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1933



Tillsonburg High School

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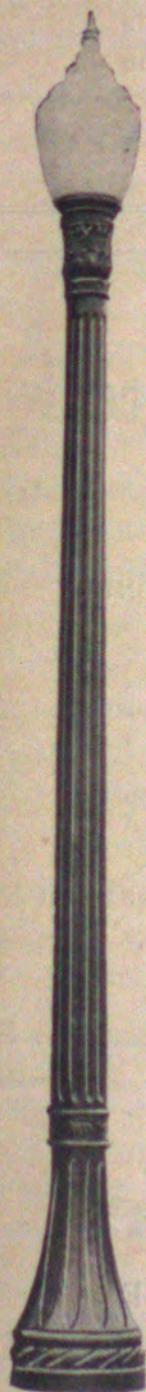
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To

**Mr. S. Wightman, B. A.**

A loyal friend, faithful counsellor  
and unselfish and efficient teacher  
we, the pupils of the T. H. S., 1933  
present this, our publication, in  
appreciation and gratitude.

Education is not learning; it is exercise and development of the powers of the mind. There are two great methods by which this end may be accomplished; it may be done in the halls of learning, or in the conflicts of life.—Princeton Review.

# Foreword

By Principal Wightman

During these days when so many startling changes are taking place in the industrial and commercial world, and when there seem to be so few openings for young people in any line of activity, it gives us all confidence in and hope for the future to find so many of the youth of our country endeavouring to fit themselves to carry on in a better and broader way when opportunity again knocks at the door.

To the present state of affairs is due in part, at least, the increased attendance which is found in nearly all secondary schools. Two or three decades ago less than two per cent. of those who entered public school ever had an opportunity to take up High School work. Now between thirty-five and forty per cent. of our young people do enter some secondary school, and in our own constituency here the percentage is still larger than this. The enrolment in T. H. S. this year is 284, an increase of thirteen per cent. over last year. We have an Upper School class of forty-five which includes five who were at Normal last year but have been unable to secure schools, and eleven who have taken their Junior Matriculation work in the surrounding Continuation Schools. To all of these we accord a hearty welcome.

Last midsummer for the first time the pupils were given an opportunity to obtain Middle School standing without writing on departmental examinations. Those who obtained 66%

or more on their year's work in any subject did not write the departmental paper on that subject, and the new system is working out quite satisfactorily.

In athletics, in public speaking and in inter-school games of various kinds our pupils have been taking a prominent part and accounts of these are found elsewhere in the school paper. On the academic side, which, after all, is the most important, the pupils have in most cases done satisfactory work, and the results of the examinations last summer were equally good with the records set in previous years. Twenty-four pupils completed Junior Matriculation and fifteen others Honour Matriculation. We extend congratulations to Miss Vera Ryder on winning the Second Carter Scholarship for Oxford County of sixty dollars in cash, and securing a Tuition Scholarship at University of Western Ontario worth two hundred dollars.

Our ex-students are continuing to uphold the good name of T. H. S. in universities and colleges, and to them as well as to the student body we wish that success which is sure to come where honest effort is put forth.

In closing we want to thank the Editor and those associated with him for the efforts they have made to produce another copy of "The Tatler" worthy of taking its place with those splendid editions of previous years.





## EDITORIAL STAFF

- Editor—Donald Herron, IV.  
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# Editorials

## No Labour Lost

In these times of economic stress and general depression, when many parents are finding it hard to make both ends meet, students in secondary schools who are anxious to secure more educational training are learning more and more the value of scholarships.

This school has the opportunity of participating in matriculation scholarships. But there seems to be a lamentable scarcity of awards in the first four forms. The Tillsonburg Shoe Company has had the honor of being the first to sponsor a school award. It is our opinion that some action should be taken by others interested in the welfare and high scholastic standing of the school to see that there are more awards placed before the enterprising students of the lower forms.

Even if the awards were not large, they would at least serve to stimulate interest in, and increase the competition for the more remunerative university scholarships.—The Editor.

## Our Flagpole

In the middle of the section of our campus known as the "Horseshoe," stands what was one time the central axis of a monarch of the forest. Its base is secured in a firm foundation of concrete and around its bare length are strung various wires in more or less geometrical form. But at the top where the standard of our Empire should be floating daily, there is just a bare length of wood.

It is a generally recognized fact that every school should be a centre for the encouragement of sane patriotism and

the development of a distinctive national spirit and pride. One of the means to this end is the flying of the Union Jack, our one and only authorized emblem, where it may be seen by every pupil. Thus it will be given its chance to recall to his or her mind the glorious deeds enacted under its folds for the greater glory of the Empire, and also to serve as an encouragement to the young people of 1933.

We strongly recommend that those in authority see that our flagpole is changed from an eyesore to a point of pride and inspiration for every student of the T. H. S.

## This Weather

It has been said that one of the greatest differences between Anglo-Saxon and other races is that the former delights in talking about the weather. Wherever Englishmen congregate, the weather is a source for at least a quarter of an hour's chat. The day's special peculiarities, the possibilities for tomorrow and the outlandish changes of heart which the weatherman experienced last week are sources from which the skilled conversationalist can draw material for a wordy fifteen minutes or more.

In searching for a reason for this unusual interest in the weather, one has to consider the English climate. In some parts of England where fog and mist are the rule and sunny days the exception, one can well imagine the people taking a lively interest in the possibilities of a fine day. (Privately, we think most of our forefathers must have come from this particular part of England).

On the other hand, the Frenchman, it is said, hardly ever speaks about the

weather. That is possibly because most of France is favoured with a warm, sunny climate not subject to the erratic changes of the English one. But we believe that the mild weather we have had so far this winter would cause even a Frenchman to remark.

A reliable biographer says that Queen Mary abhors all "small talk," including discussions about the weather, and consequently bans them from her conversation. It seems to us that a lot of energy might be conserved for more useful purposes if we all followed Her Majesty's example.—The Editor.

---

### Welcome

With the opening of the fall term, we were very pleased to welcome to our school a new member of the teaching staff, Mr. Keith R. Pearce, B.A.

Mr. Pearce is a graduate of McMaster University and the Ontario College of Education. As head of the English and History department of our school, he has ably demonstrated his teaching abilities. He has also shown a keen interest in the extra-curricular activities of the school and his influence has made itself felt in no small way.—The Editor.

---

### The Tyranny of Noise

The mild, uneventful days of the 80's are past. Civilization seems to have become a thing of hustle and bustle, and King Noise to have been elected the symbol of modernism. Of course there are still the wide open spaces which are as yet secluded, but the Tyrant Noise advances with the tide of population. His hordes are the vanguards of civilization, and man has become his petty slave.

There is no eluding him. He is in every nook and cranny, around every curve and corner. When one thinks one has successfully lost him for the time being, and has settled down with Pauline Johnson's "Cornhusker," or something equally akin to magic things, upon the flowing sequence of

liquid phrases there breaks a veritable thundering of blows from the factory in construction over the way. He is the very air we breathe; he is the humming life of our great cities.

Even in the country solitude, where one, breathing more freely, feels eased from the yoke of Noise, he suddenly rears his head. The mill by the stream is endowed with life and, with a clatter and clack, breaks into one's reverie. Immediately one sees the vision of what this place will be—the great factories, the steady hum of traffic, the incessant coming and going of men and women. Here, too, where, before the mill broke the solitude, there was music in the breeze, King Noise and his savage bands will desecrate the calm. The open places where previously the wind flew free will be surrendered to his tyranny; he will lord it over all the quiet places.

Noise is our king; to him we bow our heads. Yet his yoke lies heavy upon us, and man was never the craven to enjoy biting the dust. Can we not live our lives free from the swaggering despotism of Noise? Up, up, and overthrow him!

Lillian K. Bowley, Form V.

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The "Tatler" is always pleased to receive letters from ex-students of the T.H.S., and it gives us great pleasure, therefore, to publish the following:

Gananoque, Ont.,

March 1st, 1933.

Mr. Harvey Armstrong,  
Tillsonburg, Ontario.

Dear Sir,—I should be very happy to receive a copy of "The Tatler." Previous issues have made me proud of my high school and I am sure that the same high success will attend this year's publication. The 1932 "Tatler" is held up in Gananoque High School as a model and an incentive.

Wishing your efforts every success,  
I am

Yours sincerely,  
Delight Cook.

---

"He who knows how little he knows is on the way to knowledge."

## Sunny Spain

By Dalton G. Dean, B.A.,  
Rhodes Scholar.

I have been asked to contribute a short article to *The Tatler* on any subject at all. As the vacation from which I have just returned is very fresh in my mind at present and may be of some interest to you, I shall try to sketch it very briefly.

At Christmas we are given six weeks for vacation. The time was long enough, but the money far too short. However, exchange rates are such just now that you can live in Spain for about one-third what it would cost in England or Canada. So naturally we went to Spain.

We left London on December 9, crossed the English Channel and arrived in Paris that night. The next day we took the train for Spain and spent the next ten days travelling down its eastern coast, stopping for a day or two at Barcelona, Valencia, Granada, Malaga and Gibraltar.

The scenery was most picturesque. During almost the whole of the trip, the train kept winding through mountains, many of which were capped with snow. The sun shone brightly every day and kept the temperature at about 70 degrees. We passed hundreds of little villages, which, as they consisted almost entirely of white stucco houses looked very clean and pretty. Probably the most beautiful part of that trip was around Valencia, where there are thousands of acres of orange groves. Occasionally we would see men ploughing the fields with a team of oxen and wooden ploughs. As we went further south we saw more and more donkeys. In southern Spain they use them for every kind of work. In the cities we saw them with huge wicker baskets suspended on either side, being used for delivering bread, collecting garbage, carrying paving stones, and even for carrying the family.

The Spanish people, on the whole, seemed remarkably care-free, happy and friendly. But when they are sell-



Dalton G. Dean

ing any article they proverbially ask from two to three times what they expect to be paid for it. To prepare for this, the first two Spanish words we learned were "quanto," meaning "how much?" and "muy caro," meaning "too much." The second of these words we would use lavishly whenever making a purchase until the price stopped going down.

At Granada we visited the huge Alhambra Palace, which was built by the Moors when they controlled Spain about 1000 years ago. It is the show place of Spain and is the most impressive and beautiful structure I have ever seen. In the same city we visited what is known as the Gypsy Quarter. The people live crowded together in caves which they have dug in the side of a mountain. There are hundreds of them all over the mountain living in the worst filth and poverty.

From Gibraltar we went across the north shores of Africa and spent a few days in Tangiers and Tetuan in Spanish Morocco. It was a complete change as the Moors are essentially eastern in every way. The women dress entirely in white, veil their faces leaving only a small slit for the eyes, and carry

their babies about strapped on their backs. The men wear loose-fitting robes and fezs. It is part of their religion (Mohamedanism) that they must keep their heads shaved and covered. They smoke pipes about two feet long with bowls on the ends the size of a thimble. They drink mint tea to the exclusion of all other drinks. I believe I have had the same thing at home as medicine, but it tastes quite good when you get accustomed to it. While in Tetuan we found several little school-rooms about 10 x 15 feet, in which the teacher and ten or twelve pupils were sitting on the floor chanting the Koran. Their shoes had all been carefully left on the door step.

While in Tetuan I met a very interesting young Moor. To talk to him I had to say what I wished to say to an American, who would repeat it to a Frenchman in French, who would translate it into Spanish for a Spaniard who was with us, who would finally say it in Arabic to the Moor. Thus I conversed by what I might call remote control, but I did manage to find out a lot about the manners and customs of the Moorish people. Physically they are one of the finest races I have seen, and their every action and word bespeaks pride. Through the good offices of our young Moorish friend we were able to go into some of the private homes and see how they actually live.

The Caliph comes into the city once a week to worship at the mosque. We happened to be there the day he came down. He rode a white horse down from his palace on the summit of a nearby hill, and had a band and a body guard with him. It was a very interesting ceremony.

We left Morocco, sailed across the Straits of Gibraltar to Algeciras and then went on up through Central Spain. The central part of Spain is on a high plateau and is quite cold, especially in comparison with the warm climate from which we had just come.

When we arrived in Toledo, we noticed a big crowd milling about in the city square. We finally found

(with the help of our Spanish dictionary) that there had been a local revolution there that morning. One man had been killed and the rest put to flight about ten minutes before we arrived. The stores were kept closed the rest of the day for fear of looting. We didn't see any actual fighting all the time we were in Spain, but they are continually having trouble with counter-revolutions and consequently the country is virtually flooded with soldiers.

In Seville we went to see that for which Spain is famous—a bull fight. There is no doubt about it being an exciting thing to watch, but at the same time it is a bloody spectacle. They tell me that the younger generation isn't taking a great deal of interest in it and I expect that it will gradually die out.

From Seville we made a rather fast trip through Madrid, Paris and London, and finally reached Oxford about New Year's Day.

In Oxford I found three weeks' Canadian mail waiting for me, among which was a Christmas cake. So I forgot all about orange-groves, revolutions, Mohamedans and bull-fights, and sat eating Christmas cake while I read my mail through three times.

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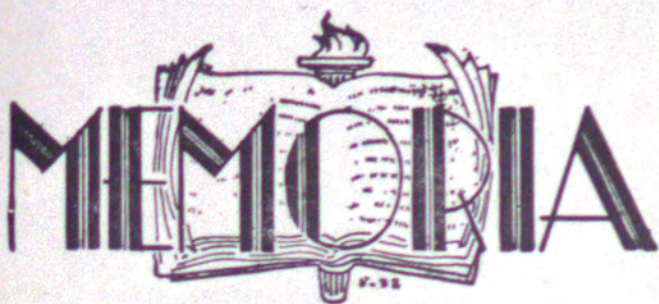
### Thank You

The students of the T. H. S. deeply appreciate the high and continued interest of Mrs. W. L. Lindsay in the varied activities of the school. Mrs. Lindsay, who is the honorary president of our Literary Society, not only has attended several of our Literary meetings, but was so generous as to donate the first prize for the Senior girls' public speaking contest. We not only thank Mrs. Lindsay for her pecuniary donation, but we are especially grateful for the fact that although she has left our school, she still is interested in our school life.

---

"He who stays being better stops being good."





**Emory Tupper  
Janet Wilkinson**

The Tatler regretfully chronicles again this year the passing of a T.H.S. student and also that of a member of the 1932 graduating class, Emory Tupper and Janet Wilkinson.

Emory had been with us only one year, but in this short time, his friendly good-nature made him well liked by both teachers and students. His illness was very short, and his untimely passing came as a great shock to the many friends he had made while in Tillsonburg.

Janet was pursuing her studies at Victoria College, University of Toronto, when death came to her as a result of a railway-automobile crash. A quiet unassuming manner won for her the friendship of all those with whom she came in contact. Her ability and zeal for study would doubtless have brought her distinction in her chosen vocation.

To the relatives of both these young people the pupils and staff extend sincerest sympathy.

\* \* \* \*

**We Will Remember Them**

They shall not grow old, as we that are left  
grow old;  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years  
condemn,  
At the going down of the sun, and in the  
morning  
We will remember them.

—Lawrence Binyan.



**STAFF OF THE TATLER**

Back Row (Left to right)—E. Pratt, E. Sealey, A. Anderson, H. Armstrong, B. Burn (Assistant Editor), S. Wilkinson.  
Third Row—V. Curtis, G. McCurdy, F. Pitter, D. Herron (Editor), H. Stover, E. Dawson.  
Second Row—E. Leonard, E. Pitter, Mr. Pearce, Mr. Wightman, E. Emmons, D. Howitt.  
Front Row—J. Jewell, R. Norman, A. Leonard, B. Shearing, D. Brown, H. Norman, F. Robinson.

## The Cat's Paw

Evelyn Leonard, Form IV.

Young John Hodge was at peace with the world that sunny, frosty morning. He shouldered his axe manfully and swung his heavy dinner-pail with a satisfied air. Another day in the woods was before him. As his feet crunched along the snowy road, his mind was singularly void of thought. What had he to worry about? His father was an honest and prosperous farmer, he a fine young man, a good worker, a youth of promise. Did not everyone say so? John's chest swelled mightily.

