

# Saint Andrew's College Review



Mid-Summer  
1931

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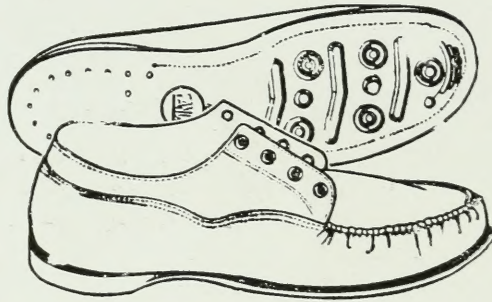
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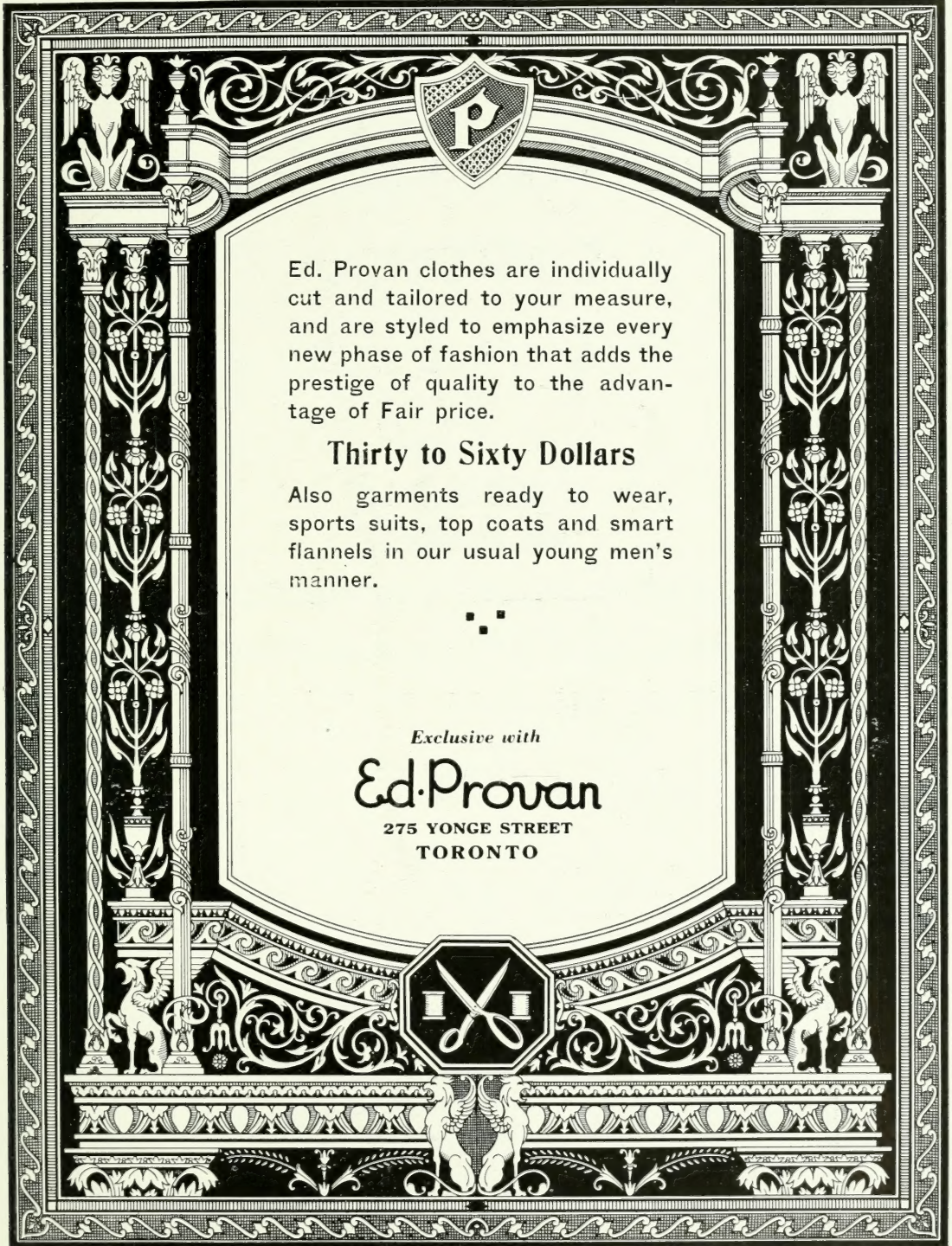


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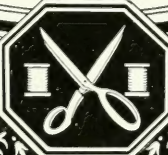
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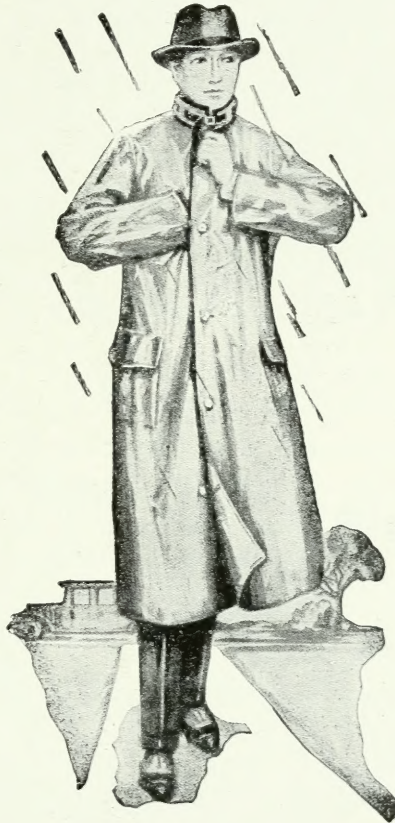
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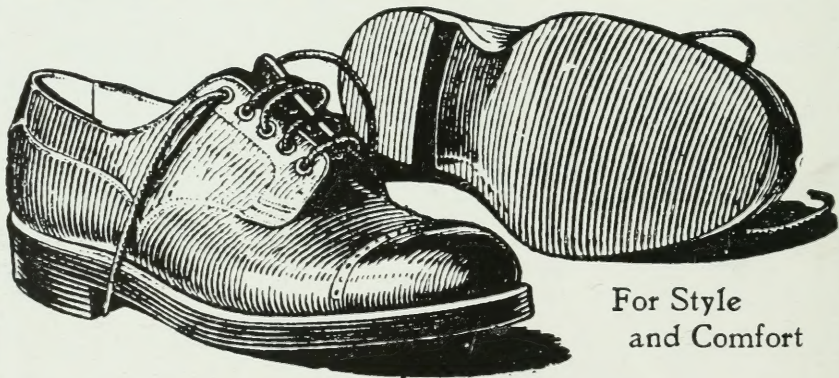
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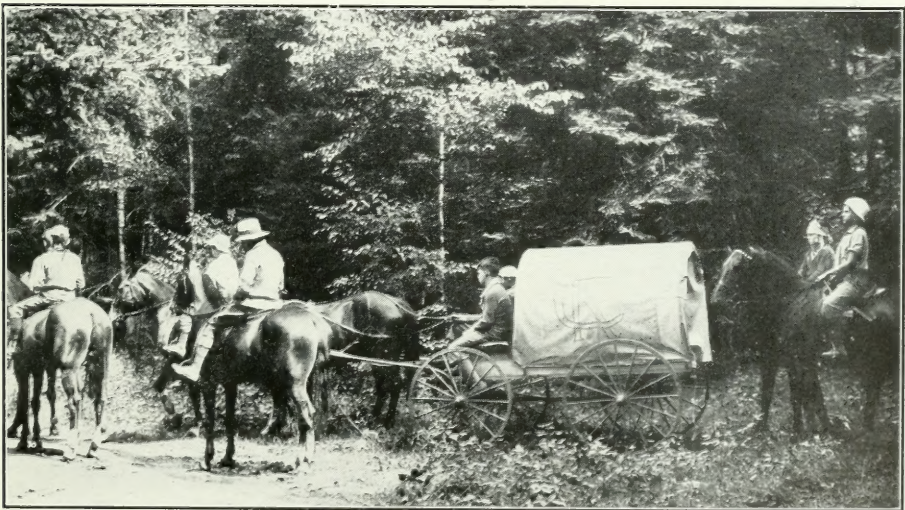
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# The St. Andrew's College Review



Mid-Summer 1931

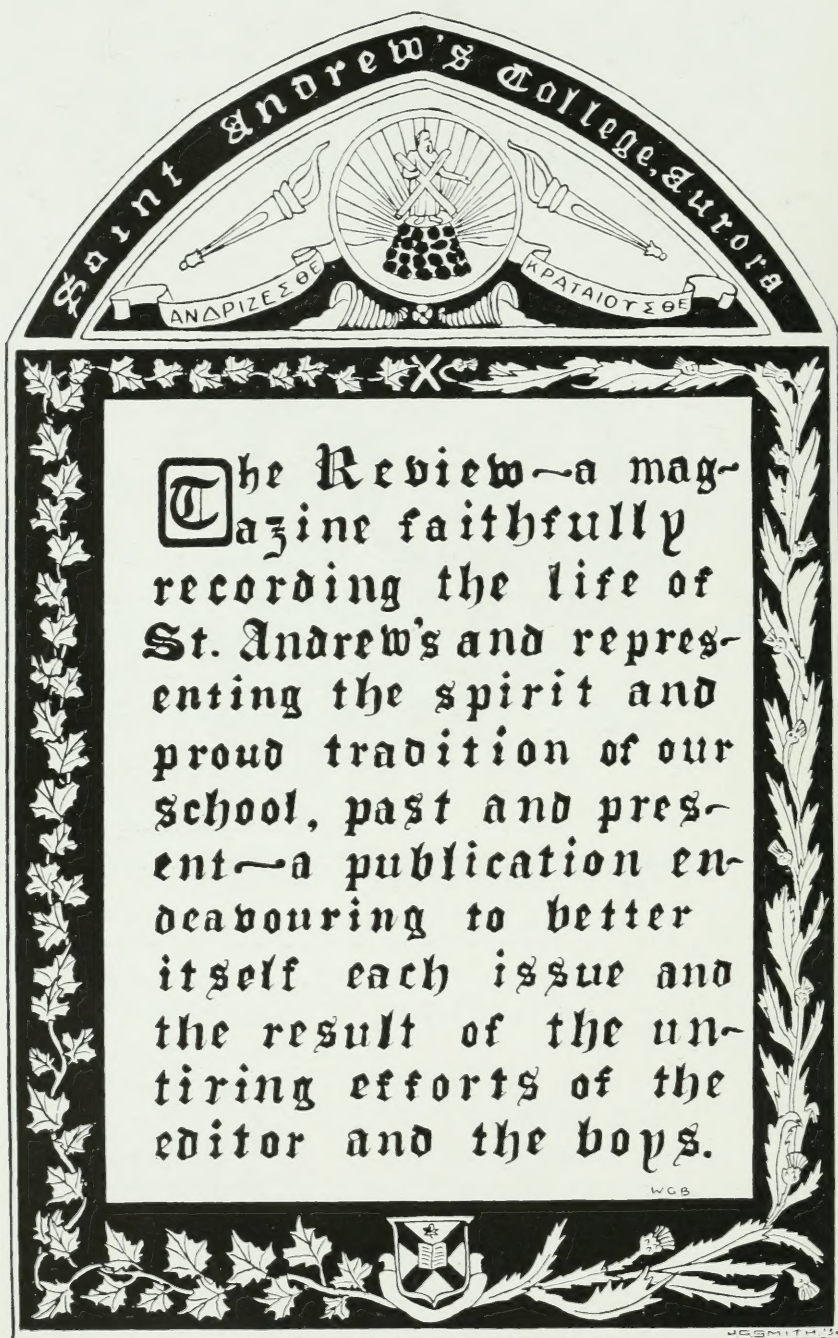
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The Review—a magazine faithfully recording the life of St. Andrew's and representing the spirit and proud tradition of our school, past and present—a publication endeavouring to better itself each issue and the result of the untiring efforts of the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

W.C.B.

J.C. SMITH '11

# Contents

EDITORIAL .....	15
THE NEW CHAPEL .....	18
HEADMASTER'S SERMON .....	21
STORIES	
A Log Jam .....	28
The Man Hunt .....	30
Reunion .....	31
How I Played Ducks and Drakes .....	33
Saved .....	35
CREATURES OF THE NIGHT .....	37
ARTICLES	
Wild Animals of the Prairies .....	38
Anglo-American Brotherhood .....	41
The Canadian Bank of Commerce .....	42
An Immigration Train .....	44
Mont St. Michel .....	45
The Midsummer Term .....	47
Stamp Collecting .....	49
The Yo-Yo .....	50
Dream Castle .....	52
Music: the Universal Language .....	54
The Comics .....	56
The Nullification of Gravity .....	57
SCHOOL NEWS	
The Upper Sixth .....	61
Head Prefect .....	65
Sports Day .....	67
Cadet Corps .....	72
CRICKET .....	77
OLD BOYS' NEWS .....	97
EXCHANGES .....	100
MIRTHQUAKES .....	102
NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF BOYS ATTENDING ST. ANDREW'S .....	107



THE NEW CHAPEL



# St. Andrew's College Review

Mid-Summer, 1931

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## Editorial

IT is with a great deal of pleasure that we present in a lasting form this Chapel Number of the REVIEW. Carried by Exchanges or to former attendants around the world, it will sing the praises of the noble Old Boys who laid down their lives for us in the cataclysm of 1914-1918. It is well that its horrors and enmities should be forgotten, but the memory of their nobility and sacrifice must never be forgotten and never shall while this memorial Chapel shall stand. Fifty years from now this record of the impressive ceremonies in connection with the dedication of the new Chapel will make very interesting reading to a generation yet unborn, and perhaps inspire them to honour further these heroes of our time that that reproaching nickname, The Forgotten Generation, may never be flung upon them. To you, Posterity, we fling this torch, "Be yours to hold it high."

\* \* \*

It is very pleasing to record that through the kindness of Mr. J. L. Ross, the school has received an historic gift of much value. Gordon Fraser Ross, who was at St. Andrew's College from September, 1907, to June, 1913, was on Motor Launch No. 420 at the "bottling of Ostend", in which engagement he was killed. The *Ensign* which flew over Motor Launch No. 420 on that occasion, and through several other bombardments of Ostend and Zeebrugge, came into the possession of Gordon Ross' father. He has now handed it over to the school for safe keeping in the new Memorial Chapel. Its historic value and particular association with the memory of a courageous Old Boy, rank it among the valued treasures of the school.

\* \* \*

The general sentiment among the boys seems to be that the REVIEW has this year compared very favourably with the volumes of other years, and the editor wishes to take this opportunity of publicly thanking the staff for their loyal co-operation and hard work, without which success would be impossible. Each and everyone has given of his best without demur, especially Smith II, who has come to the fore in many an

emergency to help us over the stile, and Thomson I, whose ready wit has been responsible for brightening our pages. We hope that another year the Upper School will take more interest in submitting pictures for the magazine; there are plenty of them taken and every one has keen interest for some of us. Don't be modest! The staff also wishes to thank all the contributors; we have enjoyed reading everything submitted and there have been very few rejections; the standard and diversity of subject matter have been good. We look forward to seeing more of your work in the years to come. Contributions from those of you who will be Old Boys soon after this appears will always be welcomed, and will form a link in keeping up your interest in the School and its activities. We are glad to notice an article of a more scientific nature in the REVIEW this issue, and hope that it will be followed by others explaining to the uninitiated the wonders of modern science.

\* \* \*

It is with genuine regret that the School has learned Sergeant-Major Millican will not be with us next year. His valuable contribution to the College as a whole and to the individual boy can never be reckoned. In his regime of five years he has made the Cadet Corps and the Gymnasium Team among the finest in the country. We were glad to note that the boys have appreciated his untiring efforts, and as a slight token of their appreciation have presented him with a handsome golf-bag. The REVIEW joins the staff and boys in wishing Sergeant-Major Millican continued success in his worthwhile labours wherever they may take him.

\* \* \*

And now for an editorial on the Value of Brevity: We practice what we preach.

\* \* \*

Happy, jolly holidays to you all!





THE REVIEW STAFF

## The New Chapel

St. Andrew's College in her thirty-second year, now possesses a beautiful Georgian chapel erected by the generosity of a friend of the College as a memorial to those who gave their lives in the Great War. No more fitting memorial could be devised for those Old Boys who responded so loyally, and suffered so uncomplainingly, and laid down their young manhood so freely, in that terrible tragedy.

The foundations of the chapel were laid in August, 1930, and with favourable weather rapid progress was made during the Autumn, and by Christmas the roof had been finished; by the end of March the spire had been erected, and by Easter, with the exception of a few details, the building was complete. Every step has been followed by the boys with the deepest interest, from the mixing of the concrete for the foundation, and the exact and deliberate fitting together of the great blocks of stone for the massive portico, to the placing of the vane on the spire ninety-four feet above the floor of the building; then came the setting up of the pews and the furnishings of the chancel, and finally when the great voice of the organ pealed out, the school knew that the memory of its past had been enshrined, and that there stood embodied within the four walls of this place of worship the promise and the aspirations of the future.

From every point of view the new chapel dominates the landscape; from the bridge over the stream at the southeast corner of the playing fields its spire is seen pointing to Heaven as the centre of the various houses; as the path approaches the rising ground upon which the College stands it is a beautiful object behind the branches of the great elms outlined against the white clouds; as the boys pass up and down to the playing-fields they will pass beneath its walls, and the bronze cross and swords at rest on the east wall of the chancel will speak silently of sacrifice and service. Perhaps the best view of all is from the Headmaster's House, where the fine proportions of the new building seem to complete the oval of the lawn and to emphasize the graceful outlines of Dunlap Hall and the adjoining houses. Few, if any, academic institutions in Canada have laid out their buildings more carefully, and one would go far to find a fairer sight than the view from the south side of the oval near the flagstaff.

Old Boys at a distance will expect a more detailed description of the new building. The Chapel is built of the same kind of Autumn-tinted brick as the other buildings, and has been modelled upon the type

perfected by Sir Christopher Wren; on the west front is a portico with heavy stone pillars; the entrance is framed in plain stone with the inscription, "*Ad majorem Dei gloriam.*" above the door. In the vestibule a door opens on the right into the vestry and on the left, stairs descend to the cloak-rooms below; in front large doors covered with red baize open into the auditorium which will seat 300; the interior is simple and dignified with four large windows on each side affording pleasant glimpses of the playing-fields and the surrounding country; the chancel and wainscots are panelled with walnut and gum-wood; the lights are slightly modernistic in pattern and harmonize with the colour scheme of the whole. The memorial tablet containing the names of Old Boys who fell in the war is on the wall of the chancel above the communion table, and is illuminated by lights concealed in the chancel arch; the pulpit is on the right of the chancel and the reading desk on the left; the consol of the organ is beside the pulpit, and the organ pipes are at the back behind a screen designed by the Headmaster. The furnishings of the chapel include many gifts; the Communion Table is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Rolph; the Pulpit is the gift of Andreans from Newfoundland; the Reading Desk is the gift of Mr. E. H. Paisley, the architect; the Chancel Chairs are the gift of the Present School Boys, Masters, and Executive Staffs; the Offertory Plates are the gift of an Old Boy, Mr. W. Gerald Burch, in memory of his father, the Rev. Ernest Burch; the Candlesticks are the gift of Mr. H. C. Slein; the Vase is the gift of Mr. D. J. G. Murchison; the Communion Service is the gift of T. A. Gordon, Head Prefect of the School; the Bible is the gift of Mrs. G. P. Sylvester; the Book Markers are given by Miss Alice McCollum, for sixteen years Matron of the School.

The new Chapel was opened with appropriate ceremonies on the afternoon of Sunday, May the 10th. Canon Cody, so long a good friend of the school and member of the Board of Governors, conducted the brief service of dedication; this was followed by the memorial service in which Dr. Paulin read the lesson and recited the prayers and Mr. Robinson read the list of one hundred and four Old Boys who fell in the war; the Headmaster then preached a timely and inspiring sermon on the text, "O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy charge", in which he pointed out to the boys the great heritage that was theirs to guard, bequeathed to them by religion and all the past and more especially by the glorious dead; the service came to a conclusion with the singing of "God Save the King", and the playing of the Hallelujah Chorus as a recessional. The chapel was crowded far beyond its capacity; the school was proud to welcome many of its Old Boys and many of the relatives of those so sadly and so affectionately commemorated. To all those

present it was a matter of regret that ill health prevented the presence of Mrs. Macdonald, to whose artistic taste and unflagging interest the school is again so deeply indebted.

The afternoon of May the 10th began with clouds and rain; during the service the sun came out and at its conclusion there was all the glory of the Spring; the tragedy and sorrow of war seemed to yield to a brighter hope.

In the gift of the new Chapel the school gratefully acknowledges the generosity and munificence of the donor who so modestly insists upon remaining anonymous. It is, we understand, the intention to record the gratitude of St. Andrew's College to this unnamed benefactor by a suitable inscription in the vestibule; the new Chapel is a monument to his interest in the school. It will also, we believe, establish the reputation of Mr. E. H. Paisley, who, as architect, has brought to his task all the devotion of an Old Boy. —R.



