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Specula Galtonia

Published by the Students of the Galt Collegiate Institute and Vocational School

MAY, 1929

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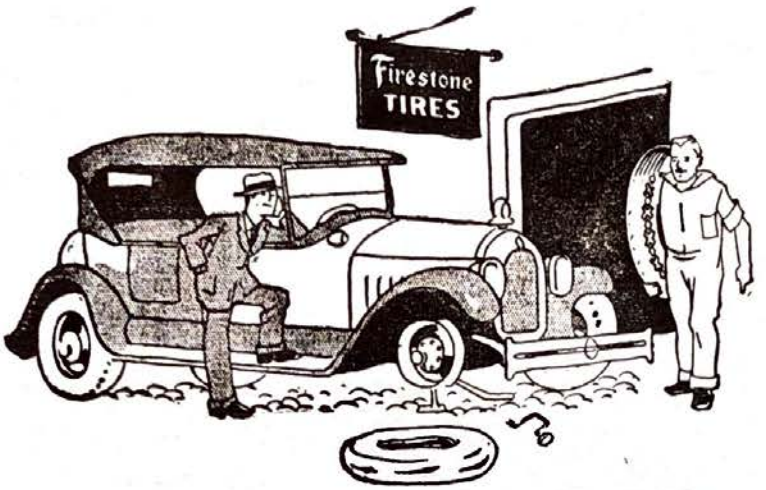

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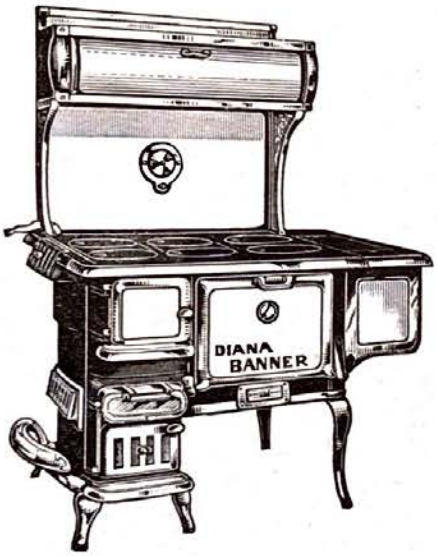

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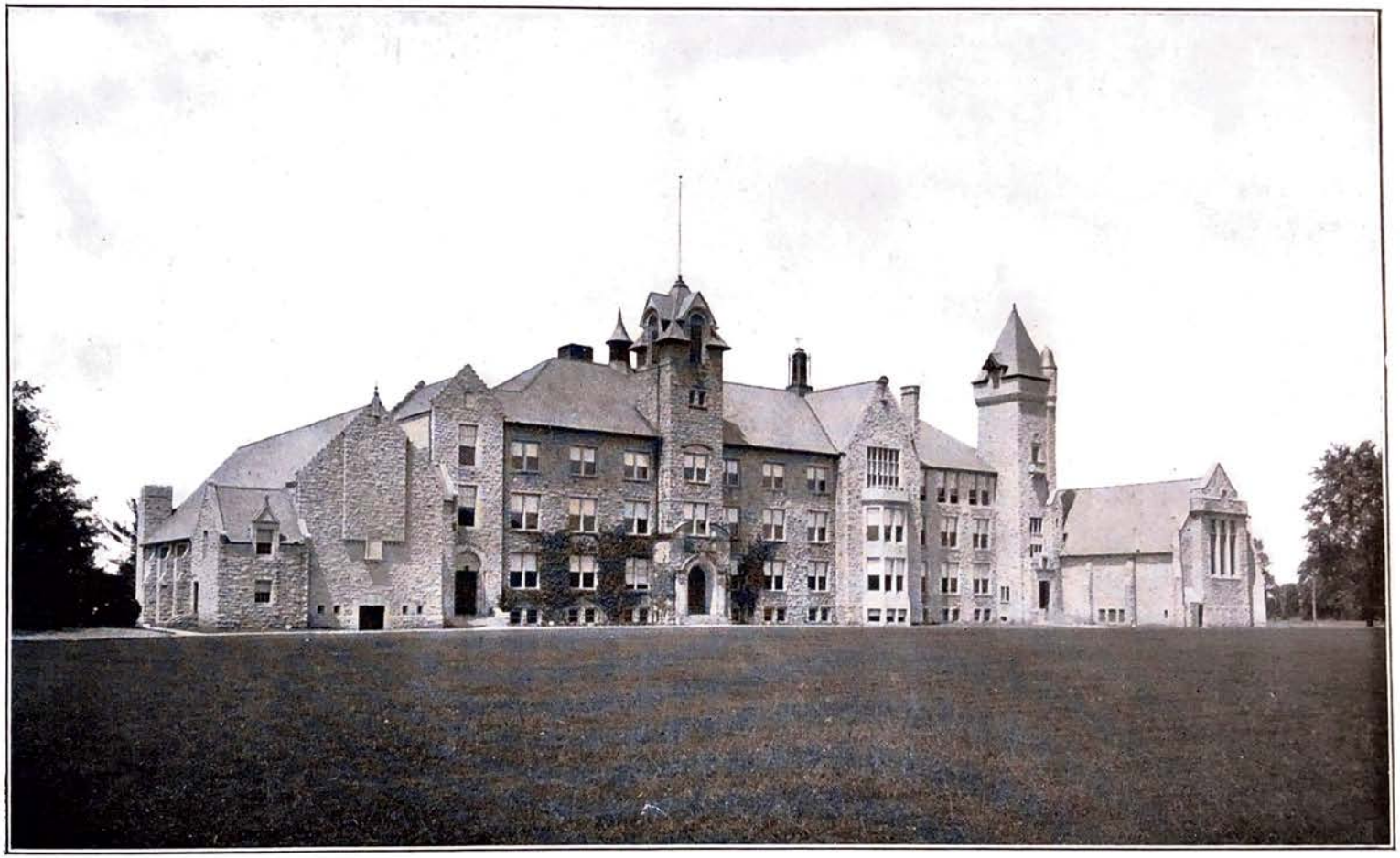

THE GALT COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE AND VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

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Foreword

IT IS a unique privilege for me to write a few words for this year's SPECULA GALTONIA. As chairman of the Board of Education and an ex-pupil of the school under our esteemed Dr. Carscadden, I have a two-fold honour.