Before he had gone far, he passed the house where the community's mysterious family lived in seclusion. The cottage was beautifully surrounded by trees, and in its winter guise looked like a Christmas card. John's head began to function a little at the sight. But presently his blue eyes widened with interest and so did his mouth. The girl was crossing the distant dooryard, her shining hair making a black dot above her bright sweater. She did not see the woodsman, and hurried indoors. John had seldom before caught even glimpses of her. He felt a sort of pity for such an existence, so lonely, shut away from pleasant young companionship—such as his own. At the idea he started and a mental whirlwind took place behind his passive face.

Upon reaching the woods, he found his partner already at work. He looked at him with scorn born of a superior strength and, as he thought, wisdom. In fact, Roderick Kent was labouring steadily, yet making comparatively little headway with his chopping. His face was pale, but his smile cheery. He was poor, a stranger, spoke with an "outlandish" accent, and worked for "Old Man Giles." This much, John knew of him. It was enough—Roderick was a "nobody."

That evening, honest John Hodge stood a long time before the "wiggly" mirror in his room. He held his lamp

first at one side, then at the other side of his round head and observed his reflection. He looked grim, he smiled at himself, frowned, laughed, looked surprised. Indeed, he was so absorbed by what he saw, that he almost scorched his sandy hair. At last he sat down the light, grunted with satisfaction, and got ready for bed. His mind was made up. He was convinced. There was absolutely nothing about John Hodge Junior, which would not prove fascinating, nay even irresistible, to a young lady.

For many days following, John did an unusual amount of brainwork. In the woods Roderick jollied him about his deep silence, and at home, his parents worried, and indulgently fed him his beloved gingerbread.

The crisis came one muddy April evening, after chores. John retired to his room early, but soon reappeared dressed in his best. He stammered, as casually as he could, that he was going out for a while. His parents were mute with surprise, and listened with dismay as the buggy wheels rattled out of the front gate.

The bold cavalier rode bravely until he saw the cottage light twinkle through the trees. He became suddenly and alarmingly shy. In his agitation, he let the horse trot calmly on.

"Blast it!" growled honest John Hodge, from the depths of his despair. Immediately repenting his violent language, he let the buggy rumble on to Old Man Giles' home.

He found Roderick reading, and scribbling in a little notebook (of all the senseless occupations!) Afterward he did not quite remember how he asked Roderick to go for a buggy ride, but down the rutted road that night two young men jolted slowly. One was painfully red—the other consumed with inward laughter, and a little curiosity.

"Anyhow," the embarrassed one

(Continued on page 57)

## All in a Day's Mail

I picked up the morning paper one bright day, and glanced over the various items on the front page. Finding them wholly uninteresting, I proceeded to turn the pages. At the top of an unusually long "Lost and Found" column I read:

**"LOST"**—A small girl answering to the name of 'Ella,' carrying a Modern History under her arm. If engaged in conversation will be sure to inquire, "Is my face red?"

Recognizing my friend Dorothy Brown, I hastened to read on.

**"FOUND"**—An indescribable specimen who says her name is 'Fernie.' Will not tell her age, and upon being further questioned exclaims, "Well, I don't care! I'll tell Ralph."

Now thoroughly astounded, I scanned another paragraph.

**"FOUND"**—A innocent looking youth, who blushed furiously when asked his name and murmured 'Johnny.' We believe we have seen him before in the Walker Store."

I was sure that this last was my acquaintance Jewell, and I threw down my paper quickly. Hurrying to the office, I stopped to read a sign near the Post Office.

**"BEWARE"**—A dangerous fighter at large. He is believed to be out of his mind, due to a certain lady, and will probably give a false name. His real name, however, is 'Chub.'"

Upon reaching my office, I sank into my chair breathless and took up my mail. The first letter I opened increased my bewilderment.

"Report of Public Health Officer Jones to Headquarters. I find that the following cases are serious:

Name	Symptoms	Diagnosis	Suggested Remedy.
B. Shearing .....	Too childish for her age. Asks too many questions.	Can't be diagnosed.	Work jig-saw puzzles.
R. Hillborg .....	Throws too much chalk. Swaggers a great deal.	Hardened conscience.	Do much work.
J. Sinclair .....	Blood rushes violently to face. Becomes deeply annoyed.	Nervous breakdown.	Indulge in rest and meditation.
E. Goodhand .....	Chalk-marked; unusual vivacity.	Absence of tongue control.	Train as a deaconess.
E. Pratt .....	Cannot sleep until nearly morning.	Worried mind.	Study German.
D. Howitt .....	Deep blushing.	A flirt.	Be a nursemaid.
E. Emmons .....	Serious expression. Argumentative.	Tight shoes.	Wear twelves.
H. Gillet .....	Unearthly features; reserved, melancholy, haunts 5th form.	Inability to make decisions.	Spend life in a convent.

Trembling, I folded the sheet with a guilty feeling. Why did the postman persist in leaving the wrong mail. I grasped the next letter on the file. Oh, a circular only!

Zoological Gardens, Feb. 28, '33.

Dear Sir:

We feel you will be interested to come to our gardens next Saturday afternoon to view our new species of elephant. This animal can speak, sing and wink. Its name is George, and you may see it for the moderate sum of 10c.

Surely not Morrison! I gasped for breath. The next letter I opened was a friendly letter from an old chum of mine—a sea-captain. It was very soothing until I came to a startling paragraph.

"I have been entering yesterday's events in my ship's log-book. They were of strange nature. Two young couples boarded the vessel at Halifax. Yesterday morning the young men, A. Anderson and B. Brooks by name, were missing. By afternoon the girls, Miss Curtis and Miss Abbott, were ill with anxiety. Last evening they both died of grief. The blonde's last words were, "Please don't tickle," and the brunette's dying whisper was "Where's my Archie?" Evidently these youngsters were eloping. The sad part of it all is that the young men have reappeared and do not seem much disturbed by the loss of their ladies.

I am, as always, your friend,

Captain Jinks.



# BOYS' SPORTS



Archie Anderson, Editor

## ANNUAL FIELD DAY

A cloudy day threatening rain ushered in Friday, Sept. 30, the day which had been selected for the annual Field Day. At first it was feared that the Field Day would have to be postponed, but the timely appearance of the sun avoided this catastrophe. In the morning some of the events were carried out on the school campus, but most of the competitions took place at the fair ground in the afternoon.

Competition was very keen and several "dark horses" stepped in to win events conceded to better-known athletes. Several records, which had been standing for a number of years, were broken. Some of these new records should be good enough to remain for some years.

When the final race was finished and the number of points counted the following were found to be the champions: Senior, Archie Sinclair; Intermediate, Peter Travis; Junior, Beverly Bennett; Bantam, Bob Grant.

On Monday afternoon the relays were run, the forms finishing in the following order: III. Form, V. Form, II. Form, IV. Form, I. Form.

The shield for the greatest number of points was won by Form III.

## SHOOTING

Due to so many other school activities last winter not as much time as usual was spent at shooting, although some of our crack shots did win honor along this line. In the D.C.R.A., Grant Hagell won a gold medal for having the highest average of the school. Bronze medals in the D.C.R.A. were also won by Donald White and Jack

Grant. George Prouse won the Strathcona medal for having the highest average in the D.C.R.A. and Youth of the Empire combined. Jack Pow was also the winner of a Marksman's Badge for his good shooting in the Youth of the Empire competition.

This year the boys are at it again and it looks as though this year we will have many more medals coming to the school than last year. We have some excellent shots in the school and we are sure they will bring honour to us.

Since the condemning of the Cove Ranges in London there has been no activity in the King George Competition, but the old T. H. S. has the King George Cup to keep.

## SENIOR WOSSA BASKETBALL

Although there was much good material for a Senior basketball team this year they were eliminated from their group by Aylmer High School. The T.H.S. boys seemed to have "tough luck" in all their games and never really seemed to get "clicking."

### St. Thomas C. I. at Tillsonburg

On Tuesday, Jan. 10th, Tillsonburg opened their Wossa schedule by entertaining the St. Thomas Collegiate Institute Seniors. It was a good game, and although St. Thomas was largely outscored in the first half, they made a comeback in the last half and nearly overcame the lead. The game ended 36-30 for Tillsonburg.

### Tillsonburg at Aylmer H. S.

On Friday, Jan. 13, Tillsonburg journeyed to Aylmer to play their old rivals, the Aylmer H. S. Seniors. It

was a very fast game and Aylmer started right out strong, at the end of half time the score was 13-2 for Aylmer.

In the last half Tillsonburg came back with fight in their eyes and came very near to winning the game but Aylmer had held their lead and the game ended 22-17 for Aylmer.

#### **Tillsonburg at St. Thomas V. S.**

On Tuesday, Jan. 17, Tillsonburg met another old rival, the St. Thomas V. S. boys, at St. Thomas. It was a very fast and hard-fought game and the best game the T. H. S. boys played all year. The score was 15-9 half time and 19-11 at full time. The Tillsonburg boys were never in danger.

#### **Aylmer at T. H. S.**

Tillsonburg again suffered defeat at the hands of Aylmer on Friday, Jan. 20, before one of the largest crowds ever to witness a game at the H. S. gym. This was a very close game and both teams were evenly matched and it was only the team that got the "breaks" that won. Aylmer led at half time by the score of 16-14.

In the last half the outcome was undecided until the final whistle blew, but Aylmer was ahead when it blew and that was all that was necessary. The game ended 27-26 for Aylmer.

#### **T.H.S. at St. Thomas C.I.**

Tillsonburg repeated their win over the St. Thomas Collegiate on Tuesday, Jan. 24 at St. Thomas. The first half was very slow, ending in a draw 4-4.

In the second half Tillsonburg "woke up" and scored 16 points in the third quarter. This concluded the game and Tillsonburg won 22-12.

#### **St. Thomas V.S. at Tillsonburg**

Tillsonburg entertained the St. Thomas V.S. boys on Friday, Feb. 3rd, at the school gym. Since Aylmer had won the group and since neither team cared what the outcome, it was a very listless game.

Tillsonburg led by about 12 points in the first quarter but afterwards took it too easy and St. Thomas won 36-26.

The line-up—"Andy" Anderson and "Chub" Armstrong were the two starting forwards with "Arch" Sinclair, who could always be depended on to lead the scoring at centre, and "Lefty" Brooks and "Grit" Waller the "stone wall" guards.

The relieving line-up was "Jim" Mannell and "Hook" McDonald on the forward line, Pete Travis getting the ball at the toss-up and E. J. Pratt, "Swede" Hillborg and "Al." Sealey blocking the opponents' shots.

Better luck next year, boys!

Much credit should be given to our coach, Mr. Sinclair, who spared neither effort nor time in trying to make the team a winning one.

#### **JUNIOR WOSSA BASKETBALL**

This year an almost new junior team had to be built up, and, although they did not get far this year, they received much good experience, which will help them in future years. They played some preliminary games before the Wossa schedule opened, in which they showed great class. They were grouped with Aylmer Juniors with whom they played a four-game series.

#### **T.H.S. Juniors at Aylmer**

On Friday, Jan. 13, the Juniors journeyed to Aylmer where they were defeated by the more experienced and smooth-working Aylmer team. The T.H.S. boys played well but Aylmer was used to their floor and defeated our boys by the score of 27-10.

#### **Aylmer H. S. at Tillsonburg**

The T.H.S. lads entertained the Aylmer Juniors on Friday, Jan. 20 here. The T.H.S. lads put up a much better game than they did at Aylmer and led their opponents at half time by the score of 7-6, but in the last half Aylmer "put on the pressure" and won the game by the score of 14-11.

The remaining games were not played since our juniors entered O.B.A. and Aylmer won the group.

Junior Wossa line-up: "Arch" Johnston and "Bev." Bennett on the starting forward line, who were relieved by "Minnie" Pow and "Lyle" Compeau, with John Hone and Banks Downey



### BOYS' SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row (Left to right)—R. Hillborg, P. Travis, M. Waller,  
R. Brooks (Captain), A. Sinclair.  
Second Row—E. Sealey, E. Pratt, R. J. Sinclair (Coach), A. Anderson, W. McDonald.  
Front Row—J. Mannell, H. Armstrong.

at centre looking after the scoring end of the game, while "Bill" Barkey and George Grant, who were relieved by Jim Softley and Mack Fewster on guard looked after the defensive part of the game.

### O.B.A. BASKETBALL

After the Juniors lost their Wossa group they entered the O.B.A. The Midget team included nearly all the juniors, the age limit being 17 after the 1st of January. The Bantam team took in those who were under 15 at the 1st of January.

#### Midgets T.H.S. at Ingersoll

The Midgets opened their schedule in Ingersoll, playing the Ingersoll Triangle Midgets on Friday, Feb. 17th. It was a good game and both teams played good basketball. The T.H.S. boys led 12-6 at half time and 22-18 at full time.

#### Woodstock at T. H. S.

The Tillsonburg Midgets entertained the Woodstock Y.M.C.A. Midgets for the first home game in the O.B.A. series on Feb. 24. It was a close game and although our boys were greatly out-weighted and the Woodstock boys much taller they fought gamely and

were rewarded for their efforts by winning 15-13. The score at half time was 8-4 for Tillsonburg.

### Remaining Games

The T.H.S. Midgets still have games to play with Ingersoll in Tillsonburg, Woodstock at Woodstock, and two games with London. Let us all join in and wish them the best of luck.

The team—Guards, W. Barkey, B. Bennett, M. Fewster; centers, J. Hone, B. Downey; forwards, A. Johnson, J. Barry, J. Pow, L. Comepeau.

### BANTAMS

#### Tillsonburg at Ingersoll

The T.H.S. Bantams also opened their schedule at Ingersoll, where they played the Ingersoll Triangle Club Bantams. It was a very fast and well played game by our Bantams and they showed their ability to play basketball by blanking their opponents by the score of 4-0.

#### Woodstock at Tillsonburg

On Feb. 24 our Bantams faced the Woodstock Y.M.C.A. Bantams at Tillsonburg. They again played their accustomed good style of basketball and were never in danger. They led the

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# DRAMATICS

Fred Robinson, Editor

"Men may come, and men may go  
But I go on forever."

Yes, indeed, it seems as though the T. H. S. commencement is like that stream, about which Tennyson wrote his famous poem, "The Brook." Each year brings a new one, with different student-actors doing their best to make that annual event a success. This year, the standard reached was as high as that of the past. In fact, the one-act play,—*"The Woodcutter and the Princess,"* was one of the most picturesque we have seen for some time.

The setting is laid in the dim past, in the days when "kighthood was in flower." The costumes, which resemble those modish in the seventeenth century, did much to lift this play above others of previous years. We take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Lindsay for the time and care she spent in preparing them. On behalf of the directors and the cast, we also thank those who loaned costumes and the students who assisted in the making of such outfits as were not available ready-made.

The plot may be summed up as follows: A beautiful princess has three suitors, all princes; she herself, is in love with a woodcutter. The King and Queen agree to betroth their daughter to the prince "who has the kindest heart." The Queen is to disguise herself as a beggar and to beseech each prince in turn for a crust of bread. The woodcutter overhears their plans and, accordingly warns the three princes about the test. As a result, they feed the "poor beggar woman" so much bread that she swoons; then the woodcutter gallantly restores her to consciousness. As a result, permission is granted to him to marry the princess. As this is admittedly a fairy story, we will be quite

safe in saying that "they lived happily ever after."

The cast, as a whole, are to be commended for their splendid effort. No small portion of praise should be extended to the Misses Field and Ostrander, who so capably directed the play. As usual, "Walt" performed miracles in stage-setting, so successfully transplanting upon the stage a whole forest of evergreens, that one of the actors was reported missing, as he attempted to cross from the left part of the stage to the right.

Particular credit goes to Blanche Shearing and Malcolm Storm who portrayed the characters, The Princess and the Woodcutter. Dorothy Brown and Donald Moore carried out their parts with due regal dignity and majesty. Of the three princes, Bill Wright ranks first, with the other two close behind. The dignity of the play was greatly heightened by the two heralds, who always preceded the King and the Queen on to the stage.

As the curtain falls for the first time, we see the "marriage revels" in full swing. Then the curtain rises once more, and all the cast join with the audience in the singing of the National Anthem.

## Cast:

The Princess.....	Blanche Shearing
The Woodcutter.....	Malcolm Storm
The King.....	Donald Moore
The Queen .....	Dorothy Brown
Red Prince .....	Archie Johnson
Yellow Prince .....	Wm. Wright
Blue Prince .....	Fred Robinson
Two Herald.....	{ Betty Dawson Dorothy Howitt

Q.—Who is the greatest spendthrift in the school?

