intercepting a pass, raced 90 yards for a touchdown. The ball was successfully converted by Thompson. U.C.C. kicked off and the play began on the S.A.C. 40-yard line. From that time to the end of the first half play see-sawed about the field, neither team scoring. The players who stood out in the half were Webster, Donnelly, and Moffatt; for U.C.C., Martens, Powell and Bowes. S.A.C. 6, U.C.C. 1.

Third Quarter

Resuming the game after half-time, St. Andrew's kicked off. U.C.C. took the first down on their 20-yard line. Though both Martens and Moffatt made long runs for their respective teams, the score was not altered during the period. S.A.C. 6, U.C.C. 1.

Fourth Quarter

Upper Canada began the scoring of the period when they caught us momentarily off our guard. Martens ran around our left end for 35 yards and a touchdown. Their attempt at converting failed. S.A.C. kicked off. Webster was badly hurt and forced to retire, Donnelly replacing him on the half line and Findlay taking the former's place on the wing. U.C.C. again scored on a single by repeating the rouse of the first period. In the final few moments defeat was almost turned

into victory by Smith, who broke away for 45 yards before he was downed. The whistle ended the game shortly after.

Final score—U.C.C. 8, S.A.C. 6.

Line-up for U.C.C.—Fly wing, Bowes; halves, Allen, Martens and Wolfe; quarter, Walsh; snap, Gordon; insides, Corbett and O'Connell; middles, Powell and Fraser; outsides, McKashell and James; subs., Milnes, Walham, Allen, Gooderham, Lamport, Salinger and Burkhardt.

Line-up for S.A.C.—Fly wing, Smith I; halves, Webster I, Moffatt and Hughes; quarter, Young; snap, Armstrong; snap-supports, Ponsford and Cox; middles, Fee and Qua; outsides, Donnelly and Mackay; insides, Graham II and Thompson II; subs., Parker, Graham I, Elliott, Sinclair, Findlay and Forbes.

J. M. S.

PERSONNEL

Ponsford, "Pete"—This year's popular captain. "Petie" broke his nose while playing against Malvern, and leg injuries kept him out for a time, but he made up for it in the Little Big Four. "Pete" is an excellent example of school "fight"; and playing scrim support, he was in on every play.

Webster, "Benny"—The bright light of the half-line, who has run us out of many difficulties with his brilliant footwork. His tackling, too, has many times saved the day.

Young, "Lem"—Plays quarter. His quick thinking and fight help the team along greatly.

Qua, "Bill"—Inside. Proved to be a very effective ramrod against the teams we opposed. Once Bill got away he was hard to stop.

Hughes, "Hugs"—"Hugs" was a real find for the backfield. He played hard and well and deserves as much credit as any.

Fee, "Big Ed"—Who trampled many an unfortunate opponent. "Ed" played his best this year and more than one felt it.

Mackay, "Les"—Perhaps the speediest man on the team, comes to us from Formosa. "Les" tackled consistently through the season and we are glad that he won his colours in his first year.

Donnelly, "Grant"—Came late this year but finished up in top shape. "Grant" tackled hard and surely and not many plays passed by him.

Cox, "Bud"—A hard, sturdy little fighter who filled the position of snap admirably. "Bud" has a lot of fight.

Moffatt, "Moff"—Who with Benny Webster formed a very excellent half-line pair. "Moff" played well and with everything he had, often making long gains when apparently surrounded.

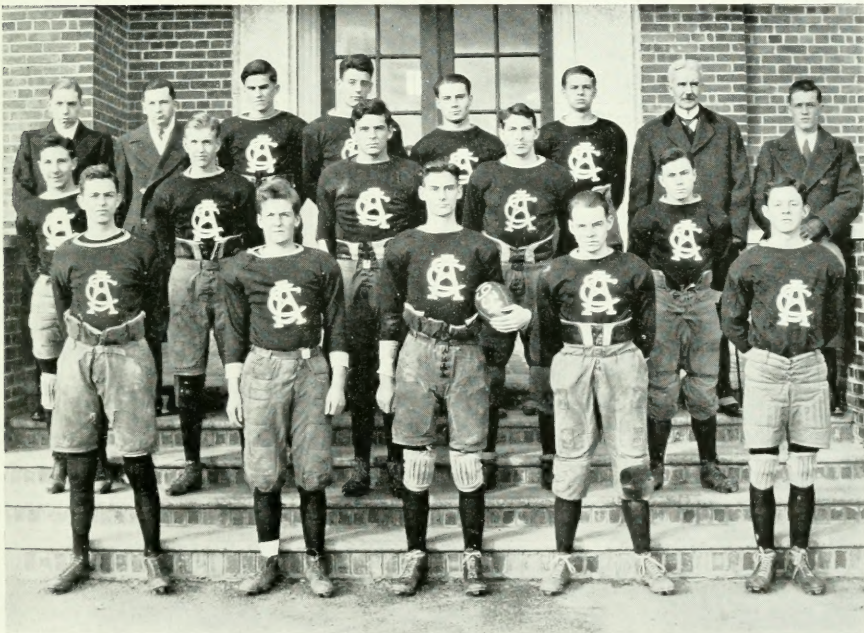
Graham, "Bunny"—Another young player who developed out of the blue. "Bunny" improved throughout the season and promises to show up well next year.

Thompson, "Mel"—Who learned his football at Albert College and came to do our drop-kicking and some plunging. "Mel" played with a great spirit and well deserves to wear the red and white.

Smith, "Jim"—The "find" of the season. "Jim" tore through the opposing line like a bullet and was the hardest plunger to stop on the team. We hope to have "Jim" with us again next year if the Hamilton Tigers do not get him first.

Coach Griffiths, "Griff"—Came to us this season from the Gymn. Training School in Springfield, Mass. In 1929 he was captain of the O.A.C. rugby team. The team all wish to thank "Griff" for his untiring efforts and good spirit. He is popular wherever he goes. The only weaknesses we can find with him are—big words—peanuts.