Another year is swiftly drawing to a close and many of you will pass a mile-stone on the road of Life. Birth, School, Graduation are common landmarks, and of these graduation is to many of you, possibly, the most memorable and important, for just beyond it you must leave the carefree associations you have enjoyed at the old school, and pass into the jungle of Life in all its realities. The path you will tread may be rough, and he is rare who does not cast regretful longings backward to school days.

No one can tell what is before you or what difficulties you will meet, but the school is primarily established to fortify for the stony path of Life.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler gives five evidences of an education : correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue; refined and gentle manners; power and habit of reflection; power of growth and efficiency, or the power to do; and, I might add, diligence. If you have attained these qualities or have striven faithfully to do so, I am sure you will find the road you will travel less rough and the opportunities of life lying in your pathway.

Stay in your own country. Canada is truly the land of promise. The road to success is yearning for boys and girls who are willing to apply themselves to the vocation chosen.

W. NORMAN HANCOCK,
Chairman Board of Education.

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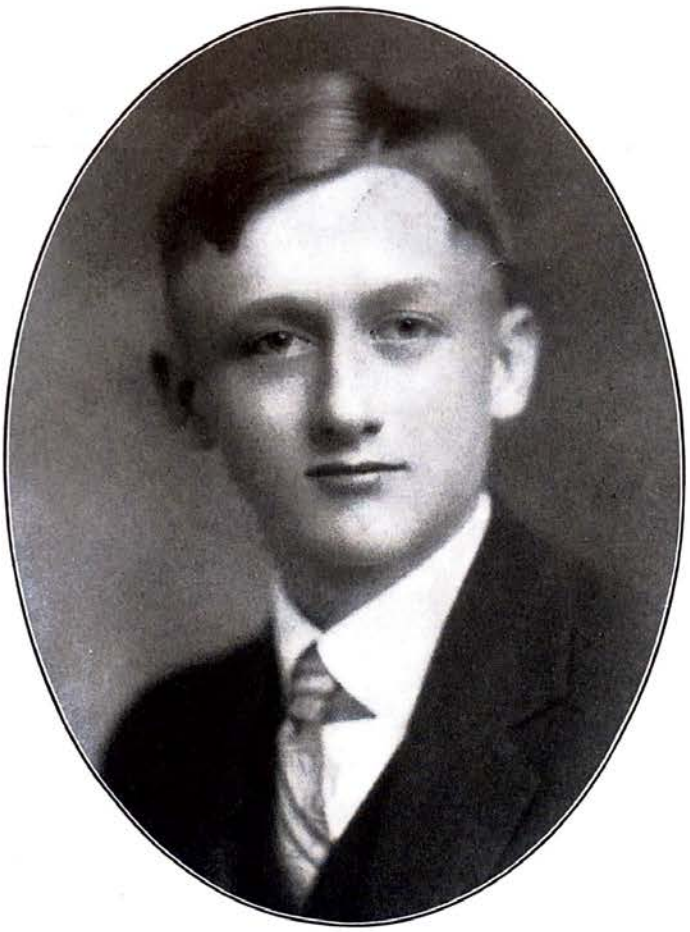
In Memoriam



HARRIS SHELDON

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

EDITORIAL

We Accept the Omen—Be It So!

When, during the storm of April 5th, lightning left a jagged trail in the shingles of the North Tower, which is the traditional vantage-point of this magazine, fearful of what the portent boded, we consulted our Sibylline Books—in this case, Frazer's "Golden Bough." To our relief we found that, so far from such visitations having been regarded as signs of divine displeasure, our rude forefathers held the oak in especial veneration, seemingly because it was more often struck by lightning than any other tree of European forests:

> They might naturally account for it (this peculiarity of the oak) in their simple religious way by supposing that the great sky-god, whom they worshipped and whose awful voice they heard in the roll of thunder, loved the oak above all the trees of the wood and often descended into it from the murky cloud in a flash of lightning, leaving a token of his presence or of his passage in the riven and blackened trunk and the blasted foliage. Such trees would thenceforth be encircled by a nimbus of glory as the visible seats of the thundering sky-god. Certain it is that, like some savages, both Greeks and Romans identified their great god of the sky and of the oak with the lightning flash which struck the ground; and they regularly enclosed such a stricken spot and treated it thereafter as sacred.

Let us, of a so-called modern and sceptical generation, brush away for a time the restraining bonds of the tangible and give sway to the fanciful, the illusive, which, veiled in the mist of centuries, has surely once more rent the shroud of reality and chosen as the sacred place of revelation, not as of yore the sturdy oak, proud sentinel of a mighty forest, but our own SPECULA GALTONIA, equally proud sentinel of a mighty youth. Truly, the visiting of Galt's watch-tower by the bolt must be an auspicious omen; the sky-god has thundered his sonorous approval of a watch well kept, scowling profound commendation, and has sent his fleet emissary to set his sign upon the favoured one and seal his covenant of requital.

Every student of the Collegiate has witnessed the evidence of his passing—this mighty god who has deigned to observe and honour our poor efforts. If we have read the omen aright, after the fashion of our ancestors who saw in the mystery of the bolt a weapon in the hand of Zeus himself—

a royal seal of pleasure or displeasure—the SPECULA GALTONIA has been marked for reward. It remains for us who stand on sacred ground to approve our worthiness of so high favour.

iam tempus agi res,
nec tantis mora prodigiis.

Advantages of Student Government

The ancient Greeks were renowned for their experiments in democracy. It is where their teachings have taken root that government "of the people, by the people, and for the people" has been established. The majority of nations, provinces, states and communities enjoy a measure of self-government. Collegiates, high schools and colleges, then, as distinct communities playing an important part in the development of the nation, should have self-government. The best instrument to this end is the Student Council.