A.—Our Buyology teacher.



### A Christmas Carol

At the Christmas Literary meeting a delightful three-scene play was staged by the students under the capable direction of Miss Dorothy Brown. This was a new field of activity for her, but her debut was a marked success! Congratulations!

Ebenezer Scrooge is the chief figure. This hard-fisted old miser is visited in turn by carol-singers, his nephew and mission lassies, but all failed to imbue him with the Christmas Spirit. He grudgingly gives his clerk, Bob Cratchitt, a holiday on Christmas Day. Bob leaves in fine spirits, but Scrooge remains behind to do some work and falls asleep. He dreams that he sees three spirits, the Ghost of Christmas Past, of Christmas Present, of Christmas Yet to Come. These show him three scenes: first, a Christmas celebration in the home of his former employer, a Mr. Fezziwig; second, the happy fireside of his poor clerk, Bob Cratchitt, who despite his "fifteen shillings a week, a wife and six children," certainly knows how to be comfortable; and third, a tombstone with the name of Ebenezer Scrooge engraved upon it. He wakes up, trembling violently and thoroughly cured of his niggardly ways. He buys a very large goose and sends it to the Cratchitts. He also raises his clerk's salary. A more complete reformation would be very difficult to conceive.

Donald Moore was the star of this pleasing play. He certainly knows how to play the part of a miser. [Ed. Note—No insult intended]. Bob Ball and Alice Smith played the parts of Mr. and Mrs. Cratchitt and well deserve credit. Jack Jewell and Helen Stover were the jolly Fezziwigs, whose infectious good humour spread to the large audience in attendance. We greatly regret that we can not mention the score of others who took part in this thought-inspiring play, but we do extend to them our hearty congratulations.

After the play, a very dramatic incident took place. Donald Moore was the victim of the most comical acci-

dent of the season. Interested? See the article under "School News."

This scribe can recall no other drama which so represented the combined efforts of the whole school. Practically every form had one representative or more. So that, judging from the spirit of co-operation it aroused among the students, "from freshie up to senior," we may say truthfully that it is the most successful play of recent years.

### Canada—Song of a Pioneer

Thy wealth is often sung in verse,  
Thy beauty and thy fame;  
Many a poet lifts his lay  
To laud thy glorious name;  
But I would sing in grateful praise  
Thy homeliness; 'tis good;  
A cabin built of rough-hewn logs  
I cut from out thy wood;  
And o'er thy green and sunny breast  
My children, happy, play;  
At eve they nod their tiny heads  
Until another day.  
So I would thank thee, Canada,  
For all thy loving care:  
For song of little birds at dusk,  
Then silence everywhere;  
For happy home where we are blest;  
For every loving thing  
That thou hast carried to our door—  
To thee great thanks I bring!

Lillian K. Bowley, Form V.

### Beauty

Beauty came to earth one morn  
When dawn was bright with dew,  
Her hands were soft as velvet is,  
Her eyes a dream of blue;  
And as she pleaded there with me  
I could not choose but hear,  
So now I worship in her train  
Throughout each fleeting year.

And every day when I awake  
And all the world is fair,  
Or when the sky is purple-draped  
And stars are trembling there,  
I seek to know her touch again,  
Or see her starry eyes,  
For Beauty in her wisdom gives  
The best that Earth denies.

William E. France, Ex-Student.

## A Lively Corpse

Annie Hawkins, Form V

The room was very still. It seemed the phantom of death itself lurked in the shadows. For two days now the figure on the bed had never uttered a word or given the slightest signs of consciousness, and now the doctors said, in a few brief hours all would be over.

Yet Aunt Abbie was conscious. However in her old age, despairing of life, she had cried for death's everlasting peace to come and now she waited somewhat impatiently for its arrival. Ella and Jim had been good to her, yes she knew it, but it was Ned, the miner, whom she had not seen for so long that she would like to see before death. If he could not come, then once more she thought death was sweeter than life. She was tired and weak, yes too tired to eat and she lay powerless within the sound of voices.

They were talking now—Ella and Jim, and she caught their words now and then. "You see," said Jim, "I've got to go to town tomorrow and I may as well do it all up at once. I could speak to the undertaker and order the coffin—it's only a matter of a few hours anyway and it does seem a pity to make another trip, just for that."

Suddenly in the sick room the old lady stirred. Something back in her unconsciousness snapped and fierce anger had its rallying effect. "Just for that!" Jim had said. "That" was her death it seemed and she was not worth an extra trip to town.

"Let's see, ter-day's Toosday," Jim continued. "We might fix the funeral for Saturday. That'll give us a little extra time, just in case—"

From the sick room came a muttered groan. Ella ran to the patient. She lay as before, her face turned to the wall and wisps of silver hair swept back over her ear. On the bed the poor woman smiled grimly to herself—but Ella did not see.

It was already snowing hard at four o'clock Wednesday afternoon when

Jim returned from town. Telegrams had been sent and the news of Aunt Abbie's death was widely circulated.

Ella met him at the door,—a terrified expression on her face. "Jim, she's better. She sat up and asked for food just after you left. I was tidying up her room fixin' for the funeral, you know, when I saw she was watching me. She asked if I was cleanin' things a little. Oh, Jim, what, what shall we do, what can we do?" she wailed. Aunt Abbie better? Impossible! It was only the glim before the dark, he argued.

However the following days spoke for themselves. Aunt Abbie seemed to have a new lease on life. She took nourishing food every few hours, sat up in bed and showed an astonishing improvement in every way. All in the household marvelled and at the same time grew hot and cold by spells. It was not the last.

Shortly after dinner on Thursday Mr. Herrick, the undertaker, arrived. The blizzard swept the snow into great drifts and roads were almost blocked. Jim met him at the door and entreated, yes, begged that he return the coffin at once. Mr. Herrick soon convinced him it was impossible to return that day or, in fact, till the storm abated its fury. The coffin would soon be ruined if left out and it must be taken in. Despite the care they took that the noise might not reach Aunt Abbie's ears, she heard and asked "Who came? I heard sleighbells and voices." "Oh, it is just a man on business," Ella and Jim assured her.

Mr. Herrick was forced to remain at the farm-house the rest of the week, much to Ella and Jim's distress. "Isn't that Mr. Herrick's voice I heard in the kitchen just now?" asked Aunt Abbie once. "Yes, he was out this way and got caught in the storm and forced to stay here," she replied. "Send him in. I haven't seen him for a long time," said Aunt Abbie. Mr. Herrick still tells of

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# LITERATURE

Evelyn Leonard, Editor

## Maria Chapdelaine

By Louis Hemon

Louis Hemon's tale of Maria Chapdelaine is an idyll of old Quebec. It is the pulse-beat of a people whose emotions are deeper than love, and simpler than childhood. It is pathetic. A master hand has touched the curtain, and revealed a race within a nation.

Louis Hemon is Canadian to the core: he has lived among his loved habitants, and as one of them has caught their beautiful artlessness, their artless beauty. With him we breathe the chill white nights of winter, and hear the creak of a cutter on the crisp snow, and distant wolf-cries. We can understand the pioneering urge that tortures Samuel Chapdelaine, and keeps him ever moving farther into the primal forests; we know the heart of Madame as she patiently follows, one after one abandoning her dreams.

Maria Chapdelaine is forever a woman of the silent lands. Healthy, dutiful, honourable, she was without finesse of argument; she walked by the light of her conscience and her simple heart. Four generations had bound her to Quebec: the irresistible hold of her girlhood conquered many things. The rigid law of the north had quietly claimed from her her first love, and then she had rebelled. She had tried to teach herself hatred, but it softened into tenderness before the unconquerable call of the land. She tried to teach herself wonder and delight in the blazing lights of towns, but it was hollow to her beside the moonlight on the rapids. At last she surrendered herself to live as her mother had done, the busy wife of an honest man.

Alice E. Leonard, Form III. E.

'Tisn't life that matters! 'Tis the courage you bring to it.—Walpole.

## In Search of Ireland

When we go "In Search of Ireland" with H. V. Morton, it is impossible to become weary and bored half-way around that magic island. Sure, we must keep on until we have explored it entirely!

Landing at Dublin, with our curiosity and interest up to boiling-point, we are plunged into the gay informality of the Irish crowd. How conversation fairly riots along!

Escaping with difficulty from Dublin's charms, our motor car makes a complete circuit of Ireland.

Kilkenny, Cahir, Mount Melleray, Cork, Kerry, Killarney! These are names to enchant the traveller, shatter his disbelief in fairies. How can we forget the Trappist monks of Melleray, sworn to life-long silence, following an endless routine? Oh, for the drowsy peace of Kerry!

Limerick, Galway and Claddagh yield before the strange Connemara country. The rolling hills are stony, the cabins incredibly small, the people unbelievably poor, yet there reign in Connemara gayety and a deep love of home. It has been said of the people, "It's happy they are, sure enough, but —'tis just starvation!"

It is at Malaranny, where the leprechauns and the dread banshée dwell, that we see the most achingly beautiful sunset in the world. There, also, we attend a "wake," sitting for silent, sad hours with the deceased. Had the corpse been an old one, there would have been less sorrow, even music and dancing.

We leave the oppressed people of the Isle of Achill and Donegal, and motor from the Irish Free State into Northern Ireland. Londonderry spreads its beauty by the River Foyle, and the Giant's Causeway stands mighty and speech-taking. The lovely

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# Science

Edward Pitter, Editor

## Bugs

By R. C. Ball, Form V

I think that most of us, when children, have been told that we had a "bug" in our throat, by way of explanation of hoarseness due to a cold. Bacteria are often termed "bugs" or animals by the popular mind, but are they? It is difficult to determine. Some scientists favour creating a new kingdom and calling it Prokista, and placing in it the lower order of plants and animals which are difficult to classify as belonging to either the plant or animal kingdom. Physiologically, bacteria are classed under the term Schizomycetes of the plant kingdom.

Pasteur taught us that bacteria are micro-organisms belonging to either the animal or plant kingdom and are distributed everywhere in nature. They develop chiefly in the superficial layers of the soil and in water. From these sources they are spread here and there, lodging, in what for them may be a favourable or unfavorable environment, where they either perish or develop.

Bacteria draw their nourishment from the substance in which they find themselves, causing great change in their structure by multiplying, as well as changing the structure of their host. All bacteria do not cause disease; many are useful. It is due to the action of bacteria that useful fermentation processes take place, that plants are able to draw nourishment from the soil and thus build food for man. In this article I intend to tell a

little about the harmful bacteria which cause disease.

Bacteria which cause disease belong to either the plant or animal micro-organism group. In order that infection occur from bacteria, they must first be conveyed to and enter our bodies. Having gained entrance, the bacteria must proliferate in the body tissues. They therefore become parasites growing in the presence of the living cells of the body tissues, while when outside the body they were saprophytes living on dead material. Pathogenic bacteria are characterized by their ability to become parasites on entering the body. They also have the ability to cause injury to the tissues in which they live, and thus give rise to reactions which constitute disease.

Pathogenic bacteria, therefore, are the ones which cause disease by (1) parasitic growth, (2) giving rise to toxic production. In order that infection may develop, the bacteria must gain access to and enter the body, and develop in the tissues of the host. Not every point of entrance to the body will do; it must be the right one for the particular organism. Thus Dysentery Bacillus entering a wound in the skin would be quite harmless, but entering the intestinal canal through food would give rise to disease there.

Nature has fortified our bodies against entry of bacteria by certain structures. The mucous membranes of our respiratory systems have the power to combat bacteria by throwing out secretions which destroy them. Normal secretions from the intestinal tract, when in a healthy condition, destroy bacteria.

Last, but not least, as a fortification against pathogenic bacteria, is the blood stream, loaded with white blood cells. The white blood cells, or leucocytes, are the scavengers of the body,

and have the ability to ingest pathogenic bacteria and destroy them.

When bacteria enter the body and begin to live on the body cells, nature at once throws out more fighters, white blood cells, and the battle is on between the invaders, the bacteria, and the body fighters, the white blood cells. Disease is the term we apply to this battle, and the winner will depend upon the amount of infection, how virulent that infection, and the help we can give to help nature to keep up the fight.

Thus we realize how important it is for us to keep our bodies healthy throughout life, so that we may win all battles against whatsoever "bugs" that come along.

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### Something About Radium

Radium is an element, discovered in 1898 by M. G. Bimont and M. and Mme. Curie, French chemists. The property of radium which aided in its discovery is its radioactivity, or power to emit rays which have a chemical activity. Two years before its discovery another French scientist, Becquerel, noted that photographic plates protected from light, but kept near uranium compounds, were affected in the same way as though light had penetrated their coverings. Becquerel concluded that these effects were due to the action of rays from uranium. Mme. Curie began her study of uranium compounds on this foundation and soon announced the existence of the new element.

Radium emits three kinds of rays known as alpha, beta, and gamma rays. The alpha rays consist of small particles several times heavier than hydrogen atoms and charged with positive electricity. The beta rays consist of small particles about one thousand times lighter than hydrogen atoms and charged with negative electricity.

The gamma rays, which resemble Roentgen rays from a "hard" x-ray tube, are not particles but probably single impulses in the ether. They are

the most penetrating rays known and have been detected after passing through thirty centimetres of iron.

These gamma rays burn the skin, are believed to kill bacteria and are an aid in the treatment of cancer and tuberculosis. However, the extremely high cost of radium has prevented it from being put to general use in most hospitals. An English corporation set its value at not less than one hundred million dollars a pound.

However, a discovery has been made which will quite probably greatly reduce the cost of radium and make Canada the greatest radium-producing country in the world. A few years ago, a government geologist reported that the shores of Great Bear Lake were rich in copper. A veteran prospector, Gilbert Labine, decided to investigate this report and set out for the Great Bear Lake region. He met with moderate success and as winter drew near, started for home. As his aeroplane roared southward over the shores of the lake, Labine glanced down casually. Below him he noted the cobalt bloom and copper green. By the extent of the colorings he knew he had struck a rich deposit. In the spring he returned with an old friend, and while prospecting in Echo



"Hook" McDonald Catching Butterflies.

Bay, he noted an unusual streak of deep colored lava. "It can't be pitchblende," he declared (pitchblend is the rock in which radium is found). But it was. And that pitchblende is the highest grade deposit of its kind in the world.

Thus, there has dawned a new era in the romance of Canadian mining.

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### Aluminum and Its Uses

W. C. B. Mills, Form IV.

Aluminium is a metal known to all of us, found in the humblest homes and in the greatest hotels, on every farm and in every manufacturing plant. It has thousands of uses, to most of which we would not dream that this metal, the most abundant in the earth's crust, could be put.

Let me state some of the more common uses of this light metal which is only half as heavy as iron, the next heavier metal in practical use. It is used, because of this lightness, in many automobile, aircraft and steamship motors. The framework of these vehicles is also constructed of aluminium which sometimes has one or two per cent. of steel added to make it more rigid. Because of its lightness aluminium is replacing other metals in soldiers' equipment and in warships and cruisers.

Although not as good a conductor of electricity as copper, it is being used in the construction of hydro-electric cables because of its lightness. An aluminium wire weighs less than one-third as much as copper wire of equal length and of equal electrical conductivity.

Aluminium is an easily worked metal. Only five metals can be drawn into a finer wire and only two can be beaten into a thinner sheet.

Aluminium readily mixes with all metals, except lead, to form aluminum alloys. One of these alloys, aluminium bronze, has many uses, of which the most common is that of imitation gold in cheap jewelry.

Many people are wearing artificial rubies or sapphires. It would greatly surprise them if they were told that

these artificial jewels are made from aluminium oxide.

Consider this metal, which at the beginning of the twentieth century, even as a table decoration, was a great novelty. How can it be taken from the earth so cheaply and in such great quantities that it may be put to all these uses? During the seventeenth century, a class of substances known as alums were extracted from clay. In the early eighteenth century, it was announced that there was an unknown material common to all of these alums. This material was believed to be a metal and in expectation of its extraction it was named after alum—alumine. This was changed to alumina and then to aluminum, the name under which it is now known.

Many attempts were made to extract it from these alums by heating with metals. It was finally extracted by heating with potassium, a costly method which did not produce pure aluminium.