SECOND TEAM



SECOND RUGBY TEAM

S.A.C. II vs. NEWMARKET

On the 26th of October we played a team from the Newmarket High School and won very handily to the tune of 27 to 0. It was the first attempt at a team for a number of years on the part of the Newmarket boys and with a little more experience they should improve greatly.

For S.A.C., Elliott was outstanding along with Plaunt and Innes, the latter two each scoring twice, while Elliott made three touchdowns. On the Newmarket team, Peppin, Beckett I, and Rutledge played the best game.

S.A.C. II vs. PICKERING

St. Andrew's kicked off, the first quarter being uneventful until the end, when Sinclair, kicking a loose ball ahead of him, scored our first touchdown. In the second quarter, Chandler placed the ball in an easy position for McMahon to score. Before the half was over, we again scored when Perrin intercepted a pass and added another five to our score.

The second half was begun by Pickering, who scored early in the half on a rouge. St. Andrew's, however, not to be outdone, did the same thing, making the score 11 to 6. The final quarter was marked by Pickering obtaining the lead by another touch and a beautiful convert. In the final few minutes St. Andrew's managed to get another rouge and thus even the score.

Score—S.A.C. 12, Pickering 12.

J. M. S.

THIRD TEAM RUGBY

The Thirds this year were handicapped right from the start, due to the fact that they commenced practice very late in the season, and for lack of a regular coach. They gave a creditable performance, however, duly considering these difficulties.

The first game was with Lakefield first team. In this game our team was clearly outclassed and it ended rather disastrously for us, being on the short end of a 36-5 score.

In the second and last game they met Pickering College thirds. Again the struggling thirds encountered defeat. Our fellows seemed unable to tackle hard enough, although on the offense they were much improved since the previous game.

A third game was arranged, but had to be cancelled owing to adverse weather conditions.

The following colours were granted—MacKerrow I (captain), Smith II, Green II, Shock, Roden, Vibert, Chapman, Ellis I, Pipe, Steele, Macdonald II, Shapley, Powell, Rowell.

J. H. HAMILTON II.



THIRD RUGBY TEAM



LOWER SCHOOL RUGBY TEAM

LOWER SCHOOL FOOTBALL

This year the Lower School won only a single game out of the four played. Nevertheless the season was anything but three-fourths failure. With the exception of the Elm House game, our team was much lighter and younger than our opponents. However, every member of the team did his utmost, and that alone goes a long way towards a successful season. Many of these youngsters will undoubtedly be carrying first colours in a few years. McColl, as captain, gave his team the best possible example, by way of his gritty spirit, and by his knowledge of the fundamentals of the game.

The following were granted their Lower School colours—McColl (capt.), Cox III, Adamson, Blair, Christie, Armstrong II, Adams II, Allespach I, Holton, Harris, Henderson, McEachren, MacKerrow II, Pentland, and Thompson IV.

ELM HOUSE

The first game was played on October the 23rd, at St. Andrew's. Our opponents were the boys of Elm House School of Toronto. In this game the players were limited by weight, not age. This enabled us to use Finlay II and McDowell.

At the start of the game our team was very weak and the visitors held us at our 25-yard line. However, we soon commenced to play a better game, and were at middle field when Cox III, on a fade-away, got clear of the tacklers and crossed the Elm House line for five points. Holton caught well on the half-line and scored a touch on an Elm House kick.

In the second half, Finlay II scored on an end play from 20 yards out. McColl made a nice kick to the deadline for a single. Soon after McDowell's constant bucking was rewarded by a touch. In the last minute of play, Cox III again scored from around the end.

In this game Blair and Finlay II at outsides, Cox III at middle, and McDowell at flying-wing were the particular stars for St. Andrew's. Captain Boxer was outstanding as quarter for the visitors.

T.C.S. LOWER SCHOOL

On the 28th of October, our Lower School team journeyed to Port Hope by 'bus, to play the T.C.S. Lower School. In this game our team was playing under a severe handicap, because the day before it was learned that McColl would be unable to play as he had water on the knee.

This caused a number of changes on the line-up. The team left having had but one short indoor practice in their new positions.

In the first five minutes, T.C.S. showed their unmistakable strength. Our team was outweighed and outplayed. But they fought hard, even though they were without the services of their captain. Cox III saved us from a complete shutout by a touch in the last minute. Final score, 57-5.

Holton as quarterback in McColl's place played well. Cutten was outstanding for our opponents by way of his fine bucking.

U.C.C. LOWER SCHOOL

On November 3rd, we met Upper Canada Prep. here. We heard that they had beaten T.C.S. 61-0, which news was far from encouraging. However, we were greatly strengthened by the return of McColl.

In the first half the visitors were altogether too good for us. However, Cox III managed to score his usual touch. In the second half we were heartened by this, and managed to hold U.C.C. to 9 points.

The final score was 22-5 for Upper Canada. McColl and Cox III were our best in this game.

T.C.S. LOWER SCHOOL

On the 4th of November, we played a return game with T.C.S. here. Although we lost, it was a far better game than that at Port Hope. In the first half the visitors scored 11, and it began to look like a repetition of our last two games. However, at the beginning of the second, Cox III bucked over for his usual touchdown. After this, our team seemed to realize their improvement, and played much harder. McColl kicked for a point. The rest of the game remained scoreless, the final totals being 11-6.

Blair, McEachren, and Cox III were all good in this game. McColl's fine spirit aided his team greatly. Armstrong II improved much, and in the last half starred with the best of them.

Much credit is due to Montgomery for the time and trouble he spent training his team. Unable to play on any of the Upper School teams this year, he became very popular as coach of the Lower School boys.

I. L. J.

SENIOR SOCCER

When the football season had drawn to a close, it was decided, by the general desire of the fellows plus the promotion of Mr. Blomfield, that soccer sixes was the legitimate sport with which to fill in a couple of weeks of good weather. Negotiations were immediately made for the

formation of four teams. These teams were numbered as the first, second, third and fourth groups, and were respectively captained by Graham I, Detweiler, Armstrong I and Smith I. The four teams entered into a league which can best be named as the "elimination contest." Each team played three games and the one winning all three of their contests had the unusual privilege of playing a team made up from the masters. This good fortune fell to Graham I's team, alias *Les Canadiens*, which terminated the colourful soccer season in great style with the score of 2-0 in favour of "the students."