Each and every citizen of Canada has a voice in the government through his elected representative. The collegiate students of to-day are the men and women of to-morrow and they should be rendered familiar with parliamentary procedure and the like in their youth. Only thus will they become capable of discharging their responsibilities in this growing Dominion. Student councils, conducted with a rigid regard for proper procedure, will furnish invaluable experience.

Here will be a field for extempore speaking and debating that should be of inestimable value in later years. Questions of interest to the student body as a whole could here be threshed out. Apart from the gain to the individual student in the acquisition of confidence and a platform presence, the school itself would find its reputation enhanced. Such a council would in its operation promote closer relations between staff and students, encourage better feeling, adjust disputes amicably, and serve as a clearing house for student opinion.

Mens Sana in Corpore Sano

There has been some difference of opinion expressed in this province of late on the relative value of athletics in high school activities. Some maintain that athletics constitute an integral part of the curriculum, while there are those who trace a decline in scholarship to over-emphasis upon inter-school games.

It is significant that the late Cecil Rhodes, in establishing the fund which enables students of the overseas dominions and the United States to continue their studies at Oxford, laid down the condition that in addition

to scholastic excellence candidates should have given proof of proficiency in manly sports. The ancient Greeks recognized the value of athletic training to ensure an all-round development.

In addressing the Hi-Y Club of this school, our principal, Mr. Wholton, referred to an investigation conducted recently in one of the larger collegiates with a view to clearing up this vexed point. From the data available, the conclusion was reached that distinction in athletics neither connoted superior aptitude for academic work nor the reverse. And with this somewhat neutral finding, we are content to leave the issue.

An April Morn

By WREATHA LAING

Hail to thee, O bright-eyed April,
With thy robes of flowing green!
Welcome to our vast Dominion,
Here to reign as vernal queen!

Soon the sweetly scented violets,
Like myriad pools of amethyst,
And the modest white alyssum
Will be peeping from their nests.

And the woodland rills will quicken,
As thy fairy hand beats time,
And they feel thy breath upon them
Witching, subtle, sweet, sublime.

Now the winged red-bird greets us
From his morning bath of dew,
And the robin's throat is swelling
Anthems old, yet ever new.

Telling o'er the same sweet story
He has often told before,
Spreading joy to all who greet him,
Thrilling gladness now in store.

Now the dreamy pond-pipe wakens
From his long and peaceful sleep,
To bid his bandsmen join the chorus—
A joyous April morn to greet.

Above, beneath, yes, all around,
All Nature stirs in life new-born,
And, decked in raiment freshly donned,
Rises to greet an April morn.

Proposed Vocational Addition

By C. E. APPLEYARD

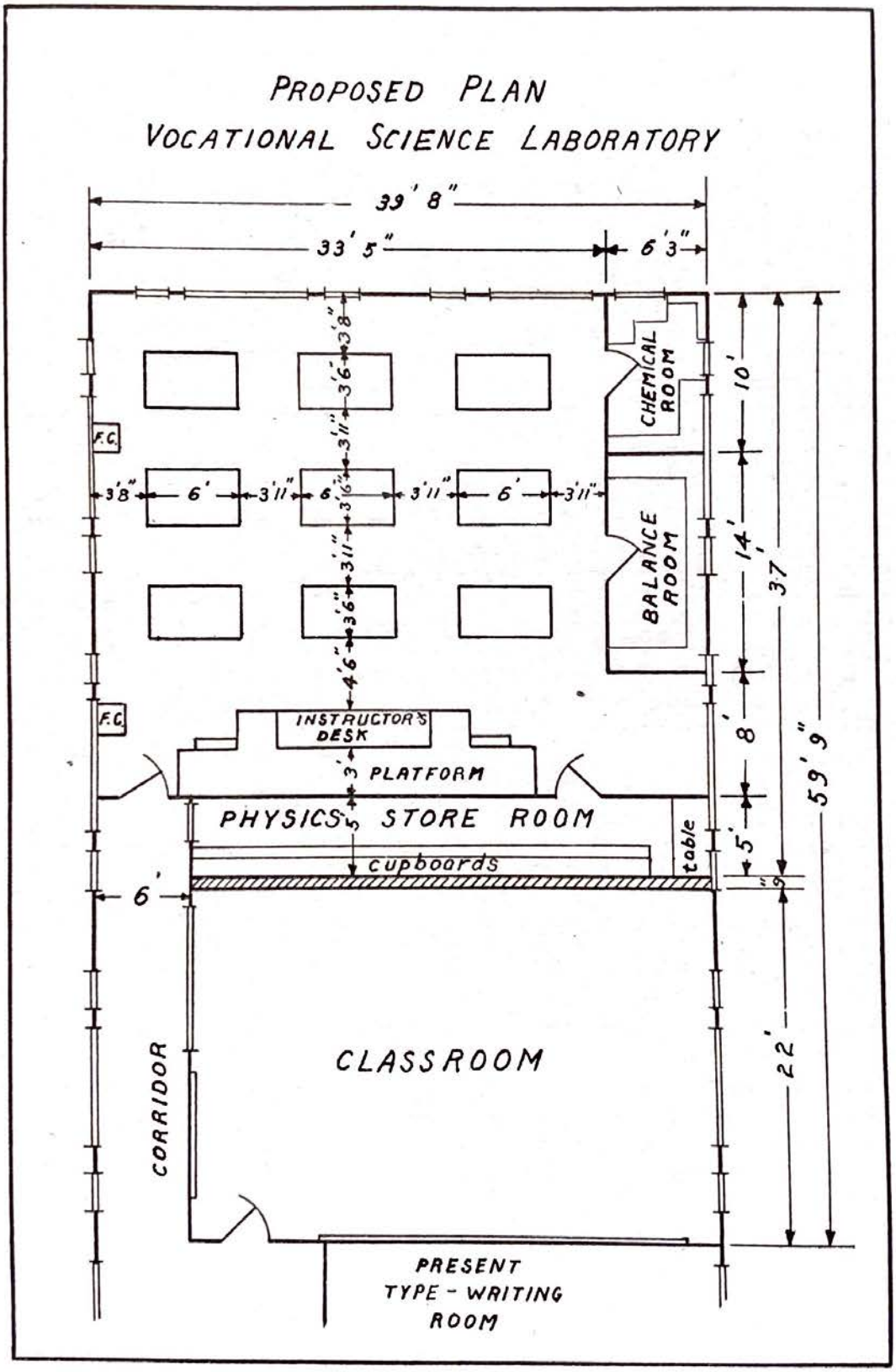
SINCE the opening of the vocational departments of our School some four years ago all of the science taught in these departments has been confined, in so far as practical experimental work goes, to those periods during which the Collegiate laboratories are not being used by Collegiate classes. This so cramped the work of the science teachers in the Vocational School that the Department of Education has declined to approve this work unless accommodation, independent of the Collegiate department, be provided for it. The application of science to business and industry is becoming so marked that it is necessary that pupils entering these vocations be grounded in such subjects as solidly as possible. It is now proposed to build a third story above the wood-shop which will house a well equipped laboratory and also provide the extra class-room which will be necessitated by the organization of part-time classes September next.