*"Play up! play up! and play the game!"*

## ORDER OF THE DEDICATORY AND MEMORIAL SERVICE

Dedication of the Chapel	- -	Rev. Canon H. J. Cody, D.D., LL.D.
Hymn: <i>Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!</i>		
Opening Sentences		
Prayers of Dedication		
A General Thanksgiving		
The Lord's Prayer		
The School Hymn		
Commemoration of the Fallen		
Scripture Sentences and Lesson	- - -	Rev. J. B. Paulin, D.D.
Reading of the Roll of Departed Andreans	- - -	Mr. Robinson
Lament—"Lochaber no more"		
Silence		
The Last Post		
The Reveille		
Prayer	- - - - -	Rev. J. B. Paulin, D.D.
Memorial Hymn		
Sermon	- - - - -	The Headmaster
Hymn: <i>O God, our help in ages past.</i>		
National Anthem		
Benediction		
Organ Postlude—Hallelujah Chorus	- - - - -	Händel

---

## Headmaster's Sermon

May 10th, 1931.

I Tim. 6: 20. "*O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust.*"

Our friends who are here this afternoon to join with us in reverent observance of the special services of the day will not be surprised that the sermon of the Headmaster is addressed more directly to his boys than to those others whose presence indicates their loyal attachment to a school, which is conscientiously striving to increase her effectiveness in contributing to the development of worth-while manhood in this young country, herself but on the threshold of achievement. Those responsible for the welfare and conduct of St. Andrew's College realize that it is upon the character and virility of the manhood of her individual citizens that the performances of a State must rest, and they have given of their efforts and resources with the sincere desire that the School may contribute something worth-while to the character of Canadian citizenship.

To our visitors, then, I make no apology for regarding the boys of the school as the primary charge on such a day as this. I can but state the fact that, since for so many years has Andreanic (if I may be allowed the term) responsibility been mine, I feel the call of the boys for consideration. So much of opportunity has been given me in St. Andrew's College that there remains unbroken, even by death, the link of affection and attachment for all those noble youths whose names we have heard to-day, as well as for the hundreds of others who served faithfully with them in that stupendous struggle, which already is but a page of history to the modern school boy.

Poignant memories of many fruitful and arduous years crowd upon me as the School reverently bows its head to receive this crown "of the House of God in our midst". Dominant, but not aggressive, in its position, facing us and present with us in our daily tasks, with the finger of hope pointing heavenward, there cannot help but be a quiet influence impelling us to better things. As the spire directs the eye to issues above so are we reminded that the aspirations of the individual, although they may never be fully realized in this world of time, must lead him to higher rungs on the ladder of achievement.

On all of us, who live, work and serve in this place, a trust of no mean significance is laid this day; and thus, boys, to you, to your masters, to myself, I am constrained to speak from the words of the great Apostle addressed to Timothy, his young son of the Spirit, when, mindful of that youth's great responsibility, he writes, "O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust". Or, as it is in the original,

*"Ω Τιμοθεε; την παρακαταθηκην φυλαξον."*

"Guard that which is laid down beside thee."

Further light on what was in the Apostle's mind is evident in the earlier portion of the succeeding chapter, where, using much the same language, he states his own confidence that God will keep that which he (Paul) had committed to His trust, and in the keeping would bring it to a happy issue, preserving it unimpaired, keeping it safe from being lost or perishing.

In the injunction "keep", or as I prefer to translate it, "guard with the fruition of happy issue", there is a demand for a definite attitude towards life. There is a sense of action, of alertness, as well as of quiet watchfulness. There is a definite warning against taking anything for granted. We must be on our guard. We are called upon to live, not to exist. There is here the steadfastness, the immobility of the mountain which, resting on stable foundations, stands guardian of the valleys of life which radiate from it. And, there is also the sure and swift action



of the true warrior who is quick to move in defence of his charge when occasion demands. The injunction involves the watchful eye, the thoughtful mind, the heroic soul, the indomitable spirit, the vigorous body, the generous vision of the true knight. For, with such a charge to keep we cannot enter the lists of life with thoughts of self alone.

This is the position in which we, boys and masters, find ourselves to-day as, surrounded by our Old Boys and well-wishers, we receive this magnificent gift, the House of God in our midst, and, as we accept, hold in reverent memory those gallant Andreans of an earlier day, who at the call of duty gave their all.

I know that this new possession is a source of both joy and pride to those of us who live, and labour, and play in this school; and that we are conscious of enjoying a real privilege as we contemplate its presence in our midst. But, it were well to remind ourselves that, as to the thoughtful man all privileges carry with them consequent responsibilities, so the acceptance of this chapel implies that in our lives here we give back fulfilled the possibilities of promise that are in the gift which we receive. There is that committed to our trust which we must keep. There is demanded of us Andreans, here and now, a definite attitude of guardianship towards life, since the very facts of the situation enjoin us to guard a trust, which this day is committed to our keeping; and the guerdon must be so discharged by the masters and older boys, who lead in this place, that those who are younger and will follow on may in their turn hand on a Christian tradition to their successors. There is demanded of all of us both a quiescent and active guardianship of a trust which is two-fold in implication, in virtue of the nature of the gift. For this is a Memorial Chapel, and it is the House of God in our midst.

Reminded, as we shall always be, of the fact that it is a Memorial Chapel, there is laid down beside us for happy memory, not merely the names of those Old Boys which are recorded here, but the solemn duty of evidencing in our own daily lives those qualities of character towards which their action points the finger of understanding. We celebrate here to-day not the glamour of military movement, not the noise of battle, not the victories of war. There is rather in the minds of the thoughtful the contemplation of the cost of it all, the tragedy of sacrifice and the suffering which always follows the efforts of foolish man to settle his differences with his fellows by mere force. We worship and commemorate to-day in the pious hope that there will be no more war.

Think you that your 900 predecessors in this school went joyously and thoughtlessly into the great struggle of 1914-1918? Far from it. It was my privilege to greet most of these boys before they went away,

and to receive hundreds of letters a year from the front, as, though often wearied, they held on under great strain. I know that for the most part they went realizing that it was an arduous and distasteful task which faced them; but there was the call of duty, and they answered it. The bugle sounded the note to fall in, and, dropping their tools of ordinary life, they offered their all in response to the call, while in their service they displayed those heroic qualities of persistence, endurance, courage, buoyancy of spirit and unselfishness, which enabled them and their fellows finally to win through. We do well to record in this place the names of those who were called upon to give their all, even life itself; but we shall ever hold in cherished regard also those who, having striven and endured, were spared to return. For even to them, because of those four terrible years, life can never be quite what it might have been.

This trust, then, our Old Boys by their action lay upon us this day, with the injunction that we not only cherish for ourselves but pass on to succeeding generations the high tradition of readiness at the call of duty, of possession of persistence, endurance, courage, buoyancy of spirit, and unselfishness as qualities of individual character. After all, boys, life is a great struggle, in peace as well as in war, and if you are to amount to anything you must seek to possess both quiet and heroic virtues of character lest you fall by the way.

Thus by their deeds these Old Boys, though dead, yet speak. Thus by their sacrifice they point to higher things. God forbid that in the presence of this Memorial any of us should be recreant to the trust the dead leave to us who live.

The other element in the trust instituted to-day is indicated by the fact that this Chapel stands amongst us as the House of God. It is to be our special place of worship, and yet I would not have you think that thoughts of God and deeds for God are to be reserved for this place alone. If we have any sense of Christian faith at all we surely realize that all life has to do with God. Our recognition of His sovereignty, our dependence upon His Fatherhood, our faith in His love should enter into all our life here, whatever our house, wherever our classroom, or wherever our play-field. To fail to live under the recognition of this profound truth is to miss the greatest privilege that life will ever offer you; for it is to cast lightly aside that which, if taken into your possession, will bring depth of soul, tranquility of mind, strength of action and richness of achievement beyond your dreams.

This Chapel, standing in our midst, with its spire pointing heavenward, is a silent witness to the great verities of life. The search for intellectual development and material welfare is a most legitimate quest for any human being, and we have a right to expect that there will be

laid in this school wise foundation for the successful rearing of individual superstructure in these respects. But, there are more important issues in life than mere development of mind, and acquisition of wealth. There are the things of the soul, and, as is the soul of you so will be your use of those powers of mind, of body, and of possessions which will ultimately be yours in the great adventure of life. On the manner of their use will depend not only your own happiness in time and in eternity, but your very usefulness to yourself, to your fellows, and to your God.

Born in the human soul there has always been a longing for union with the Great Spirit who gave it life. Philosophers have called it the search for the highest good. Call it what you will, until that yearning is gratified there can be no lasting peace, no real sense of satisfaction for the individual. We may wallow in the mire of materialism, or soar in the heights of intellectualism, experiencing a passing satisfaction of the moment, but thoughtful humanity has learned that the sense of lasting contentment is not found in either of these. The truth is that it is union with God we need, and until we attain it satisfaction cannot be ours. Here, my lad, you come to the deep things of life. I would not have you worry much about such verities at your age, but I would impress upon your mind and soul that it is to the great truth of God's sovereignty and God's fatherly love that this Chapel silently points as it stands in our midst, verily touching, as it does, our hours of work, our hours of play, and our hours of sleep.

Well may we heed the counsel of the Apostle to guard that which is committed to our trust, that faith in God, that reverence for His majesty, that strife for His cause, which is symbolised by this House of Worship which to-day is given over to us. Reverently and humbly may we say with the Psalmist, "God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved". But, daily mindful of our trust, we must never forget that where God dwells there can be no unclean thing; and that His city must ever be a city of truth, for thus saith the Prophets.

Let us, then, accept our trust in reverent humility, praying God that He upholds us in our efforts to be true soldiers of Jesus Christ, true Knights of the Cross, in our very important life here, in order that there may be truly laid foundations for such knightly conduct in those future struggles, which we must face in the greater world outside.

*Andreani qui pro nobis et pro patria ante diem perierunt*

ABENDANA, E. M.	GLOVER, J. D.	NICOL, H. L.
ANDERSON, D. L.	GOOCH, F. J.	OLIVER, ALLAN
ANDREWS, F. C.	GOODERHAM, G. A.	PHILIPS, R. A.
BASTEDO, R. H.	GRAHAM, D. W.	PORTER, R. M.
BATH, E. O.	GRANT, G. W.	PROCTOR, J. A.
BEATH, M. G.	GREER, W. C.	QUIGLEY, F. G.
BEECROFT, H. T.	HANLAN, E. G.	RAND, E. A.
BELL, A. L.	HANNA, W. N.	RANEY, P. H.
BELL, T. S.	HARRIS, H. K.	RISTEEN, C. F.
BIGWOOD, P. H.	HERALD, R. A.	RISTEEN, G. N.
BLAKE, G. E.	HYDE, L. B.	ROBERTSON, A. G.
BOND, H. S.	INGS, J. W.	ROGERS, C. E.
BROUGHALL, DERIC	JUNOR, K. W.	ROSS, G. F.
BROWN, B. B.	KAPPELE, E. R.	SMITH, D. R.
BROWN, R. A.	KAPPELE, G. R.	SMITH, L. F. W.
BUSCOMBE, R.	KAY, JOHN	SNELGROVE, J. C.
CAMPBELL, G. H.	KILGOUR, A. W.	SNOW, G. A.
CHESTNUT, A. W.	KNIGHTON, G. G.	SUTHERLAND, W. W.
CLEMENT, D. W.	LOCKHART, N. B.	TAYLOR, J. S.
COCHRANE, O. D.	LOUDON, L. B. M.	TAYLOR, W. W.
COCKBURN, G. A. R.	MCINTOSH, P. D.	TRAVIS, C. W.
CROMBIE, V. R. A.	McLAGAN, P. D. M.	WALKER, H. H.
CROWE, H. L.	McQUEEN, H. M.	WALLACE, H. D. M.
CUTLER, J. G.	McTAGGART, Wm. B.	WALLACE, GUY H.
CUNNINGHAM, L. E.	MACGREGOR, I. C.	WHITAKER, R. B.
DARROCK, J. C.	MACPHERSON, C. S.	WILLIAMS, W. D.
DEVLIN, H. L.	MALONE, M. E.	WILSON, J. T.
DIVER, F. G.	MASSON, R. G.	WILSON, J. H.
DOUGLAS, J. G.	MAY, T. C.	WINTER, E. R.
EBERTS, M. M.	MONTGOMERY, C. C. S.	WOOD, R. S.
FERGUSON, R. A.	MORRISON, D. W.	WRIGHT, D. R. C.
FOSTER, W. T. F.	MUNRO, FREEMAN	WRIGHT, D. C.
GALBRAITH, R. D.	MUNRO, W. M.	WRIGHT, H. R. L.
GEGGIE, W. M. M.	NATION, G. W.	WRONG, H. V.
GIBSON, D. P.	NEILL, R. M.	YUILLE, W. B.
	NELSON, G. V.	

*"Corpora ipsorum in pace sepulta sunt, et nomen eorum vivit in generationem et generationem."*

The Headmaster wishes it to be announced that any Old Boys desiring a copy of the Memorial Hymn will be provided with same upon a written request.

## OLD BOYS PRESENT

GORDON P. ALEXANDER  
 WILLIAM C. BARCLAY  
 W. HARWOOD BARRON  
 W. GERALD BURCH  
 BRAINARD CARLYLE  
 GORDON T. CASSELS  
 S. HUME CRAWFORD  
 RANDOLPH CROWE  
 FRED W. DAVIS  
 HAROLD E. DAVIES  
 MARTIN P. DEAN  
 ALFRED S. DEAN  
 DR. C. S. DUNNING  
 G. ERIC ELLSWORTH  
 BRUCE FINDLAY  
 ALLAN G. FINDLEY  
 RICHARD A. FISHER  
 JOHN S. GALBRAITH  
 TOM P. GEGGIE  
 J. G. R. GIRVAN  
 ROBERT E. GRASS  
 WILLIAM B. HANNA  
 H. F. H. HERTZBERG  
 GORDON W. HEWITT  
 HAMMIE P. HILL  
 HARRY B. HOUSSER  
 SIDNEY M. HULBIG  
 FRANK W. HUNNISETT  
 H. STANLEY HUNNISETT  
 REGINALD A. LOCKHART  
 DOUGLAS B. LOCKHART  
 REV. GILBERT LIGHTBOURNE

J. STUART LUNDY  
 GRAHAM McINTOSH  
 U. BRUCE McMURTRY  
 W. G. W. McMURTRY (TED)  
 D. CLAUDE MACDONALD  
 JOHN K. MACDONALD  
 W. PERRY MacKAY  
 KENNETH B. MacLAREN  
 J. FORBES MORLOCK  
 REGINALD MORTON  
 DUNCAN A. MOORE  
 H. ELMER MUNRO  
 MAITLAND NEWMAN  
 FORSEY P. PAGE  
 J. ERNEST H. PAISLEY  
 FRED T. REA  
 DAVID K. REA  
 JOHN K. RHYNAS  
 F. STRUAN ROBERTSON  
 J. BRUCE SCYTHES  
 MARK F. SPROTT  
 WALTER D. SQUIRES  
 EDWARD B. STRATHY  
 CLIFFORD M. TEMPLE  
 STANLEY A. THOMPSON  
 HARRY C. TUGWELL  
 J. LUNNESS WEBSTER  
 NORMAN O. WHEELER  
 G. EDWARD WHITAKER  
 DONALD C. WILSON  
 DR. D. E. STAUNTON WISHART  
 JAMES D. WOOD

J. S. WRIGHT



## A Log Jam

Last year just before going up to the mill at Wye, Dad was saying that if it didn't rain soon the log drive would be held up at the ford. I went up to the mill the next day.

I was up there about a week when we received word of a storm coming. The river was giving fair warning before the storm came. It must have rained hard up the line because the water was rising.

Finally, the rain came. All night and all the next day it poured down. Towards evening it stopped and rained only a little that night. The next day and night it came down as hard as in the beginning. On the fourth day of the rain the river was up eleven feet over its normal flow, the rain being general at its upper branches. The piers which had been erected in the river were covered.

The fifth day of the flood was the disastrous one. All of the logs except the few in the mill-pond were up the river a short distance. The boom which held them was a huge affair, and formed a large triangle of British Columbia fir. On shore on each side thirty feet from the banks two logs were sunk ten feet, and the cable and chains from the boom were snubbed to them. But it was not anything of that size that gave. The river foreman had neglected to snub two of the boomsticks together properly. The chain snubbing slipped and about a hundred and fifty thousand logs started downstream.

There was a turn in the river about half a mile from the mill and two piers stood about twenty feet apart on the turn. They were used to hold the sorting-jack. In normal times the water was only three feet deep but by the fourth day of the flood was seventeen. About thirty thousand good white pine passed the piers, but a large group of great white pine tried to get past the piers at the same time and they got jammed. By night about one hundred and twenty thousand logs up stream were held by the jam. The jam could not have held all these logs; and if it had not been for a large whirlpool a little distance from the piers upstream which caught a great many of the logs in its eddy and swept them in great circles, knocking the bark off them, all the logs would have gone out.

Then came the rumour that forty thousand pulp belonging to another company had broken away about eighteen miles up the river. If the pulpwood reached the jam of logs at the piers everything would go, causing almost complete ruin to both companies.

In the meantime there was no cable. The thirty thousand white pine that had passed the pier had been temporarily held by the boom at the

mill-pond and it was weak because it was meant to hold only a few logs in normal water.

All night one could hear the river swirling and logs pounding against each other. While the men were eating breakfast, the call came that the logs at the mill were out. The logs had shifted slightly and the boom gave way.

A small boom had been constructed a little below the mill, but because of the lack of cable, it was weak and could never be expected to hold. There was a short cable snubbed to a tree and this held the boom. As the logs hit this boom, it jerked the tree out by the roots and swept it almost clear across the river on the surface of the water, so great was the force of the logs. Nothing could hold them and they were off in a boiling, seething mass of water. Sometimes a log would be knocked clear out of the water into the air. It was a wondrous sight even though it was a disaster.

The piers, however, still held the majority of the logs, and the whirlpool continued to do good work in keeping the most of the weight off the piers. But would it hold out till the cable arrived on the two o'clock train? Now word came that the miraculous had happened and the pulpwood had been stopped and held.

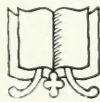
The cable came at last and was rushed to the jam. Steaming horses pulling at taut cable, men digging the hole to sink the logs for snubs, toiled for eight hours without anything to eat.

After the whole cable was hitched to the logs and snubbed, the men returned to camp, tired but confident that the logs would hold.

In about three days the water level began to decrease and in two weeks it was almost at its normal flow.

The white pine logs that had gone through were driven to a mill down the river, a fairly long distance from the mill at Wye.

W. B. PLAUNT, Form IV.



## The Man Hunt

He slunk stealthily down the side street, moving quickly, and turning nervously round to view the road behind him. He was dressed in a shabby gray suit, and wore a bowler hat which had seen better days, but these were past.

He had covered perhaps a block, and things seemed to be agreeing with this nervous man, for he had settled down to a steady walk, when suddenly, with a cry of "There he goes, that's him", a youth of about sixteen came around the corner. He was followed by a highly excited crowd. The little man at once took to his heels. The people, urged on by the boy's cries of "Sure, that's him. I bin waitin' a couple a hours for him, and there he goes", took up the pursuit.

Things looked bad for the object of their pursuit, whatever the reason was for his finding himself in that state. His face wore a terrified look, and he was obviously tired out. The chasers were gaining rapidly, when round the corner drove a taxi. With a cry of delight, he hailed it. The driver slowed down, and the man jumped to the running-board, flung open the door, and swayed in. He fell over the feet of an elderly man, who, finding himself thus rudely awakened from his reveries on the beauties of the city as viewed from one's taxi, could do nothing but stare in a shocked manner at the intruder.

Suddenly he realized that this could only be the object of his search for the last three days. The fugitive, when he found that the cab was already occupied, uttered an exclamation of mingled rage and despair, and struggled to open the door again. But the other quickly seized him and drew him back, at the same time ordering the driver to go on.

He held the little man in a vice-like grip, determined that he should not escape. He began to question him in low tones. His captive, realizing the import of his questions, ceased struggling, and with a sob of despair lay back. But a sudden ray of hope seemed to strike him.

"Yes," he said, sitting up quickly, "yes, I am Mr. Beechnut, but you can't have the twenty-five till you show me your gum-wrapper."

I. L. JENNINGS, Form V.



## Reunion

It was an oddly assorted pair, who sat sipping their drinks that night in front of the roaring fire of the Bear and Bull, which is situated in that section of Bristol known as Quayside.

The two were hunched over the table. One was a man of about sixty years, who looked his age. His forehead was scarred and lined as if he was always concentrating intently. His lank grey hair, which was long and unkempt, straggled down at either side of his face, and a battered felt hat, which had not been in vogue for at least thirty years was lying, along with a heavy loaded cane, on the floor by his side.

The other was perhaps the more noticeable on account of the great contrast. He was young, not more than twenty-one, dark and of a rather sallow complexion. His forehead was high, and he had rather aquiline features, which suggested in some past years Italian parentage. His chin, though small, and rather weak looking, had to it a tilt, that hinted at a touch of verve and deviltry. In fact, all his gestures, as well as his clothes, only seemed to accentuate this first impression. From the top of his sleek black hair to the tips of his perfectly polished shoes he was sartorially correct. His evening clothes, which he wore with complete assurance, fitted him without a wrinkle, though they singled him out from the other guests of this underworld hostel as being one of the upper class.