In 1886, seven years after the invention of the dynamo for the production of electric current, C. M. Hall, a graduate of Oberlin College, patented a method which has become universal. After his graduation from college, Mr. Hall spent a great deal of time at home experimenting in his father's wood-shed. After an experiment performed one day, he found a few shiny balls of aluminium in the bottom of his crucible. He patented this method, and formed a company which began the commercial production of aluminium. In a few years Mr. Hall became the president of the largest aluminium producing company of America. After his death in 1914, an aluminium statue of Mr. Hall was placed in the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh.

Thus today, we have from these experiments, aluminium produced cheaply for home and commercial use.

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Science Teacher—Do you believe that paper can be used to keep people warm?

Art Brown—I should say so. The last report I took home kept the family hot for weeks.

# GIRLS' SPORTS



Dorothy Brown, Editor

## Athletic Society Executive

President—Roma Donnelly.  
Vice-President—Betty Dawson.  
Secretary-Treasurer—Phyllis Hill.

## FIELD DAY

What's the first event of the school year one looks forward to? Why, Field Day, of course!

As usual the girls were divided into Seniors, Intermediates, and Juniors according to age. The morning events took place on the school grounds while the afternoon events were "run off" at the Fair Grounds.

Keen rivalry was manifest in the different groups and after a strenuous and exciting day the 1932 laurels went to Roma Donnelly as Senior Champion, but due to the fact that Roma won the Senior Championship in 1931 the medal went by reversion to the runner-up, Dorothy Howitt; Intermediate Champion—Betty Dawson; Junior Champion—Margaret Rock.

## W. O. S. S. A. Basketball

This year Tillsonburg was grouped with Aylmer in basketball, but fate decreed that our girls should be defeated by the Aylmer team, which, of course, ended the T. H. S. girls' W.O.S.S.A. games.

Oh, well! Better luck next time—we can't all be winners and it is better to have played and lost than never to have played at all.

## Tillsonburg at Aylmer

On Friday, January 13th, our team played their first game of the season in the Aylmer gym. Our girls fought

hard but the odds were against them and the final score stood 38 to 13 for Aylmer.

## Aylmer at Tillsonburg

The Aylmer girls' team came to Tillsonburg on January 20th and after an exciting and fairly evenly matched game the visitors won the day. The score at half-time stood 12-11 for Tillsonburg. During the last half our girls made Aylmer step to attain the lead but the visitors played up well and the final score stood 23-20 in favor of Aylmer.

## Friday, Feb. 3

To follow the boys' game with St. Thomas a girls' game had been scheduled with Simcoe, but the latter found at the last moment that they would be unable to come.

Accordingly two girls' teams, made up of the real team and other school pupils were substituted and called the "Blacks" and "Whites" respectively. The "Blacks" won with a score of 12-8 and the evening was ended by a lunch in the assembly hall.

## Otterville vs. Tillsonburg

On Thursday, Feb. 23rd, at 4:30 p.m., a game was played between Otterville and Tillsonburg in our gymnasium. Our fair co-eds won the day with a score of 7-38, and after the game a light lunch was served the teams.

Teacher—Which game do you like best?

Helen G.—Postoffice.

Teacher—What athletic game?

Helen—It's athletic the way I play it.



### GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row (Left to right)—E. Fisher (captain), L. Simon, Miss Heath (Coach), B. Shearing, M. Boughner, H. Gillett.  
 Second Row—A. Miners, H. Fairburn, P. Hill, M. Abbott, E. Goodhand.  
 Front Row—R. Donnelly, E. Dawson.

### T.H.S. Win at London and District Jamboree

The T.H.S. boys finished up the season by entering Bantam, Midget and Senior teams in the London and District Jamboree, held in London April 7th and 8th. The Bantams and Seniors brought home the pennants in their groups and the Midgets were just nosed out. The London papers had the following to say about the games:—

**Tillsonburg Bantams Win**—Robinson United Falcons met the Tillsonburg Bantams. These youngsters dished up an excellent brand of basketball. The play was keen throughout, and the style was finished and well controlled. Tillsonburg 13, Robinson Falcons 7. Tillsonburg—Gray 5, Bennett 4, Ostrander 2, Brown 2, Johnson.

**Tillsonburg 19, Ingersoll 6**—Excellent exhibition play on the part of Tillsonburg Wossa soon gave them the lead over Ingersoll in this fixture. Well balanced in their attacks, Tillsonburg were superior throughout. Score: Tillsonburg 19, Ingersoll 6.

**St. Thomas St. Johns Wins**—Tillsonburg Midgets lost to St. Thomas St. Johns. Play opened fast with St. Thomas taking the lead early in the game. Fast, clean playing was the feature, with Budd and Killman the outstanding players. The larger floor seemed a trifle confusing to the Tillsonburg team, which, however, played a plucky game. St. Thomas—Budd 9, Clibborn 8, Kellman 7, Taylor 4, Mill 2. Tillsonburg—Barkey 3, Pow 2, Johnson 2, Compeau 1, Berry 2, Hone.

**Tillsonburg Beats We-Ne-Ju**—Tillsonburg met St. Thomas We-Ne-Ju. The boys from

Tillsonburg have spent plenty of time on the basketball courts by the showing they have made in this jamboree. They showed every evidence of good coaching and generalship. St. Thomas guarded well and placed around Davy their outstanding shot, who made a strong effort. Tillsonburg 28, St. Thomas 17. Tillsonburg—Anderson 15, Mannell 4, Armstrong 2, Waller 2, Sinclair 2, Pratt 1, Brooks, McDonald. St. Thomas—Davy 11, Clark 4, Lameyl, Thorpe, Alexander, Drewit, McCormick.

**Tillsonburg Wossa Win**—The Senior Wossa conflict of the jamboree went to Tillsonburg, when they met Strathroy in the finals. A conservative game, well played, with no outstanding stars. A treat for passing and screening. Score: Tillsonburg 16, Strathroy 8.

### A GOOD-BYE

If I have walked with rude irreverent feet  
 The little hills that lie along the lake,  
 Nor ever heard the winds, divinely sweet,  
 Fanning the ripples when the stars awake,  
 Nor ever understood the trembling notes  
 The feathered creatures of the forest sing—  
 But I walked along with other, heedless  
 thoughts,

An arrant human thing:  
 Then every hill will flaunt its browning grass,  
 Each sunset lily toss its silent bell,  
 Carolling glee in voiceless harmonies  
 For news the winds go rioting to tell.  
 All laughing nature mocks me as I pass,  
 And waves to me a jubilant farewell.

Alice E. Leonard, Form III E.



# Music

Velma Curtis, Editor.

"Music gives tone to the universe, wings to the wind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gayety and life to everything."—Plato.

## Music Notes from T. H. S.

Just when the excitement of being back at school was waning (as it does) and the First Formers were beginning to feel as if they belonged to us or we to them—something suddenly happened. Mr. Pearce made his debut on the stage in our august Assembly Hall. The reason—to revive an old school song, since Commencement was but a few weeks in the offing. Practices were held at morning assemblies, the spark of school spirit glowed, and lo and behold our dear teachers were beside themselves to know what to do to keep us from whistling and singing the snappy little tune (during school hours, of course).

We appreciated the admiration and surprise shown by the audience Commencement night and shall not soon forget it.

However, commencement over, even the wise and tried inmates of Fifth began to get worried. Exams—came and went. We had survived. Then Christmas loomed on the horizon, and with Christmas came the grand old custom of carol singing. Carols were sung at Friday morning Assemblies and at Literary Society meetings—and the students certainly appreciated it. The only things we had to use were those loose song sheets. Why can we not have song books? These, with an unbelievably wide variety of songs could be printed and distributed among the students at a very small cost. The book I have in mind contains something to fit every mood and occasion. Hymns, patriotic songs, the school song, yells, and old favorites under the headings English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, and Darky Melodies are all in their separate divisions. There is even a section for French and Latin selections—and of course the comic songs and ever popular rounds. With this song book we could sing at auditorium exercises to our hearts' content.

So much for the Song Book which we hope to have some day.

## The Orchestra

The orchestra made its first official appearance at Commencement, November 4, and proud we "were" of our orchestra. I wish I could say proud we "are" of our orchestra—but—we have not heard it for such a long time, some of the students wonder whether it has disorganized. Wouldn't it be great to have this feature at the Friday morning exercises—to play as the students assemble and as they go back to the classroom. Maybe that would help solve the problem of "lates" one day a week at least. This is a mere suggestion but one worthy of trial.

Personnel of the Orchestra: Jack Sinclair, piano; Arthur Smith, trumpet; Fred Emmons, saxophone; Morris Waller, traps; Jack Jewell, banjo; Russell White, guitar; Leroy Burwell, Irene Bushnell, Evelyn Leonard, Alice Leonard and Donald Herron, violin.

As a pleasant reminder to our graduates we print the school song, "Alma Mater," adapted from a popular march, "John Brown's Body":

Let's give a cheer for Tillsonburg,  
Our Alma Mater dear.

It's the school we all are proud of  
Let the people know we're here.

From Freshie up to Senior

Let us show them how we cheer

For Tillsonburg High School.

Cheer, then, cheer for Alma Mater,

Shout, then, shout for Alma Mater,

Cheer, then, cheer for Alma Mater,

For Tillsonburg High School.

## Galloping Years in Musicdom

The leap from bustle and hoop skirt days to this frolicsome hour of the open-back Lido bathing gown is no greater than that from the music of the sixties, seventies, eighties and nineties to that of 1933. What a change! We have hurdled from the age of the backwoods parlor organ



#### THE ORCHESTRA

Back Row—L. Burwell, R. Hillborg, F. Emmons, A. Smith.  
Second Row—D. Herron, I. Bushnell.  
Front Row—S. Manser, E. Leonard, L. Simon (Pianist), J. Jewell,  
A. Leonard, J. Sinclair (Orchestra Pianist) Absent.

with its Victorian veneer to the modern grand piano in the Della Robia room—Florentine even to the imitation candles set in the fifteenth century wrought-iron brackets. Music is wirelessly piped into our houses like town water and we may have whole libraries of record interpretations of great masterpieces by the greatest artists.

But, *cara amica*, this is an age in which we must interpret music if we would get the best from it. Some have called it "the age of music." We grant that musical opportunities have multiplied like daisies in the field. Music means more to everybody now than at any other time. The radio and the sound-reproducing instruments are among the greatest blessings of modern life, but unless we utilize them in the proper manner they may deprive us of some of the major advantages of music. Hearing music is one thing,

Actually studying it is another. There are thousands who because of lack of opportunity must go through life without ever learning to play. To them the radio and the sound reproducing instruments are godsend.

However, to come to present day history. Toil—child of civilization—has been kidnapped by countless mechanical and electrical contrivances so that our working hours have been cut down almost beyond belief. The technocrats of Columbia University are now proclaiming that we are coming to a four-day week with four hours a day. What, then, are we going to do with our leisure?

Some will unquestionably throw it away upon extravagant foibles as lasting as a puff of smoke.

Others will use their precious leisure in building those soul, mind and body qualities which make the game

Continued on page 65

## Mistake Them==Never

Helen Wildfang, Form III. E

Jock and Joan loved to explore places together. They were of the same age, and, like most twins, their interests in all things were practically the same.

It was a beautifully bright morning—just an ideal day to go somewhere.

Jock was lying on the cottage porch having a rather dreamy doze. Joan came rushing round the side of the house and, spying Jock, crept stealthily up behind him. Drawing from her belt one of those long, sharp steel missiles, she gave Jock a nice little jab.

"What in the heck!" yelled Jock. "Say who—"

"Oh, Jock, it's a most gorgeous day. Let's go somewhere. I'd like to see whether that path really ends anywhere."

"Not if you're gonna stick pins into me, I won't!" whimpered Jock.

"Aw! come on! be a sport," teased Joan.

"All right, I'm ready. When do we leave?"

Joan did not reply but darted down the road and Jock after her. They raced along the beach until they came to the edge of the woods.

Finding the path almost immediately, Jock went on before, breaking off some of the twigs and tramping down the weeds and grass.

Not far ahead, he saw a small deserted cottage. Some of the window-glasses were still in it although the doorway was all broken down and part of the back roof had fallen in.

Jock pushed on ahead and, arriving there before Joan, went on into the house. The latter came up panting and quite out of breath, so she sat down on the side of an old well which was just back of the cottage.

"Here's something to look at," thought Joan as she lifted up one of the boards and peered into the well.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. Directly in front of her, all in a huddle, lay the dearest wee kittens. They stirred

somewhat uneasily when Joan lifted the plank.

"Well, I've found something," she mused. "But I wonder where Jock could be?"

Then placing her hands together in a cup-shape she cried:

"Jock, oh Jock, look what I've found!"

In a few minutes her twin appeared at the back door with a sort of quizzical expression on his face.

"Well, what did you find, a bear or something?"

"No," she said, emphatically, "They're the cutest little wee bits of things, Jock. Just come here and see them," continued Joan, raising one of the planks and pointing to the black furry animals which had a long white streak down their backs.

"Ho! ho! ho!" screamed Jock, holding his sides and moving away from the well. "Wait till their mother sees you. Wow!" and Jock doubled up with laughter.

Joan's face expressed a series of astonishments mingled with a growing anger.

"I don't care," she said. "Everybody makes mistakes."

"What? Mistake them?—Never!" boomed Jock's mocking voice from the grass.

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### A Wind

The gentle wind sighs fitfully  
Among the giant trees,  
And sways the tops of the maples  
Rustling their golden keys.

It blows off the land-locked harbours,  
And ruffles the calm bright sea.  
It softly moans in the valley  
And climbs the hill to me.

I stand against the darkening sky,  
And think my own sweet thought,  
Of the little dear wild wind that can  
Be neither sold nor bought.

Francis Caswell, Form II. D.

# Poetry

Helen Stover, Editor

## Conference of Kings

The haughty Ariovistus, king of the German tribes,  
Advanced afoot with all the barbarous splendour of his train:  
Advanced unto the chosen tryst—but ah! what pen describes  
The courteous little Roman who was waiting in the plain!  
The noble Julius Caesar in his simple soldier's cloak  
Sat passionless and silent while the tribal monarch spoke;  
Unruffled by his insolence, unmoved by any fears,  
While his bodyguard of Romans leaned, indifferent, on their spears.  
Then spoke the mighty Roman,—with superbly gentle scorn.  
He rebuked the bold barbarian who impeached the Roman state;  
When lo! a deep and distant shout drifts through the Gallic morn—  
Paled the reckless Ariovistus in his fury and his hate.  
See! The German force, advancing in the cover of the hill  
Rain their missiles on the Romans, who are waiting, standing still!  
Leaped the Roman's steed beneath him, at the touch of urgent spur—  
With one glance on Ariovistus, as one glances on a cur,  
Galloped Caesar to his army, as the eagle flies to aid  
Her poor fledgling who has faltered in his flying, weak, afraid.  
“Raise no stone!” he cried commanding, “not a single bridle loose!  
Naught shall stain the Roman honour, and the Romans vowed to truce!”  
Turned the cavalry obedient, swift retreated from their foes:  
Naught is won by deed of valour—but no stain their honour knows!

Alice E. Leonard, Form III.E

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## Wanderlust

Deep down in my being  
Strong as the soul of me,  
There's an instinct that calls me to  
wander,  
To wander over the sea.

The call of the far-off ocean,  
Of a moonlit coral strand,  
Of Egypt's mystery and secrets,  
Of a distant sunlit land.

Sometimes I hardly feel it,  
But sometimes the call is strong;  
Stronger than hopes or ambitions  
That I have cherished long.

Sometime in the unseen future  
I will make that dream come true.  
I will sail far off on the ocean  
Of deep unfathomed blue.

Lillian E. Oatman, Form V.

## Questioning

Long, long ago you left me,  
To wander far alone;  
What vision caught you, luring  
Into the vast unknown?

I saw no light to follow  
Along that silent way,  
No sign that any cherished dawn  
Was breaking into day.

How had you faith to answer  
The low, insistent calls  
Of that mysterious sovereign  
Who haunts the ebon halls?

Did some faint glow of morning  
Which I had failed to see  
Persuade you of a dawning  
In dark eternity?

William E. France, Ex-Student.