This addition is to be about 60 feet long and 40 feet wide, and it is hoped that it will be ready for use by September. The north wall will be of limestone, carrying out the architectural design of the present north-west wing, while the west and south walls will probably be of the steel-and-concrete factory construction which may be seen in the present machine-shop and wood-shop. Access to the new rooms will be effected by continuing the corridor leading to the present typewriting-room, as shown on the accompanying plan.

The laboratory will serve for physics and chemistry of the Technical and Home Economics Departments, and possibly bacteriology in the latter department, and will also provide for physiography in the Commercial Department. There are to be nine desks, each 6 feet by 3½ feet, which will accommodate 36 pupils. Each desk will have six drawers, two cupboards, a lead sink and connections for water, gas and electricity. The tops of the desks will be acid-proof.

The electrical wires to the desks will be brought from the electrical laboratory, Room 74, so that either 110 or 220 volts A.C. or 5-40 volts D.C. may be had at each desk. A magneto telephone system between these two rooms has been planned both for practice in telephone wiring and installation and to make possible quicker changes in the power supply from the electrical laboratory. The instructor's desk is to be on a platform some 16 inches high, with a long blackboard behind it, an arrangement somewhat similar to that found in the present chemical laboratory.

Instead of having hoods upon each desk, the top of the desk will be left clear for the work in physics, but fume cupboards will be installed at the south side of the laboratory which will be furnished with vents to the outside. The chemical reagents, glassware and other supplies will be kept in a room in the north-west corner, and along the north wall will extend a balance room large enough to contain nine good balances for the finer work. Both of these two small rooms will be partitioned off with iron plate and glass, similar to the partitions which enclose the tool room and finishing room in the wood-shop.


PROPOSED PLAN
VOCATIONAL SCIENCE LABORATORY
39' 8"
33' 5"
6' 3"
CHEMICAL ROOM
BALANCE ROOM
F.C.
F.C.
INSTRUCTOR'S DESK
PLATFORM
PHYSICS STORE ROOM
cupboards
table
CLASSROOM
CORRIDOR
PRESENT TYPE - WRITING ROOM
10'
14'
37'
8'
5'
22'
59' 9"
6'
3'8"
6'
3'11"
6'
3'11"
6'
3'11"

In so far as the Commercial Department of the School is concerned the science course corresponds closely to the course in physiography taught in the Collegiate. The course in physics as presented in the Technical Department differs from Collegiate physics in that no work is done in light or sound, but more attention is given to heat and magnetism. Theoretical electricity is taken during each of the three years in this department. In addition, the boys of this department are taught to handle problems on work, horsepower, levers, pulleys, etc., a course which corresponds to the mechanics of the Upper School in some respects. Much of the apparatus in the new laboratory has been selected for experimental work in the above mentioned course.

Owing to the lack of a laboratory heretofore, the chemistry studied by Technical pupils has been necessarily very little in extent, but now it is to be confidently expected that this work will be vastly more interesting and helpful to the pupils on account of the increased scope in practical possibilities. The science of the Home Economics Department which will also be provided for in the new laboratory has a distinct leaning toward the chemistry of foods and fabrics and the experimental understanding of modern methods of improving our environment, such as sanitation, ventilation, etc.

It will be clear from a knowledge of the completeness with which our Vocational Schools are being equipped, that the Department of Education and the local boards of education are determined to provide the graduates of our Vocational Schools with a preparation for their wage-earning activities which is just as sound in every respect as the preparation given by our Collegiate Institutes to their graduates for entrance into higher institutions of learning.

Thunderstorm

By HAROLD DANDO

A SLIGHT rumble, the courier of the approaching storm, broke the heavy, brooding stillness of the atmosphere. In the west, dark, large, cumulus clouds were piling up, like huge balloons, and were fast approaching. The smiling, blue sky was being blotted out by sombre, frowning clouds. Suddenly a bright flash ripped the heavens asunder, followed by a deep rumble as of some distant cannon.

Nature was deathly still, awaiting the wrath of the gods. This expectancy was broken by a sudden rush of wind, a blinding flash, and a ripping roar, as torrents of rain pelted to the thirsty earth. Trees bowed before the mighty wind as people bow before a mighty monarch; branches were tossed about like the playthings of some child, and leaves and dust were flying everywhere.

After a full ten minutes of this powerful exhibition of the gods' rage and might, their ire seemed to abate, for soon a little strip of blue was seen to grow broader as the gulf widens between an outgoing liner and the dock. Soon nothing could be heard but the faint grumbling of the storm as it passed on eastward; and only a few, distant, intermittent flashes, and the rain, pouring down in the distance, could be seen.

Tobermory's Widow

By HELEN FRY

THE woman patiently sewing the maze of tucks in the stiff, brocaded material was as dull and drab as the dark, old-fashioned, over-furnished parlour in which she sat.