Few words passed between them. The young man seemed to be constantly on the alert, his eyes roved around the room, settling on no one thing, but seeming to miss nothing in his careful scrutiny. The old fellow watched him closely, taking note of every motion as if he was expecting to see some revealing action in this young man.

The old man was the first to speak, "I suppose that you know the reason for this meeting, Mr. Wyndham." The youth seemed rather startled at hearing his strange companion call him by his name, and rather hesitated before answering. "I have no idea, either who you are, or the reason for writing, asking me to meet you here, but, as I had nothing better to do this evening, I thought that it might be rather an adventure to come down to this section of the town, and meet my unknown friend, who seems to know so much about my past life." He said all this rather arrogantly, and the old man winced slightly, as he heard these words, but answered, "Did you ever know your father, my boy?"

The boy raised his eyebrows slightly, and with a voice in which he made no attempt to cover up the sneer, answered, "No, the old man disappeared when I was but three years old. Since then I have been

brought up by my uncle. He has been everything to me that a father could have been, and I am sure that he is more of a man than his brother. I know that he would never have been chased from the country by some scandal the way my father was."

"I have just returned from Australia," replied the old man. "I knew your father very well out there, and was probably his closest friend. He often spoke of you, and cherished your memory more than anything else. He told me why he was forced to leave England, and asked me to look you up on my return, and acquaint you with the facts. Would you like to hear them? I can assure you that he had very good cause to leave the country, and I might be able to give you a clearer explanation of the reason for his sudden departure."

"As far as I am concerned," responded the youth, "I do not want to hear anything further about my father. I try to place the memory of him as far from me as possible. I would have changed my name long ago, if it had not been the same as that of my uncle. I have grown up as his son, and not the son of a coward."

At these words the old man seemed about to spring upon the boy, but with a great effort he regained his self-control, and in the same voice he said, "Since you do not wish to hear my story, my journey here has been useless." He poured out some liquid from a small bottle concealed in his coat, and took a long draught. He gasped, and pulled the tie from his collar, clawing at his neck as a man who cannot breathe. The boy rose, startled, and in a frightened voice cried out, "Who are you?" The man rose with difficulty, and a sudden shudder wracked his body from head to foot. He clutched the edge of the table for support, and speaking in a voice that seemed to come only by a supreme effort, answered, "I am your father, but with your heart turned against me, either by my envious brother, or by forged documents which may have come into your hands, I have nothing more to live for, except to say that I was accused by my brother of defrauding our firm of about £50,000 and an English jury found me guilty. He promised me that my name, and the name of my family would remain unstained providing that I left the country, penniless, and gave up my family. To save you and your mother I left."

With these words scarcely dry upon his lips he slumped to the floor, dead.

J. G. HOUSSER, Lower VI.

## How I Played Ducks and Drakes

One day last summer as I was rowing down the Detroit River, my eyes were attracted by a score or more of little objects bobbing up and down near the middle of the river.

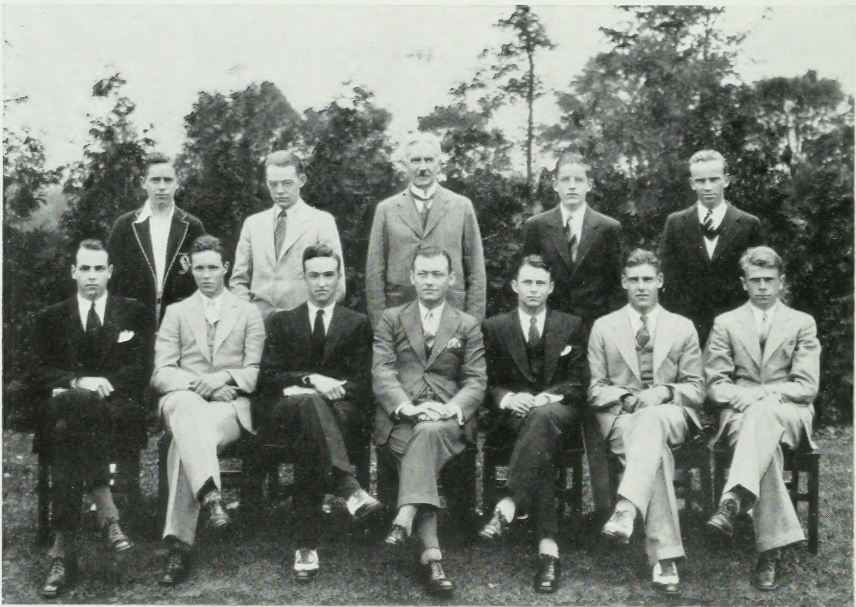
At first I thought they were little pieces of wood, possibly thrown off passing boats, but as I rowed nearer to them I could see that they were live ducks swimming down the river. I wondered why they did not fly away and as I got nearer to them, all they seemed to do was to swim a little faster. I immediately came to the conclusion that they were young ducks possibly coming from Peach Island marsh, a large swamp about four miles up the river and surrounding Peach Island. As my boat was a very light one, I soon ran them down, but they managed to swim clear of the boat when I rowed through them. I decided to circle to the outside of the ducks and chase them into shore. I did this, but it was very slow work as one or two would once in a while take a notion to change their course, but finally I chased them close into shore and wondered what to do with them next after all my hard work in rowing. I then lit upon a brainy idea; I would try to get them up on shore and capture them. I thought this would be fairly easy as they appeared to be small ones hardly able to walk.

After half a dozen or so attempts at this, I finally got the two old ones up on shore. (They could fly all right, but they would not leave their young), and after doing this, all the other ducks followed. I chased the ducks around the shore a little and succeeded in catching a small one, but finally they got away from me, waddled down the shore, jumped into the water, and were soon out to the channel bank where they stopped in amongst the numerous weeds, possibly to collect their senses before going further.

After watching them for a while, I rowed home, a distance of a hundred yards or so and after tying my boat, went up to the house. I told Dad about the ducks and he went down with me to the river to see them. Sure enough, they were still swimming around the channel bank, appearing to be no worse for the swim I had given them. I asked Dad if I couldn't capture, and make a pen for them, to which he agreed, so I again jumped into my boat and soon had the ducks rounded up. This time it was a little easier getting them into shore. After doing this the two old ones didn't seem to like the idea of going up on shore again, but they finally consented when I became vexed. We immediately drove them into a little house we use for wood, et cetera, where we kept them till morning.

In the morning I made a pen with a big pond in it, and after cutting the ducks' wings, transferred them to their new home. They seemed to be quite happy and soon became quite accustomed to their new surroundings. Dad wanted to take them to the St. Clair Shooting Club for duck decoys, but as they were mine, I decided to keep them. We rounded up thirteen young ducks and two old ducks altogether, and since then have killed only six. They are full-grown mallard ducks now and when I went home for the Easter holidays, they were laying on the average of five eggs a day. Just before I came back to school, nine little ducks hatched, and I guess we will have to get rid of them some way as we will soon have more than we can handle.

J. A. PULLING, Form IV.



LITERARY SOCIETY

## Saved

Sandy Macdougall owned a small cabin up in the Canadian north; he had been living in a small town until both his mother and father died; then he was forced to leave school, and make his own living. He took to trapping and hunting.

Sometimes if Sandy got the chance he would act as guide to men who came up to hunt deer or moose in the fall. At this time a man named Foster was staying at his cabin. He was a rather cocksure millionaire from Chicago, who thus should have been proficient in handling a gun, but was not. He was at least, however, a very adventurous man and had an ambition to hunt panthers by night. Sandy thought that this was a rather silly idea, but as Foster's guide, he was bound to try to please him.

One night when the air was crisp and frost-bitten, and a lop-sided moon hung over the saw-like tops of the fir trees on the horizon, the pair set out with guns and a dog. At first they kept the animal on its chain, but as they got away from their abode they loosed him, and he, with a yelp of delight, leaped forward. They could tell by his baying when he picked up a trail. When they reached a certain point where a large rock rose out of the ground, Foster suggested parting, saying that there would thus be more chance of bagging a panther. Sandy hesitated, but at last consented, but he made up his mind to keep his eyes and ears open for trouble. Foster headed eastward with the dog, and Sandy followed the trail north.

It seemed to the American that he had walked for miles; the dog had run on ahead, so he sat down at the base of a tree, laying his rifle on the other side. Just as he was lighting his pipe, he heard a crashing noise to his left and jumped aside. A huge paw swept where his head had been. Less than six feet from him was an immense grizzly. He realized the uselessness of flight, for the bear could easily overtake him in a stride or two. His gun lay on the other side of the bear and was out of the question. The huge animal stood there for a moment, looking like some ferocious demon; then, with a deep-throated growl, it dropped on all fours and charged straight at him. Foster thought all was up and never expected to see his dear Chicago again. Suddenly two shots rang out in quick succession and the bear dropped in his tracks. Out of the fringing trees stepped Sandy, bright and cheerful as ever.

"I was afraid that this sort of thing would happen," he said. "I have been followin' you right tuh here and watchin' you. Never let your gun get away from you like that. These here woods is full of those varmints."

They made their way back to the cabin. The American concluded he could get enough adventure at home, and two days later he left for Chicago.

I. B. MACDONALD, IV, Form III.



A FAMILIAR FIGURE

## Creatures of the Night

When the banshee wails,  
And the were-wolf howls,  
Death hovers on the wind.  
When the vampire flits,  
And the sunset sits  
Close-gathered on the hill,  
Awesome tales are told  
Of the days of old,  
When witchcraft held full sway.

\* \* \*

There are ghouls that dwell  
On the mountainside,  
And elves that dwell therein;  
There are owls that fly  
Across the sky,  
Beneath the yellow moon;  
There are wraiths that dance  
In the forest shades,  
And ghosts that watch and wait;  
There are sprites that stroll  
In moonflecked glades,  
And ponder on their fate.

\* \* \*

The were-wolf howls  
No more at night,  
And the goblins are not seen;  
But men yet speak,  
When the fires sink low  
And the night is all serene,  
Of days long past,  
And the fears that last,  
And will not let them go.

R. T. CATTLE, Lower VI.

## Wild Animals of the Prairies

Of all the animals of the prairies, the badger, I think, might well be classed as the noblest, for he has a very even temper and is not easily angered. However, when cornered or attacked, he never runs away, but fights to the end, no matter how unequal the combat; in fact he dies fighting rather than give in. During the eighteenth, and the first half of the nineteenth centuries, the people of Europe found great sport in badger baiting. A badger was put in a barrel and attacked by dogs until it at last collapsed or died. This is just an illustration of the badger's gameness in battle.

When treated with kindness and perseverance, the badger ordinarily will become quite tame. In a small town in Saskatchewan, a badger was trained to follow its owner down the main street each morning, almost as a dog might. It soon became sick, though, and had to be shot. This proves that he is truly a wild animal, and cannot, so far as we know, be very successfully domesticated.

He is, like almost all wild life of the prairies, a burrowing animal. So persistent is this creature in his search for food, that he is said to make a fresh burrow every day, and the speed with which he can dig his way into the earth as a means of escape is truly wonderful. He is an inoffensive, solitary animal, sleeping by day in his subterranean burrows which he digs; and wandering by night in search of food, which consists of small animals, such as toads, mice, rats, and gophers. The badger hibernates all winter in his warm little burrow down under the earth.

His length is about two and a half feet and he is nearly a foot and a half tall. His fur, of a greyish-brown colour with black lines running from the nose to the back of the ear, is quite valuable, and is chiefly used in the manufacture of high grade shaving brushes.

The coyote should, I believe, come second in ranking, for he is a very cunning and intelligent animal. He is really a small species of wolf and lives in dens under the earth. Here he feeds his young ones and his mate. The female coyote stays with the young ones while the male goes out hunting. If, when he is hunting near the den, he is attacked by someone, he does not run into his underground home, but goes as far away from it as possible in order to deceive his enemy as to the whereabouts of his burrow. This indeed shows a high state of intelligence in the coyote as well as respect and thought for his young. The coyotes, however, generally hunt at nights in the bluffs and marshes. They are hunted by every conceivable method; in fact, they are outlawed by mankind. Their fleetness of foot and cunning have thus far enabled



them to baffle human pursuit, and their plaintive howl sounds at night in many lonely parts. The coyote is less courageous than his brother the grey wolf and is very destructive of poultry and livestock. In the unsettled districts he lives on rabbits, ground squirrels, and mice.

Young coyotes are easily trained and make excellent sleigh dogs. Some of the ranch boys in Saskatchewan often get these little animals and bring them up. Most of the western Indians' dogs, I am told, are of coyote origin.

The fur is of a yellowish-grey colour and of little value. The coyote measures about four feet in length and two feet from the ground to its shoulders.

Something should now be said of the prairie-dog, which most people confuse with the coyote.

The prairie-dog is not really a dog at all, but a kind of squirrel. It is possible to travel for days at a time through the prairies seeing little mounds all over. Each mound is the home of a pair or more of prairie-dogs. These mounds are about twenty feet apart and consist of about as much dirt as might be put in a large wheelbarrow. This is thrown up by the animal as he digs his underground home. His house has sometimes one and sometimes two entrances, and there are many well-travelled paths between each hillock, showing that they are very neighbourly with one another.

In choosing a place to build their town they select as high and grassy a place as possible as it is on the coarse prairie grass and on other roots that they feed. Fortunately they need very little water, for in some seasons and districts they are compelled to be content with the heavy morning dew. These little prairie-gophers, as they are more commonly called in the Canadian West, are not nocturnal, as many of their prairie folk, such as the badger, but hunt out in the open quite contentedly. When they become too plentiful, they are of great danger to the western rancher, as they do great damage to the grain crops.

At about the end of October, when the grass dries up and the ground becomes frozen, so that digging is out of the question, the gopher creeps into his burrow and blocks up the entrance so as to keep the cold and above all his enemies away. He then curls up and goes to sleep without having to lay up any store of food. If he opens his house before the end of the cold weather, the farmers say that it is a sure sign of warmer days near at hand.

If you approach quietly so as not to be observed, a large "gopher-town" presents a very curious sight. A happy animated scene is laid out before you. Little prairie-dogs are found everywhere, on top of their mounds, sitting up like squirrels, with their tails blowing in the

breeze, and yelping to each other in delight. However, if you proceed closer, the happy sound becomes harsher and in an instant all the little animals have disappeared down their holes. But as they are very curious fellows, they soon run to the top of their burrows again to see if it is safe to come out. Unfortunately this is generally the time when they look into the muzzle of a rifle and that ends their happy career.

They, too, become very friendly with humans if they are fed enough. For two years my brother and I fed one which we named John. But much to our sorrow Johnny on coming into the kitchen one night became very interested in nibbling at a piece of bacon. We quickly decided to shut him in. We therefore slammed the door swiftly, but John, like all of his kind, was on the alert and as the door shut, part of his tail was caught in it. He got away somehow, though, and he has now decided that his social life was not such a good thing after all. Whether he thinks that he fell into the hands of Procrustes secundus or not, I do not know, but we never again saw our friend Johnny, the gopher.

K. L. WEBSTER, Form IV.



## Anglo-American Brotherhood

Once again I take my place upon the rostrum; once again I stand before you, O, my people! The great market-place is thronged with men—people of my race, though not of my country. But what matters politics or the boundary lines of nations when in our veins the same blood flows? Are we not sprung from that same worthy Anglo-Saxon stock, whose children hold such an enviable place in the world to-day? Do we not speak the same tongue? Have we not similar desires, tastes, and thoughts? Are we not brothers?

Surely we shall not allow the petty differences of Prohibition, Tariff, and Naval Parity to keep us apart, when the hour in which we shall need unity above all else may be so imminent.

"Aha!" says the self-satisfied Yankee from over the line. "What need have I of the confounded Britisher? Is not my fair country the richest nation on the face of the earth? Are not there millions of red-blooded Americans ready to answer if their country calls? What nation is there that would dare oppose us?"

Well, in a measure, he is right; but in the greater part he is woefully wrong. True, what *one* nation would dare to attack the United States? No single one perhaps, but what about Japan with her crowded millions, gazing hungrily at the wide, rich farmlands across the Pacific, and smarting under the present immigration barrier? What about the great slaving wolf of Europe, Russia? She, also, loves not America. And Germany! Has that mighty race forgotten when in 1917 the United States entered the War at the critical moment when the Allies stood with their backs against the wall and to those desperate heroes gave hope again? Hardly! It is not human nature for people to forgive or forget real or fancied wrongs so easily. They are many, we are one.

Britain, too, during her long years as mistress of sea and land, has made few friends, and those she has it would be wise to keep. She can perhaps trust no one save those of her own proud race whose glory has encompassed the earth. United, the Anglo-Saxon peoples of the earth shall continue to hold their envied post of honour above the nations, but divided it is all too possible that each may, at some time, fall.

May the coming years tend to weld these two great nations more closely together and may the bonds of friendship be drawn ever tighter, for it is meet that they should be one again, at least in all save government. I think they will, but until then we can only live in the hope that soon John Bull and Uncle Sam will clasp each other's hand in greater amity and understanding, and united face the world whether it be friendly or no.

"U.S.", Lower VI.

## The Canadian Bank of Commerce Building

The most notable building achievement in recent years in the British Empire has lately been completed. The Bank of Commerce building towers high above its seemingly diminutive rivals, stretching majestically nearly half a thousand feet above the street level. To-day it stands the highest building in the British Empire, an architectural and constructive triumph.

The beautiful building is situated in the midst of the business section of Toronto. It is 475 feet high, going to a depth of four basements, making thirty-four stories in all. The total cost is estimated at five million dollars.

The lower basements are for the power and heating plants. The first and second basements contain the huge vaults. The main floor houses the bank proper. The first nine floors are reserved for the bank exclusively. These contain the offices of the bank executives, board rooms, cafeteria, et cetera. The remainder of the skyscraper is for rent—107,000 square feet of space. This excludes the three top floors, the thirty-third and thirty-fourth, containing the filtration plant and the ozone machines. The thirty-second floor is comprised of a few rooms and a promenade on all sides of the building.

The building is constructed entirely of stone. The main entrance is beautifully embellished to represent progress. The lobby is a vaulted vestibule with a coffered ceiling artistically adorned in blue. This leads to the huge Banking Hall. The arched roof of the great room has its base on bed-rock. The steel, begun at the very bottom of the building, is continuous to the point of the arch. In this hall is the memorial to the bank employees who gave their lives in the Great War. It is a small building in itself of a simple kind of beauty and bearing a carved inscription above the door. The huge hall contains no pillars whatsoever.

The vaults rest on their own foundation, and are buildings within a building. They are guarded by four massive steel doors, one weighing fifty-two tons, the remaining three weighing forty-two tons. They are balanced on fine steel points and can be moved with the finger. Inside the vaults are a multitude of safety-deposit boxes. When the money is moved to the new building, the vaults will guard \$330,000,000.

The fine rooms of the executives of the bank are found on the fifth and seventh floors. The finest is the board-room, a hall flanked with French doors on three sides which open upon a promenade. Almost rivalling it in beauty is the managers' ante-room.

The office accommodations are the best in the city. Most of the

floors are entirely rented by one company. Every suite was rented nearly a year before the completion of the edifice.

The thirty-second floor, on which is the observation platform, is very interesting. A clear view may be obtained on all sides and the Falls may be easily located. On looking down on the city, the people seem like ants, and none of the city noises are heard. The promenade is arched with stone at certain intervals on which are carved the huge faces of figures typifying courage, observation, foresight, and enterprise. An idea of the size of these figures may be obtained by the fact that the nose is two and a half feet long.

The building is ventilated with ozone, this being the first time that this system has been adopted as an automatic unit. The water is filtered and cooled on the thirty-fourth floor.

The elevator system is of the greatest efficiency. When the system has been perfected, there will be an elevator at every floor every twenty-seven seconds. They are of the new safety type having a door in the side of each car in case it stalls between two floors. A new device automatically shuts off the signals of a full car, and switches them to the next one. Besides this elaborate system, the bank executives have their own private elevators.

The pneumatic tubes for messages are strung throughout the whole building and it is said to be the most efficient system on the continent.

The cafeteria caters to twelve hundred people. Its equipment is ultra-modern, the big feature being the sound deadener on the ceiling. The cooking is done on huge gas ranges. There are three refrigerators, each the size of a small room.

The structure is completely fire-proof. Safety glass is used throughout and gives a modernistic effect. Besides the hose system, the building is outfitted with standard fire connections. On one of the higher floors, there is a water gun capable of shooting a stream of water one city block. Every floor has two staircases as an added protection.

We may now realize what a wonderful achievement this great building is. It is a memorial and proof of the progress of our young country and a lasting triumph of Canadian material and ability.