## WIND

I hear the whistling wind go by  
 Like a happy-go-lucky lad  
 Whose cheeks are bright with the bitter night,  
 Who's lost the hat he had;  
 Who's quite forgotten supper-time,  
 And won't go home to bed;  
 But shuffles along with his whistled song  
 Through the leaves that are deep and dead.  
 He shakes the apples from my tree  
 And larks in the maple-top;  
 And sings he's glad he's being bad,  
 And no one can make him stop!

Oh wilful, gleeful, frolicsome wind,  
 Rove on in your wildest way,  
 And whistle your song as you shuffle along  
 And over the hills, away!

Alice E. Leonard, Form III. E.

## MEDITATION

There is a strange comfort  
 In the feel of rain;  
 The trembling wind that caresses,  
 Flees and caresses again;  
 There is a peace of mind  
 On the rain-swept hill—  
 When only the earth's athrob,  
 And all other things are still.  
 There is a sense of a Being  
 Greater than great, and dear—  
 When the wind in the pines sings the  
 the rain-song  
 And the world waits, breathless, to  
 hear.

Lillian K. Bowley, Form V..

## THINGS OF JOY

These are the things of joy to me:  
 The wistful laugh of the long blue sea,  
 And shadows upon the rock-rimmed heights  
 From the ceaseless shift of the Northern Lights,  
 The crimson sweep of the sky at morn,  
 When the last star lingers, far . . . forlorn,  
 Her gleaming hair, and enchanted guise,  
 And the radiant flash of her night-deep eyes!

William E. France, Ex-Student.

# CLASSICS

Fern Pitter, Editor

## Selections From Virgil

Many must battle every day,  
With the Trojan hero who made his way  
To Sicily, to be blown to Dido's realm,  
Losing many a man and many a helm—

Above the waters, Neptune raised his face,  
He calmed the winds to save the Trojan race,  
Some were drowned, but Æneas escaped,  
Causing us to be brought to our present fate.

Dido loved Æneas and was in deep despair  
When Æneas departed and left her there.  
She built for herself a huge funeral-pile  
Thinking of Æneas all the while.

The Trojans from their ships at sea  
Saw flames arising o'er the city.  
Although the cause was yet unknown  
To Æneas the fatal news was blown.

To the lower world led by his mother's dove,  
Æneas viewed the victims of unrequited love.  
When he came upon his wounded queen  
His love was as great as it always had been.

The Trojan pleaded with tears in his eye,  
But she was silent and passed right by.  
He came upon the shade of a Grecian boy  
Who fled, as when on the plains of Troy.

He found his father thinking of his posterity,  
Their destinies, worthy deeds and their prosperity.  
He then took leave of his father, Anchises  
And returned to the upper world, from Hades.

Here our Æneid closes, but the story goes  
That Æneas triumphed o'er his foes;  
He obtained Lavinia as his bride,  
And she went through life at her hero's side.

Fern Pitter, Form IV.

## In the Land of the Ancient Dead

I. E. Vincent, Form IV.

Crash—down I go from the top of a pyramid miles into the earth.

Bewildered, I look around. Strange visions appear before me. I am in a weird, mysterious corridor—light wavers as if disturbed by ghostly breaths—silent steps seem to glide softly around me.

A Grecian slave guides me through corridors. He says, "Since you sometimes neglect your Ancient History you must run the gauntlet."

"Run the gauntlet! What gauntlet?" I cry.

"Hush, you will soon know."

The ghost of Paris looms before me. He questions me thus, "Who won the first beauty contest?"

"Venus," I answer.

"What features in the Persian Wars remind you of a modern game?—What is the game?" whispers Themistocles as he approaches.

"Phidipides' race, Thermopylae's pass, Sacred Band's wedge—shaped formation, Miltiades' rush—remind me of a rugby game," I quiveringly answer.

Venus glides softly forward. "Where did love stories originate?"

Confused, I answer, "Shepherds sang them on the Island of Sicily."

Phidias throws down his tools and scowls. "Why do authors write on scrolls?"

"That's easy, to put on Ionic columns," I make reply.

"Oh! What's that?" I hear the deep rumbling voice of Leonidas command, "Give me a full account of the Spartan constitution."

Thereupon the Spartan constitution, Athenian constitution and Roman constitution began to dance up and down in my mind. What can it be? I remember—"The Spartan constitution is strong, healthy and used to many hardships."

"Come, we shall go into the torture chamber," says the guide. Follow me."

With much trepidation I do creep forward to meet my fate.

There is Nero who must atone for his burning of Rome by listening for ever to a squeaking fiddle. Pyhrrus is there, dodging tiles (ancient rolling pins) hurled at him by women. Such a punishment for destroying some Roman legion.

What on earth, rather, what under earth, is that screeching! I hesitate, but my guide relentlessly drags me on. We come to the Penates drowning in wine of which Alexander is vainly trying to drink.

I hear a faint humming; what is it? Someone is speaking. Listen!

"Where, oh where is my needle gone, O where, oh where, can it be?"

I'm sure I left it in the River Nile.

It isn't there, for I've searched many a mile."

Oh, yes, it's Cleopatra looking for her needle.

"Vobis dico cum majorum esse."

"Vobis nego cum majorum esse."

A fight! I rush forward—there is Hamilcar and Philip disputing whose son is the greater.

Whizz! Crash! Crash! Whizz! I quickly duck in order to miss the ghostly volumes of the Aeneid which Virgil must ceaselessly throw into a furnace for causing grief to Latin students. Homer shares a like fate.

Who is that man who is chuckling to himself? Of course it's none other than the ancient comic section reporter, Aristophanes. Who is bearing the brunt of his jokes now? I'll look and see. He is watching Juno chasing the winds, Hector and Ajax fighting, Hannibal swimming the Rhone River, with his elephants, Cincinnatus trying to catch his oxen. Listen and you'll hear Aristophanes muttering to himself.

"I'll have to make up a story about Pythagoras and Socrates."

Gathering courage, I demand, "What are they doing?"

"Oh, Pythagoras must always go round in a circle for adding so much to the cause of geometry. Socrates is forced to spend eternity chiseling the souls of men to get out the confusion he put in on earth.."

I turn and see Tyrtæus staring intently at me, shouting the while:—

"Courage, you readers of history, proud students of the ancient world,

Guard well your book with your life, and dauntlessly flourish your knowledge.

Think not of the danger of failing, not such is the way of the scholar."

—○—

What interesting classes we would have if the Department of Education would only authorize Latin joke books instead of Caesar and Virgil! Try your skill on these:

I say Billy, heres ago.

Fortibus es in aro.

Nosed bili thebi trux.

Vatis inem?

Pax a dux.

Magistra ludi: "Describe mihi Caesarem."

Jacobus—"Weeny, weedy, weakly."

—○—

### Time-Tested Proverbs From Euripides

"I do not know envy; but I would fain be envied for good deeds."

"A good custom is surer than law."

"It is easier to give counsel than to endure sufferings manfully."

"What is clear is wise, but what is not clear, is not wise."

"Neither good nor bad can exist separately, so there is a mixture so that things may go well."

"A worthy man is not mindful of past injuries."

"He is the best diviner who conjectures well."

"Sweet is the remembrance of troubles when you are in safety."

"Bodies devoid of mind are as statues in the market place.."

### Meditateo De Caesare

When mighty Caesar sat him down  
With pen and ink to write,  
I wonder if he knew how late  
He'd keep me up at night?

And when he penned a well-turned  
phrase  
With idoms galore,  
I wonder if he guessed the brains  
That o'er his works would pore?

I think he smiled a cunning smile  
As in his tent he sat,  
And said, "I'll bet those youngsters  
dumb  
Will not discipher that!"

But, just to make it doubly sure  
I'll change the words around  
And add a few subjunctives, so  
Their meaning can't be found!"

He liked to puzzle folks like me.  
He revelled in declension,  
And wars, and blood, and swords, and  
things  
That I don't need to mention.

I'd love to see great Caesar now  
Toiling 'till late at night,  
Translating into Latin prose  
The essays that I write!

Alice Smith, Form V.





## The Evils of Co-Education

A Fifth Form Benedict

Much as it grieves us to say so, our school system is strongly in need of being modified.

During the many years which the system of co-education has been used in the several provinces of the Dominion, there has very often come to light the fact that more and better work could be done by students of both sexes, if they were segregated in separate schools. The need of this change, of course, will be quite apparent to those who have attended high school, and it will require but little argument to convince anyone who at first does not agree with this point of view.

There are many evils in this system whereby boys and girls attend the same school. Perhaps the greatest of these is that the feminine nature, which has an unrestricted taste for gossip in any form, is primarily a noisy one. Of course the chief sufferer from this plague is the hard-working school-boy. By this, of course, I am not trying to extol any saintly virtues of the male nature. But, certainly, if one will observe the ambition displayed by the average boy in his classroom (and out), it is impossible to remain blind to the fact that a boy in his studies greatly surpasses the person who eventually becomes what someone has wrongly termed his "better half."

At this juncture someone will raise the question, "Why do girls often outdo their male competitors at examination time?"

This can easily be answered. The chatter of his feminine companions in school does not allow an ambitious boy to do his work properly, and a boy, as a rule, possesses such a large portion of common-sense, that he will not impair his health by sitting up night after night and thus prematurely wear out his brain as a girl might do.

At examination time, a boy may not

receive as many marks as a girl, but since I have shown that this is not due to the fact that he does not possess superior ability, but is because of the hindrances which are thrown in his path, through feminine weaknesses.

But this is only one angle of the question. One of the greatest drawbacks to progress is the natural affinity of a boy for a girl, of the sheik for the sheba. This (unfortunate as it is), is often allowed on the part of both of them to take precedence over work. If the young student and his sweet young friend are taught in the same room, together, I ask you, in all fairness, who can blame them for letting thoughts of love, and nights under the moon, be uppermost in their minds. It is quite natural for the young boy to be attracted to the youthful maiden at a very early age. Thus you can easily understand why many well-thought-out lessons are wasted on thin air before the teacher's face.

This is one of the greatest evils of co-education, and my argument is well borne out by many examples of this kind of thing, this evil that is prevalent wherever man exists. And let me say, although it pains my heart to do so, that everywhere in our midst the ravages of youthful love have wrecked many a young life and a promising school career.

I think it is high time that this system, which is an obstruction to good work, should be revised and the barrier removed.

Helen G. (to her caller)—Would you put yourself out for me?

Ed.—Certainly I would.

Helen—Then do it. It's after eleven and I'm tired.

Art T.—(As he drove along a lonely road)—You look lovelier every minute. Do you know what that means?

Ruth C.—Sure, you're going to run out of gas.

# Alumni

## 1932

The following students of the graduating class of 1932 are attending London Normal School: R. Carroll, M. Maguire, D. Shuttleworth, A. Wilkinson, I. Wilson and Margaret Mitchell. E. Tutt is at Hamilton Normal and M. McClelland at Stratford Normal. Leonard Johnson is attending the O. A. C., and Lona Adams and Eleanor Morgan are at MacDonald Hall, Guelph. Geraldine Stone and Vera Ryder represent T. H. S. at Western University. William France is organist and choir leader in Devine St. United Church, Sarnia, and T. Quance, T. Smith, D. Covey, A. Unverzagt and R. Brown are at home this year.

## 1931

Of those of the class of whom we have record Gerald Elder and Claire Stansell are teaching, Muriel Lounsbery is at McMaster and Doris Weston is at the Margaret Eaton School of Physical Training.

## 1930

Harry Abbott, Madeline Brown, Evelyn Coulter, Edith Fewster, Vera Kennedy, Frank McDonald, Catherine McDowell, Elizabeth Mitchell, Mary Mitchell, Helen Putman and Zerefa Smith are teaching in public schools, Howard Conn, Jack Weston and Fred Quance, are at S. P. S., Toronto, and Joe Hanselman is at the Optometric College. Edna Howard and Eveline Lindsay are at McMaster University. Carman Strout is taking Commerce and Finance at Toronto University. Dorothy Hewer is a stenographer in the Bank of Commerce, Tillsonburg.

## 1929

Members of the class of '29 will be interested in our records of the following alumni: Maida Torrens has an appointment as Student Dietician at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, U.S.A.; Mina Wilson, Donald Tutt, Max Van Loon, Ella Staley, Catharine Leonard, Josephene Lawrence, Mary

Fewster, Winifred Dutton and Gertrude Byerlay are teaching in public schools. Jean Williams and Donald Alexander are attending Toronto University. Freda Brookfield and Lillian Cousins have completed their training at Toronto General Hospital. Doris Prouse is at the College of Education this year. Gertrude Van Loon is a nurse-in-training in Hamilton.

## 1928

Although our records of the year 1928 class are scanty, we have learned that a large number are continuing their studies, bringing honour to Tillsonburg by their high academic standard. Molly Ellis, Beatrice Baxter, Alex. Fentie, Evelyn Fisher and Mary Garnham are instructing public school youngsters in the 3 R's. Clifford Booth and Mac Hewer are at S. P. S. Jessie Lambden is at Toronto U. Margaret McRoberts and Aubrey Smith are at the College of Education. John MacDonald is in the Faculty of Forestry, Toronto, where he won a scholarship of \$125 last summer. Dalton Dean, Tillsonburg's Rhodes Scholar, is at Oxford University, England.

## 1927

Of the graduating class in the year of Canada's sixtieth birthday, Jean Brooks is a nurse, Esther Dean, Marion Prentice, Eva Tupper, Grace Slaght, Myrtle Rutherford and Flossie Smith are teaching public schools, Frank Fisher is at the College of Education, Tom Prouse has his M.A. degree from the University of Michigan and is directing intra-mural sports there, and Vivian Ellis is a stenographer in the Tillsonburg Shoe Co. office.

## 1926

The 1926 class turned out a high percentage of teachers. Robin Dennis, Donald Lane, Grace Scott, Amy Smith, Reginald Stewart, Violet Turn-

(Continued on page 47)

# Graduating Class, 1932



## Senior Diplomas

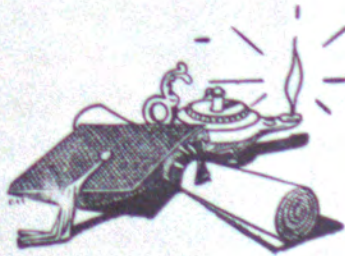
Harvey Armstrong  
 William France  
 Leonard Johnson  
 Muriel McClelland  
 Marguerite Maguire  
 Margaret Mitchell  
 Eleanor Morgan  
 Vera Ryder  
 Doris Shuttleworth  
 Theodore Smith  
 Geraldine Stone  
 Edith Tutt  
 Audrey Wilkinson  
 Janet Wilkinson

## Junior Diplomas

Lona Adams  
 Cecil Ball  
 Gerald Bradfield  
 Dorothy Brown  
 Florence Cattell  
 Hettie Coyle  
 Margaret Davidson  
 Edward Emmons  
 Ezma Fisher  
 Jack Grant  
 Wilbert Leaman  
 William McDonald

## Junior Diplomas

Izetta Miners  
 Donald Moore  
 Lillian Oatman  
 Edward Pitter  
 Marion Priddle  
 Enid Prouse  
 Tom Quance  
 Fred Robinson  
 Blanche Shearing  
 Helen Stover  
 Margaret Turnbull  
 Dorothy Wilkinson



## Ye Olde Question Bureau

Conducted by  
Fannie Q. Ziltch.

Dear Fannie,—Three weeks ago last Thursday I walked home from school with a beautiful (?) girl. Do you think it was presumptuous for me to send her a valentine?—Ivan Itch.

Dear Ivan,—Now I'll ask you one: what does presumptuous mean?—Fannie.

Dear Miss Ziltch,—At a dance recently I was introduced to a young lady. Of course I didn't remember her name. I wanted later to introduce her to some friends of mine (yes, I have some). How should I have done this?—Mr. X.

Dear Mr. X.,—Just say, "Meet Miss—oh pardon me, but do you spell your name with an "e" or an "i."—Fannie.

Note—Since this answer was given, I have had a reply from Mr. X. He was badly injured at a recent dance. He followed my advice, but the lady's name was Schmill.

Dear Fannie,—When in Modern History a question is popped at you sorta quick like and you can't answer it because of two reasons, one being on account of the cough candy in your mouth and the other on account of not knowing the question or answer, what should you do?—Disturbed.