Master's team—Mr. Blomfield (capt.), centre; Mr. Laidlaw, goal; Mr. Griffiths, r. forward; Mr. Cowan, l. forward; Mr. Dowden, r. defence Mr. Whitehead, l. defence.

J. A. D.

PERSONNEL OF THE FIRST SOCCER SIX

Graham (captain)—A real active little player considering his girth. We hope he will be with us next year to play somewhere on the team.

Webster (1st vice-capt.)—The little fellow from Deseronto who made good this year. "Benny" knows his soccer, having learned it in his childhood. "Benny's" tackling was maybe a little weak.

Ponsford (sub-capt.)—"Pete" plays very well, his tackling being little short of marvellous. "Petie" has developed a wonderful shin kick this season. He answers to the name of "the bestest little player on the team."

Young (quarter)—"Lem" got stepped on once or twice and wasn't able to kick as hard but we must admit he tried his best.

Hughes (fullback)—"Hugs" played pretty well this year. He has a magnificent record of one goal in each game. In the master's game, Hugs' kicking was a treat to watch.

Qua (fullback)—We can't see how he made the team, but "Bill" certainly knows how to handle the ball. He completed all forward passes and contributed large gains. He well deserves his colours.

N.B.—Colours this year are black and blue.

J. G. S.

JUNIOR SCHOOL SOCCER

Because the mild weather continued for some time after the rugby football season was over, we have had a good opportunity of playing soccer.

Although the game is not taken as such a serious business as rugby, it offers us a chance of learning something of a game which draws over a million people in the old country to the big professional soccer grounds

on Saturday afternoons. The skill and physical fitness required in first-class soccer are on a par with that demanded by the big hockey teams of this country—and the main principles of both games are very similar.

A great deal of keenness but not great ability has been shown, and the soccer "sixes" league which was arranged was popular. McColl's team won, with Rea's as runners-up.

A match v. Crescent School was played here on November 18th and resulted in a win, 3-0. After very heavy rain the ground was slow and slippery in places—a fact which did not help the players. We scored once in the first half through Holton, but the forwards were slow and inaccurate in front of the goal and missed two or three obvious chances. On changing over, goals were added by Harris and MacKerrow II. Towards the end Crescent School attacked vigorously but could not put the finishing touch. Apart from this our defence was not seriously troubled. Gripton was the best of the half-back line and Mackerrow II, Christie, and Armstrong II worked hard in the front line.

Team—Henderson, Harris, Adamson, Adams II, Holton (capt.), Gripton, Christie, Blair, MacKerrow II, Thompson IV, Armstrong II.
Y.

BASKETBALL

Last year the basketball team, playing under rather trying conditions, did not quite have the success that was anticipated. Not having the advantage of a regular coach seemed to be the main reason.

This year, however, the team has the support of Mr. Griffiths, who is as efficient in basketball as rugby. With this as a start, the team should go far.

Mr. Cowan, who proved himself so valuable last year, is again with the team.

There is real spirit prevalent among the players. Before Mr. Griffiths was free from his duties as rugby coach, Bimel, who is the captain, collected a group of boys who were interested in the game and held regular practices, adding to these practices the weight and acumen of a lofty reputation as an experienced player.

From the foregoing remarks it is hoped and perhaps expected that much progress in the game will result. The first team has been entered in the Toronto and District League, whereas the second team will compete in a league yet to be determined.

Two new baskets, which we anticipate will be completely worn out before the season ends, have been purchased. We further anticipate that our opponents will be but slightly responsible for the premature demise of the aforesaid baskets.

HOCKEY

Rugby being over for the school year, hockey has now begun, and although only a few practices have been had, along with a game in the S.P.A., the prospects for the team appear to be strong.

The time which is set aside for practices before Christmas is limited, owing to the nearness of exams, and the disadvantage of having to travel to Toronto each time we practise. This difficulty, however, is overcome after Christmas, when the rink in Aurora is available.

The team we were drawn to play in the S.P.A. this year, Parkdale Canoe Club, was very strong, being one of the "Big Six" teams. The game, however one-sided, proved to be exciting from start to finish, even though we lost. The Parkdale team was much faster and had more experience than our players, most of whom were playing their first game in junior hockey, and thereby lacking the finish of our opponents.

In spite of these difficulties we are looking forward to a good season.

J. T. Y.

THE SENIOR CROSS-COUNTRY

The senior cross-country was run on Wednesday afternoon, November 11th. The course was changed slightly this year as an attractive new bridge had been built, during the summer, over the first ravine. This made the course nearly fifty yards farther. As usual, there was a certain number of practice runs for a month or so previous to the race, especially for those not playing rugby.

Finally, the much talked about day arrived. It was ideal for the race, there being little sun and a light, cool breeze to fan the faces of the runners. At half-past two, Mr. Griffiths, our very capable new rugby coach, gave the word which started the annual event. There was a dash for the new bridge a hundred yards away where the bunch lengthened into a line which grew longer as the race progressed.

Twenty minutes having lapsed since the start, two runners were seen to come over the brim of the last hill, running neck and neck, followed closely by two more. The two leaders kept up a seesaw race to the finish line, with Cox I nosing Hamilton II out by inches to win.

It was a very remarkable race, in that it was the first time in years that it had been so close at the finish. The time was eleven seconds short of the record, 21 minutes and 33 seconds, set by James, who won the race so easily the previous three consecutive years.

Of the fifty odd runners to start, the majority of them finished. Everybody put forth their best effort. Some of the younger runners may have been slower but they showed grit by sticking it out to the finish and will have to be reckoned with in future years.

After the race everybody assembled in the Memorial House common room to receive awards of victory. Mrs. Macdonald delighted everybody by taking command of the situation and handing out the dough. The lucky numbers were:

The gold medal went to the winner, Cox I.