R. E. WALLER, Lower VI.

## An Immigrant Train

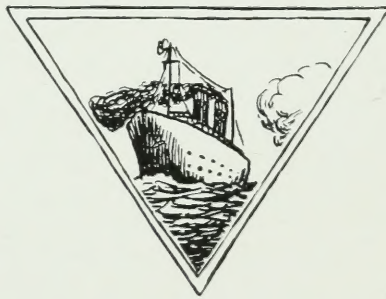
A long line of tired, bewildered humanity jostle one another through a long shed, into the waiting day coaches of a Trans-Canada train.

They crowd the narrow aisles of the car: women with dusky shawls wrapped lightly about them, carrying sleeping infants; tall, bronzed Norwegians with fair, wavy hair; a fearless stock, knowing not where they are going, but determined to make good.

Here and there a pale, high cheek-boned Russian mother holds high a dilapidated bag, a blinking parrot in a wire cage, a battered kettle; these articles together with a high courage, are perhaps the sole possessions of these people. They present a human and strangely pathetic factor in this heartless, mechanically operated system. A vast milling throng of varied individuals, differing widely in language, religion, and mental outlook; good, wretched, or indifferent, yet all bound together in a common purpose and resolve.

The train glides forward over the joints in the rails with monotonous precision. A baby cries softly; the car is stuffy with a heavy human odour; it lurches from side to side; a woman sniffs and rustles in her seat; a swarthy Slav spits out the window, and the journey through this strange new land has begun.

T. E. HETHRINGTON, Form III.



## Mont St. Michel

From a distance, this historical landmark on the coast of Brittany resembles a large cone, jutting point upwards out of the ocean. However, on drawing nearer one can observe a long, low breakwater which serves as a road, leading out to one of the most odd and picturesque of the old French fortresses.

It was originally built as a stronghold, and because of its position was extremely useful. When the tide is in, Mont St. Michel is completely surrounded by water and is a good half-mile from the mainland. The tide at this spot goes out twenty miles and is said to come in faster than the fastest race-horse can run.

Later it was turned into a monastery and for many years remained such, until one of the earlier Bourbon sovereigns had it turned into a prison. Now its days as a place of reform are over, however, and for the past century it has been slowly crumbling into ruin.

Many small houses have been erected inside the high stone walls that hold out the sea, and all of the few inhabitants (for there are barely fifty) of this "island" live in simple happiness.

There is but one gate to the island through the ancient wall beyond which, it seems, lies a different world. The street, the only one, of cobblestone, is almost as narrow as the average sidewalk, and winds steeply upward to the foot of the steps which lead through the massive door into the ancient interior of the Abbey. On this street are two restaurants, one that is noted throughout Brittany for its delicious omelettes and lobster. Guides are to be seen everywhere, trying to make a few francs by conducting a party of tourists through the Abbey. Farther up the street are several small souvenir shops and a quaint little shrine erected to the sacred memory of St. Michel. Beside this shrine is a house where, when the French and English fought a battle on the sands around St. Michel, the wife of the French general cheered him on from a window. The house and the furniture have been there for several centuries.

At the end of the odd little street are the steps leading into the ancient Abbey. The doors are open all day during the holiday seasons. Huge parties of tourists enter and roam about inside the Abbey, prayer-rooms, cloisters, torture chambers, and dungeons of the old building. The Abbey is enormous, with a large chancel of Gothic architecture. This, like all the other chambers of the former fortress, is devoid of furniture or woodwork of any kind. It is possible to climb up into the spire by what is known as the "Lace Stairway" which is a staircase of carved stone, until it becomes too narrow for a human body to proceed any

further; and at this point there is a little balcony where one can gaze from a tremendous height on the huge expanse of mud-like sand around this peculiar island. Many people can be seen walking around the wall which is barely three quarters of a mile in circumference. Above, erected on the peak of the steeple, is a great bronze statue of Saint Michel, almost five hundred feet above the sea.

Only that part of the island facing the mainland is populated, and the ruined wing of the fortress, which is on the seaward side, is surrounded by huge trees. Many paths have been made through these trees, which seem small beside the towering walls of sheer stone.

A museum stands near the fortress and from the verandah of this building one can look down on the little houses built upon the sheer slope of the hill. One would think that some people could step out of their front door on to the roof of the house in front of them.

But when the tide turns, tourists take their leave. People pour out of the gates into their cars and along the breakwater to the mainland, and as evening comes on, Mont St. Michel is soon surrounded by water.

Standing on the mainland one can watch the red summer sun going down behind the crumbling battlements silhouetting the huge pile of stone in the evening dusk. Lights, not of electricity, but from oil lamps, twinkle from the windows of the small Breton houses, and the whole scene is as it was a hundred years ago, absolutely untouched by modern hands. The humble peasants live peacefully in their little houses under the frowning walls of what is perhaps the most unique island in the world.

C. B. GRIER I, FORM V.





## The Mid-Summer Term

Ho hum, Spring is here! What a glorious feeling, to have the warm sunshine pouring down on you. The grass is green once more, and you are forever gazing out of the classroom window, to see nature gradually come to life again after the long and tedious winter. The leaves are beginning to appear on the trees, and the May flowers are sprouting in the woods. The farmer is busy with his spring plowing, and he whistles as he goes about his work. The birds are singing merrily in the trees, and sometimes you will catch a glimpse of a flock of ducks or geese, returning to their summer feeding ground.

Ah! The bell goes, and you are awakened out of your stupor to gather up your books and run out into the sunshine, and enjoy the air. But! You suddenly remember that there is cricket to be played, and plenty of sweltering to be done in the field.

Uttering a mild oath, you shuffle upstairs and climb into your ducks. Then down to the nets where you get balls thrown at you all afternoon, and listen to 'Arry Davis telling you to, "'old it, lad'.

Then, there is the occasional afternoon when you can skip cricket. This is the time when you take your book, and your blanket, and go out into the woods, where you can lie in the shade or the sun, and read. If you choose the latter, you will probably come back all blistered up, and try to avoid for the next few days, the occasional back-slap of your pals.

Then, there is hitch-hiking. "All aboard for Newmarket, Holland Landing, Bradford, Barrie, and all points north!" The general object is to get as far as you can, but many a poor fellow spends half the afternoon waving his arm to no avail.

The Cadet Corps is a very popular spring activity. Everybody looks forward to this as a healthful, beneficial, invigorating, and wholly enjoyable side-line. The weather is the Cadet Corps' greatest asset. It invariably chooses to turn bitterly cold, or most unpleasantly hot on a parade, and does the same thing nine out of ten times on our drill days. Everybody especially likes to clean uniforms. The prefects are most pitifully robbed of these pleasures by their fags, who take the utmost delight in spilling "Brasso" on the tunics and "Blanco" on everything but the spots.

Squads are organized right after breakfast, to roll the cricket crease. There are ten squads in all, and by the time your turn comes, you are just recovering from the sprained or broken back you sustained while on the last rolling squad. The only appreciation of your labours is shown by the first cricket team, who come along in the afternoon and wipe their

feet all over the smooth crease, which you so carefully rolled in the morning.

Examinations are of great importance, and a great deal of study is required to make a real success of them. When they are over, you turn your head homeward, with the utmost regret on leaving school for three months' vacation.

A. W. DUNBAR I, Form IV.



LIBRARIANS

## Stamp Collecting

Stamp collecting is one of the most popular and most instructive hobbies that a boy can have. Indeed, it finds favour with grown men as well as boys. The pride of a great many men is their large and sometimes valuable stamp collections. Most of these valuable collections are composed of British Colonies only. This type of stamp collecting is fast becoming popular.

Many boys find that stamp collecting is quite educational. While they are looking up new stamps, they find many new countries which they have never heard of before. If the boy is anxious to find more, he can do so by using an atlas.

Many stamp clubs for men and boys have been formed in the larger cities. At these clubs one meets new friends with whom he talks and trades stamps. Every few weeks a stamp auction is held. At these auctions some good stamps are sold for very low prices.

There are also many stamp companies. These companies buy and sell stamps. If you wish to buy some stamps from them, they will send you a few approval sheets. From these sheets you can take the stamps you wish and send back the others with the money enclosed in the envelope.

The larger stamp companies issue catalogues every year. These catalogues give the value of every stamp, both used and unused. Most stamps gain in value every year, very few lose.

Stamps vary in shape and size. Most are rectangularly shaped. The Cape of Good Hope is noted for its triangular-shaped stamps, which are very valuable.

Stamp collecting has been called the king of hobbies and the hobby of kings. King George of England has one of the best collections in the world. The Ex-King of Spain is another royal philatelist.

Some old and rare stamps are good investments as they seldom, if ever, lose in value.

J. McLEAN, Form IV.

## The Yo-Yo

The yo-yo first came out in America about three years ago in Hollywood, California.

It is made of two round wooden discs fastened in the centre by a wooden peg; to this peg is attached a piece of string. The string is fastened by a loop to your finger and then wound around the peg, which is in between the discs. The yo-yo is worked by letting the wooden part drop out of your hand and then, when it is nearly to the end of the string, give it a jerk and it will automatically wind up the string and into your hand. There are many tricks which may be done with the yo-yo; there is the figure eight, around the world, and the dog walk, et cetera.



ST. ANDREW'S GOES YO-YO

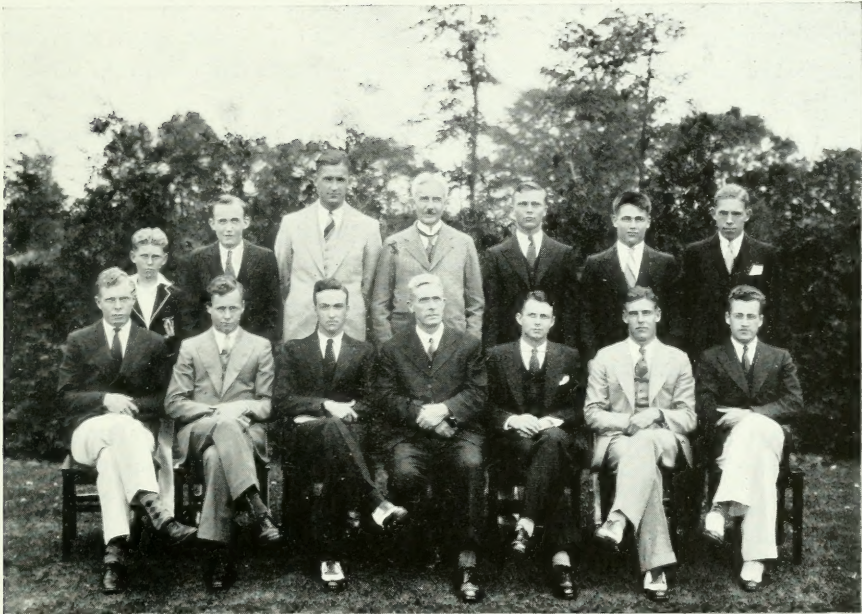
The yo-yo fad spread like wildfire through the southern States and soon was the national toy. After three years it finally came to Canada and, just as it did in the States, became very popular.

Old as well as young people would be seen trying to master the art of yo-yoing. There are some professional yo-yoists who can make it do anything but speak. Some can work as many as five in each hand. Yo-yo competitions are often held. When the yo-yo reached Canada, it soon became one of the favourite pastimes of the boys and masters

at St. Andrew's College. Some of the fellows put long strings on theirs and could throw them away out from their hand and manage to get them back.

The yo-yo is one of the ancient tops of the Philippine Islands, although some authorities say it was originally a South American weapon with the boomerang principle. If you are ever feeling blue, just buy yourself a yo-yo and it will give you plenty to keep you busy.

G. H. MACDONALD III, Form IV.



THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

## Dream Castle

As I sit at my window this evening, supposedly studying, I find myself lifting my head, ever and again, to look out across the vari-coloured country behind the school.

The leaves of the trees become fuller and thicker as the days pass and the grass fresher and more green. Each passing shower that waters the old earth seems to bring out something new, something never seen before. The cool evening breeze brings nice fresh odours from the half-opened buds of tree and field. The damp, moist earth sends up its own familiar smell. Night is falling; all is peace; and Nature rests, her work half done.

A beautiful picture is before my wondering eyes. The grey clouds mount, hill upon hill, in the darkening sky with crests just tipped with the pink that betokens a westering sun behind ethereal hills of earth. In those other hills above I seem to see, here, a pleasant valley with placid winding stream, there, a mountain crag of sombre grey, towering above the lowly plain, and beyond, in the shrouded distance, serried battlements.

From fancy unto fancy builds my beguiled brain. The battlements o'ertop a castle, fair to see, where torches glimmer on ancient walls, and where in lofty hall the knights sit feasting, and Revelry is crowned king. I see the old baron sitting at the table's head, his shrewd eyes twinkling with unwonted mirth at the quips of fools and the good-humoured chaff of knightly company. It is a night for joy and his stern countenance relaxes as the red wine warms his languid blood and he gazes with fond eyes at the goodly group of stalwart youths that grace his board.

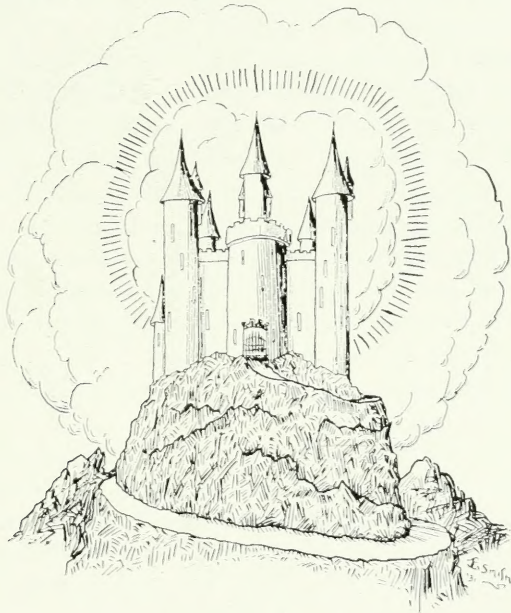
A son and heir, born to him when old in years, lies in an upper room; small wonder then his happiness. The oaken rafters ring with the shouts of men. The wine flows freely in endless toasts. Before the wide fireplace a great boar is being slowly roasted whole. The firelight gleams on armour hung upon the wall, and on the rush-covered flags beneath the groaning table the dogs fight for half-gnawed bones.

Gradually the merriment is hushed and the company seek their beds. The fire dies and the smoky torches burn low in their blackened sockets. The last servant goes and the dogs sleep. In the great banquet chamber all is quiet and a haunting silence lies over all the house.

The massive door swings slowly open and a chill dank wind blows through the hall. The torches gutter in their brackets and one by one go out. The empty hall is dark save for the dying embers on the hearth.

A damp coldness penetrates my very bones. Suddenly I realize the banquet hall is but a vanished dream and I am here again by my window. The sky is ebon dark and the first few drops of an evening rain, borne by a rising breeze, strike my flushed face. I must rouse myself and close the opened window before the threatening deluge falls.

R. T. CATTLE, Lower VI.



## Music: The Universal Language

Although I have used the title "Music: the Universal Language", it is hardly appropriate for my theme. Then, I would not call it a language, for one certain composition does not convey the same message to people of every country, but it does bring about similar reactions or emotions, according to the environment and manners of the listeners. This latter idea is the real theme of my essay,—that of music having an international appeal, causing similar emotions of joy, sorrow, or awe to any listener, and enchanting all in its beauty. Perhaps a more defining but longer and ambiguous title would be "Music: the International Medium of Expression", for its real act is to employ sounds as a medium of artistic expression, so as to stimulate the imagination of the witness; but the title I have used is the usual term, so I keep it.

Let us consider, first, the symphonies. The greatest Symphonists were Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms. If music had not a universal charm, the great compositions of these men would please only the countrymen of each, but their symphonies and those of many others thrill and awe people of every clime with their varied movements, thrilling crescendos, and interwoven melodies.

Of course this international appeal of music lies chiefly in instrumental music; but even the songs of different lands are gaining favour in other countries. This may be realized by examining any modern recital programme. English is now usually limited to one group out of three or four. This interest in foreign songs lies, then, in the music and the interpretation.

Händel wrote the words of his compositions in several languages, though he was a German; yet his music suited the words of any language and pleased the people speaking that tongue. His oratorios are a monument that cannot perish. "The Messiah", the best known of these, was written for an Irish audience, yet all English-speaking people feel its sublimity and listen to it with such an awe as few other works of art induce.

I should say that the opera is the best illustration of my point; for the opera employs both music and words. These words are in many modern languages, yet the opera is enjoyed by people of almost any tongue. This is specially noticeable on this continent where, in the larger cities, opera is popular. Yet rarely is there one in English. The words mean practically nothing to us. If, then, it is not the material words that speak to us, what is it, but the words expressed by the music?

The lighter songs, such as the lyrical songs and ballads, mostly have



but a native or local interest; but many are popular in other lands. For instance, Schubert's songs are well known in several languages. I believe that of all music cradle songs and lullabies could be changed to any foreign land and yet be appreciated, for I know of no land where the mother shrieks at her babe to put him to sleep. It is always a simple, soft, slow, soothing melody. I believe a Norwegian, Tonganese, or Mexican mother could use a French lullaby with as pleasing results as a native one.

Last of all I mention the National Anthems. These were each, of course, written for their native lands. Yet many are known the world over and appeal to foreigners almost as much as to the people whose National Anthem it is. One of the best known is the "Marseillaise". Its appeal besides being universal is magnetic. Its music has a greater power than words could ever have. It does not appeal to the soul of man like the beautiful "Gott Erhalte den Kaiser", but, more romantic, touches the finer feelings and sentiments of man, as ambition, hope, courage, determination, and patriotism.

I hope I have illustrated my point sufficiently that it may be seen that music means much to us, no matter what language we speak, and let us hope that the modern machines and inventions of man will not ruin this great medium of expression by artificial substitutes, but, rather, will add to its development, that the greatest art created by man may be preserved for his enjoyment.

G. P. HAMILTON I, Lower VI.



## The Comics

Of recent years the comic strips in our great dailies have become an almost inseparable part of the newspapers. The characters are so well portrayed that we feel as though we have known them all our lives. They do the things we have done, or would like to do, and experience the same emotions. They occupy a place in our lives for which it would be hard indeed to find a substitute.

Almost everyone has his own particular character whom he follows with more interest than the rest. I, myself, am most fascinated with the romances of Ella Cinders, and I have no doubt that there are many who feel as I do in this matter. The "funnies" give the tired business man a chance to take his mind from the worries of the day and place himself in the world of "Caspar" or "Jiggs", or whichever character happens to be his favourite. But, important as they are to him, they are far more important to his little ones, who must know, as soon as they come home at night, how "Young Buffalo Bill" is coming along or whether "Skeezix" has added any new postmarks for his collection.

Some newspapers have abandoned their comic strips. I do not believe this is a wise course of action, because it takes part of the joy out of the news for the great majority of the public who read the papers just to be amused. And why shouldn't they be amused? Isn't this world grim enough without making it more so? The adventures of the mythical characters whom they seem to know so well are far more important to them than the price of ham in Siberia, or some such item. Mind you, I am not saying that one should neglect the main body of the paper, but give each section an equal chance.

Think of how hard it must be trying to be funny all the time—something like the jesters of the middle ages, I should think. We have progressed somewhat since then, however, for if a writer refuses to be funny now, not his head, but his salary is cut off. And I don't think a man's head should be cut off just because it refuses to supply the necessary humour. I have often wondered how the authors get their material. Some, no doubt, walk the streets until something in the shape of an idea, or a taxicab hits them. I once heard that the author of the "Bungle Family", was, in his writing, merely giving an account of his private life. I believe that some equally good material could be gathered from the life of a St. Andrew's College boy.

In closing, I would like to give a vote of thanks to the comic writers who bring a twitch to our lips over the morning coffee, and a smile to our faces when the day is done.

P. B. PARKER, Form V.

## The Nullification of Gravity

There has always been much talk of gravity nullification. Ever since Sir Isaac Newton sat one day dreaming in his garden and watched the apple fall, great savants have pondered much and deeply on this problem. Since that memorable day when Newton discovered that great invisible force we call gravity, skilled scientists in great numbers have spent their lives in its study. What this power is we do not know, but man has measured this power, and the next thing for him to do is to harness it as he has the other great forces of nature.

Let us consider awhile what this power means to us. What holds us on this great spinning globe of ours? Why do we not fly off into that cold, dark void of space in which our earth whirls on its swift, but steady voyage around the sun? Some say it is gravity, some say it is centrifugal force, and still another group call it a combination of the two. Little as I know of either, I am rather inclined to accept the last of the three views, with, of course, modifications and additions of my own.

My idea of that power, force or whatever else it may be called, is that it's a combination of two, one force overlapping and influencing the other. If, as indeed it may well happen, those forces are one and the same, it makes no difference to the world except that it will greatly simplify the work of scientific research, present and future. Let it suffice to say not only that this power as it is now is all important to our very existence, but that it may prove a greater boon than all the other forces of nature combined if it is shackled and made to obey the will of man.

What if the strength of this power were lessened and controlled? Would it not send the youthful science of aeronautics ahead in terrific strides? If this force were subject to our will it would make the speed alone of an airship unlimited. Its carrying power would be increased a thousand fold. Whereas heretofore we have built comparatively small air vessels because of the limited power available to propel them, if gravity could be controlled we would be able to build giants of the air beyond even the reach of our imagination, for the power given by an electric fan would then equal the power of the largest gasoline motors of to-day.