Dear Disturbed, — Before putting the candy in your mouth, get a string about a yard, three feet, long and tie it around the candy. Next, "anchor" the string between two teeth or around the tooth if the space is too big. Then start eating (with all the string in your mouth). Do not eat the string instead of the candy. If the question is "popped," swallow in a hurry. Don't be afraid of losing the candy. There is only one danger—you might pull out a tooth.—Fannie.

Dear Fannie,—I've been blessed with a nice straw-col-

ored wig and have a really lovely set of false teeth, and weigh only 153 lbs., would you consider me pretty? Do you think frills would suit my style of beauty?—A. Nutt.

Dear A. Nutt,—With your beauty, sister, frills are not required.—Fannie.

## PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST

The annual public speaking contest for the purpose of selecting representatives for Tillsonburg in the four groups of W.O.S.S.A. oratory, was held in the High School on February 8th. In both the senior and junior contests, both boys and girls were grouped together, the highest ranking boy and girl in each group to represent Tillsonburg. The speakers and their subjects in the junior contest were: Ivan Carroll, "The New Welland Ship Canal"; Vauneece Harvey, "A National Heroine — Florence Nightingale"; Nellie Chute, "Reforestation"; Phyllis Elder, "Dr. Wilfred Grenfell"; Jean McEwen, "A National Hero—Robert Burns"; and Jean Kellett, "Health."

In the senior group, Alice Leonard chose as her prepared subject, "They Toil Not, Neither Do They Spin," and as her impromptu subject, "Why I Am Proud to be a Canadian." Jean Stansell's prepared speech was, "The Nation's Health," and her impromptu subject, "Electricity in the Home." As his prepared subject, Donald Herron chose "The Canadian Senate" and for his impromptu speech "Our Debt to Ancient Greece."

The judges for the contests were Mrs. W. L. Lindsay, Dr. C. V. Corless, and Mr. E. I. Torrens. They awarded the prizes as follows: Junior contest, Ivan Carroll, Vauneece Harvey, Phyllis Elder; Senior contest, Alice Leonard and Donald Herron (tie), Jean Stansell.

The Junior district contest was held at Paris on Wednesday, Feb. 15. Both speakers from Tillsonburg spoke remarkably well. Ivan Carroll was awarded second place in the Boy's contest.

In the Senior contest, held at St. Thomas on Feb. 17,

Donald Herron was awarded first place. Donald represented the school at the final W.O.S.S.A. contest held at Brantford on March 6. Although he did not win the contest, we know that he brought distinction both to himself and T.H.S.

## THE "AT HOME"

On Friday evening, February 10, we held our annual "At Home." We can say without fear of contradiction, that this was the best and most successful of the T. H. S. "At Homes" we have ever held. Resplendent and light-hearted, the maids and young men of T. H. S. danced blithely, school studies forgotten, until the small hours of the morning.

Welcoming the students were the patrons and patronesses, Mr. and Mrs. Wightman and Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair. The gym, which had lost its usual cold, bare appearance was gaily decorated with streamers in the school colours—orange and black—and with huge bunches of brightly coloured balloons.

From the attractively decorated platform at the far end of the gymnasium floated the strains of the first extra, as interpreted by Roy Snider and his Collegians. The programme was very well arranged and the novelty dances were much enjoyed. A novel feature of the evening was an exhibition of the Alabama Crawl by Freddie McColman. The lucky spot dance was won by Miss Florence Cattell and Mr. Beverley Bennett.

At 11:30 lunch was served by LaVada Taylor and her committee, in the artistically decorated Assembly Hall. Here, games had been in progress under the direction of Mr. Pearce.

All too soon "God Save the King" brought to an end one of the outstanding nights at T. H. S.

## J. C. JEWELL AUCTIONEER

Conducts sales anywhere, but does not guarantee satisfaction. Dates arranged on phone.

**COMMENCEMENT**

One of the events dearest to every high school student's heart is Commencement. Our annual Commencement was held on November 4. The school orchestra rendered selections until 8:15 o'clock, when the programme was begun by the singing of "O Canada" and "Alma Mater," our school song.

Throughout the evening, various presentations were made. Mr. C. V. Thomson, Chairman of the High School Board, presented the Athletic Field Day and Shooting Medals. The Entrance prizes, donated by the I.O.D.E. and Public School Board, were presented by Mr. E. Fairbairn to Helene Hillborg, Myrtle Raymond, and Dick Norman. The prizes for Upper School French, donated by the Tillsonburg Shoe Company, were presented by Mr. Walter Gibson to Vera Ryder and Wm. McDonald. The Rev. Mr. Gilbert presented the diplomas.

The boys displayed their ability in high bar exercises,

pyramid building and a chorus. The girls of Form II. presented the dance "A Mock Duel," and the Upper School girls presented "A Clog Medley." A lovely number given by several girls was the "Dance of the Fairy Flowers" and "Rendezvous." Other numbers on the programme were a girls' chorus, a solo by Alfred Perry and selections by the orchestra.

The last number on the programme was a one-act play, "The Woodcutter and the Princess," presented under the direction of Miss R. Field and Miss G. Ostrander.

For further details see article under Dramatics.

**The President Gets Canary**

The President of our illustrious Literary Society surely must have been fed bird-seed for breakfast. He had assumed a rather stern and "Scroogish" air, but underneath the gray and scraggly mustache, we recognized our Donnie, Fifth Form's shining light, and breaker of hearts in general.

To cap the climax he was

wearing a coat with most adorable swallow-tails! They quite became his peculiar style of beauty.

There he stood, resplendent, while his breathless audience awaited the burst of eloquence unequalled by Cicero himself, that would pour from his lips.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have a very pleasant duty to perform—"

At that auspicious moment, the very peak of Mr. Moore's public career, the fates decided that the curtain should go up. So as you cannot thwart the decree of fate, up went the curtain. But fate got more than it bargained for that time. For what should the curtain take up with it but Donald's coat-tails! And, what should the coat-tails take with them but Donald himself!

We hear of birds, soaring skyward on their little wings, and little tails, but that's no reason why our President, ethereal as he may be, should try to reach celestial heights on his swallow-tails!

A. E. S.

**LITERARY EXECUTIVE**

Back Row (Left to right)—J. Maguire, R. Norman, B. Downey, D. Herron, A. Trueman, S. Manser.

Front Row—E. Pratt, E. Sealey, L. Taylor, E. Goodhand, J. Hone, D. Moore (President), G. Brown (Absent).

## The Road Ahead

L. K. Bowley, Form V.

I had walked far ahead of that dusty white road in the torrid atmosphere of a day when thunder seemed about to burst from the skies, the metallic glare of the sun hurt my eyes, and as I came abreast of the huge elm tree with its inviting shade, I was overwhelmed with the longing for a cool rest. I sat down on a bank of moss and, in the quiet, shaded spot, dreams seemed to come and go . . .

I was awakened by a burst of music. My surroundings were entirely changed. Instead of the conventional clothes I had worn, I was dressed in the garb of a minstrel of olden times and my mandolin lay at my feet. The farm houses along the way were transformed into peasants' huts and just around the corner I could glimpse the turrets of an ancestral castle almost hidden by great trees.

The road ahead lay like a silver ribbon between the green of the fields. The air was filled with an indescribable mysteriousness as I started off down the magic way. My thoughts were suddenly and rudely interrupted by a shout in the woods bordering the road. Dropping my mandolin I leaped over the fence and hastened to a clearing whence the sound of blows resounded on the quiet air. Two ruffianly fellows were soundly berating a slim young gentleman who, although not a knight used right nobly the ash-imb he held. I sprang to his assistance and, though hard put to do so, we soon had the felons, who were but cravens at heart, running away for dear life.

"Many thanks," he gasped. "Me-thinks yon fellows were of foul intent."

"'Twas nothing, sir," quoth I, with due respect for his noble bearing.

"I protest, 'twas right doughty of ye. 'Now come to my father's home that he may add his thanks to mine."

So saying he led the way to the road



—the road that stretched invitingly ahead with the lure of unknown things. We entered the stately grounds of the castle I had seen from my friendly tree. Everywhere yeoman ran to greet the young man and one led us to his father who, by his grand manner, was a great lord.

"Where hast thou been, lad? I have been in a quandary for thy safety."

The boy related the story of the attack. Much to my confusion, the father loaded me with praise, even insisting that I should be his son's page during his quest for knighthood.

—Suddenly darkness fell over the bright scene,—castle, yeomen, trees, all were blotted out. When the clouds passed I was under the great elm by the side of the wood.

The road ahead lay like a silver ribbon between the fields. What should I find around the corner?

### We Appreciate It

On behalf of the executive of the "Tatler," we wish to convey to the printers of our year book, the News Printing Co., our thanks for their kindness and patience with us and their help in solving the difficulties which we as fledgling editors found ourselves up against. May we repeat, in the words of a well-known radio artist, "We thank you too much."

—The Editor.

## Additional Editions

The Tatler predicts that in fifty years some pupil now attending High School will be saying to his grandson something like this: "My boy, you should be mighty glad of the chance to read such good books. Why, when I was a boy attending the Tillsonburg High School in 1933 there was no library."

But, believe it or not, we have a very considerable and worth while library. Did you know that it contains about twenty new books purchased during this present term? Even if you are not intensely interested in reading through three or four dictionaries, you may find a real pleasure in some of the other volumes.

Some day when British history is unusually hard to understand just pick up "In Search of England" or the other books in that series dealing with Wales or Scotland or Ireland. See if they do not make the history of Britain more interesting than the Jig Saw Puzzle that robbed you of your last night's beauty sleep and earned for you a detention.

"The Barrets of Wimpole Street" will introduce Robert Browning, whom you have always considered as a writer of unintelligible verse, as a man of real flesh and blood with a heart beating much as is your own. Knowing him better you will understand him better.

Then who has not heard of Richard Halliburton, the man who swam the Hellespont digesting a can of sardines? Why should I go on to tell you of the other things he did? Go to the library and read his books, "The Royal Road to Romance" and "The Glorious Adventure."

A good book is like a contagious disease. Let yourself become exposed, and then you may say with genuine sincerity:

"There is no frigate like a book  
To take us lands away,  
Nor any coursers like a page  
Of prancing poetry."

Take the books, read them. None of them is marked by the skull and cross bones sign.

## Alumni

(Continued from page 40)

bull and Ina Twiss are all teaching public school. Jack Hagan is in Toronto Medical College. Rosalind Harrison is in Hollywood, Cal. Of the University graduates, Delight Cook is teaching in Gananoque H. S., Clarence Ostrander in Cobourg C.I., Michael McHugh in Glebe C.I., Ottawa, and Grace Ostrander is now "Miss Ostrander" of the T.H.S. staff. Several others have been struck by Cupid's arrows.

The Tatler is glad to be able to publish such a long list of alumni who have distinguished themselves in various fields of activity, and, by so doing, not only to be a service to our ex-students, but also to be an incentive to the present class and encourage it to do even greater things.

—D.H.



## OUR EDITOR

WINNER OF  
DISTRICT W.O.S.S.A. ORATORY

Much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young.—S. Johnson.



# Exchanges

Grace McCurdy, Editor

Alice Leonard, Assistant Editor

O yez, O yez, we declare this page open in the name of the King!

To all our exchanges we extend our most sincere congratulations on the high standard of their publications. We would welcome all others who would like to exchange with us. Our page this year is the smallest it has ever been and for that reason we can say more about each of our exchanges.

—○—  
**The Lantern.**—Sir Adam Beck C. I., London. A splendid cover design worthy of a splendid school! Your travel section was especially interesting. We may be prejudiced but we still prefer the black and white illustrations to the colored ones.

—○—  
**Acta Nostra.**—Guelph Vocational Collegiate Institute, Guelph, Ontario. We were delighted with the spirit and the good taste of the decoration of your magazine. The Art Contest was something novel and effective while words fail us to sufficiently admire your humour and cartoons. We liked the "Offender" immensely: but pardon us if we complain a little of your poetry and short stories. The Moderns and Music were quite up to the usual G.V.C.I. standard.

—○—  
**Tower Topics** — Windsor-Walker-ville Technical School, Windsor Ontario. One of our rare newspaper-magazines. It is expertly written, with a classic professionalism of finish. Why so much mystery about the authorship of this admirable poetry? The joke column is most enjoyable, and your articles maintain a brilliant standard.

**Techalogue** — Saskatoon Technical Collegiate, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. Techalogue is something of which veterans might brag: we can hardly credit that it is your first attempt. We note your appreciated praise of our magazine. Your cover is the most striking on our exchange; you are to be congratulated on the quality of your poetry, and your exquisite illustration. Your sports photographs, as well as the other photographs are splendid. Your class notes are clever and praiseworthy.

—○—  
**The Meteor.**—Mount Elgin Continuation School, Mount Elgin. You have a very animated cover design. Your poetry section is well organized and the artistic touch is well worthy of praise. Some stories and more jokes would aid greatly in making your magazine more interesting. We admire your splendid courage and the success it has brought to you.

—○—  
The Editor-in-Chief wishes to acknowledge those magazines loaned by students for his perusal, but which are not on the exchange list, viz., *The Oracle*, London South, C. I.; *Lux Glebana*, Glebe C. I., Ottawa; *Rarebits*, Burlington H. S.; *The St. Andrew's College Review*, Aurora, Ontario; *The Twig*, University of Toronto Schools, Toronto; *Hya Yaka*, Dental Faculty, Toronto; and the *O. A. C. Review*, Guelph, Ontario.

## A T. H. S. Student?

A .45 caliber revolver had been fired point-blank at him, the bullet penetrating his skull and entering the woodwork.



## T. H. S. Night Life

"Red Wing"

The white moonlight shone through the windows of Fourth Form Room as a lonely, far-off chime called "One O'clock." Everything became still again except for the restless rattling of the windows. Presently little Maggie Tulliver, a mammoth volume under her arm, skipped gaily out of the back desk, and curled up on the window-sill to read.

But alas, her pleasure was short-lived, for there came a weird muttering and unearthly groaning from the back region near the door. Shivering with terror, yet unable to move, she watched three ugly old hags rise up and glare at her. Just as she tried to scream they flew straight toward her, passed through her, through the window and floated harshly shrilling out into the shifting, blurred night shadows.

A fair lady stepped out of her berth of honour in the teacher's desk drawer, and tripped daintily to the frightened child.

"Oh, Portia!" cried Maggie, the tears beginning to flow fast. "Those horrid old witches were here again, and . . ."

"Never mind," soothed Portia, with ready sympathy. "I'll just ask Basanio to murder them. I know he will if I beg him," she added with a sweet and confidential smile. "Now, let's go find Nerissa, and ask her for a jam-puff. Shall we?"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Maggie. "And I shall take my book and show her that picture of Satan. He's really very terrible-looking, you know, even worse than the witches."

Hand in hand, with a rustle of silken folds and a flutter of soiled calico, the two hurried off to the "Lab." Had Maggie not been chattering, they might have heard a faint shuffling overhead as they passed through the dim hall.

In the brightly-lit Lab. they discovered Nerissa concocting some

tempting tea, while Maggie's brother Tom was experimenting with the projection lantern at the back of the room.

"Come on, Tom," called Maggie. "Nerissa's going to give us jam-puffs and tea."

Tom needed no urging, and peace and happiness reigned for several minutes. Suddenly Maggie remembered the portrait she had been going to exhibit. But as she reached for her book she caught sight of Tom helping himself to a fourth puff.

"I'm going to tell Mother on you," she declared in indignation. "You're a bad boy, Tom Tulliver!"

"Am I though," mimicked Tom. "And I'll have something to tell her too, Miss Maggie," and puff-laden he departed.

Poor Maggie was left to wonder which one of her misdemeanours he had picked as being the most blameworthy.

Before she had time to decide, a stealthy footstep was heard in the hall, and a stooped man slowly entered the room. His eyes were shifty and his hands restless.

"Good-evening, King Macbeth," greeted Portia. "Where have you been?"

"Up in the shooting gallery," he muttered, "practising sword strokes, er, I mean, those look like good jam-puffs."

"They are, indeed," affirmed Portia, passing them.

Macbeth took one and put it in his pocket, murmuring, "I wonder how I'll convince them that I didn't murder Caesar. It'll be hard, but I can't skip the inquest."