The patient pucker of her thin lips, the dull, black, plain dress she wore, and the methodical way in which she inserted and pulled out the various pins, proclaimed her to be the village seamstress and, incidentally, the village spinster.

Her eyes were raised for an instant as a young girl stood poised in the doorway.

"O Matilda! don't you think it will be lovely?" the latter cried, then added anxiously, "I do hope to have all my things ready when Rory's boat comes in, so he can go out on the next fishing trip."

"Why, yes, Cecilia." And Matilda tucked the heavy material with a little quicker stitch.

It was an established fact in the fishing village of Tobermory that no man had ever "called on" Matilda Marsh. For a number of years she had bitterly resented this, but now all the resentment was swallowed up in so hopeless a despair that she sewed on Cecilia Barnes' wedding dress without a twinge of envy.

If any shade of resentment lurked in her heart it was because she shrank from being called the village spinster. A few of the villagers found her dull, staid habits a constant source of amusement, and often exchanged knowing glances when her back was turned; the majority, however, were friendly and sympathetic towards her.

But for the small boys, who taunted her as she passed along the narrow streets, she would have been contented, if not exactly happy.

One small incident changed Matilda's whole outlook on life and, also, the neighbours' opinions.

While tying her bonnet strings prior to leaving the Barnes's cottage, after a busy day of sewing, Matilda was disturbed out of her habitual apathy by an anxious shout, proclaiming the fact that a fishing schooner was aground on the rocky coast near the village.

She finished her task and was calmly standing by the gate when one of the men from the schooner, who had been gravely injured in the accident, was borne past in the arms of his fellow fishermen.

At the sight of his ashen face and closed eyes, a spasm of illness passed through Matilda and she in turn went pale to the lips and sagged weakly against the gate-post.

Almost as if by an act of Fate, three very gossipy widows passed and, seeing Matilda's distress, hurried to her with smelling salts and words of comfort.

By the next night all the village tongues were wagging with the news that on the night of the wreck Matilda Marsh had fainted "clean away."

As gossips will, each tried to solve this strange happening. After many suggestions and much discussion, they recalled that one day, years before, Matilda had, for some unknown reason, gone to the next village and had returned looking more radiant than ever before. After much more

discussion, it was decided that on that mysterious trip Matilda must have met her lover and married him, only to be widowed by a wreck which befell the next fishing trip.

Gradually the new kindness and esteem which the neighbours showed her, together with a few hints, made Matilda see the situation.

Immediately she seemed to gain confidence in herself. Her head was held a little higher and her step became lighter. Although her guilty conscience urged the correction of this false impression, the mystery remained unsolved: for life was made interesting and worth while again by the fact that the villagers no longer saw her as an ordinary spinster—she was a widow!

The Circle of Circumstance

By ELLEN NORWOOD

AS he drew up his chair to the breakfast table that particular morning, every one of James Brown's five senses eagerly called for coffee. Mrs. Brown, however, had unthinkingly brewed tea. Thereupon, Brown saw red—picked up his offending cup and its contents, stepped to the back porch, and hurled them into the alley. Still furious, he next grabbed his hat and went out without looking back or saying good-bye.

Meantime, Dr. Smith, a few doors down the street, was busy answering the 'phone. Having swallowed a hurried bite, he climbed into his car, waved a hand and came swinging out of the alley turn—bang!—a punctured tire! The doctor swore fervently. From the tire he pulled a nasty piece of razor-sharp porcelain.

"Who ever left this broken cup here for people to drive over?"

A good hour later a cool voice in a fashionable doorway said, "Sorry, doctor, but we couldn't wait; we called in Doctor Gray."

For the absent Dr. Gray came a long-distance call from his brokers in New York. Stocks were tumbling; should they sell or cover? But the minutes sped by; eleven o'clock came and, before a second call found him in, the doctor had lost $10.000. Whereupon a friend of his, to whom Dr. Gray had suggested his broker's name, learning of the incident, decided to invest his thousands elsewhere.

Had that person's patronage fallen into their lap just then, the brokerage firm could have survived the bitter weather of the Street. Instead, client after client withdrew—and thirty days later their name was heard no more, save on the lips of reminiscing old-timers.

By afternoon Brown had cooled under his collar considerably and was half-inclined to call his wife and thus pave the way to a peaceful supper. But he put this idea aside in favour of a reconciliation at the door, and in twenty-four hours the whole affair had been forgotten.

However, some time later over his favourite beverage (now unfailingly brewed each morning), he read the few words announcing the failure of the famous New York firm.

He set his coffee down heavily, "There goes our little old three hundred, Mary."

He sat for a time silent. "Well," he said, trying to smile, "that's that." And presently from the door as he departed, he called back, "Must have taken something pretty big to smash a firm as solid as they were."

The Summer

[Translation from the German]

By EDITH J. THOMSON

The Summer, the Summer,
Of all seasons the queen;
Woodland flowers beckon us
O'er meadows of green,
Filling our hearts with happiness.

The Summer, the Summer,
Its joyfulness gratifies,
As we chase and then run
After gaily hued butterflies;
And gleefully laugh in our fun.

The Summer, the Summer,
With treasures bestowing;
We seek the wild berries
Under tall beeches growing;
Their sweet succulence tarries.

The Summer, the Summer,
Spreading a merry radiance,
As flower garlands we interlace
And laugh, play and dance,
In the eve's cool, fading rays.

Three Foreigners

By HELEN FRY

FOR two days they followed us, beautiful, impressive, but almost sinister in their persistence. On the flat prairie these three mountains seemed to huddle together like lonesome foreigners; but even this attitude held aloofness and pride.

The highest peak was in the centre and seemed to shelter the two lesser ones in the purple cloak of mist which the distance created.

Their great outlines were rugged, but the distance and light hid their sharp edges and a clear yet soft contour resulted.

The dusty road wound over the plain and, as though curious of these foreigners, edged closer.