The silver medal to Hamilton II, who ran a remarkable race to finish a very close second.

The bronze medal went to Steele, who did not give the leaders any opportunity to ease up.

The runners that received cakes were:

Upper VI Form—Innes.

Lower VI—Ellis II.

Fifth—Rea.

Fourth—Smith III.

Prefects—Hughes.

First Rugby Team's—Fee.

Second Team's—Jennings II.

Memorial House, Upper Flat's—Macdonald II.

Memorial House, Lower Flat's—Drenan I.

Flavelle House, Upper Flat's—Westcott.

Flavelle House, Lower Flat's—Thompson I.

INNES.

JUNIOR CROSS-COUNTRY

This year the Macdonald House boys ran off their annual long-distance run on Friday, November 6th.

The sky was clouded overhead and the day was gloomy and cold, with snow falling spasmodically through the afternoon.

The runners, clad in various sweaters and shorts, left the starting point at 3.30 o'clock.

Powell completed the course in 15 minutes 29.6 seconds, breaking Montgomery's former record by several seconds. He ran exceedingly well, as the course was longer.

The prizes were awarded as follows:

1st—Powell—Silver medal, and name on the Macdonald Cup.

2nd—Adams I—Bronze medal, and name on the Olympic Shield.

Form III Cake—Cox III.

Form I Cake—Mackerrow II.

Preparatory Form Cake—Allaspash I.

Upper Flat Cake—Sharp.

Lower Flat Cake—Thompson III.

The Steward's Cake was enjoyed immensely by Cattle, Housser, Jennings I, Hethrington, Cousins, Forbes.

I. B. M.



Exchanges

As the REVIEW goes to press, we find ourselves once more surrounded with the latest issues of our contemporaries, and it can be truthfully said for the majority of them, that seldom have we found between their covers such a wealth of informative and intensely interesting literature.

In view of this pleasant fact, we plan next issue to take the liberty of quoting a few of what are in our estimation the most valuable thoughts from the standpoint of general interest.

Such a step, we believe, will do much to acquaint our college as a whole with the literary efforts of those who labour under much the same conditions as ourselves, and at the same time strengthen the ties we have in common.

We wish, at this time, to take the opportunity of welcoming all our new correspondents, and of renewing the bond of friendship we have with those from overseas; it never fails to give us a glow of satisfaction when we receive magazines from England and far-away Australia. We can only hope that our correspondents will derive half as much pleasure and profit from our magazine as we did from theirs.

In Between Times—U.C.C.—We congratulate you heartily on the first issue of your literary supplement to *The College Times*. It holds an almost unique place among school magazines, and should prove a valuable hint to many other colleges. Your articles are strikingly original in tone, and the sketches are very attractive. We will look forward to receiving the next issue.

The Tower—St. Patrick's College, Ottawa. May we compliment you on your first issue? If you stick to your present standard, your magazine is bound to be a success. Perhaps a special section for advertising would help to keep your work together.

Bishop's College School—Lennoxville. Your excellent magazine is, we believe, one of the finest we have received. Choice humour and faultless pictures form only a part of the multitude of attractions it offers.

Vox Studentium—Port Arthur Collegiate Institute. Contains many interesting features and the literary section is very good. Your humour speaks for itself—or yells, rather!

- The Record*—Trinity College School. Another member of the Little Big Four, and an old standby. Your magazine fairly buzzes with school life, but a few more articles and some jokes would help to round it out.
- St. Peter's College Magazine*—Adelaide, Australia. You are one of our most welcome exchanges, coming, as you do, from Australia, and your magazine is a credit to your school. We appreciated your poet's corner and enjoyed your amusing cartoons. An exchange department would be an added attraction.
- The Wykehamist*—Winchester College, England. A remarkably good school newspaper, but as a magazine, we would suggest that you start a few more departments.
- The Harrovian*—Harrow School, England. Another exchange from the old country. The magazine measures up to its usual standard. "The Thirteenth Guest," in last July's issue, was especially good.
- The Limit*—Loughborough College. Easily our best overseas exchange. It is humorous and well written. The cartoons in particular deserve great commendation.
- Acadia Athenaeum*—Acadia University. This monthly magazine is one of the most brilliant we receive. It is cleverly written and the literary section is exceptionally fine. The poems show marked talent, and the scientific articles are an excellent feature.
- The Grove Chronicle*—Lakefield Preparatory School. The sports are well written up, but a good deal more space should be allotted to the literary division.

We also wish gratefully to acknowledge the following. Space does not permit comment on them:

- Acta Victoriana*—Victoria College, University of Toronto.
- McGill News*—McGill University, Montreal.
- The Mitre*—University of Bishop's College.
- The Trinity University Review*—Trinity College, University of Toronto.
- University of Toronto Monthly*.
- The Phoenix*—University Schools, Toronto.
- The College Times*—Upper Canada College.
- The Royal Military College Review*—Kingston.
- Acta Collegii*—Chatham Collegiate Institute.
- Burnaby South High School Magazine*—New Westminster, B.C.
- Managra*—Manitoba Agricultural College.
- Ludemus*—Havergal College.
- The Junior Journal*—Princeton County Pay School, New Jersey.
- The Branksome Slogan*—Branksome Hall.



OLD BOYS' NEWS

N.B.—The date at the left indicates the year of departure.

'08. The National Motors, Limited (local Dodge and Plymouth distributors) announce the appointment of Kenneth S. McKinnon as sales director. McKinnon has for the past eleven years been associated with the British and American Motors, Limited, Toronto, as sales manager.

'09. Warren Hastings spoke to the visiting autoists regarding highway accident prevention. Hastings is editor of the *Canadian Motorist*, secretary of the Canadian section of the Society of Automotive Engineers, manager of tests and contests of the Canadian Automotive Association, and automotive engineer of *The Mail and Empire*.

The REVIEW extends sympathy to Mr. Harry Kent on the death of his wife on June 27th, 1931.

'13. Gay Boulton is back in Toronto. He is with the Investors Syndicate, Northern Ontario Building.