Maggie looked blank, Portia trembled, and Nerissa said briskly, "Won't you have some tea? It's freshly brewed."

Macbeth jumped. Abruptly he turned and shuffled out into the dark hall.

(Continued on page 64)

# FRENCH & GERMAN

Dorothy Howitt, Editor

## Une Histoire De Temp a Couche

Une fois il y a bien annees, un jeune chasseur etrange parcourait la grande foret a pied, son arbalete a l'epaule. Tout a coup, il apercevait une princesse adorable, qui s'asseyait sous un chene. Il s'approchait d'elle.

"Made moiselle," commencait-il, "veuillez-vous me dire—"

Elle le regardait, tout effaree, et se sauvait. Il la suivait vivement, mais elle disparut parmi les arbres. "Je me suis perdu!" se dit le chasseur sans s'arreter.

Soudainement il arriva devant une maisonnette. "Ah!" dit-il "je resterai 'ci, et j'attendrai le proprietaire."

Pendant qu'il examinait la petite salle, il decouvrait une paire de folis petits souliers, si petits qu'on aurait pu qu'une fee y demeurait. "Ah!" soupirait-il, "ceux sont a la princesse sans doute." Il musait pendant un moment. "Si je pouvais me cacher," murmura-t-il, je la verrais encore!"

Tout a coup, une voix grave l'appela du fond: "Monsieur!" Le jeune homme fit un ecart et se retourna. C'etait l'horloge qui l'appelle.

"Bonjour!" dit la gentilhomme, poliment. "Vous etes en peril 'ci. Cette maisonnette est a une mechante sorciere. Echappez-vous!"

"Non," repond le jeune chasseur avec sang-froid, "si c'est vrai, qui est-ce qui est la princesse?"

"L'esclave" disait l'horloge, "sa captive enchantee."

"Enchantante!" corrigeait le prince, et continua.

"Maintenant, je sauverais la belle demoiselle. Est-ce que la vieille vient maintenant?"

"Oui," murmura la pendule. "Cachez-vous!"

Le prince se cachait derriere la

porte. Quand la sorciere entrait, il la saisait. "Deliez moi la princesse!" disait-il en voix de tonnerre. La femme tremblait de peur, mais elle etait vaincue. Le prince bientot se maria avec la princesse, et ils demeuraient heureux pour jamais.

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## L'Amour

Jeanette est belle et tres charmante,  
Et sans defaut.  
Elle a aussi beaucoup d'amants  
Et tous tres beaux.

Jeanette dedaigne ceux qui viennent  
Elle les renvoie.  
La fille n'aime qu'un homme tres bien.  
Est-ce un roi?

Mais non! Il n'a rien du tout,  
Quelle amourette!  
Elle cherit cet amant beaucoup,  
Petite Jeanette!

Il ne l'aime pas autant, lui,  
Son bel amant!  
Mais il miaule et s'enfuit  
Quel chat mechant!

Alice E. Smith.



### Unser Deutsche Zunddracht

Deise Schuler ging zu Woodstock,  
 Deiser Schuler schlief zu Hause  
 Deise zwie Schuler gingen zu jagen  
 Deutsche Stunde—es war keine  
 So sagte die Lehrerin  
 Sehr gut! Sehr gut!  
 Ich werde auch nach Hause gehen.

Sehen sie die Leute laufen!  
 Weshalb laufen Sie?  
 Sie laut schreien auch!  
 Was laut schreien Sie?  
 O horen Sie die Glocken klingeln!  
 Was giebt's, was giebt's.  
 Nun! nun! wissen Sie nicht?  
 Jederman in der deutschen Stunde  
 Kannte das Worterverzeichnis  
 Hurra ich werde auch vivat rufen!

E. Pratt.  
 H. G. Armstrong.

### Les Espaces (Spare)

Combien d'espaces as-tu? Cela depend de l'annee ou tu es, si comme moi tu es dans I. B.—seulement une par semaine—cependant nous sommes bien heureux d'avoir celle-ci pourquoi? Parce que cela nous donne une chance de voir ce qu'ils font dans la cinquieme annee, ou la maitresse se demande pourquoi le bon Dieu a cree tant d'eleves betes, et nous voyons qu'il y a des personnes meme en cinquieme annee qui font des fautes dans leurs devoirs.

Que font les eleves du deuxieme dans leurs espaces? J'ai remarque qu'ici ils pensent qu'ils peuvent faire n'importe quoi babiller, se boucher ou macher de la gomme, mais un mot de Monsieur Sinclair—cela suffit.

Quant a la troisieme annee, il me semble qu'ils sont tres paresseux la, en tout cas, ils passent les trois quarts de leur temps (pas seulement dans leurs espaces) en ecrire des billet-doux a leur cherie ou a leur cavalier, mais il y a des exceptions comme les mademoiselles Ronelly et Bawson, elles n'encrivent jamais, pour la seule raison (c'est triste, mais c'est vrai!) qu'elles n'ont pas de cavaliers!

On m'a dit que les eleves du quadri-

eme annee sont tres fines, en effet-de vrais anges, mais je m'en doute serousement et il me semble que les Messieurs Gorrison et Hilburg n'ont pas encore de raison pour chercher leurs ailes s'ils en auront jamais-elles vont etre nous!

Lorsqu'on arrive dans la cinquieme annee, c'est bien entendre qu'on sait de faire dans les espaces—mais quand on voit comment les Messieurs (?) Skoorb et Gnortsmra et Nosredna gaspille les leur dans "l'assemblee," vraiment je me demande si nous de la premiere annee n'en se profitera pas plus qu'eux.

### Thoughts of Home

Oft in my heart steals a great desire  
 As I sit, and ponder, and think  
 Of a home and a smoky wood-fire,  
 Beside the silver lake's brink.

The thought that haunts me,  
 That comes flitting to my mind,  
 Is of that empty cabin near the trees  
 That's, oh, so hard to find.

That is where in my boyhood days  
 I would climb the tall pine trees,  
 Paddle my canoe around the bays,  
 And sail my kite in the breeze.

That is where I was taught about  
 tracking,  
 Sleeping outdoors, like all hardy boys,  
 Hunting for ducks by hearing their  
 quacking,  
 And learning all of the outdoor joys.

That empty cabin is standing there  
 now  
 In that land of frozen snow,  
 Down near the lake where it used to  
 stand  
 In the days of long ago.

Vass Carroll, Form I. A.

An Englishman is like a barrel of his  
 own ale: on the top froth, on the bot-  
 tom dregs, but in the middle excellent.  
 —Voltaire.

## Interloper

Alice Leonard, Form III. E

The yellow Bramaptura had a sullen song as it raced gulfward. The monsoon rains had swollen it until the mango leaves were kissing its foam at every stir of wind. The little monkeys sat chilly and comfortless among the ragged branches. The tread of my horse was like the pulling of numberless corks. In all Burma there is no more forlorn place than the upper Bramaputra in the rainy season.

The thin thread of a high chant twisted through the heavy air, and Pegasus snorted about it. I reined her gently to listen, for the sound swelled toward us with the current of the tawny river. The broad raft came spinning down midstream. Pegasus pricked her delicate ears forward.

Some dozen lean natives squatted upon it, their heads thrown back in their abandonment to the eerie song. In the centre of their group was a western woman.

I had only a glimpse of her, statu-esque amid the howling Burmese. She was a tall woman, with a certain sinuous poise. Her bright hair was looped heavily, and her dress a kind of uniform.

My astonishment completely conquered my better sense. I hallooed. I saw her turn with startled hope in her face as the drooping mangoes hid her. Before my reason returned, Pegasus and I had wheeled south again. The monkeys jabbered overhead, as I passed, and there was mud on Peggy's ears. It was a mad thing to do: but we were actually racing the Bramaptura. We were gaining on the raft. The chant had changed to a babel of shouts as the motley crew tried to slow the heavy thing. It swung and teetered like a chip beneath them, and a dozen long poles were stabbing for the river bed. The raft was lodged against the half-submerged trees; Pegasus was standing in the mill-race of water over her knees. The woman was speaking, rapidly, eagerly:

"You are the mission doctor?" she asked.

I confess I flushed.

"No," I said, shortly. The hopes died out of her face. I resolved to tell her.

"I was a doctor, once," I said, "in Scotland. A man died—I am an outlaw."

"There is a plague in Maajar," she said quickly. "My brother has died, and the natives are dying like flies. We had best go up river at once—there is no doctor since my brother died." Her eyes were very level.

I seized her hand with a passion that I was ashamed of. "You'll trust me?" I said, and my breath came as quickly as Peggy's own. "No man has trusted me for six years!"

"Trust you?" she said quietly, but her Irish eyes laughed at me. I was off Peggy in a twinkling, and standing in the brown water; I offered her my hand to help her mount. We left the raft caught there in the mangoes, and marched upstream in company.

Maajar is a dirty Burmese village from which one can see the Tibetan mountains. In the rainy season it is a plague-trap, although the heat never mounts to the temperatures of Bombay. The day that I walked into its circle of huts, it was a place of death.

The cottage where the dead man had lived contained equipment for the grim fight before us—before me and the woman whose name was Kathleen. I was to step into the place of a man dead, and take up the oars where his plague-worn hands had laid them down. But I could not, dared not claim his place in the thought of the bright-haired woman. I was an interloper; an outlaw.

When the rainy season was past, there were dark shadows under the woman's eyes, and my brain was very weary. But there was singing in Maajar, and happy brown children played in the golden waver of heat.

(Continued on page 56)



# Jokes

Elison Pratt, Editor

There is a young chap named Perry  
Whose smile is always so merry;  
Although he likes better  
Wearing Happy Day's sweater,  
Is he fond of the ladies?—yes, very!

### Shorter Poems Up-to-Date

Dreams—First Formers.  
The Happy Child—A. Perry.  
The Highwayman—Bill Vance.  
The Sleeping Beauty—"Rye" Miners.

Pere Lalement—Ed. Emmons.  
La Belle Dame Sans Merci—Mary Abbott.

Far, Far Away—Summer Holidays.  
Pheidippides—Ben Burn.  
Pied Piper of Hamelin—Art Smith.  
The Dromedary—Guess who.  
A Boy's Song—"I gotta go out to-night."

Last Buccaneer—Archie Anderson.  
Fuzzy-Wuzzy—Jean Kellett.  
Bishop Hatto—A Fifth Former.  
"Late, late, so late"—George Morrison.

The Scribe—The Editor.

Chub—What are you looking for?  
Andy—A parking space.  
Chub—Why? You have no car.  
Andy—I know, the car's in the parking space.

Bill Barkey—Are you dining anywhere to-night?

Betty Blackwood—(hopefully)—No, I'm not.

Bill B.—My, but you'll be hungry by to-morrow.

Teacher—Who originated the first geometrical proposition?

Jack Pow—Noah.

Teacher—Noah? How's that?

Jack—He constructed an arc, didn't he?

Bill Wright—Did you see how the audience wept last night when I played the death scene?

Don Moore—Yes, they knew you weren't really dead!

Mary Abbott—No one was home last night so I just sat and sang to the clock.

George Morrison—What were you doing? Trying to kill time?

Ruth C.—You remind me of the ocean.

Art T.—Wild, romantic, restless?

Ruth—No, you just make me sick.

Latin Teacher—Why does "flamato" agree with?

Bill McD.—"Dea."

Latin Teacher—Guess again.

Bill—"Talia."

Latin Teacher—No. Tell him, Fred.

Fred R.—I've told him twice already.

Lady (stopping Bob Brooks on the street)—O Sir, will you help the young Ladies' Home?

Bob—What, are they out again?

### Important Notice

There will be no school during the months of July and August owing to the holidays.



Fred Emmons had been learning to play the Saxophone. One day he was speaking to the next door neighbor.

Fred—Does my practicing make you nervous?

Neighbor—It did when I first heard the other neighbors discussing it, but now I don't care what happens to you.

Edythe—Don't you just love nights like this?

Ralph—No, sometimes I study.

Mr. Sinclair certainly has a well-developed sense of humour. A certain handsome fifth former strolled into the science room one day to get change for a "ten." Placing it on the desk, he asked Mr. Sinclair if he could change it. With an obliging "surely," our science master promptly produced a ten with a picture of a different bank upon it. After a bewildered look on the part of the fifth former Mr. Sinclair began to laugh. (Incidentally he is still laughing.)

Letters written by celebrated persons, such as Shakespeare, sell for huge sums nowadays. We predict a great market in the future centuries for those written by that well-known note-writer of Form IV.

Voice from above—Helen!

Voice from below (presently)—Yes, Mother?

Voice from above—The clock has struck twelve three times now. Let it practice on one for awhile.

Evelyn Leonard—I hear your brother tried to get a job teaching school. What is he doing now?

Mary Abbott—Nothing. He got the job.

Art Smith (in the Orchestra)—What key are you playing in?

Jack Sinclair—Skeleton key.

Art—Skeleton key?

Jack—Yeh: fits anything.

Mr. Pearce to Miss Goodhand: "I'll meet you in III. E at four o'clock." (Is this the outcome of that affair under the mistletoe at the Christmas Lit.?)

Teacher—What is the third letter in the alphabet?

First Former—I don't know.

Teacher—What do you do with your eyes?

First Former—Mother says I squint.

### Our Science Question Box

Q.—Upon what does pitch depend?

A.—The excitement of the speakers.

Q.—What is radioactivity?

A.—The radio squawking.

Q.—Where is the highest point of intelligence?

A.—Mr. Pearce says it is in Form IV.

Q.—What is one way in which heat may be transmitted.

A.—By words.

Q.—Name an apparatus designed to counteract the attraction of gravity.

A.—Suspenders.

### FOR SALE

One set of books, "Personality in Ten Easy Lessons"; also one left running shoe, size 11. Apply, write, phone or wire "Hook" McDonald.

### I WONDER

I wonder why the women paint  
Their lips, their noses, pates;  
I wonder why the women do  
Their eyebrows mutilate.

I wonder why the cosmetics  
Upon themselves they pour;  
For after all is said and done  
They look worse than before

Onward, yet onward,  
Oh time, in thy flight,  
Make the darn bell ring  
Before I recite.

Ilene F.—I think you fib a bit, occasionally.

Jack S.—Well, I have to say nice things about you now and then.

Cassius—There's some one prowling outside our tent in the dark.

Caesar—Merely a Roman in the gloamin'.

Teacher—What is the most important date in history?

Dor. Brown—1928.

Teacher—1928, why?

Dor.—That's the year I passed in French!



(Overheard at the "At Home):

Jack Jewell—I could go on dancing like this forever.

Blanche Shearing—Oh, surely not! You would be bound to improve in time!

Chub (skating)—Why do you wear those loud red socks?

Dorothy—To keep my feet from going to sleep.

Mr. Wightman—I only see three pupils who seem to know their work.

Betty Dawson—Please, sir, who are the other two?

Mr. Waller (disgusted)—I see you are always at the bottom of the class. Can't you get any other place?

"Grit"—No, all the others are taken.



Moore's Phantom Trio

Following the trend of world events there is grave danger of Form V. being plunged into all the horrors of war. Many of the girls have already taken to arms!

Arch. A. (taking anaesthetic)—How long will it be before I know anything?

Doctor—Now don't you expect too much of this anaesthetic!

Dot Howitt—I received a letter from home today.

Chorus—Great! Let's go down town and spend it.

Doctor—When the eyes are closed the hearing becomes more acute.

R. J. S.—You must have been talking to some of my pupils.

Maths. Teacher—Did your father help you with those questions?

"Bud" Brown—No, I got them wrong myself.

There was a young man named Jewell  
Who always came late to school;  
He draws great attention  
But he'll get a detention  
If he doesn't adopt a new rule.

Mr. Pearce: "Still talking, Blanche?"

Blanche: "Yes, Mr. Pearce."

Mr. Pearce: "Said anything yet?"

### Interloper

(Continued from page 52)

I thought to saddle Pegasus quietly, and ride down river when the woman would not see. I planned that a doctor would go up from Calcutta before another rainy season. But when Peggy's hoofs clicked on the hard clay, she came out bare-headed.

"Where are you going?" she asked, almost sharply.

I looked at Peggy's ears. "To Calcutta," I said.

Her eyes widened queerly, and she toyed with Peggy's mane. "Why?"