These approaches showed that the lower parts of the mountains were wooded, the woods showing like green, velvet patches in contrast to the sharp, red, clay crevices.

Still the air of aloofness prevailed and, as one drew nearer, it was more pronounced because of a veil of mist which shrouded the summits.

Then the road, as though satisfied, continued its way over the plain and the mountains slowly became the remote strangers which the first glimpse had revealed.

Fort of the Broken Heart

By MARGARET DAVIDSON

Accompanied by Tonti, a brave Italian officer, the party reached Fort Crèvecoeur on the Illinois River; but La Salle had to go back and face his creditors. In his absence the party was attacked by Iroquois and was forced to retreat to Fort Michilimackinac.

THAT is all a text-book says about that lonely little fort, which was situated eighty miles north of the point where the waters of the Illinois first meet and mingle with those of the mighty Mississippi. This incident in the life of the great explorer occurred in 1669. Half a century before, a weary band of travellers, coming upon this spot, found that they must there build themselves a dwelling and fortify themselves against the cold and the Indians.

Paul Fournelle and his parents lived in Fort Frontenac, that historic place, where Kingston now stands. For years the days and nights in the New Land had been filled with horror for the early settler. But Frontenac, the great Onontio, had pacified the Indians to some extent and the colony was, as a result, more prosperous than it had ever been before.

The older people might be contented with this change. It was well for them now to settle down to a peaceful life, after their years of labour. Paul was never satisfied with the life in the little colony. Traders who came to the Fort always found an eager listener in the young Frenchman; Indians related tales that fired his imagination. The call of a rover's life same to Paul Fournelle and he responded. One clear night in the fall of 1617, he left his home and his friends and joined himself to a band of Indians, whom he had befriended.

Paul found a comrade in a young brave, and together they roamed the forest, the one learning and the other teaching the meaning of the various signs of the woods and of the animals who lived there. Jibwa proved to be his most loyal friend, and Paul clung to him more than ever when he found himself rejected by his own race. For he had not counted the cost of his careless act. When he and Jibwa returned with the rest of the Indians in the spring to Fort Frontenac, he was treated as an outcast by the family—even the townspeople shunned him. From the Indians he learned that his family had disowned him.

He became bitter, and abandoned the life of civilized man. The iron had entered his soul. He became a veritable savage. The wild war-dances and wholesale slaughters, which inevitably followed, presented nothing new to him, now. The animal which they say is in every human reared its ugly head in the life of Paul Fournelle.

In the summer of 1618, the tragedy occurred which added still more weight to the unfortunate young man's burden. He fell before the charm of a young French maiden, Adrienne Revasseur. Her family was proud and Paul had not now the right to his name. When Adrienne's people learned, as they finally did, that their daughter was communicating with an outcast, they were scandalized. Love, however, recognized no barriers, and to Adrienne was presented the alternative: she must either give up all intercourse with Paul, or go with him and be forgotten by her own people.

So Mademoiselle Revasseur, her eyes sad with unshed tears—those eyes that Paul loved so dearly—chose to follow him into the unkind forest and to live with him in the little house he had built for her. For a few months they were gloriously happy; but in the extreme cold of the northern winter Adrienne became ill. Although she never complained of suffering she grew frailer and more fragile before her husband's agonized eyes; for he was helpless to fight back the approach of death. After lingering for several weeks she passed quietly out of his life.

In his great grief, Paul was sunk in the deepest despair. He found his way back to his old home in Fort Frontenac. He did not now care what they said or thought so long as there might be a chance for the black sheep. He learned that his father was dead and that his mother had returned to her home in France.

And so it was that, with despair, anger, and sorrow, in his heart, Paul, with his old Indian friend and other "roamers of the woods," set out into the Unknown. They journeyed southward and westward, seeking nothing, finding nothing. Once they were attacked by a wandering band of hostile Indians and in the skirmish Paul was wounded. On this account the little party had to travel more slowly, until at last, when they came to the banks of the Illinois River, they set up their fortification, because their leader could go no farther. Out of the pain and sorrow in his heart Paul named their rude dwelling "Fort Crèvecoeur." There a year later he went out to meet his wife Adrienne.

Paul Fournelle's party abandoned the place in the spring; and so when La Salle and his followers came upon the fort it was almost in ruins. On a nearby rock they read the name, in rude lettering: "THE FORT OF THE BROKEN HEART."

The Story of Our School

By C. HUME WILKINS

OVER three quarters of a century ago, in the year 1852, a school for the teaching of certain subjects not taught in public schools was founded in Galt. Mr. Michael Howe, M.A., a graduate of Dublin University, was the first principal of the school, which held its classes in an old two-story building on Market Street. Mr. Howe was an excellent classical scholar, but his period of office lasted only twelve months.

The Board of Trustees was extremely fortunate in procuring Mr. William Tassie, who had been teaching school in Hamilton, as the new principal. During Mr. Tassie's regime, the school grew to be one of the greatest in the country, and scholars flocked to it from all over the continent to obtain the education which it offered.

In a short time, the number of pupils had so increased, that it was found necessary to erect a new building. Accordingly, a one-story structure was built on the present school site, which had been generously provided by the Dickson family. This building had to be enlarged in 1859, owing to increased attendance, and later a second story was added. The building then served for many years to house all the pupils, but it was again enlarged in 1870-71, two wings being added at that time.

Many of the boys who attended the Tassie Grammar School came from distant places, and they lived in authorized boarding-houses through the town. Dr. Tassie boarded forty of these boys in his own home on Wellington Street. Mrs. Tassie was a motherly woman, who looked after her quota of boys with great care. When they were ill, she dosed them with old-fashioned remedies, and cared for them in every way possible.

The sports of the boys were varied. They played cricket, football, and baseball on a playing-field on a site south of the C.P.R. Station, and east of North Water Street. In summer they had bathing, and boating on the river behind the school, and skating, sledding and snowballing in the winter.

Dr. Tassie held sway in the school for a period of twenty-eight years. However, his manner of teaching and disciplining was not in accordance with the new methods which had been introduced, and he and his staff resigned in 1881.