This one accomplishment alone would make travel to the stars practicable. Suppose we take a trip to Jupiter, largest of the planets with its nine moons revolving about it. We would nullify the gravitational power of all the planets in our system except that of our objective. Released from the power of our own planet our strange vehicle would

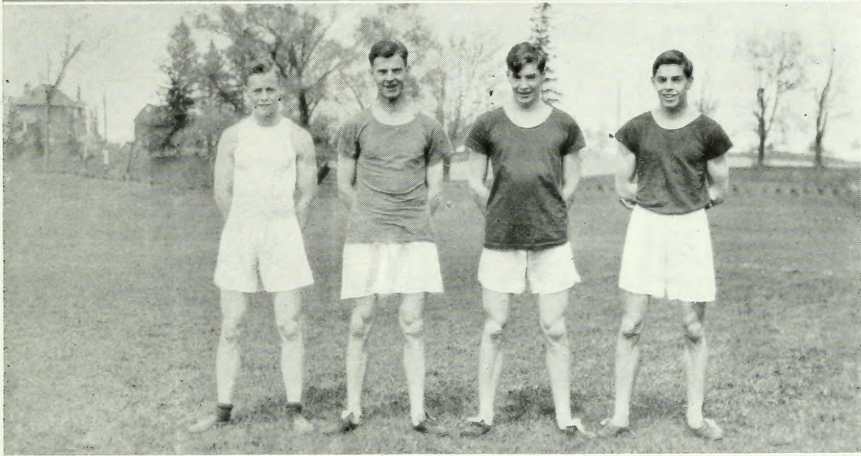
speed away in response to the nearest attracting point, which in our case would be Jupiter. The attraction of the distant stars would be negligible because of the relative nearness or proximity of Jupiter.

Once having reached Jupiter it would be a simple matter to return, as the process would need only to be reversed. Thus, if any of the planets are inhabited we might establish commercial relations with them of great benefit to ourselves. Imagine long lines composed of cylindrical bodies of great trans-cosmic freighters winging their way through space, and the brilliantly lighted space liners pursuing their solitary journeys to Mars and Venus, each with a load of merry passengers.

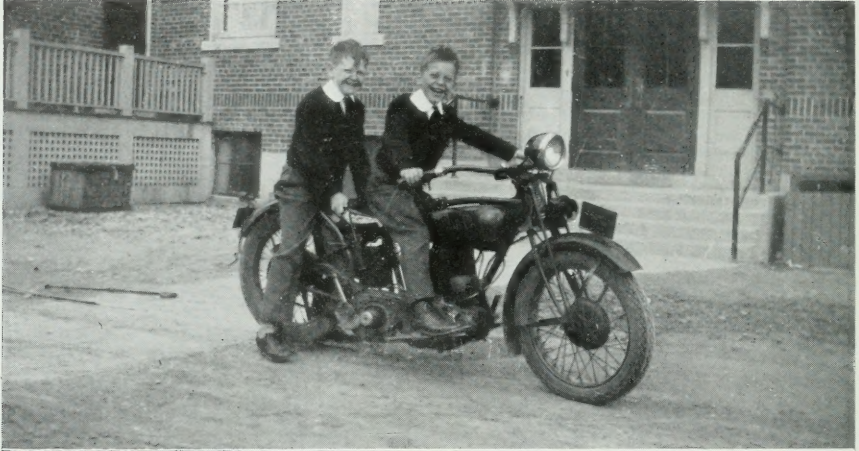
Such things and many others will be possible if man learns to control gravity. And I think the time is not far distant when this very thing will be accomplished. Science has been making much progress of late and it would not surprise me in the least if one day we awake to find this true. It is the power of gravity alone that stands between us and the conquest of space. Some day man will force it to do his will and on that day there will be opened to us new planets to discover, new realms to be conquered, new places to be explored, new lands to settle, and man will indeed be master of all creation.

“U.S.”, Lower VI.





THE "FRESH-AIR TAXI"  
THEY HAVE "RUN A GOOD RACE"  
NET PROFIT



A "COPPING" GOOD TIME  
A "BACK TO NATURE" MOVEMENT  
ENTHRALLED SPECTATORS

# SCHOOL NEWS



## THE UPPER SIXTH

HOGARTH, "SHIFTY"—"Shifty" is somewhat handicapped by having to room with MacDougall, but seems to do very well, especially when it comes to wearing his roommate's clothes. "Shifty" is surpassed only by Duncan. He aspires to mathematical perfection. His success is assured. Good luck, "Shifty".

HILLARY, NORM—Shining example of "local boy makes good"—despite his somewhat reserved manner. Norm has a fund of knowledge which is unsurpassed although he has a Ford Phaeton. There is no doubt at all that he will get along at S.P.S.

SPEARS—KNOWN as "Ronnie", or Murch's better half. He is a newcomer this year and has fitted in very well. His chief hobby is photography; developing and printing photos. University of Toronto is his future address, and we hope his badminton will remain on the up and up. Here's how, Ronnie!

MURCHISON—"Joe Murch" is one of the leading scholars of the exalted VI. He also fills the position of Q.M.S. of the Cadet Corps. Next year Murch is going to enter the business world where we wish him every success.

GRAHAM I—One of our leading students and a strong contender for a place among the immortals who have won the Wyld Prize in Latin. Jim holds down with ease the positions of both Prefect and Librarian, and is always looking for new worlds to conquer. Not only is he a scholar, but also excels in golf, and is planning to challenge MacDougall in a match for the title.

JOE ANNAND—The diminutive half of the syndicate has become a necessity to VI form life. His unselfish tutoring of Kingston has at last shown results. Joe specializes in hockey, basketball, and cricket, but despite these distractions, we are sure McGill will welcome Joe and we wish him success in every department.

GAYLEN DUNCAN—Gay hails from that wilderness settlement of Fort William. That explains his ability to work through mathematical mazes. He even gets the correct answers! At present he is worrying about the application of the multiplication tables to French. He intends to enter engineering at McGill to see whether Mr. Goodman is trying to fool him about surface tension.

FINDLAY—A lad with no enemies. Hard worker, hard player. Has the distinction of wearing the colours of all our three major sports: football, hockey, cricket. He contemplates a brief sojourn in the Orient—wants to see the world. A very desirable addition to any community, east or west. We hope to hear from him from time to time. Good luck and great success.

CHALKER—Has been with us for only a year, but that has been enough for us all to appreciate a good man and true. Our life here for him has been but a continuance of a similar experience in Newfoundland. We expect to miss his bovine countenance in our midst next year. Here's luck to you at McGill.

CHUBB—Will shortly cease to wear down the grass on the playing fields coming to and from the City of Aurora. Has been a very consistent performer in and out of class. We understand Jerry is for R.M.C. We wish him great success.

COX—Our Cadet Corps Captain for a long time now, a very efficient athlete favouring rugby and pugilism, and a sterling fellow. There are many who will follow his career with more than ordinary interest.

KINGSTON—We understand that Benny is leaving this year. He has been easily distinguishable in the life of the School. His voice has been heard. We hope that his earnest effort will earn its just reward. One observes that he has been studying in the Master's Common Room in Dunlap Hall every evening, and has been comfortable. This latter constitutes a record.

ACKERMAN—"Pash" will shortly cease from doing his usual mile and a half walk along the flat during study. It is understood that during class between the periods of mental rest, or when such rest is rudely terminated by the modern methods signifying a change substituting one type of ennui for another, he contemplates entering Varsity—all parties being agreeable. Should such agreement not be unanimous, it is understood that he is going to work. We wish him every success in this change of life.



CROSBIE—Is entering McGill this year after a visit to his proud island home. Has spent a very gentlemanly year among us, having taken his honour last year. His favourite haunts are the notice board and the tuck, Newmarket in the afternoon and study at night. The chief dread of Sir Percy is Capt. Evans. We all wish him great success.

MACDOUGALL has been lately filling in time pending the Canadian Open Golf Championship. It is to be hoped he will be very successful. In cricket he has favoured the first XI for four years with great success. He will, if the weather is unfavourable for golf, sit for a few exams



THE UPPER SIXTH

pending his possible entry into Queen's. All this latter, however, is incidental. We hope he will keep out of the rough and keep on the fairways. Good luck, Mac.

GRANGE—Is known by a variety of nicknames ranging from Johnny and Pamela to Dynamite, but for all that is one of the best liked chaps in the school. Hails from Napanee, but is more often seen in the neighbourhood of Tamworth. Johnny is an outstanding member of the basketball quintet. He is no "slouch" in class and is Mr. Bloomfield's pride and joy. We wish him luck at St. Andrew's next year.

"KEN" PEARSON—A new arrival from Smith's Falls. Played second team rugby and gave of his best to try to make the first hockey team. Prominent member of the college choir and a pianist of no mean repute. Whatever his future vocation he will go far.

"BOBBY" GRANT, a leading light in the school, a member of the first rugby and cricket teams, a Prefect, Librarian, and on account of his quickness in repartee, an historian. Performed his duty as a lieutenant in the Cadet Corps with gusto. Although an old colour of the Upper Sixth, I'm afraid we'll lose him this year.

"JIMMY" JAMES—A Prefect and our cricket captain and a no mean performer on ice with the Independents. The captain of the band and a good one, too. A beautifully rhythmic runner and the only chap in the history of the school to capture the Wallace Cup given for the cross country run three times in succession. This record speaks for itself.

"DON" TUCKER—Here is a lad who has developed the quality of being able to stand on both feet and think. His original proofs in geometry are a refreshment to Mr. Flemming in the long hours of the afternoon. He has been two years a main cog in our football machine, and in departing for McGill leaves behind a real contribution to the school life.

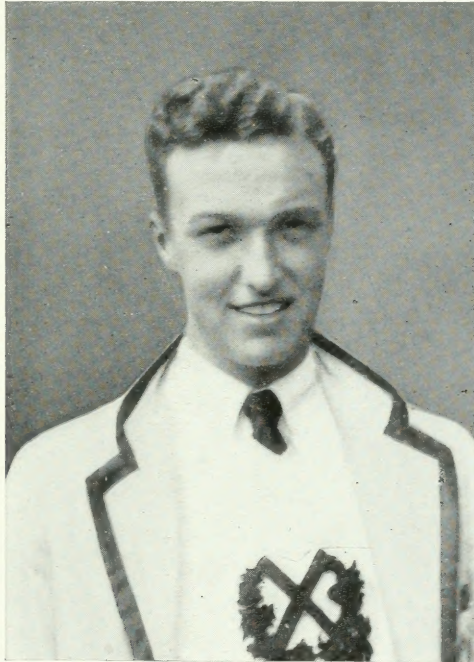
"AGGIE" MCPHAIL—Alias Hector George Washington Abe Lincoln. Has never been the same since Stubbs left. Thank goodness! "Agg" has a grin that just fills the form with pep. A cheery word of advice from the man with a thousand nicknames has set many a worried fellow right.

PEN SMITH—"Whif" has cut himself a real dash this year. Starting out with only the school athletic championship on his slate he has added first team football colours, in which sport he was a "find of the season", and a prefectship. He is extraordinarily fast on his feet, winning the 100 yds., on grass, in 10  $\frac{3}{5}$  secs., breaking the quarter mile record and equalling the 220. He also holds the standing broad jump record. He is the son of his father.

"BURLEY" EDWARDS and "NED" SINCLAIR—Although masters have been singularly successful in their work. Equally versatile whether carving at the head of the masters' table or wrestling with "whom may come" on the diamond. Alternate in argument with small and great—from Straith II "on the vicissitudes common to the wayfarer at night", to Mr. Crookshank on "how to play an organ". Most competent now to adopt the negative in the Masters' Common Room, Prefects' Common Room or any old common room. Would presage a most singular career in any coalition government. We hope to hear from them at all times from Varsity, which is their next step, and we wish them much success.

### THE HEAD PREFECT

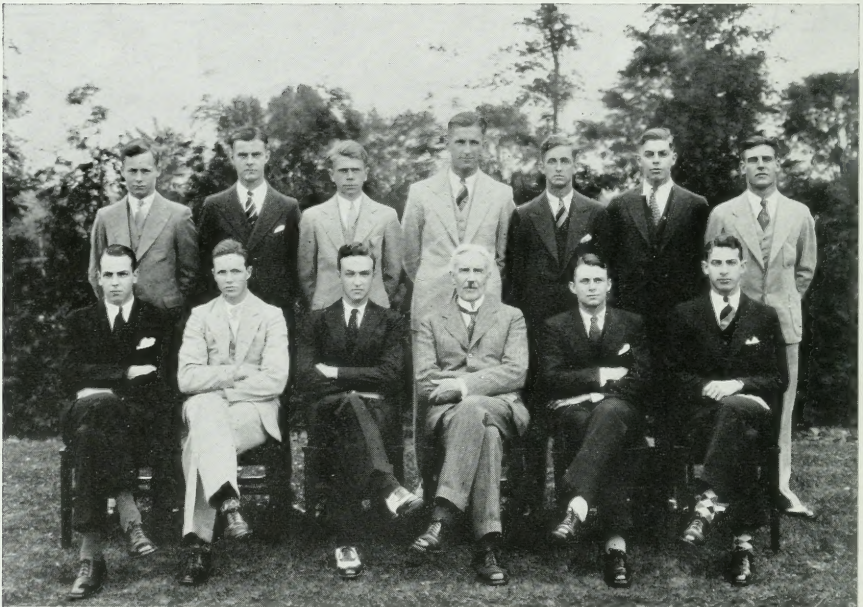
To the long line of renowned head prefects has been added Tom Gordon. Every year of his twelve years in the school has marked him as a leader and in this, the climax, it was hard to find a position of authority which he has not already adequately filled. His name, however, has been prominent as First Vice-President of the Literary Society, and First Vice-President of the Athletic Association, the most responsible positions open to boys of the school. As captain of the football team



he worked hand in hand with Mr. Chilcott to train one of our best teams produced at Aurora. His task as captain of the hockey team, although accompanied by a good deal of bad luck, was equally well administered. His second year on the cricket team makes him for the second time a three-colour athlete. To this is added the heavyweight wrestling championship of the school and a lieutenancy in the Cadet Corps, while his executive ability was also prominent as head business manager of the REVIEW. There is no need to tell of his influence about the school, for this long list of achievements proves him to be its guiding spirit. His willingness to give of his time for the wants of the school,

his cheery, optimistic spirit, his manner in administering his duties as head prefect, can only be said to have maintained a standard, set by his predecessor, which would be difficult for the most conscientious to uphold. Let it be said that he has succeeded and let it be hoped that all these many and varied interests may have no effect upon his aims at the June examinations. On being successful in these, he plans to enter McGill University, in whose halls may his name be heard, in future times, mingled with those of such Andreans as Montgomery, Cameron, Paisley, and Brown.

A place in this farewell to Tommy ought to be found also for the fact that with his pal, Ken Findlay, he "also ran" in the three-legged race.



PREFECTS

**SPORTS DAY, 1931**

As usual the rain appeared at our Sports Day meeting. It cleared, however, so that the events could be run off. A fair number of school friends were present.

This year brought to light two major champions, "Jimmie" James, three times winner of the Senior Cross Country race, and "Pen" Smith, three times Senior champion. This is history in the school, and they well deserve our heartiest congratulations. Elliott ran off, with very much ease, with the junior championship. His high jump of over five feet was sensational. The senior champion won 32 points and the junior, 30 points.

Sir Joseph Flavelle, in his usual attractive manner, presented the prizes in front of Memorial House.

To complete the day, a delightful tea dance was held in the gymnasium—an innovation we feel should be continued, the place being so much more comfortable for this exercise.



FOUR CHAMPIONS IN THEIR RESPECTIVE FIELDS

The winners of events were:—

One Mile Run—1st, James; 2nd, Smith I; 3rd, Tucker.

Half-mile Run—1st, James; 2nd, Smith I; 3rd, Turnbull.



SNAPSHOTS OF SPORTS DAY



SCHOOL CHAMPIONS



SPORTS DAY

220 yards dash, junior—1st, Elliott; 2nd, Adams; 3rd, Russell II.

220 yards dash, under 17—1st, Smith II; 2nd, Duncan.

440 yards dash—1st, Smith I (new record); 2nd, James; 3rd, Smith II.

220 yards dash, senior—1st, Smith I; 2nd, Turnbull; 3rd, Smith II.

Throwing Cricket Ball, Senior—1st, Cummings.

Throwing Cricket Ball, Junior—1st, Elliott.



RUSSELL I.

Standing Broad Jump, Senior—1st, Russell I; 2nd, Smith II; 3rd, Smith I.

Standing Broad Jump, Junior—1st, Elliott; 2nd, Rowell.

Running Broad Jump, Senior—1st, Smith I (new record); 2nd, Russell I; 3rd, Turnbull.

Running Broad Jump, Junior—1st, Elliott; 2nd, Russell II; 3rd, McDowell.

Running High Jump, Junior—1st, Elliott; 2nd, McDowell; 3rd, Rowell.

100 yards dash, under 17—1st, Thompson I; 2nd, Smith II.

50 yards dash, prep. form—1st, Russell II.



100 yards dash, senior—1st, Smith I; 2nd, Turnbull.  
100 yards dash, under 13—1st, Russell II; 2nd, Straith II.  
Hurdles, under 16—1st, Graham III; 2nd, Slingsby.  
Running High Jump, Senior—1st, Russell; 2nd, Smith II; 3rd, James.  
100 yards dash, under 16—1st, Paulin; 2nd, Graham III.  
Lower School Handicap—1st, Elliott.  
100 yards dash, junior—1st, Elliott; 2nd, Adams; 3rd, Rowell.  
Three-legged Race, prep.—Adams and MacKerrow II.  
Obstacle Race—1st, Dunbar II.  
Three-legged Race—1st, Thompson I and Waller.  
Sack Race—1st, Thompson I.  
Hurdle Race, Junior—1st, Elliott; 2nd, McColl; 3rd, Rowell.  
Hurdle Race, Senior—1st, Smith I; 2nd, Turnbull; 3rd, Detweiler.  
Old Boys' Race—1st, Don Carlos.  
Table Relay—1st, James.  
Junior Consolation—1st, Sharp.  
Senior Consolation—1st, Mussen.

S.



WEE DEEKY GETS THE SACK

### THE CADET CORPS

Under the leadership of Captain Cox and the instruction of Sergt.-Major Millican, the Cadet Corps of this school year was a very good one. Some of the new recruits from the lower school were just a bit small for Cadet Corps work, and it is rather too bad that we had to resort to these little fellows to bring our ranks up to the standard size of previous years. These younger fellows are to be admired for their patience and steadiness on parade.

Our annual inspection took place on May 13, General Ashton being the inspecting officer, accompanied by Col. McCrimmon and one of our Old Boys, Col. Hertzberg. This was the longest inspection that has yet taken place at St. Andrew's. The day was quite hot and the air very close, and although General Ashton made no mention of the fact in his little talk to the boys after the inspection, those were the most steady ranks that have been seen at a St. Andrew's inspection for quite a while. During the twenty-five minutes that it took for the officers to inspect the ranks, two boys fainted, but not a boy batted an eyelash.



CAPTAIN COX

The second annual platoon competition for the Ellsworth Cup took place during the afternoon. The work of all platoons was quite good, that of the first under Lieut. Turnbull being the best, his platoon winning the trophy.

After manoeuvres had been completed on the campus we marched to the quad where General Ashton told us what sort of a Cadet Corps we were, for that is what he comes here for. Our arms drill was pretty good, especially the secure and present arms movements which were excellent. The foot drill was good, though in places rather shoddy. We with our high standard set in past years will not boast of our foot drill this year, for nothing but excellence should satisfy the St. Andrew's Cadet Corps after its previous record.

Those of us who understand the patience, perseverance, and knowledge of boys that it takes to train a cadet corps to such a standard of efficiency as St. Andrew's cadets have attained since the school has moved to Aurora, will regret the irreparable loss of Sergt.-Major Millican, who will not be with us next year.

The Sergt.-Major is to be highly congratulated on the standard of perfection to which he has brought both the cadet corps and the gymnasium team.

J. C. KINGSTON.



ANOTHER "BACK TO NATURE" PHASE

**MISSIONARY'S VISIT**

On Sunday, May the 17th, the first Sunday evening service was held in the new Chapel.

The speaker on this memorable occasion was the Rev. C. D. Donald, of India, who gave us an extremely interesting account of his experiences in that country.

He told of the uplifting work being done among the "untouchables" which the caste system has excluded from all human rights because of some hereditary blemish, and emphasized the need for British rule.

It was with a feeling of deep pride and reverence for this place of worship in our midst that we passed out from its cool quiet, while the last rays of the setting sun fell on the Roll of Honour.

T.E.H.



**JOHN RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S VISIT TO CANADA**

(As One of Us Sees It)

It was announced in Chapel one morning that the school was to receive a visit from Mr. Randolph Churchill, descendant of a noble family in England. Previous to this, we had read of the sensation Churchill had caused in Toronto by his speaking.