"I cannot ask you to trust me further," I said stupidly, and I, too, began to twist a tassel of the black mane.

A brown baby wailed in the village below, and she half-turned. Our hands met in the glossy mane. She turned back to me. "I would trust you till the end of time," she said, and her Irish eyes smiled at me.

And Pegasus still wanders in the grove above my Burmese village.

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REV. P. S. DOBSON, M.A., D.D., PRINCIPAL



### The Cat's Paw

(Continued from page 17)

thought fiercely, "he's got the gift o' the gab."

Once more the winking window of the "house of mystery" showed through the damp, black night. John began to talk rapidly, jerkily, ashamed of himself, yet determined to be no quitter.

"I say, Kent, there's a girl in there. Black hair. You'll know her if you see her. Ask her if she wants . . . ask her if she's . . . Blink it all! You know what I mean! Ask her if she would like a visitor."

Roderick could scarcely restrain his mirth as he promised to do his best, and started up the lane to the cottage.

"It's his first case, no doubt," he chuckled. "Poor Hodge! He's not all over-powering conceit after all. And I must lay all the charms of yellow hair, blue eyes and steel muscles at the feet of this black-haired damsel. Indeed, I won't let him down on the rocks of despair. I'll be his cat's-paw."

A few lines flitted through his mind:

"O, who will o'er the downs so free,  
O, who will with me ride,  
O who will up and follow me,  
To win a blushing bride?"

He laughed, and all unwitting Roderick rapped at the door. It opened and the black-haired girl stood in the flood of the yellow light.

"Good evening," she said uncertainly.

Roderick's head whirled, and he clutched at the door-jamb. "Jacqueline!" he cried.

When Roderick Kent climbed once more into honest John Hodge's muddy buggy, he found its occupant almost fuming with eagerness.

"She says she's going to England next month, Hodge. And she's sorry she cannot meet you."

Poor John remained speechless for some time, and a bachelor to the end of his days.

When the mysterious family departed in the month of May, Roderick Kent left also.

And always after that, a pretty little black-haired lady could send a certain distinguished author into a fit of deep musing by simply saying, "The cat's-paw, Roderick!"

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## Sweet Sixteen

Fred Robinson, Form V.

Taking our time, we amble along the grassy path, side by side, breathing deep of the fresh, sweet, spring air. Everyone enjoys such a day in the country, when everything in nature is fresh and green.

As we pass out of the shaded woods into the bright sunlight beyond, I cannot but admire the fiery gleaming mass of brilliantly coloured hair, falling about the smooth round neck in coils. Then as I stop to admire this burning mass of copper-coloured hair, she turns to gaze at me, with a look of mute inquiry in her beautiful brown eyes.

Later, when we are ascending a steep hill, I nearly lose my footing on several occasions. But she does not. With an inborn grace, she delicately avoids any insecure spots, and mounts the hill far ahead of me.

Silhouetted against the morning sky, she seems to be the masterpiece of some famed Greek sculptor. Tall, slim, graceful, she seemed to be Beauty personified. There was sinewy strength in those slim hips. When I finally drew alongside of her, my great love for her overburst the bounds of restraint. I threw my arms around her soft neck and gently caressed the noble brow. Whispering soft words of love into her ear, I forgot everything, time and place; even the glorious springtime passed into forgetfulness.

Did I forget to introduce you? If so please pardon my rudeness. Kindly meet my sorrel mare, Molly, who was sixteen yesterday.

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but his good looks.

### B. BROOKS

Only reliable Barber.

Washes combs frequently.

Shave and hair-cut, 2 bits.

## A Lively Corpse

(Continued from page 24)

his distressing fifteen minutes conversation with a corpse.

The days fled rapidly by and Saturday arrived. In the morning Jim and the undertaker moved the coffin to the attic. Aunt Abbie heard, of course, and asked. The rest were ready and Ella answered, "Oh, you know that old swinging-back chair in the parlour?—well, they are taking it to the attic." "Humph!" said the "corpse," "you must be expectin' comp'ny."

Dinner was just over when Aunt Abbie expressed her intention of rising—wanted a change—you understand. Jim and Ella were terrified and resisted. Nevertheless she was just up when sleighbells were heard approaching. The great dread once more rose in Jim's heart. He had hoped the roads would be impassible, but after great effort all had come and arrived on time for the service.

At the sound of voices Aunt Abbie started. "Why that is the minister's voice; how nice of him to have come to see me. Bring him in." One by one all the people came in—to this little surprise party for aunty. If she noticed that Ella spoke to each first, she said nothing. After all had gone she went back to bed. That evening Ned, who had received the telegram, arrived to the old lady's joy.

The "funeral" was a week old when Aunt Abbie entered the sitting room one day, fully dressed.

"I put on all my clo's," she said, smiling. "I got restless and wanted to walk around the house a little. And she limped across the floor to the hall door. "But Aunt Abbie, where are ye goin' now?" faltered Ella.

"Jest to the attic to see—" She stopped as Jim and Ella sprang to their feet.

"The attic!" they gasped.

"Yes, I—"

"Oh, you can't, you're not able, you'll—" But the door had closed. She was gone.

In fifteen minutes or so she returned.

She entered the room quietly and sat down.

"It's real pretty," she said. "I allers did like gray."

"Gray?" stammered Ella.

"Yes; fer coffins," and as Jim was about to speak she continued. "Oh, it's all right. I just wanted to make sure where t'was."

After a lull in which Ella and Jim felt accused and guilty, she spoke again.

"You see, I heard your plans t'other day there, and I just thought I must go to my own funeral. I allers did wonder who would come and now that I know I'm ready to die again."

### Boys' Sports

(Continued from page 21)

Woodstock boys at half time by the score of 13-1 and at full time by the score of 25-5.

#### Remaining Games

Ingersoll at Tillsonburg; Tillsonburg at Woodstock; London at Tillsonburg; Tillsonburg at London.

Let's all get behind them and give them our support.

Team—Guards, J. Bennett, G. Johnson, C. B. Caswell; centre, G. Gray; forwards, E. Ostrander, G. Brown, R. Grant, G. Hill.

#### HOCKEY

There has been a revival of hockey again this year, but due to the lack of a rink only a few games were played and these all had to be played away from home. The boys, however, made

a good showing and if we only had a rink we could have a team in the school that would be as good as many of the teams from much larger schools

#### CADETS

Last year there was the greatest number of cadets enrolled since cadet training began. The company consisted of nearly one hundred and ten cadets.

The annual Cadet Inspection was held on Wednesday, May 11th. The cadets were under the able supervision of R. Brown, Company Commander, H. Armstrong, Company Sergeant-Major, R. Brooks and G. Bradfield, Platoon Commanders, and A. Anderson and J. Jewell, Platoon Sergeant-Majors. The Signalling Corps was under the supervision of D. Brown.

The Inspecting Officer was Major Jefferies of London, who was well pleased with the good showing the boys made.

After the inspection short speeches were made by Major Jefferies, Rev. Bruce and C. V. Thomson who presented Life-Saving Diplomas to Miss Audrey Miners and M. Waller.

There has been some agitation throughout the province to drop this cadet training, but if the people only knew it, this is the best training that a boy can have.

There is a young lady named Shearing whose friends are not hard of hearing, if she talks all the while without reason or rhyme. An early death, for her, are we fearing.

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## In Search of Ireland

(Continued from page 25)

Strangford Lough, the friendly green hills of the County Down and Lough Neagh form the setting of Northern Ireland's capital, Belfast. It is new and progressive, and its people are practical, out-spoken and rigidly honest. Nearby are the flax-fields of Ulster and the historic Norman castle at Carrickfergus.

Life in the Irish Free State is slow, and the people have time to "just live." They are largely Catholic, and the spiritual often outweighs the material outlook. Their attitude is reflective, casual and indolent. The Irish countryman's motto is, "We're well as we are!" No wrong ever done to Ireland has been forgotten, for the people's mind has an unhappy trick of looking backward. Many believe the best future of the land is the revival of all things Gaelic, and indeed, in some parts, Gaelic Ireland has never passed away.

Throughout our complete journey, we have found only wonderful hospitality, gaiety, the best of Irish blarney, and the elusive, indescribable Spirit of Ireland.

But the time has come to leave it all. We stand on the Hill of Tara, looking out to sea, as the soft, dark curtain of night creeps gently down. The smell of the turf fires, the slow toll of the Angelus at evening, and we can no longer see.

## There's No Royal Road to Learning

Alice Smith, Form V.

Away back in the dim and distant past, before the dawn of history, men roamed the earth and lived their wild, primitive lives. Slowly, surely, out of those crude beginnings emerged our civilization, to its present highly polished state. In those obscure days, men sought their food, clothed themselves, and lived on a level little higher than that of the beasts. Today we have "educated" men—scientists, doctors, philosophers—who have been carefully trained in all phases of learning. We call them wise men. But are they really any wiser than the men of ancient days? Do those refined gentlemen, with their heads full of Chemistry, Economics, and Philosophy, those men who walk the earth and say, "We know all about how the earth was made," "We know how far it is to the stars," know any more about Life than did their great, great, ever-so-great grandfathers?

There is no royal road to learning. Of course, our modern education teaches us things that Christopher Columbus did not know, but when we come right down to Life, we do not know any more about it than he did. You may send Johnnie to college, and he will come home with an inkling of Economics, a vague idea that some chump invented something called Latin, a few bad habits, and a naston-

Educationally we have much to learn, but ask some of our patrons if we have not graduated in the art of cooking and baking or, better still, give us a trial yourself and be convinced.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

**New Service Cafe**  
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ishingly good opinion of himself. Perhaps one year out in the world will do more to make a man of Johnnie than anything else.

But the road to learning is not a royal road. Everyone that breathes must walk along its dusty paths. Some may saunter carelessly along a wide, smooth road, may see bright lights and hear the strains of exquisite music. Some may stumble over a narrow, crooked path, forced to grasp the jagged rocks to keep the feet from slipping down and down into the blackness. Some may flutter along in the mists of doubt. But whether our eyes are open or shut, whether our ears are tuned to hear the harmony or the discord of Life, whether our minds are whetted to keenness by loveliness or dulled by sordidness, we all must travel the road. It is the will of fate.

Dor. Howitt—Will that picture turn out all right?

Photographer—The answer is in the negative.

### If I Had a Few Wishes

If I had a few wishes  
And they would come true,  
I'd break all our dishes  
And bury them too.

Then I'd hop a fast freight train  
Going straight to the West,  
With plenty of straw  
For a good warm nest.

Now when I got there  
I would buy me a pony,  
With glossy black hair  
And I'd name him "Tony."

Then I'd get me a job  
Way out on the plain,  
Just tending the cattle,  
Through sunshine and rain.

I'd know all the nice girls,  
And I'd speak to them rarely,  
But I'd be a wise guy,  
And make sure, never marry.

Newell Harvey, Form I. B.

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## My Worst Fright

"Now, John, sleep tight, for Santa Claus comes to-night." This is what my mother said as she was tucking me into bed, on Christmas Eve! The best time of the year.

My grandma and grandpa had come down from the north to visit us, that Christmas. Now, downstairs I could hear them talking. I had come to the point in my life where I thought that Santa Claus didn't exist, and that night I determined to find out.

I had been awake for maybe an hour when I decided to see if the Christmas tree had been loaded with presents. I got out of bed and tip-toed over to the hall register. The register opened into the centre of the dining-room where the Christmas tree was. I stuck my head down through the pipe hole, in order to see. I looked around and here were mother and dad putting presents on the Christmas tree. Was I surprised? I thought I'd go back to bed and have them explain this thing to me in the morning, but when I went to put my head out of the pipe-hole, I couldn't move it. No, sir, I was held fast.

As I didn't wish to be caught here, I tried to free myself, but I couldn't move it. At last they got ready to come to bed. Up the stairs they came, and found poor John with his head down the pipe-hole. They wondered what on earth had happened, but when I told them what happened, they understood. Dad took hold of my feet and pulled me out, and I nearly left my head behind me.

For all my trouble I hadn't seen Santa Claus and I guess I never will. Whenever I see a pipe hole I imagine seeing John Brown's head in that pipe hole, and I shall never forget the fright that I experienced that Christmas eve.

(This is a true experience, the author himself being the victim).

[We are prepared to pay for a round trip to Santa's summer home if anyone can guess the writer of this article.—The Editors].

## T. H. S. Night Life

(Continued from page 49)

"Brewed," he mumbled. "Brewed. I've seen enough of brewing lately. Those witches nearly drive me crazy. Brewed!"

"What's the matter with him?" queried Maggie after his departure. "He used to be real nice."

"I guess his business is growing on him," remarked Nerissa pointedly as she poured tea.

After some time their meditations were terminated by Portia's exclamation:

"Why, it's growing light! Wash your hands, Maggie. Put on your nightgown. Come, come, come, give me your hand. To bed, to bed, to bed!"

## Rubber for Metal

Oh, the clatter and the clash of that ubiquitous geometry set or paint-box! It is always dropping, always offending those sensitive ears and delicate nerves.

It has been suggested that we substitute for harsh, unyielding metal, reinforced rubber. Fancy the effect! As you hastily pull from your desk a book, and spy your geometry set sliding rapidly down the inclined plane of your French Grammar, no more would there be that wild jumping of the heart, that tense, breathless wait for the crash. The painful, disconcerting aftermath would also be forgone, and in its place a mere calm bending-over to tie one's shoelaces more securely.

We hear nowadays that we are in the midst of a depression, that money is scarce. Naturally we wish to conserve what wealth we possess. Then, why pay huge bills for nerve food? Let us escape this drain on our resources by using rubber, soft and cheap, for our paint boxes and geometry sets.

Evelyn M. Leonard, Form IV.

History Teacher—Who said, "After us the deluge?"

Fred Watts—My father says it was the men who put in our plumbing.



Bob Ball—I know a woman who makes little things count.

Matt Alabastine—What does she do?

Bob—She teaches arithmetic in a primary grade?

—o—  
**Ode to Chewing Gum**

Sweet chewing gum, I hate to see  
You thrown away too soon,  
So find yourself a resting place,  
I'll pick you up at noon.  
For rules are made by teachers stern,  
And students must obey;  
Chewing gum must be postponed  
Throughout the long school day.

—o—  
Miss Sine—What happened after  
Caesar mustered his army?

S. Manser—He peppered the enemy  
and took them by a salt (assault).

Miss Sine—Sit down. I'll take no  
sauce from you.

—o—  
Fern Pitter—I dreamed last night  
that a handsome man proposed to me.

Ralph Hotchkiss (breathlessly—Oh,  
and what did I say?

—o—  
Mr. Pearce—It gives me great pleas-  
ure to give you 85 on this examination.

Blanche S.—Aw, give me 100 and  
enjoy yourself.

—o—  
Bill Daniels—Which animal has the  
greatest number of lives?

R. J. S.—Why, I don't know, I had-  
n't thought of that.

Bill—The frog. He croaks every  
morning.

—o—  
Jack Sinclair (to the Orchestra)—  
Now let's play "Goofus."

Fred Emmons (to Art Smith)—  
Gosh, I just played that!

**Galloping Years in Musicdom**

(Continued from page 32)

of life worth while. Few things can be more profitably developed in leisure than the study of music. Vocations, avocations, games (even golf) cannot steal one more absolutely away from the daily grind. Scores of the foremost men in the professions and the industries have emphatically stated that music in their leisure has been of unlimited practical value in their careers and in their life happiness.

"This is the luxury of music. It touches every key of memory and stirs all the hidden springs of sorrow and of joy. I love it for what it makes me forget and what it makes me remember."

—o—  
**Experiment No. 0**

Required—Nerve, not many brains, no care for life; also necessary laboratory apparatus.

Method—(1) Mix gently chlorine and chloroform. Note odour by bringing test-tube close to nose.—If you revive, continue.

(2) Gently stir a cylinder full of gasoline and hydrogen; warm mixture gently; test with blazing splint.

(3) Mix together glycerine and nitric acid. If no action takes place, slam it against the wall.

—o—  
Dear Dorothy Dix

I'm in a fix,

I've got to have a Jane.

Of a titian blonde

I'm very fond,

Please send her on the train.

"Archie."

—o—  
Miss Howitt (to Arch and Chub)—  
"My, you two are affectionate."

(We wonder if this could be said of anyone else in the school).

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