Mr. John E. Bryant, principal of Pickering College, became the next principal of the school. He believed in modern methods, and soon closed up the girls' school down-town, and had both boys and girls taught under the roof of the Collegiate Institute Commercial and Art Departments were established, and a Literary and Musical Society organized. Special attention was paid to sports, and soon the school had a splendid football team.

In 1884 Mr. Bryant was given some important work to do by the Minister of Education. Before its completion, he was afflicted with deafness, which necessitated his giving up the duties of principal.

The next principal appointed was Mr. Thomas Carscadden, who had been English Master on Mr. Bryant's staff. He held the office of principal for thirty years. During his period of office, several important changes were made. The school adopted a system of hot-water heating, having discarded the old coal-stoves formerly used. The interior of the school was partially changed. The boys' hat-room was made into a classroom, and two unfinished rooms on the second floor were furnished for classrooms. However, on account of the crowded conditions, and the need of a physics laboratory and a museum, it was decided to build a large addition to the school. Accordingly, the eastern wing of the school was torn down and a new building, three stories in height, was erected. On the First of July, 1905, the cornerstone of the new building was laid by Mr. David Spiers, Chairman of the Board.

The year 1902 saw a great Tassie Reunion in Galt, when the Tassie Old Boys gathered to honour their former teacher.

In 1907, Agricultural, Manual Training, and Household Science Departments were established in the school. In 1899, Col. A. J. Oliver organized the first Cadet Corps, which has continued and grown since that time. In 1911, a permanent School Secretary was appointed, to look after certain things in connection with examinations, records of names and attendance of pupils, and other things of like nature. Miss K. F. Jaffray was the first to fill this position.

In 1914, Mr. Carscadden resigned his office, and Mr. A. P. Gundry became principal. Mr. Carscadden continued as English Master until 1925, when he received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Toronto.

Just at the beginning of Mr. Gundry's career as Principal, came the Great War, and other things had to stand aside. Three hundred and forty-eight of the school's pupils and ex-pupils went to the assistance of their country. Forty-eight of them gave their lives in freedom's cause. In 1921, a tablet was erected in the school to the memory of those who had served in the War.

On August 7th, 1923, the cornerstone of a great new building was laid. The upper story of the old building had been turned into classrooms, but the new school was needed. When it was finished, there stood one of the finest high schools in Ontario. It contained a great auditorium, fittingly named Tassie Hall, two gymnasiums, and a large Vocational Department, besides the Collegiate Institute proper. It was the "School" as we know it.

In 1925, there passed away old Mr. MacGeorge, who had been caretaker of the school for over forty years, having lived on the grounds. "Mac" was a great favourite about the Collegiate, and he formed almost a part of the institution.

In the same year came the death of Mr. Gundry. He had been ill for a short time, and during his illness, Mr. R. S. Hamilton acted as principal. Mr. Gundry had done much for the school and had piloted it through one of the greatest periods of its history.

The new principal was Mr. T. H. Wholton, who had been a member of the teaching staff of the school. He took up his duties in December of 1925.

The next year, a system of rotation of classes was introduced, whereby the classes moved from room to room, instead of moving the teachers as formerly. Miss Norma McVittie took up the duties of School Secretary, and lately Miss Dorothy Biehl has taken her place.

We have a great school, with a splendid record. Let us, the pupils of to-day, endeavour to keep up this record, and to help our school to attain even greater and more excellent achievements than in the past.

Wanderlust

By WREATHA LAING

Take me out to the timbered hills,
Far from the haunts of human ills,
Out where the starry splendour fills
    A haggard soul with hope.
Out where the fields are fresh and green,
Out where the feet of few have been,
Let me bask in a sylvan scene
    Far from the city's smoke.

Take me out where the mountains sleep,
Wrapt in the gold that the great gods keep
Far from the filth that misers reap,
    Far from their sordid trade;
Out where the golden eagle flies,
Deep in the wealth of the morning skies,
Out where the great blue heron cries,
    Far from the city's parade.

MUSIC *and* DRAMA

The Magic Ruby

THE presentation of the operetta "The Magic Ruby" by the Glee Club and Orchestra of the G.C.I., under the direction of Mr. J. L. Nicol, A.C.C.O., proved to be a great success in every way. Both nights saw capacity houses on hand and when the show was over they were loud in their praise of the whole cast and especially of those who so ably took the more important parts.

The plot of the operetta centres around the Magic Ruby, the property of the Rajah of Rajahpore, which insures the strength of the Rajah's kingdom. This ruby is stolen by the bad spirit, Raj the Rakshaka, who has under his command the Imps of Darkness, who dance for the enjoyment of their master. Meanwhile Harry Lisle, a clerk in the Government Offices, has fallen in love with Nelly O'Neal, the adopted daughter of Major-General Bangs, V.C., and Nelly in return loves him, but her father will not consent to their marriage because Lisle is poor.

When the Rajah discovers that his ruby is gone he offers great wealth to the one who brings it back to him, and with the thought of Nelly in his mind, young Harry Lisle goes forth to find the ruby. He gains the friendship of Electra, the Goddess of Light, and with her help he wins over the Imps of Darkness and finally gets the ruby itself. In a colorful scene he restores the ruby to the Rajah and then turns to Nelly, while the Major compliments him and drops all his old objections against him. In the midst of the proceedings a great commotion is heard and presently Pat McGee and Ah Sin enter together, with the wicked Raj the Rakshaka a captive between them.

Leona Rieman, who played the part of Nelly O'Neal, has a very good voice, and both looked and acted her part well. Her lover, Harry Lisle, was well played by Jack Sanderson, who also has a splendid voice. James Waring, who took the part of Major-General Bangs, V.C., proved that he really would make a good major, while his array of medals almost made him lean to one side with their weight. Harold Wildfong made a thoroughly dignified rajah, although we hardly knew him beneath all the make-up.