On first appearance Churchill looked exactly like the average British youth. As a speaker, Churchill was a master of English; a clear thinker, he had a good delivery. His great faults, according to most of his audiences, were his rather obsolete ideas and the seemingly poor choice of subjects to put before young people of the schools. In the majority of schools he visited, he spoke on British politics. To add to this, he, in very pointed language, criticized severely the present government of Great Britain and the leading minister. According to modern ideas and standards, his subjects, his severe language, his disrespect to his government, and direct criticisms of high ministers, are in extremely poor taste, and formed a sad commentary on the intelligence of the British people who elected them.

The newspapers dealt very severely with Churchill. Long columns were devoted to venting opinions of him. Some of the names he called Britain's Prime Minister were, "woolly-headed", "mealy-mouthed" and "empty-headed". At St. Andrew's he spoke of the government policy as "bologna", and compared its accomplishments to a tea-party's. The view that many people took was that no inexperienced young chap of nineteen years of age should travel about and vent such drastic opinions—even in the name of experience.

He appeared very sincere, but there may be, however, an idea at the back of his tour. He may be touring about, speech-making to excite criticism, to make himself heard, and to become known. In this way, in a few years, he could be hardened to public opinion, have experience in speaking, and be used to quick thinking and strong ideas. He may be forcing himself to say these things to accustom himself to convictions and stick to them, or he may be just what he has lately appeared—a rash, excitable, hot-headed young man.

This question of his sincerity will have to be left for time to answer. In years to come he may be great; yet he may be now killing his chances.

J. G. S.

**PERSONNEL OF GYM TEAM**

"R. C." VOWELL—Captain of the team and Individual Junior Champion of the province. He is not big, but he's all there when it comes to gymnastics. He has been on the Gym. Team for four years, and will be for another two. Big things are expected of him in that line in the future.

NED SINCLAIR was captain of the '29 team and also a fourth year man. His team spirit and ability did much toward winning the meet. It is too bad that Sinclair is in his last year, but it is to be hoped that he will keep up the good work at Varsity.

A. W. DUNBAR—Only his second year, but his natural ability in the gym. brought him well up to the standard. We are told that Art will not be here another year, but we hope that he will change his mind.

"TWIRT" DUNBAR—A smaller edition of his brother, but possessed of the same flair for gymnastics. He is very capable and quick in picking up anything. It is thought that he will carry off the Junior title some time soon.

E. H. SLINGSBY—Slingsby's third year with the S.A.C. team and he is still the youngest member. He turns his stuff out well and has good finish. He is a decided asset to any team and it is a good thing that he will be back next year.

SERGT.-MAJOR MILLICAN—It would not do to neglect to say something for the "S.M.". Without his help and teaching for the last few years, it would have been impossible to have done so well. He gave up his Easter vacation to coach the team each day and to him the greatest part of the credit is due. We are glad that in his last year here, he has made so great a success of everything.

E. S. M.





# CRICKET



ETWING

The Cricket XI has so far enjoyed several games, but unfortunately the weather has not been good.

A trip to Ottawa was a feature of the season, but of the two games arranged, only one was played, rain causing the cancellation of the game versus Ashbury College. Against a combined Ottawa team on Empire Day, a close game resulted in favour of Ottawa by 13 runs.

One School game has been played versus Trinity College Schools. This game provided a thriller for a large gathering, the result being in favour of T.C.S. by 6 runs. The boys are to be congratulated on the sporting manner in which, with but 5 minutes to play, they decided to hit out and endeavour to get the runs rather than play for time. Tommy Gordon, the Head Prefect, is to be greatly congratulated in this regard, after some sparkling hitting, he was finally retired with but a few minutes to go, six runs short of the objective. We were unfortunate in losing, through illness, the services of Harry Davis, our pro., three weeks before the end of the season. Up to that point he had worked most assiduously and effectively.

Captain Young from Macdonald House was invited to assist; which he did with great effect. It is becoming increasingly understood by all boys taking part in the game, especially the first team, that experience is perhaps the greatest factor connected with cricket. If the boys are lacking in this, as in many cases they are, they are becoming more and more aware of the fact that conservative effectiveness in the end out-distances spectacular, but unorthodox methods. The fact that 24 extras alone were added to the score of T.C.S. a few days ago, and the fact that 10 or more runs were lost to us on the field through overthrowing, et cetera, is ample testimony to the significance of experience and the adoption of conservative methods in the playing of the game.

James has been captain of the side this year, and is to be congratulated on this honour on the last year of his long residence in the College.



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE FIRST CRICKET TEAM, 1931



**THE FIRST TEAM**

## KAPPA ALPHA vs. S.A.C.

On Saturday, May 2, we played our first exhibition game against the Kappa Alpha fraternity which was largely composed of former Little Big Four players.

Chubb and Annand batted first and before their partnership was broken up they had scored 27 runs. The next three wickets fell for 6 runs, but Gordon, with a useful 13, brought ours to 49. Russell, with 10, was the only other batter to make double figures. Rea, our last year's captain, bowled Vowell to take our last wicket for 2 runs. Fifteen extras brought our total to 73.

Radcliffe and Young batted well for the visitors, scoring 48 and 20 respectively. On account of the rain Kappa Alpha declared after having scored 77 runs for 6 wickets.

## KAPPA ALPHA

Rea—ct. James, b. Cummings .....	0
Radcliffe—ct. Annand, b. Slingsby .....	48
Coy—b. Chubb .....	1
Dinnich—b. Cummings .....	5
Young—L.B.W., Slingsby .....	20
Musgrave—not out .....	2
Brown—ct. Russell, b. Cummings .....	0
McDonald, McMullen, Carter and Mitchell did not bat .....	
Extras .....	2
	—
Total .....	77

## ST. ANDREW'S

Chubb—ct. Coy, b. Rea .....	16
Annand—b. Rea .....	8
Turnbull—ct. Rea, b. Rea .....	0
James—ct. Coy, b. Dinnich .....	1
Findlay—b. Rea .....	0
Gordon—b. Brown .....	13
Grant—b. Dinnich .....	0
Cummings—ct. Mitchell, b. Brown .....	5
Russell—ct. Dinnich, b. Michell .....	10

Slingsby—not out .....	3
Vowell—b. Rea .....	2
Extras .....	15
	—
Total .....	73

## ROSEDALE C.C. vs. S.A.C.

The following Saturday we played our annual game with the Rose-dale C.C. The visitors batted first and Edwards and MacLean were quickly dismissed for two runs. Green, with 23, and Hardy scoring a quick 30, which included two sixes and three fours, brought their total to 65. Murray played a steady game, scoring 29 runs, not out. Rose-dale, having reached 121, retired at the fall of their tenth wicket. Their original intention of playing twelve men was abandoned owing to lack of time.

MacDougall, playing his first game of the season for us, scored a useful 28. Grant, with 10 not out, was second high scorer. At the fall of the sixth wicket we were forced to retire, with only 62 runs to our credit.

## ST. ANDREW'S

MacDougall—b. Hearne .....	28
Chubb—b. Greene .....	4
Annand—b. Murray .....	5
James—ct. Hardy, b. MacLean .....	3
Donnelly—ct. Turnbull, b. Murray .....	0
Gordon—b. MacLean .....	1
Cummings—not out .....	5
Grant—not out .....	10
Russell, Findlay, Slingsby, Gentles—did not bat .....	
Extras .....	6
	—
Total .....	62

## ROSEDALE

Greene—b. Gordon .....	23
Edwards—ct. Cummings, b. MacDougall .....	0
MacLean—ct. Grant, b. MacDougall .....	2
Hardy—ct. James, b. Slingsby .....	30
Hearn—ct. MacDougall, b. Gentles .....	15

Murray—not out .....	29
Cover—b. Cummings .....	0
Carpenter—L.B.W., Grant .....	7
Trainer—ct. Cummings, b. Brant .....	7
MacDougall—ct. James, b. Cummings .....	0
Young—ct. Findlay, b. Russell .....	2
Turnbull—did not bat .....	
Extras .....	4
	—
Total .....	119

## TORONTO C.C. vs. S.A.C.

In our match with Toronto C.C. on our own grounds, we batted first. None of our batsmen scored more than Grant, with 13, and Young, with 12. We played twelve men this game, but they were all retired for 67, due in large measure to the fine bowling of Biggar, who took 9 of our wickets for 14 runs.

At the fall of their fourth wicket, our opponents retired, having scored 43 runs. Bell and Dodge, two Ridley Old Boys, were high scorers with 15 and 10 respectively.

## ST. ANDREW'S vs. TORONTO C.C.

MacDougall—ct. Bell, b. Biggar .....	2
Russell—L.B.W. Rutherford .....	0
Gordon—ct. Dodge, b. Biggar .....	1
Annand—ct. Ellsworth, b. Biggar .....	6
Chubb—L.B.W. Biggar .....	6
Grant—b. Biggar .....	13
Cummings—ct. Grier, b. Biggar .....	0
Young—b. Biggar .....	12
Slingsby—not out .....	9
Findlay—ct. Logie, b. Dinnich .....	1
Turnbull—b. Biggar .....	0
MacDougall—ct. Logie, b. Biggar .....	7
Extras .....	10
	—
Total .....	67

## TORONTO C.C.

Dodge—ct. Gordon, b. Gordon .....	10
Ellsworth—st. MacDougall .....	2
Logie—b. Cummings .....	2
Bell—ct. Slingsby, b. Gordon .....	15
Rutherford—not out .....	8
Biggar, Hill, Keeley, Tucker, Martin, Grier, did not bat	
Extras .....	6
	—
Total .....	43

## THE OTTAWA TRIP

On Friday, May 21st, we made our second annual visit to Ottawa. Two matches were on the schedule. One on Saturday with Ashbury College and another on the following Monday against a strong eleven composed of the pick of the Ottawa and District League. Unfortunately, it rained on Saturday, and the ground being unfit, it was necessary to cancel the game, much to the disappointment of both teams. However, by Monday the sky had cleared, and both teams having arrived early, the game commenced promptly on time. Ottawa, by virtue of winning the toss, chose to bat first. The wickets fell freely and the Ottawa club were retired shortly before lunch. Cummings and Edwards were outstanding in the bowling department.

After a very enjoyable lunch the game recommenced, this time St. Andrew's batting. Once again the bowlers appeared to hold the upper hand, and the most the visitors could do was to amass 68 runs, Young contributing a very useful 17 runs. James, the visiting captain, also shone with the bat.

As there was still plenty of time to play, a second innings was commenced, the Ottawa Valley again batting. This time the wickets fell more slowly, as the pitch had commenced to dry under the blaze of the hot sun. After scoring 49 runs for the fall of eight wickets, the Ottawa club retired, leaving S.A.C. an hour in which to retaliate. Edwards, for the visitors, had the good fortune to perform the hat-trick, much to the enjoyment of the onlookers. It was certainly a splendid bit of bowling. Unfortunately, the students were unable to overcome the lead obtained by the Ottawa club, and were all out for 35 runs. Thus a very successful game played under ideal conditions was brought to a close. It was certainly enjoyed by both players and onlookers alike, and brought to an end a very successful trip.

I think a word or two should be said by way of thanks to those who made this trip possible. It was certainly a magnificent gift and was greatly appreciated by everyone.

## ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE vs. OTTAWA VALLEY

## ST. ANDREW'S 1ST INNINGS

MacDougall—L.B.W. Deacon .....	0
James—b. Taylor .....	6
Findlay—b. Taylor .....	9
Chubb—L.B.W. Taylor .....	9
Edwards—b. Taylor .....	3
Annand—b. Taylor .....	0
Grant—b. Edwards .....	10
Cummings—b. Taylor .....	1
Russell—b. Craig .....	4
Young—ct. Brampton, b. Craig .....	17
Gordon—b. Craig .....	2
Turnbull—not out .....	3
Extras .....	4
	—
Total .....	68

## OTTAWA VALLEY 1ST INNINGS

Edwards—ct. Findlay, b. Cummings .....	1
Hobbs—L.B.W. Edwards .....	5
Brampton—ct. Findlay, b. Cummings .....	17
Southam—ct. Chubb, b. Chubb .....	7
Craig—ct. Grant, b. Edwards .....	22
Dormer—b. Cummings .....	0
Taylor—run out .....	6
Crerar—b. Edwards .....	8
Deacon—run out .....	6
Currie—b. Edwards .....	0
Hitchman—ct. Grant, b. Cummings .....	1
Hopkinson—not out .....	6
Extras .....	2
	—
Total .....	81

## OTTAWA VALLEY 2ND INNINGS

Edwards—ct. Turnbull, b. Cummings .....	5
Brampton—ct. Turnbull, b. Edwards .....	17
Dormer—ct. Gordon, b. Cummings .....	2
Southam—ct. Cummings, b. Edwards .....	0
Hobbs—ct. MacDougall, b. Edwards .....	19
Crerar—b. Edwards .....	1
Hitchman—not out .....	3
Craig—b. Edwards .....	0
Hopkinson—b. Edwards .....	0
Currie—not out .....	7
Deacon—did not bat .....	
Extras .....	3
	—
Total .....	57

## ST. ANDREW'S 2ND INNINGS

MacDougall—L.B.W. Craig .....	0
Chubb—b. Taylor .....	3
Grant—b. Craig .....	2
Russell—b. Edwards .....	4
Findlay—b. Taylor .....	0
Cummings—L.B.W. Taylor .....	2
James—L.B.W. Edwards .....	14
Young—ct. Hobbs, b. Hobbs .....	0
Gordon—run out .....	6
Edwards—b. Dormer .....	2
Annand—not out .....	0
Turnbull—did not bat .....	
Extras .....	2
	—
Total .....	35

## BELL TELEPHONE VS. S.A.C.

Our last exhibition game was played with Bell Telephone. Batting first, we were able to amass only 55 runs, due to the fine bowling of Johnson, who took six wickets for 16 runs.

Bell Telephone, after having scored 58 for 7 wickets, retired. Clarett, with 14, and Love, with 13, batted well for the visitors.

## ST. ANDREW'S

MacDougall—ct. Swingler, b. Clarret .....	4
Chubb—L.B.W. Johnson .....	12
Findlay—b. Buckley .....	3
James—L.B.W. Buckley .....	8
Gordon—ct. Macnab, b. Johnson .....	8
Young—L.B.W. Johnson .....	0
Annand—b. Johnson .....	0
Cummings—ct. Johnson, b. Holland .....	3
Grant—ct. Clarret, b. Johnson .....	8
Donnelly—ct. Buckley, b. Johnson .....	1
Russell—not out .....	1
Extras .....	7
	—
Total .....	55

## BELL TELEPHONE

Greenwood—b. Cummings .....	6
Love—b. Cummings .....	13
Buckley—b. Gordon .....	4
Swingler—ct. Gordon, b. Cummings .....	11
Tate—run out .....	2
Clarret—b. Chubb .....	14
Johnson—b. Grant .....	6
Carter—not out .....	0
Holland, Carpenter, did not bat .....	
Extras .....	2
	—
Total .....	58

ST. ANDREW'S vs. TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL  
AT TRINITY COLLEGE

The T.C.S. game was played at Port Hope, which resulted in a win for the Port Hope boys by six runs. This was the feature game of the season, the close and thrilling finish being enjoyed by the numerous spectators who were present, and gave a very good example of how thrilling a cricket game can be.

Gordon, who collected twelve runs, with but five minutes to go, made a very gallant and noble effort to hit out and procure the remaining seven runs, being caught in doing so. The alternative was to play steady cricket and play out time for a draw. The course chosen, however, although it gave victory to the T.C.S. boys, nevertheless was, under the

circumstances, the better choice, and certainly left a good impression among all those who witnessed a very good day's cricket.

The first two batsmen, MacDougall and Chubb, were dismissed for seven apiece, then Young for St. Andrew's, made a thirty-two, which was high score. Russell, with eleven, gave an excellent exhibition of patient cricket, and was a tower of strength to his side. For the winners, Pacaud and Irving played a good and steady game for thirty-six and thirty-eight respectively. There was little to choose between the bowling of either team. The extras for each team were heavy, due consideration being heartily given, in this respect, to the imperfection of the batting ability of sundry members of both teams.

J. S. G.

## TRINITY COLLEGE

Usborne—b. Gordon .....	4
Huntley—ct. James, b. Gordon .....	3
Taylor—b. Cummings .....	6
Pacaud—ct. Findlay, b. Cummings .....	36
Irvine—b. Gordon .....	38
Lockwood—L.B.W. Cummings .....	1
Warden—b. Cummings .....	0
Padley—b. Gordon .....	8
Rodgers—b. Gordon .....	2
Mickel—ct. Grant, b. Cummings .....	2
Archibald—not out .....	0
Extras .....	24
	—
Total .....	124

## ST. ANDREW'S

MacDougall—b. Mickel .....	7
Chubb—L.B.W. Irvine .....	7
Russell—ct. Mickel, b. Mickel .....	11
James—L.B.W. Rodgers .....	7
Young—b. Irvine .....	32
Cummings—ct. Usborne, b. Mickel .....	3
Grant—b. Mickel .....	0
Donnelly—run out .....	7
Slingsby—b. Rodgers .....	0
Gordon—ct. Rodgers, b. Irvine .....	11
Findlay—not out .....	0
Extras .....	33
	—
Total .....	118



## THE RIDLEY GAME

The Ridley game was eagerly looked forward to, and a large gathering was anticipated. On account of the weather appearing possibly unfavourable, those who did appear were confined chiefly to those who were professionally connected with the teams concerned.

St. Andrew's began disastrously, there being but twenty-eight runs on the board for six wickets. Our stars having made the journey to the wicket and back with lightning rapidity, it appeared necessary to the nonchalant but critical supporters of the stars aforementioned that something must be done (not by them) to allay disaster. So Tommy Gordon proceeded to the wicket with determination, and together with "Moose" Grant (a so-called non-cricketer), they proceeded to brighten things up. At the luncheon interval the score read sixty-seven runs for seven wickets, Donnelly (another non-cricketer) having joined Tommy Gordon after "Moose" had been retired for a most valuable eleven runs. At 2 p.m., according to schedule, an act almost paramount to manslaughter in several degrees, something almost worthy of Nero of other days took place, namely, the teams took the fields again in a slight drizzle of rain. For the next hour Tommy and Donnelly banged the ball all over the field and seemed to enjoy it in spite of this drizzle. This partnership added sixty runs, the score being 109 for eight wickets. Up to this point Tommy Gordon had been retired for a valuable forty-three runs, while Donnelly remained undefeated with 32 to his credit.

Explosions of various kinds took place at this point and a halt was called. It was decided to have the traditional tea early, and should the weather have cleared up by then, the game would be resumed. The rain continued, however, to the joy of some and to the despair of others, and so stumps stayed drawn and Ridley did not bat.

"A single cloud on a sunny day  
When all the rest of heaven is clear.  
A frown upon the atmosphere,  
That hath no business to appear,  
When skies are blue and earth is gay."

MacDougall—run out .....	3
Chubb, G.—ct. Harper, b. Powell .....	7
Russell, J. D.—b. Seagram .....	4
James—L.B.W. Seagram .....	0
Young—b. Seagram .....	0
Cummings—ct. Seagram, b. Clark .....	0
Gordon—b. Seagram .....	43

Grant—ct. Harper, b. Powell .....	11
Donnelly—not out .....	31
Findlay—L.B.W. Seagram .....	0
Slingsby—not out .....	0
Extras .....	10
—	—
Total .....	109

## UPPER CANADA vs. S.A.C.

On Wednesday, May 10, we played Upper Canada on their own grounds. St. Andrew's batted first, reaching a total of 114 runs for ten wickets. Gordon, with an excellent 45, was our highest scorer, while Chubb and James each contributed a useful 16. Our innings was marred by 5 L.B.W.'s.

Upper Canada's first three batsmen were retired for 8, but Walsh made a fine stand to add 35 runs to their score. Dellis I with 36 and Dellis II with 15, also batted very well for our opponents. But it was Youngman, their tenth man, who won the game for them with a 13 that brought their total to 121 for ten wickets.

Very little time being left for a second innings, our batsmen went in with the intention of hitting out. Consequently the wickets fell rapidly, but Donnelly, with 28, and MacDougall, with 14, each did much toward bringing our score to 52, all out.

Upper Canada took more time with their batting and succeeded in garnering 54 runs for 4 wickets, Wright and Dellis II scoring 21 and 11 respectively.