'13. Graham F. Towers, whose appointment as assistant general manager has been announced by the Royal Bank of Canada, has had a notable record of progress during his comparatively short term of service with the big banking institution.

Mr. Towers, who is probably one of the youngest bank officers in Canada, graduated from McGill with honours in political economy and entered the head office of the Royal Bank in 1920 as economist. He was sent to Havana branch in 1923, where he occupied successively the positions of accountant at Havana branch and assistant inspector of Cuban branches. He later returned to head office as foreign inspector, in which capacity he has visited the bank's many branches in the West Indies, Central and South America, as well as London, Paris and Barcelona. In

December, 1929, he was appointed chief inspector of the bank, which position he now relinquishes to take up his new appointment.

'16. G. E. Whitaker, who is trustee of the Simcoe Board of Education, was selected to act as chairman of the special building committee for a new high school addition.

Torquil Rose called at the school this autumn. He is credit manager for Crawley, Milner Co., of Detroit.

'18. The news of the death of Mrs. Armand A. Whitehead in September last was received at the school with very much regret, and the boys, through the REVIEW, extend sincere sympathy to Mr. Whitehead.

'19. Sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McCarter on the loss of their six-year-old son this summer by drowning. The little lad went to the assistance of the maid, who was in difficulties, and was dragged down.

'23. Gilbert deB. Robinson, following a brilliant career at the school and University of Toronto, spent two years at Cambridge University. In the next year he taught mathematics at Toronto University, then returned to Cambridge. He has lately been awarded the degree of Ph.D. He is one of very few Canadians to attempt this advanced work.

'23. John B. Moore has graduated from Victoria College and has been appointed to the Elk Lake, Ontario, mission field.

Fred. M. Lyon has entered the insurance business with Mr. Arthur H. Butler.

V. G. Clague is now with the Scarboro Hydro-Electric Co.

'24. On June 18th, at Harvard University, Donald Carrick was awarded the degree of Bachelor of Laws, with honours.

J. C. Dawson is in fifth year medicine at Toronto.

'25. J. Akira Hoshino has just completed an electrical engineering course at Cornell and is now with the General Electric Co., and is preparing to go back to Japan.

'26. It is with deep regret to those who remember Mr. Thomas A.

Stone, to learn of the death of his wife on June 18th, 1931. Mr. Stone was on the teaching staff of the school in 1926, and the REVIEW extends sympathy to him.

J. D. McLennan and Harry Whitehead are in the final years of the faculty of medicine, at Toronto.

'27. Mr. Norval R. Waddington has been appointed to the position of assistant headmaster at Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Quebec.

Bob Armstrong, who graduated from R.M.C. this spring, is attending Osgoode Hall and is a house-master at S.A.C. P. V. Kingston, J. U. Coleman, E. J. Jackson are in the faculty of medicine at Toronto.

'28. Harold Stanfield is attending Acadia University.

'29. We were pleasantly surprised to see Gerald Burch, who is studying divinity, in the pulpit of Trinity Episcopal Church, one Sunday during the term. He gave a very interesting sermon which was eagerly listened to, especially by his old schoolmates.

F. S. Robertson is in second year medicine at Toronto.

'30. Hugh MacMillan is attending the University of Florida.

Donald E. Bowman has opened a real estate and insurance office at Windsor.

John Parker is attending Queen's University.

'31. Tom Gordon, Ken Findlay, and Don Tucker have made the McGill Junior rugby team. Ted Broome is manager.

W. L. Hogarth and J. D. McPhail are attending Queen's University.

Alf Cox is working for the Canada Life Assurance Co.

Percy Crosbie and Jim Chaulker are going to McGill.

MARRIAGES

'09. LOVELL—DANIELS—On Oct. 24th, 1931, Robert Douglas Lovell, to Miss Doris Daniels of San Francisco.

'16. ROSE—HARVEY—On September 11, 1931, J. Torquil Rose to Miss Lillian Francis Harvey, of Detroit.

'17. ROLPH—PAINE—On Oct. 10th, 1931, Ernest Gorden Rolph to Miss Mary Elzada Paine of Bath, Maine.

'18. ROSS—WARDEN—On June 20th, 1931, John Douglas Fraser Ross of Toronto to Miss Joyce Harvey Warden of Toronto.

CASSELS—SMITH—On October 6th, 1931, John Graham Cassels to Miss Mary Elizabeth Smith of Toronto.

LOCKHART—SPENCER—On November 14th, 1931, Douglas B. Lockhart to Miss Thelma Florence Spencer of Bowmanville.

'19. GORDEN—BUCKNALL—On July 14th, R. Grant Gorden to Miss Molly Bucknall, of Toronto.

MATTHEWS—McCULLOCH—In August, 1931, Wilmot Donald Matthews to Miss Janet Louise McCulloch of Galt.

'20. MITCHELL—THOMSON—On July 11, 1931, G. A. Nimmo Mitchell to Miss Josephine Rae Thomson of Hamilton, Ont.

'21. SHAW—BURNS—On August 8th, William Ulric Shaw to Miss Elsie Letta Burns, M.A., of Port Huron, Michigan.

'22. MOORES—MOORE—Graham Munn Moores to Miss Flora Moore of Carbonear, Newfoundland, on June 24th, 1931.

McWILLIAMS—MIDDLETON—On September 8th, 1931, Henry Douglas McWilliams to Miss Margaret Isabel Middleton.

'23. CROSBIE—McNAB—On June 8th, 1931, George Graham Crosbie to Miss Audrey Gorden Warren McNab of St. John's, Newfoundland.

'24. STEWART—McLAREN—On October 28th, 1931, A. Murray G. Stewart to Miss Mary Constance McLaren of Toronto.

'25. WOOD—BELL—Stuart Benjamin Wood, of Lima, Peru, to Miss Helen Pickhard Bell, of Halifax, N.S.

GOURLEY—DUNCAN—On June 16th, Harry Watson Gourley to Miss Gertrude May Duncan of Oshawa.

'26. KIRKLAND—GIFFORD—William Charles Kirkland to Miss Helen Paterson Gifford of Stratford.

WATTS—JONES—On November 13th, 1931, Leonard Watts to Miss Ellen Jones of Hamilton.

'27. WADDINGTON—WICKWIRE—In July, 1931, Mr. Norval Ralph Waddington to Miss Helen Lovitt Wickwire of Kentville, N.S.

DUNLAP—GUNN—David Moffat Dunlap to Miss Margaret Alice Gunn of Toronto.

'28. McCALLUM—TUSON—Robert Llewellyn Birch McCallum to Miss Jean Isabel Tuson of Windsor, Ontario.

ROLPH—MACINTOSH—On Sept. 26th, 1931, Gordon Graeme Rolph to Miss Evelyn Margaret Macintosh of Toronto.

BIRTHS

'04. JACKES—On Tuesday, July 28th, at Wellesley Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. Lyman B. Jackes, a daughter.

'08. RAMSEY—At the Private Patients' Pavilion, Toronto General Hospital, on Sunday, Oct. 18th, to the wife of Alan Ramsey, a son (Geoffrey Gordon).

'09. PROWSE—On Saturday, Oct. 24th, at the Bracebridge General Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Prowse, Beaumaris, a son.

'10. VERNER—On Saturday, September 12th, to Mr. and Mrs. W. Stuart Verner, the gift of a son.

KINGSTONE—At St. Michael's Hospital, Sunday, November 15th, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold C. Kingstone, a son (Forbes Edward).

'11. LIGHTBOURNE—On Thursday, November 15th, to Rev. and Mrs. F. G. Lightbourne, Stratford, Ontario, the gift of a son.

'14. LEISHMAN—On Tuesday, October 13th, to Mr. and Mrs. George E. Leishman, at the Private Patients' Pavilion, a son.

'21. SMITH—In July, to Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Smith, Montreal, a daughter.

TERRYBERRY—At Private Patients' Pavilion, August 27th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Douglas Terryberry (nee Mildred Hale), Port Credit, a daughter (Virginia Suzanne).

'24. GOURLEY—On Thursday, September 3rd, to Mr. and Mrs. Lesley S. Gourley, a daughter (Marilou Eleanore).

'25. STRONACH—On Saturday, August 22nd, to Mr. and Mrs. George Stronach, Junior, a son.

'25. FALCONER—To Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar Falconer, Tuesday, November 10th, a son.

COUSLAND—At the Private Patients' Pavilion, on Friday, November 20th, to Rev. and Mrs. K. H. Kousland, a son.

OBITUARY

LOWNDES, ERLE BOSTICK, was born in Toronto on May 21st, 1898. He came to St. Andrew's College, from the Rosedale public school, in September, 1909, when he entered the second form. His promotions were won with regularity, always in the honour list, and frequently with a proficiency prize. In June, 1914, he obtained his pass matriculation, and in June, 1915, his honour matriculation, having been awarded the Lieutenant-Governor's silver medal for the best year's work in Form Upper VI. In the autumn he went on to the University of Toronto, and enlisted in the 48th Highlanders. The following spring he entered the University Officers' Training Corps.

In September, 1917, he went overseas and was attached for five months to the Cadet School at Cambridge. While there he won the 140-lb. boxing championship and ranked second in a class of 1,200 in his final examinations. He was then gazetted as lieutenant with the Gordon Highlanders, and was sent to France in July, 1918. Twelve hours after he first entered the front line trenches, by an adroit move he got behind a group of Germans whom he took prisoners, without losing any of his men. For this exploit he was awarded the military cross. After two weeks' leave he returned to join the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders.

In the spring of 1919 he returned home and after completing his course at the University of Toronto, entered his father's business.

On July 5th, 1931, while diving at Preston Lake, near Aurora, he broke his neck, having lost his balance as he was about to dive into five feet of water. He was taken to Newmarket hospital and the following day was removed by ambulance to Toronto, but succumbed as he was about to be admitted to the Toronto General Hospital.

"Bunt" Lowndes was always deservedly popular both in school days and in later life. Gifted with physical, mental and moral strength, even as a boy, he was certain to make his presence felt. His courage, steadfastness and unfailing cheerfulness as he went his way made him always welcome among his school fellows, who early sensed his innate thoughtfulness and unselfishness of character.

The passing of a gifted student, a successful athlete, and a loyal comrade has brought sorrow to many hearts among his old school fellows, as well as to companions of later days.

To his family, to his young widow and children, the REVIEW can but very inadequately tender the sincere sympathy of his old school in the untimely passing of one so full of early performance and promise of later achievement.



MIRTHQUAKES

LATEST PUBLICATIONS

- "How Animals Eat,"—by Noble.
"My Gridiron Days,"—by Mr. Cowan.
"Authority,"—by Ponsford.
"Horse Sense,"—by Mr. Fleming
"Voice Culture,"—by Eakins and Roden.
"Corporal Punishment,"—by Rowell.
"The Débutante,"—by Hethrington.
"Fuzzy-Wuzzy,"—by Plaunt
"Christmas Seals,"—by Neal.
"Peter Rabbit,"—by Hare.
"My Dusenbergs,"—by Vowell.
"Organic Life,"—by Mr. Crookshank.

WALKER (in the laboratory): "This experiment won't seem to work."

MR. GOODMAN: "Use some gumption, lad."

WALKER: "I don't think you gave us any, sir."

BLOOM: "Why isn't your watch working?"

MOFFATT: "It has got dandruff in the hair-spring"

They called him Daniel because he was such a Boone to the family.

MR. FLEMING: "If I had nine children and eight apples, how would I make the apples go around?"

PONSFORD: "Applesauce!"

CLEMENT: "Fireman, there's a house on fire!"

AURORA FIREMAN: "Did you put water on it?"

CLEMENT II: "Oh yes, sir."

FIREMAN: "Sorry, but that is all we can do."

PARKER (at the table): "This egg is rotten."

MAID: "Don't blame me, I only laid the table."

DRUGGIST: "Do you use baby talc on your child?"