## S.A.C.—1ST INNINGS

Chubb, A. G.—L.B.W. Dellis .....	16
Russell, J. D.—ct. Crooks, b. Dellis .....	2
Young, J.—b. Dellis .....	0
Gordon, T. A.—L.B.W. Youngman .....	45
MacDougall, R. A.—b. Magee .....	0
Grant, R. A.—L.B.W. Magee .....	1
James, G. F.—ct. Welsh, b. Falconer .....	16
Cummings, H. M.—not out .....	9
Donnelly, G.—L.B.W. Youngman .....	0
Slingsby, E. H.—b. Magee .....	1
Findlay, K. C.—L.B.W. Falconer .....	7
Extras .....	17
—	—
Total .....	114

## UPPER CANADA—1ST INNINGS

Woods—b. Cummings .....	4
Falconer—ct. James, b. Gordon .....	1
Welch—L.B.W. Gordon .....	2
Walsh—ct. Gordon, b. Cummings .....	35
Wright—b. Cummings .....	6
Dellis I—b. Gordon .....	36
Tatem—ct. Gordon, b. Gordon .....	3
Dellis II—ct. Cummings, b. Gordon .....	15
Magee—ct. Gordon, b. Cummings .....	0
Youngman—ct. Young, b. Cummings .....	13
Crooks—not out .....	0
Extras .....	6
	—
Total .....	121

## S.A.C.—2ND INNINGS

Chubb—ct. Wright, b. Youngman .....	0
Cummings—ct. Crooks, b. Dellis .....	1
Donnelly—b. Dellis .....	28
MacDougall—ct. Falconer, b. Youngman .....	14
Grant—b. Dellis .....	1
James—b. Youngman .....	2
Findlay—b. Youngman .....	0
Gordon—L.B.W. Youngman .....	6
Young—ct. Dellis, b. Youngman .....	0
Russell—L.B.W. Youngman .....	0
Slingsby—not out .....	0
	—
Total .....	52

## UPPER CANADA—2ND INNINGS

Tatem—st. James, b. Cummings .....	0
Crooks—b. Cummings .....	7
Dellis II—ct. Donnelly, b. Cummings .....	11
Wright—not out .....	21
Youngman—ct. Grant, b. Gordon .....	10
Extras .....	5
	—
Total for 4 wickets .....	54

## FIRST TEAM PERSONNEL

"JIMMIE" JAMES—"Jimmie" is captain this year and a very competent one, too. He plays a fine game at wickets and bats well, although he has not been so consistent this year as formerly.

"RABBIT" MACDOUGALL—"Rabbit" is another old colour, who last year had the highest batting average. This season, however, he seems to be jinxed, but we expect him to get his old optics to focus properly before the final game is over. And when he does—!

"GERRY" CHUBB—"Gerry", too, was on the team last year. He is usually good for a high score, but he, like "Rabbit", has not yet hit his real stride. Some people like corn on the cob, but not half as well as "Gerry" likes a ball on the leg.

"CURLY" CUMMINGS—This is "Curly's" second year on the firsts. Although he doesn't shine at bat, he is certainly our best bowler. When "Curly" slings down one of his sizzlers the unfortunate batter usually wishes he had a snow-shovel and a suit of armour.

"ROLLIE" GORDON—"Rollie" is an old colour and one of our most consistent bowlers. He is a "southpaw" batter and can usually be depended on to contribute his share of the runs.

"L. N." FINDLAY—"L. N." is another "southpaw" who frequently scores in the double figures. He also makes some very fine catches whenever the occasion demands.

"LEM" YOUNG—"Lem" might very well be described as the season's "dark-horse". Up to date he has been the most consistent batter on the team and is to be particularly congratulated on his fine thirty-two against Trinity.

"RAMON" RUSSELL—"Ramon" too, deserves a lot of credit for the manner in which he has held up his end at bat. When he and "Lem" go to work, the fur flies.

"BOB" GRANT—We strongly suspect "Bob" of closing his eyes every time he swings, but when he connects, it certainly stays hit. One of the best fielders on the team.

"HOD" SLINGSBY—"Hod" is the most diminutive member of the team. Nevertheless he bowls very well and is one of our fanciest stroke-makers.

"GRANT" DONNELLY—This is the "Grant's" first year on the team, but he usually justifies his nickname. He has a tendency to play the bowling altogether too nonchalantly, and takes too much time with his running.

"JO-JO" ANNAND—"Jo-Jo" did well at the beginning of the season, but has lately acquired a taste for duck's-eggs.

"BILL" TURNBULL—"Bill" has not shown up as well as was expected of him. He, too, seems to have developed a penchant for bird's-nesting.

"ALFIE" COX—"Alfie" is the team's very efficient manager. He deserves special credit for the way he handled everything during the Ottawa trip.

"CHARLIE" BIMEL—First aid to Cox. We hope he will be with us next year to take Alf's place. Does his best all the time.



CAPTAIN JAMES

### THE SECOND AND THIRD ELEVENS

Unfortunately we were only able to arrange two matches each for the 2nd and 3rd elevens, both against Upper Canada College. We were on the point of playing games against the Deaconsfield C.C. and the Junior XI of the Yorkshire C.C. when examinations intervened.

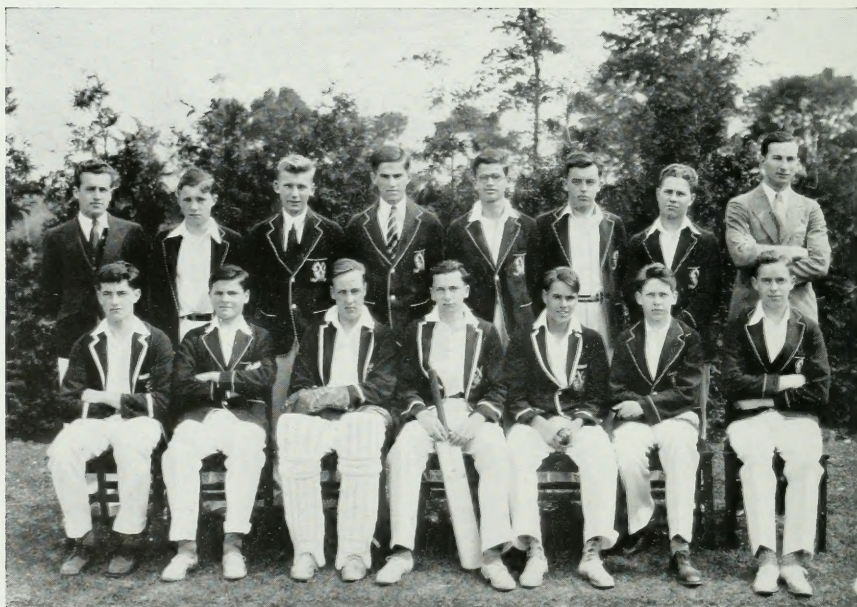
There has been great keenness this year among the Seconds and Thirds, as the regular attendance at the net has shown. We are glad to note that several "non-cricketers" have turned out this season, and, especially in bowling, have shown promise.

V. E. B.

### THE SECOND CRICKET TEAM

The first game with Upper Canada, was played in Toronto. For U.C.C., Haley knocked up 23 runs and Ross 18, while Youngman took 8 wickets. Bowling for St. Andrew's, Annand took three wickets and Grant and Slingsby two each. Russell was high scorer with 17 runs, and Grant and Slingsby next with 15 runs each.

Final score was, Upper Canada 81, and St. Andrew's 72.



THE SECOND CRICKET TEAM

In the return game with Upper Canada, we lost by a greater margin. High scorer for St. Andrew's was Donnelly with 18 runs, and for Upper Canada, Allen with 18, and Crooks next with 16 runs. Bowling for Upper Canada, Stewart took 4 wickets and Slingsby took 4. Total score, S.A.C. 58, U.C.C. 70.

Following colours were granted: Gentles (Capt.), Smith II, Donnelly, Findlay II, Hamilton II, Armstrong, Waller, Vowell, Gould, Perrin.

### THE THIRD CRICKET TEAM

The third team this year was unsuccessful in both Upper Canada games, U.C.C. winning by wide margins each time.

In the first game, in Toronto, the blue and whites made 147 runs, while we made 73. Our fielding was rather weak and our inability to judge runs lost us many. Housser's bowling was very good, taking 5 wickets. Smith was high scorer with 13 not out, and Vowell, 10. U.C.C.'s high scorer was Falconer with 63 runs.

The second game, here, was not so well played, Upper Canada making 84 runs for 8 and our team making 33 runs, all out. For U.C.C., Stores made 43 runs and retired. For S.A.C., Hillary with 10 runs, was



THE THIRD CRICKET TEAM

high scorer. McMurrich, bowling for U.C.C., was excellent, taking 6 wickets for 11 runs. Housser and Smith II accounted for 6 wickets between them.

Following colours were granted: Housser (Captain), Ponsford, Macdonald III, Thomson I, Dunbar I, Cohen, Paulin, Graham III.

### JUNIOR SCHOOL CRICKET

Great keenness has been shown in cricket this year and some talent displayed which should prove useful to the School in a few years' time.

Cox has been the mainstay of the Junior XI, well supported by Pentland and Straith I. McColl, MacKerrow and Macdonald IV, have a good knowledge of the game, and Adams and Chantler show promise. Holton has kept wicket consistently well.

Of the other members of the house, whom advancing years debar from the Junior XI, Rea, Green, and Macdonald II, have shown good form.

The fielding has been good.

A word of praise is due to Pulling for the way in which he has carried out his rather thankless and unenviable job of looking after the cricket material.

Three matches were played and all were won.

#### S.A.C. (Juniors) v. T.C.S. (Juniors)

This match was played at Port Hope on May 28th, and was won by 25 runs.

We lost the toss and were sent in to bat. (It may be mentioned here that this is an unwise policy except in certain circumstances which space forbids explaining. Suffice it to say that the captain's first duty is to "call correctly" and, nine times out of ten, to "take first knock".)

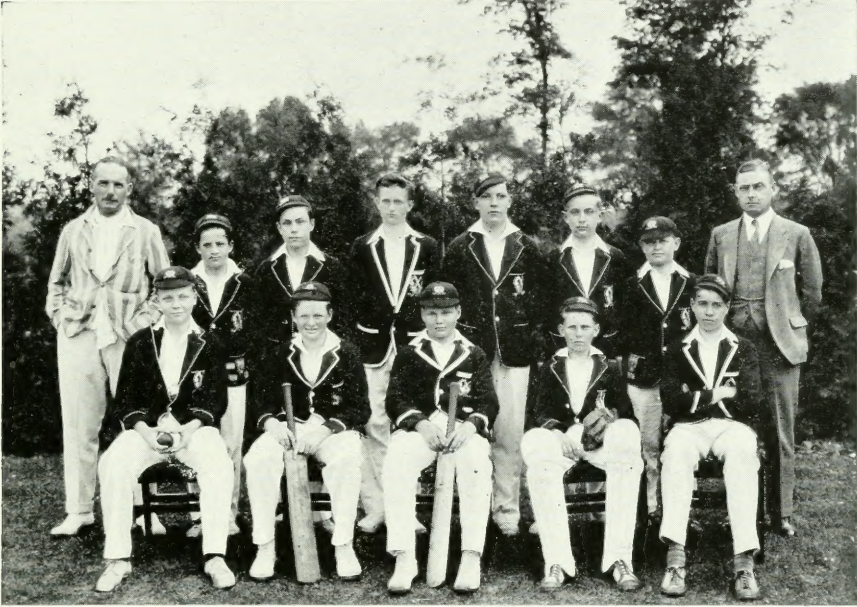
Straith I, Adams, and Pentland were the chief contributors to the rather meagre first inning's total of 42. Thanks to Cox and Pentland, who bowled very steadily, T.C.S. were dismissed for an even smaller score—39.

With the game won on the first innings, there was no need to look for runs in the second in any vast hurry, but our first three batsmen appeared to act on the motto "get runs or get out". They got out; and at one time it looked as if T.C.S. might rattle us out and then hit off the runs. However, Cox, Pentland, and Macdonald, batted steadily, and Chantler, later, helped the score along.



We eventually set our opponents to get 54 runs in 50 minutes—a stiff task for small boys, but not impossible. After the T.C.S. captain was really finely caught by MacKerrow at square leg, they never looked like making a fight of it, and were all out just before time for 28, Cox and Pentland again doing the damage. A pleasing feature was our fielding—not one catch in the day going “begging”.

Cox's figures of 11 wickets for 32 and Pentland's, 7 for 20, speak for themselves.



THE LOWER SCHOOL CRICKET TEAM

#### MACDONALD HOUSE v. S.A.C. III XI

Played on June 2nd, this game was arranged chiefly in order to give some of the more elderly members of the house a match. Unfortunately, owing to various reasons, the School III XI was by no means representative and Macdonald House won very easily by 77 runs. Rea played an excellent innings of 55 not out, and Cox got 22. Pentland took 7 wickets for 20. We quite realize that the III XI was far from full strength and we only publish this account because we are sure no one else will mention it!

A return match was played against a stronger 3rd XI on June 5, and won by the narrow margin of 1 run.

Pentland took 9 wickets for 14.

## S.A.C. (Juniors) v. T.C.S. (Juniors)

The return match was played at home on June 3rd. Won by 28 runs. It was a very exciting affair and the result was in doubt up to the last minute. We won the toss and batted first on an easy-paced wicket. Nobody, however, really got going and we were out for 50. Straith I hit well for 14, but the best innings was played by McColl, 10.

Mistakes in the field cost us the lead on the first innings and very nearly the match. The T.C.S. tail wagged and they were allowed to make more runs than they should have. Behind on the first innings, our only game was to get runs quickly in order to be able to declare and get T.C.S. out again. Straith I, Cox and MacKerrow obeyed orders and "had a go" at almost everything. There is no disgrace in getting out when one has been sent in to hit. We were able to declare at 63 for 7, which left us about 45 minutes in which to get rid of T.C.S. They had nothing to gain by getting runs—all they were required to do was to "stop there" until time. At one time we were ahead of the clock, but then came a stand for a priceless 15 minutes. Four men to be disposed of and a quarter of an hour to go! Straith I was put on for Pentland. This proved to be a stroke of genius as he proceeded to get rid of the remaining batsmen at the cost of only 1 run, the last wicket falling in the last over. Score: S.A.C. 50 and 63 for 7, dec.; T.C.S., 57 and 28.





# OLD BOYS' NEWS

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GRANT COOPER

Many Andreans of the early days will learn with sorrow of the death of Grant Cooper on May 14th, 1931. He joined the staff at St. Andrew's College in September, 1901, on graduating from the University of Toronto. We were then occupying the old Chestnut Park property when Mr. Cooper took over the First Form in the Lower School. He soon proved himself to be a natural teacher and very painstaking in his work. His success was such that he took over the position of History Master in the Upper School in succession to Mr. Harry Wallace.

In 1906, one year after the school moved to North Rosedale, where he had been the Senior Master in residence, he left to enter business in Winnipeg. Later he returned to Toronto to enter Law, and for some years was a partner in Masten, Starr and Spence before joining the legal department of the British American Oil Co., with whom he was associated at the time of his death.

In his younger days Grant Cooper was an ardent oarsman, rowing with both the Winnipeg and Argonaut crews. At school he participated in all the sports, where he was both useful and popular, particularly with the football team. His athletic interests continued to the time of his death.

Earnest and painstaking in all his duties, and possessed of ability, with a quiet and unassuming manner, he was successful both as a Resident Master and in his chosen profession. A large company of Old Boys have learned with deep regret of his sudden death, as a result of a heart seizure following a swim at the Eglinton Hunt Club, for while at St. Andrew's College he enjoyed both the respect and the affection of all the boys.

Word has just been received at the College that Gilbert de Beauregard Robinson, who returned to Cambridge last September to continue Research work, has obtained his Ph.D. Degree. The REVIEW extends hearty congratulations.

Malcolm Stuart Kydd (of Simcoe, Ont.), is now Manager of the Royal Bank of Canada at Kamloops, B.C.

Raymond Massey's recent revival of "The Circle" (by Somerset Maughan), has been quite a success in London.

The REVIEW extends congratulations to Joseph Blow of Brantford, on winning the open vocal scholarship in Stratford, donated by Mr. H. W. Strudley of Stratford. Blow carried away one of the highest honours of the Stratford Musical Festival, when he was announced winner of the McLagan rose bowl.

Bob Armstrong graduates from R.M.C. this spring. The past year he played on the Dominion Intermediate Football Team, the Intermediate Hockey Team, and held the rank of Under Officer commanding A. Co.

Caven Kelly played Junior Hockey at R.M.C. the past year.

Tom Aspden has been sent out to Edmonton by The Orange Crush Co., to look after their interests there.

Just as the REVIEW goes to press we notice the name of William Perry MacKay in the King's Counsel Honour list, and we extend to him our sincere congratulations.

The Officers and Committee of St. Andrew's College Old Boys' Association elected at the annual meeting in March, 1931, is as follows:

*President*—D. R. MORTON.

*Vice-President*—H. E. WATSON.

*Sec.-Treasurer*—G. G. ROLPH.

*Committee*—D. R. McLAUGHLIN, R. B. S. BURTON, W. A. BEER, N. E. MUELLER, G. E. ELLSWORTH, J. K. RHYNAS, R. J. CAMERON, R. GRANT GORDON, J. L. BROWN, G. A. SOMERVILLE, R. H. BEDELL.

John Coleman passed his second year exams. in medicine with honours.

Tom Barnes is now working on the advertising staff of the *Star Weekly*.

Sid Hulbig is studying for chartered accountancy and is at present associated with the firm of Price and Waterhouse.

A. P. Fisher is working in the bond office of Mathews and Co.

George McLean is working in the R. T. McLean Printing Company.

H. Drury, H. Thoburn, and B. Maura, graduated in Arts from Toronto University this year.

S. F. Robertson, J. McLennan, G. A. Jackson, H. Whitehead, and P. V. Kingston, were successful in their exams in medicine this year.

Doug. Lough, Don Mercer, Jim Henderson, and Allan Findlay, are on the staff of A. E. Ames and Co.

Dutch Stronach is associated with his father in the wholesale fruit business.

Ken Browne is at present working in the Toronto General Trust Corporation, and Jack Follett is in the Central Canada Loans and Savings.

*Items for this department of the REVIEW will always be much appreciated by the Editorial Staff.*

### MARRIAGES

McMURTRY—FALLIS—On March 21st, 1931, Ulysses Bruce McMurry married to Miss Kathleen Marie Fallis of Toronto.

DYMENT—BULL—On March 21st, 1931, John Talbot Dymont, married to Miss Josephine Beatrice Bull of Toronto.

MACKAY—DAVIS—On March 28th, 1931, Ross MacKay of Ingersoll, Ont., married to Miss Jessie Davis of Toronto.

KENT—STEELE—On May 21st, 1931, John Herbert Kent, married to Miss Helen Alice Steele of Toronto.

CURRY—BARNABY—On June 10th, 1931, Rufus Malcolm Curry, married to Miss Margaret Isabelle Barnaby of Bridgewater, N.S.

### BIRTHS

COWIE—On Tuesday, March 17th, 1931, at Private Patients' Pavilion, Toronto General Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. F. Cowie, 29 Tarlton Road, a daughter.

FERGUSON—To Mr. and Mrs. Duncan C. Ferguson, at Wellesley Hospital, April 2nd, a daughter.

WILSON—On Thursday, April 9, 1931, at Wellesley Hospital, to Mr. and Mrs. C. Wilmot Wilson (née Mary Lind), a son.

McLAUGHLIN—On Sunday, April 19th, at Private Patient's Pavilion, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald R. McLaughlin, 56 Weybourne Crescent, a son.

SPROTT—At the Private Patient's Pavilion, on Thursday, April 30th, 1931, to Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Sprott (formerly Louise Hart Allen), a son (Arthur Frederick).

SIMMONDS—On Friday, April 3rd, to Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Simmonds, a son (John Marshall).



# Exchanges

This term's last edition of our own magazine brings to a close one of the most successful years with exchanges that we have spent since we have become one of the many of the great campaign towards betterment.

Our interest towards other schools and their interests is not of mediocre quality, but has been strengthened through contact with the many eligible representatives with which we are acquainted.

We have found that reading exchanges is not merely a means of enduring a few idle moments by painfully occupying one's mind with them, but is something to be enjoyed. This enjoyment carries with it a quantity of profit which we all do well to accept if we would aid one of our main school interests. After all, those who are anxious to learn are those ready and the most willing to take advice. This, too, is applicable to the literary work of every school. However, up to a certain point every school, regardless of criticism, will hold to its original form and individual periodical which best suits its type and interests. But schools of the same country have practically the same interests, therefore those interests compose the field in which improvement should be sought.

All our exchanges may be classified in four different types which directly represent their respective schools. These are headed as commercial, literary, athletic, and the fourth type contains both literary and athletic work. Of course, a touch of humour is typical of every school and it adds the right seasoning to every magazine.

We heartily welcome the following and offer our comments:

*In Between Times*—Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ont. Congratulations, Upper Canada, on your new addition. You have named your new magazine well, and it fills a genuine need for literary expression.

*Hermes*—Humberston, Toronto. A very thorough magazine.

*Eastern Echo*—The Eastern High School of Commerce, Toronto. A very neat periodical. How about a few more good poems? More remarks on exchanges are needed.