CAPT. EVANS: "No indeed, we use only the very best English when talking to her."

No sooner had I stepped across the threshold into the room than I felt myself hurled into the air like a projectile. Everything seemed to swim before my eyes. The floor receded from me with a sweeping speed that made the room about me blur and dance. The ceiling seemed to drop on me and a horrible, sickening nausea overcame me as I saw it would crush me like a juggernaut. One brief instant and I was plunged into water with a resounding splash.

Who left the soap on the bathroom floor?

SMITH II: "I heard that Neal hung his stocking up last Christmas eve.

CAMERON: "What did he get?"

SMITH II: "A notice from the health department."

VOWELL: "I had to kill my dog last summer."

PARSONS I: "Was he mad?"

VOWELL: "Well, he wasn't exactly pleased about it."



THE HELPING HAND.

SHAPLEY: "Why are you wrapping up those left-over pieces of toast?"

SMITH I: "I have to have some charcoal sketches."

MR. O'SULLIVAN (to Mr. Cowan in bathtub): "Why goodness me, man, don't start on *that* song! You know we haven't much soap left."

ELLIS I: "It was so warm last night I barely slept."

CATTLE: "I didn't put anything on either."

WEBSTER II: "Well, what'll we talk about?"

MR. O'SULLIVAN: "About a minute and a half."

YULE: "I've had all my boyish dreams shattered."

BIMEL: "How?"

YULE: "By that alarm clock."

ROBERTSON: "I passed through your home town once on the train."

MCIVER (proudly): "Well, what did you think of it?"

ROBERTSON: "To tell the truth, I couldn't see it because there was a baggage car on the siding."

MISS STERLING (to Aurora butcher): "Are those eggs fresh, my man?"

BUTCHER: "Are they fresh, ma'am?" (To his assistant): "Bil go over there and see if those eggs are cool yet!"

ANXIOUS MOTHER: "And is my boy really trying?"

MASTER: "Very."

ONE PARENT: "How did Tom do in his history examination?"

ANOTHER: "He failed. It's simply ridiculous. Why they asked him questions about things that happened before he was born."

MR. BLOMFIELD: "In England we usually eat two eggs, but in France one egg is 'un oeuf'."

POWELL: "Is Lillico lazy?"

RODEN: "Why he is so lazy that he always runs his car over a bump to knock the ashes off his cigarette."

FIRST ROOSTER: "Is your married life successful?"

SECOND ROOSTER: "Very; my mother-in-law is an incubator."

DR. BOULDING: "Your stomach is out of order, you will have to diet."

WESTCOTT: "What colour do you advise?"

FIRST CANNIBAL: "Is supper over?"

SECOND CANNIBAL: "Yes, everybody's eaten."

MR. COWAN: "Where were the boys of the middle ages educated?"

CLEMENT I: "At knight schools, of course."

ELLIS I: "What would you do if you found a horse in your bath tub?"

JENNINGS I: "Pull out the plug."

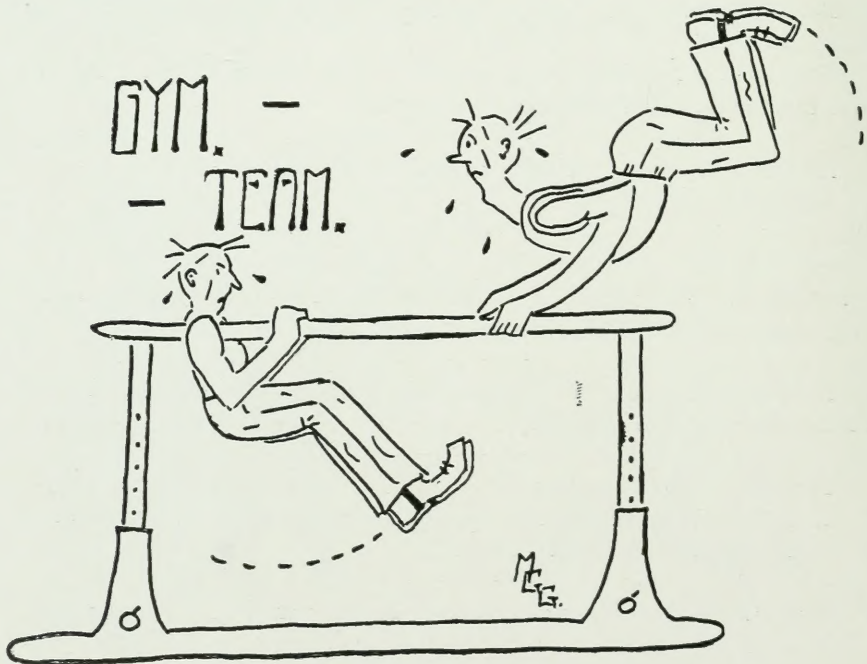
ABRAHAM: "Say, who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

LOT: "That was no lady, that was a pillar of salt."

(The Editor is catching the next 'bus.)

MR. FINDLAY: "When do the leaves begin to turn?"

MACDONALD I: "The night before the exams. begin."



DEFINITIONS

A university graduate is a person capable of counting up to twenty without taking off his shoes.

Poor school spirit is the term applied to an Andrean who doesn't give "a hoot" whether we win or lose a rugby game.

A prefect is an individual who attempts to conceal the vacuity of his mind by profound superficiality.

MCCOLL (coming to the end of dictating his laundry list to Capt. Young, who is kindly taking it down): "And one handkerchief, Captain Young."

CAPT. YOUNG: "*C'est tout?*"

MCCOLL: "No, sir, I said one."

HARRIS: "So the doctor made you laugh all the time you were in the hospital?"

STRAITH II: "Yes, he had me in stitches."

WESTCOTT: "Oh, yes, I play anything by request."

MARLATT: "Well, play parchesi for half an hour."

HENDERSON: "Aren't you in for a lot of kidding if you're stiff after your first riding lesson?"

MCCOLL: "Yes, indeed; in fact, it's apt to become a standing joke."

MR. TUBBALL: "Why don't you want to go to church?"

REA: "Well, you see, sir, I've been troubled with a bunion on my foot."

MR. TUBBALL: "Strange that a bunion should impede a pilgrim's progress."

MITCHELL (whose kilt is too short): "I'm really ashamed to wear this costume."

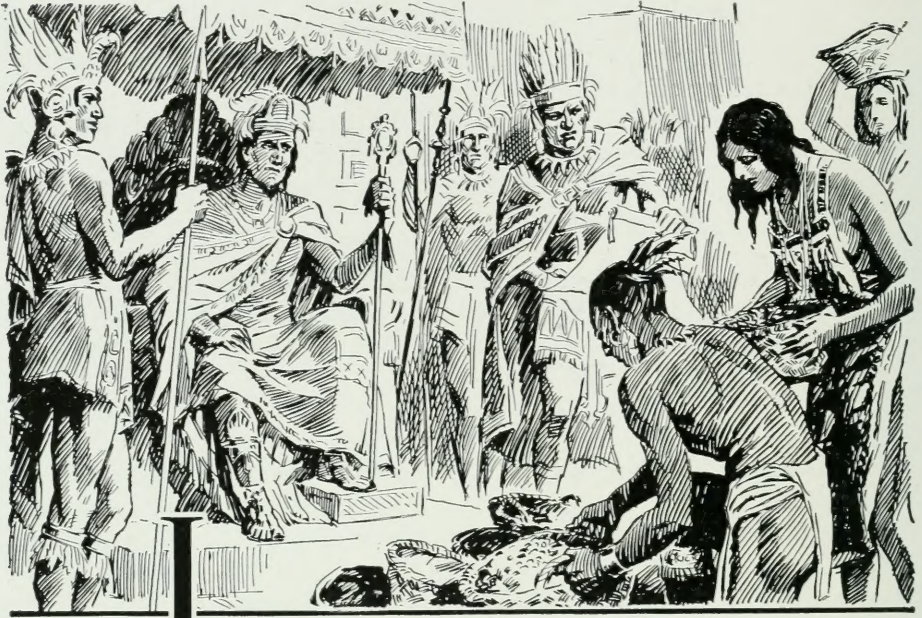
JONES: "Well, you have very little to be ashamed of."

HOLTON: "Who was the blonde I saw you out with at Thanksgiving on Saturday and Monday?"

ELLIOTT: "Oh, she was the brunette I was out with Friday and Sunday."

MARTIN: "I saw a horse in front of the house. Does it belong to the iceman?"

MISS DEVIGNE: "No, it's a horse of another caller."



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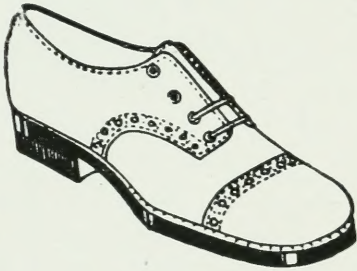
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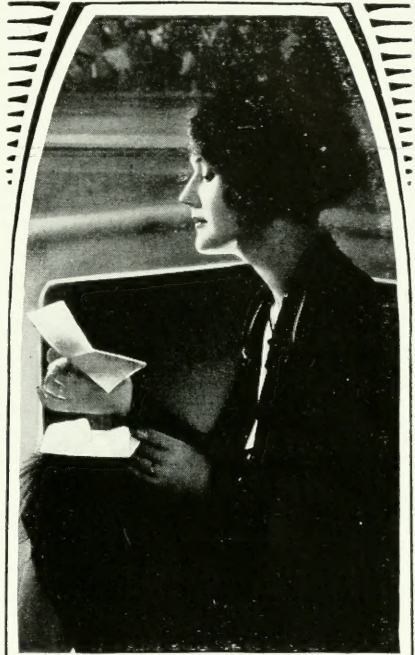
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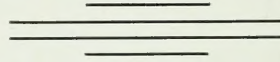


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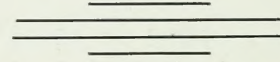
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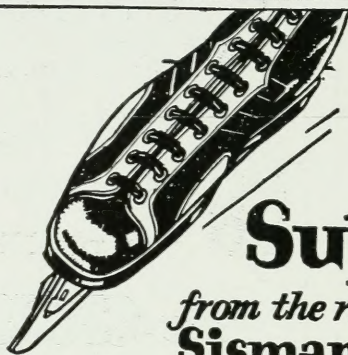
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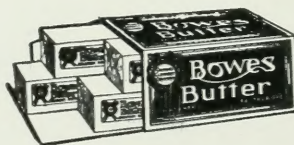
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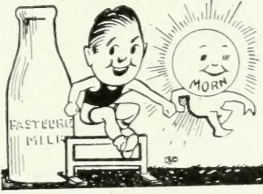
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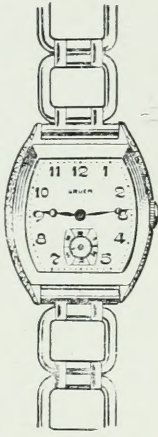
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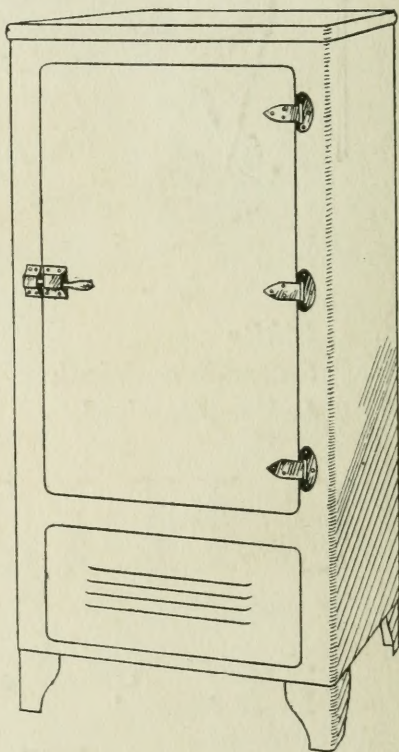
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