*The Phoenix*—University Schools, Toronto, Ont. A very unique

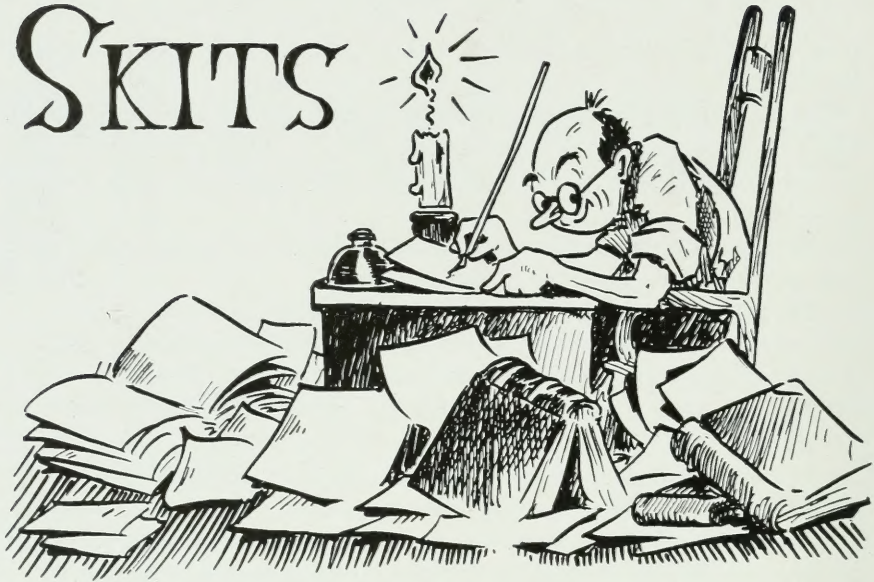
book. The drawings and sketches are very fine. You have no lack of literary work.

*The Tattler*—Port Colborne High School, Port Colborne, Ontario. Good stories, especially "A Visit to the Arctic". Your page of proverbs is something different and is greatly appreciated. It is a great asset to your book.

Here we wish to thank every exchange for its co-operation this year and we appreciate the work of the following:

- The Argosy*—Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B.  
*Acadia Athenaeum*—Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.  
*The Branksome Slogan*—Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ont.  
*The Chronicle*—Lakefield Preparatory School, Lakefield, Ont.  
*The College Times*—Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ont.  
*The Eagle*—Bedford Modern School, Bedford, England.  
*The Harrovian*—The Harrow School, Harrow, England.  
*Junior Journal*—Princeton County Day School, Princeton, N.J.  
*The Limit*—Loughborough College, Loughborough, England.  
*Managra*—Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg, Manitoba.  
*The Mitre*—University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec.  
*Northland Echo*—North Bay Collegiate Institute, North Bay, Ont.  
*St. Peter's College Magazine*—St. Peter's College, Adelaide, Australia.  
*The Scarboro Bluff*—Scarboro Collegiate Institute, Toronto, Ont.  
*The Tech Flash*—Nova Scotia Technical College, Halifax, N.S.  
*University of Toronto Monthly*—University of Toronto, Toronto, Ont.  
*The Tollingtonian*—Tollington School, London, England.  
*The Trinity*—University of Toronto, Toronto, Ont.  
*Trinity College School*—Trinity College, Port Hope, Ont.  
*The Wrekinian*—Wrekin College, Wellington, Shropshire, England.  
*The Wulfrunian*—Wolverhampton School, Wolverhampton, England.

# SKITS



## MIRTHQUAKES

### LATEST SONG HITS

- "Whistling in the Dark"—The Night Watchman.  
"Please Don't Talk about Me when I'm Gone"—Moore.  
"Little Joe"—Mr. O'Sullivan.  
"It's a Lonesome, Old Town"—Aurora.  
"Hello Beautiful!"—Ackerman.  
"From out of Nowhere"—Macdonald I.  
"The One-Man Band"—Mr. Crookshank.  
"My Fate is in your Hands"—The Examiners.  
"Great, Big Man from the South"—Vibert.  
"The Chant of the Jungle"—Capt. Evans.  
"Three Little Words" (Please bend over)—The Headmaster.  
"Just a Song at Twilight"—The Maids.  
"After the Ball is Over"—The Cricket Team.

---

BUS DRIVER: "Fare, please."

MR. BLOMFIELD (absent-mindedly): "Je fais, tu fais, il fait . . ."



SHAPLEY: "It must be hard to drink with that moustache?"

RUSSELL I: "Yes, it is quite a strain."

---

HOGARTH: "I am away behind in my Latin."

GRAHAM I: "Well, you had better get on your Horace."

---

RUSSELL I: "Who was the greatest inventor in the world?"

GRANT: "An Irishman by the name of Pat. Pending."

---

KINGSTON: "How do you like my new shoes?"

PONSFORD: "Immense!"

---

MOOREHEAD I: "They are two for a dime in Brampton."

PARSONS II: "What are?"

MOOREHEAD I: "Five cent pieces."

---

MR. ROBINSON: "What is an octopus?"

FLEMMING: "An eight-sided cat."

---

VOWELL (at the table): "I don't like the flies in here."

MAID: "Well, there will be some new ones in here to-morrow."

---

GOW: "I saw a man swallow a sword once."

GENTLES: "That's nothing, I saw a man inhale a Camel."

---

MISS BROOKS: "This letter is too heavy, you will have to put another stamp on it."

MACDOUGALL: "But—er—won't that make it heavier?"

---

"I pulled a good one that time," said the farmer as he finished milking the cow.

---

MR. CROOKSHANK (looking up from the organ): "They tell me you like good music?"

PEARSON: "Oh, that doesn't matter in the least, please go on."

CATTLE: "I hear Mr. Goodman asked you a hard question yesterday?"

ELLIS I: "Yes, but I got even with him."

CATTLE: "How?"

ELLIS I: "Oh, I handed him a hot retort."

---

YOUNG: "There is something preying on my mind."

BURSON: "Never mind, it will soon starve."

---

Let's go Ohm, eh Watt, it's too d'Ampere.

---

MR. BLOMFIELD (teaching French): "The reflexive verb is used when the action refers back to the subject. For example, 'I wash myself'. But this occurs very rarely."

---

MR. O'SULLIVAN: "What is a whirlpool?"

SWEZEY: "A merry-go-round for fishes."

---

GOULD: "Can't you go any faster than this?"

GIRL FRIEND: "If you don't like it you can get out and walk!"

GOULD: "Oh, I am not in such a hurry as all that."

---

MR. MAGEE (to Kennedy, who is chewing gum and has his feet out in the aisle): "Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in!"

---

COUSINS: "There was a hair in my apple sauce."

MISS STERLING: "Why, that is funny. The grocer distinctly told me that they were Baldwins."

---

MAID to CLEMENT II in Dan's Cafe: "Were you kicking about the flies in here?"

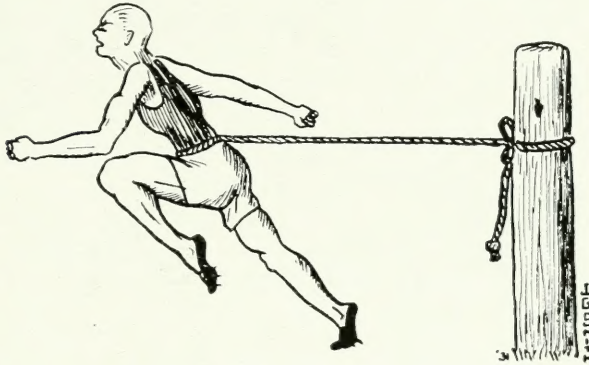
CLEMENT II: "Oh, no, I was just knocking them about with my hand."

"Everyone is crazy over me," said the inmate of the first floor of the insane asylum.

---

CAPTAIN YOUNG in Literature period: "Have any of you ever read 'To A Mouse'?"

MOOREHEAD I: "No, you can't get them to listen."



"THAT SPORTS DAY FEELING"

RITCHIE was getting his shoes shined at the Royal York the other day and got talking to the boy. "What does your father do?" he asked patronizingly.

BOY: "He's a farmer, sir."

RITCHIE: "Oh, he makes hay while the son shines."

---

JONES: "I thought I saw you in the city over the week-end."

VIBERT: "No, I wasn't there."

JONES: "My mistake; guess it was two other guys."

---

HETHRINGTON (reading composition): "It was after midnight. Two burglars creep towards the house; they climb the wall and enter a room. The clock strikes one."

CLEMENT I: "Which one?"

---

THUG to BARKER: "Hands up or I'll blow your brains out!"

BARKER: "Ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-ha."

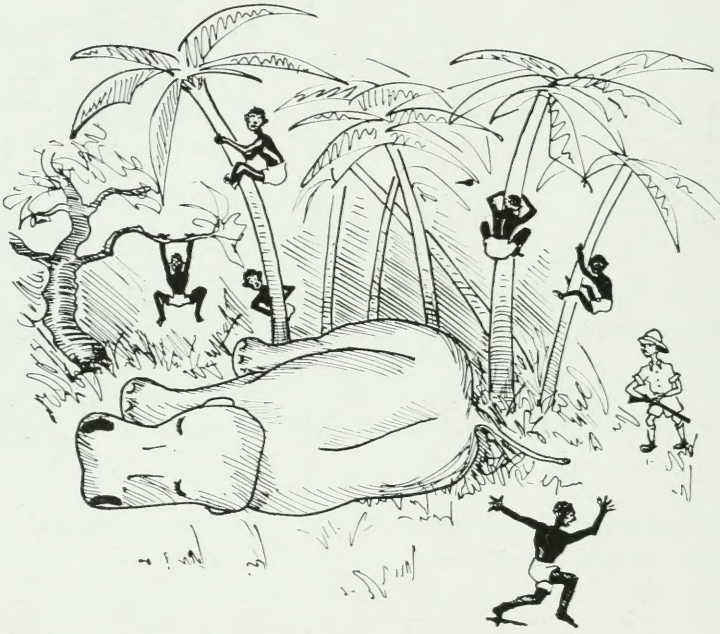
DR. PAULIN in Scripture class: "And what do you do when tempted?"  
Voice from the back of the room: "Reach for a Lucky."

---

DUNBAR II on Sports Day: "When I dance with you, I feel as though I were treading on clouds."

SHE: "Don't you believe it; those are my feet."

---



CAPT. EVANS. - "WHERE DID THE OTHER ONE GO ..... HUH?"

## Names and Addresses of Boys attending St. Andrew's

- J. H. Ackerman, 234 Ann St., Belleville, Ont.  
W. H. Adams, 2 Indian Valley Cres., Toronto, Ont.  
E. G. Adamson, Dundas St., Oakville, Ont.  
E. J. Annand, Port Perry, Ont.  
T. G. Armstrong, 356 McIntyre St., North Bay, Ont.  
H. W. Barker, 129 Hilton Ave., Toronto, Ont.  
S. C. Bell, care J. A. Stewart, Banning St., Port Arthur, Ont.  
C. C. Bimel, 423 Russell Hill Rd., Toronto, Ont.  
R. F. Brown, Glen Eagles Apt., Cote des Neiges Rd., Montreal, Que.  
K. L. Blair, Apt. A-21, Chateau Montreal, Montreal, Que.  
J. C. Bloom, 2951 Montgomery Rd., Shaker Heights, Ohio.  
H. R. Burson, 110 St. Clair Ave., W., Toronto, Ont.  
R. T. Cattle, Seward, Nebraska.  
J. R. Chalker, Forest Rd., St. John's, Nfld.  
J. L. Chantler, 301 Mossom Rd., Swansea, Ont.  
W. R. Chapman, 143 Alexander Blvd., Toronto, Ont.  
J. S. Choppin, Newmarket, Ont.  
G. H. Christie, 56 Waterloo Ave., Galt, Ont.  
A. G. Chubb, Aurora, Ont.  
A. F. Clement, 18 Glen Grove Ave., W., Toronto, Ont.  
S. B. Clement, 127 Durrell St., North Bay, Ont.  
I. G. Cohen, 72 Don Esplanade, Toronto, Ont.  
F. N. Corbett, 3238 Albert St., Toronto, Ont.  
R. R. Corson, 87 Jameson Ave., Toronto, Ont.  
D. F. Cousins, 245 Kingsway Ave., Toronto, Ont.  
A. A. Cox, 166 Isabella St., Toronto, Ont.  
F. G. Cox, 166 Isabella St., Toronto, Ont.  
W. L. Cox, Jamshedpur, Via Tata Nagar, India.  
P. M. Crosbie, Devon Place, St. John's, Nfld.  
H. M. Cummings, 107 Duke St., Toronto, Ont.  
J. A. Detweiler, 51 Kenwood Ave., Toronto, Ont.  
T. H. G. Donnelly, Kincaid, Sask.  
J. H. Donovan, 157 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.  
H. S. Doyle, Newmarket, Ont.  
A. W. Dunbar, 112 Rose Pk. Dr., Toronto, Ont.  
E. G. Dunbar, 112 Rose Pk. Dr., Toronto, Ont.  
G. R. Duncan, 318 S. Archibald St., Fort William, Ont.  
R. E. Eakins, 280 North Court St., Port Arthur, Ont.

- T. C. Elliott, 119 Wellington St. W., Toronto, Ont.  
J. S. Ellis, 73 Sighthill Ave., Toronto, Ont.  
E. H. Ellis, 73 Sighthill Ave., Toronto, Ont.  
E. S. Fee, Thornhill, Ont.  
K. C. Findlay, Carleton Place, Ont.  
H. J. Findlay, Carleton Place, Ont.  
W. G. Finlay, 43 Highview Cres., Toronto, Ont.  
J. H. Flemming, Room 4, Bonaventure Sta., Montreal, Que.  
T. R. Forbes, 40 Lorne Cres., Brantford, Ont.  
J. E. Gentles, 527 Lake Shore Rd., Mimico, Ont.  
T. A. Gordon, 8 Forest Hill Rd., Toronto, Ont.  
H. F. Gould, 60 Chestnut Ave., Brantford, Ont.  
W. J. Gow, 639 Victoria Ave., Windsor, Ont.  
H. G. Goodwin, 1019 Queen St. E., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.  
J. S. Graham, 112 St. Clair Ave. W., Toronto, Ont.  
A. F. Graham, 112 St. Clair Ave. W., Toronto, Ont.  
R. J. Graham, Trent Rd., Belleville, Ont.  
J. H. Grange, Napanee, Ont.  
R. A. Grant, 25 Woodlawn Ave. E., Toronto, Ont.  
J. A. Green, 16 Lynwood Ave., Toronto, Ont.  
J. L. Green, 73 Highlands Ave., Toronto, Ont.  
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W. B. Griffin, 190 Birmingham St., Stratford, Ont.  
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J. H. Hamilton, 331 Charlotte St., Barrie, Ont.  
W. R. Henderson, 578 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.  
T. E. Hethrington, 20 Elm Ave., Toronto, Ont.  
N. L. Hillary, Aurora, Ont.  
W. L. Hogarth, Timmins, Ont.  
P. M. Holton, 273 Riverside Dr., East Windsor, Ont.  
H. G. Houser, 251 Warren Rd., Toronto, Ont.  
J. F. Hughes, 1357 Bathurst St., Toronto, Ont.  
A. G. Innes, Simcoe, Ont.  
G. F. James, Lambton Mills, Ont.  
W. G. Jennings, 146 Crescent Rd., Toronto, Ont.  
I. L. Jennings, 146 Crescent Rd., Toronto, Ont.  
J. D. Jones, Jr., 977 Queen St. E., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.  
J. C. Kingston, Grand Forkes, B.C.  
J. A. C. Kennedy, 37 Lakeview Ave., Toronto, Ont.  
D. H. Lillico, 262 Poplar Plains Rd., Toronto, Ont.  
G. R. McCallum, 96 Dawlish Ave., Toronto, Ont.

- G. A. McCausland, 482 Oriole Parkway, Apt. 108, Toronto, Ont.  
J. B. McColl, 110 Kilbarry Rd., Toronto, Ont.  
Jack Macdonald, Ruskin, B.C.  
E. S. Macdonald, Norval, Ont.  
G. C. MacDonald, 89 Douglas Dr., Toronto, Ont.  
Ian B. Macdonald, 18 Heathdale Rd., Toronto, Ont.  
R. McDougall, Rideau Club, Ottawa, Ont.  
W. H. McDowell, 627 Ouellette Ave., Windsor, Ont.  
W. O. McIntyre, Box 312, Newmarket, Ont.  
R. E. McKerrow, 1179 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.  
W. A. McKerrow, 1179 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.  
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A. S. Montgomery, 68 Inglewood Dr., Toronto, Ont.  
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J. S. Moorehead, Brampton, Ont.  
D. J. Murchison, 54 Rivercrest Rd., Toronto, Ont.  
H. M. Mussen, 148 Dunn Ave., Toronto, Ont.  
W. R. Neal, P.O. Box 846, St. John's, Nfld.  
E. Omstead, Wheatley, Ont.  
P. B. Parker, Box 83, Montvale, N.J.  
J. B. Parsons, Goderich, Ont.  
J. L. Parsons, Goderich, Ont.  
H. M. Paulin, 405 Victoria Ave., Windsor, Ont.  
K. G. Pearson, 135 Elmsley St., Smith's Falls, Ont.  
J. K. Penniston, 7489 La Salle Blvd., Lachine Rapids, Que.  
W. T. Pentland, 262 Warren Rd., Toronto, Ont.  
J. D. Perrin, 52 Riverside Dr., Fort Garry, Man.  
G. F. Pipe, 80 Lynwood Ave., Toronto, Ont.  
W. B. Plaunt, Jr., Box 1078, Sudbury, Ont.  
G. A. Ponsford, 92 Wellington St., St. Thomas, Ont.  
J. A. Pulling, 212 Sandwich St., Sandwich, Ont.  
W. A. Qua, Collingwood, Ont.  
P. C. Rea, 152 Warren Rd., Toronto, Ont.  
C. D. Richardson, 74 Hackman Ave., Toronto, Ont.  
J. D. Ritchie, 56 Heath St. W., Toronto, Ont.  
T. R. Roden, 127 Dunn Ave., Toronto, Ont.  
F. N. A. Rowell, 134 Crescent Rd., Toronto, Ont.  
J. D. Russell, 188 Chapin Parkway, Buffalo, N.Y.  
R. L. Russell, 188 Chapin Parkway, Buffalo, N.Y.  
J. M. Shapley, 173 Lyndhurst Ave., Toronto, Ont.

- W. S. Sharp, 33 Cheritan Ave., Toronto, Ont.  
E. H. Slingsby, 93 Golfdale Ave., Toronto, Ont.  
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J. G. Smith, Mercury Mills, Hamilton, Ont.  
W. R. Spears, 136 Middlegate, Winnipeg, Man.  
W. T. Steele, 37 Parkwood Ave., Toronto, Ont.  
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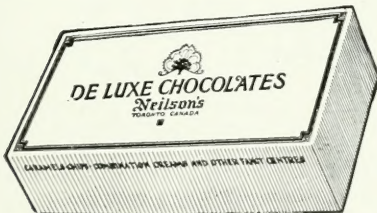
# Sugar.....

*was brought to Europe by the Arabs*

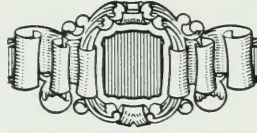
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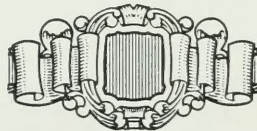
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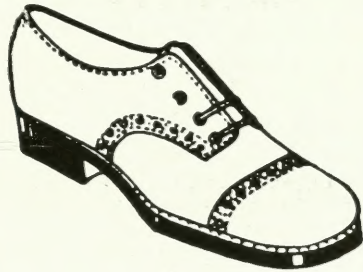
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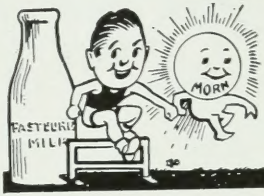
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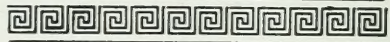


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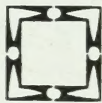
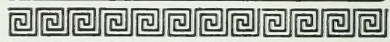
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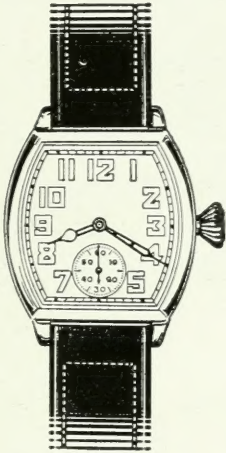
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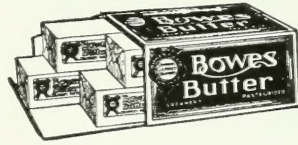
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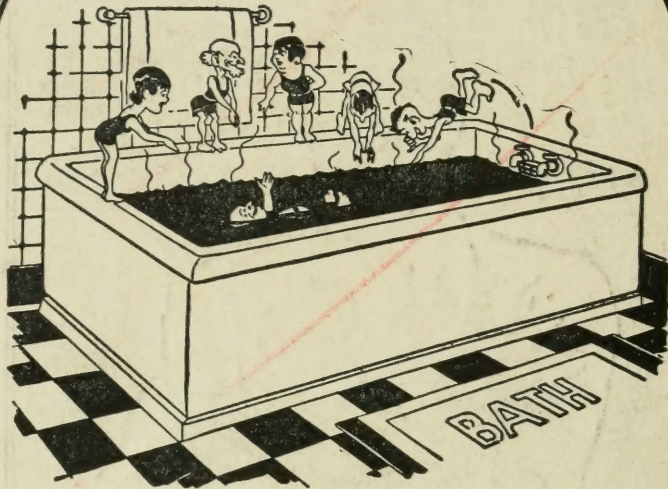
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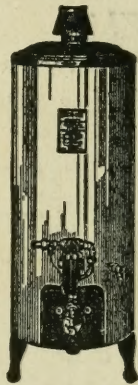
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