The humor in the operetta was supplied by the constant bickering between Clifford Burnet, who played the part of Pat McGee, a homesick Irishman lost for love of his homeland and a certain sweet colleen of whom he sang, and John Ewart, who made a very good Chinaman as Ah Sin, the Rajah's servant. These two gentlemen acted up so that we were afraid they really were after each other's throats. Raj the Rakshaka, a bad spirit of darkness, and Electra, the Goddess of Light, were portrayed by Cecil Walker and Alice Iredale respectively and both these people proved beyond doubt that they have talent. The dances of the Imps of Darkness and the Spirits of Light were very pretty and lent an air of lightness to the operetta. The choruses were splendid and far be it from us to pass any remarks on them. Really we had no idea that we had such musical talent in the school.

The Orchestra, which provided the music and accompanied the singing, proved that they are getting stronger and better every day.

Much of the success of the operetta is due to the untiring efforts of our Principal, Mr. Wholton, who gave freely of his time and experience to insure that the operetta would be a thing of which the school could be proud. Miss Duggan, who looked after the dances, and the Misses Sabine and Knapp, who supervised the making of the costumes, are also to be praised for their work. Mr. J. L. Nichol, who conducted the musical part of the operetta, is indeed to be congratulated on the results he obtained.

The Glee Club is now starting to work on a more difficult theme, which they intend to present sometime next year, and if they can repeat the success of the Magic Ruby the position of music and dramatics in the school will be strongly established.

We wondered if Mr. Donaldson noted the rugby sock which was part of Ewart's costume and if he got after Ewart for not returning it.

* * *

We almost jumped for fear when we saw the awesome face of Walker as the bold, bad spirit. However it all seemed to come off all right and Walker seems to be his old self.

* * *

President A. D. Iredale, First Cornet player of the orchestra, owes much to the operetta. As a result of the practice he received while working the Magic Ruby, he can now play his instrument very well with only one hand.

* * *

We never realized that Burnet was so sprightly and light on his feet until we saw him clod-hopping around with four or five ladies. With all due respect to "Bunker," though, we must say that he makes much less noise when he's standing still.

—C. A. L.

The Orchestra

"Lighter Move the Minutes Edged with Music."

PROGRESS made this year by the Galt Collegiate Orchestra was apparent in its first public appearance under the direction of Mr. Nichol, A.C.C.O., on the evenings of November 28th and 29th, at the play presented by the Staff Players Club. One of the numbers rendered was Schubert's "Marche Militaire" to commemorate the centenary of the "Master Melodist's" death. The several numbers given were heartily received. Since then the Orchestra has played an important part in all the meetings of the Literary Society and at the annual Commencement Exercises.

Last fall our school was highly honored by a joint recital of two celebrated artists, Leslie Hodgson, internationally famous pianist, and John Deacon, tenor, given in Tassie Hall. Mr. Hodgson's choice of music was widely and brilliantly interpreted in a display of masterful technique and pleasing style. Mr. Deacon has a magnificent tenor voice and gave a sympathetic interpretation of widely diversified types of songs. Together these artists provided a rare treat for the music lovers of both school and city.

For the first time in the history of the Collegiate, music forms a part of the curriculum, and a Glee Club, whose members number over sixty, combined with the orchestra in the presentation of the operetta reviewed above.

—K. E.

The Staff Players Club

ON the evenings of November 28th and 29th, the comedy drama "Lightnin'" consisting of a prologue and three acts was presented by the Staff Players Club. The action in "Lightnin'" centres about the whimsicalities and drolleries of Bill Jones (Carter McKee), a Civil War veteran nicknamed "Lightnin'" because he never moved very fast. He has a harmless propensity for telling tall yarns. A swift succession of tense scenes, interspersed with flashes of humor, made a combination which had the audience on their toes from the first to the last. The different parts were well distributed and very ably acted.

Hart House Touring Players

TASSIE Hall was filled on the night of March 15th when The Hart House Touring Players, under the direction of Mr. Carroll Aikins, presented "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The local appearance of that talented company of actors was secured by the Staff Players Club in the conviction that students could not fail to be more nearly touched by the beauty of this comedy when enacted before their eyes.

Newspaper reviewers, here and elsewhere, have praised not only the finished work of the actors but also the enterprise of Mr. Aikins in conducting an experiment unique in the history of the Hart House Theatre. Be it ours to blazon the fame of our envied schoolmates, Betty Woolner and Mary Wright, who graced the train of Queen Titania.

Ours was one of the few schools, outside of Toronto, to enjoy this presentation, and it is to be hoped that next year will see these players here again.

Beethoven

By WREATHA LAING

WHEN Beethoven was born, Mozart was fourteen years of age, Goethe twenty-one—and Napoleon had just been placed in a crib in the island of Corsica.

And now, more than a century after the death of this remarkable musician and composer, Ludwig says that "posterity dares to approach this man only with bowed head." Says this same writer: "He was a fighter, a stormer, a wonder-worker who forged his dreams and disappointments into tones, wrought them into precious substance which he raised above the waters up to heaven."

At the age of six Beethoven was recognized as a musical prodigy. He played the piano and violin and gave public exhibitions of his remarkable skill at this age. But at the age of thirty he could no longer hear the music and beauty of tone with which his own compositions filled the air.

He was a lonely, almost deserted figure all his life. He had but few friends, and these seemed always to be trying to take advantage of him in some way or other.

Beethoven's was a search for love and the tender touches of human beauty—but he searched in vain. Yet we dare say it might have been ordained this way, since the ages have been enriched by his immortal compositions that have sweetened and blessed an entire world. Whose heart does not melt into the floating tones of a heaven of love and beauty when that great "Kreutzer Sonata" is played? Especially, if rendered by some Kreisler, let us say?

This remarkable genius remained poor the greater part of his life, even when at the height of fame. And the older he grew, the lonelier he became. For hours and days he sought the silence of the country—there, alone, he poured out his soul under the blue sky and soothed his seething spirits among those of Nature—the only understanding forces which he knew belonged to him.

Like a homeless orphan, Beethoven travelled hither and thither. He really never had a home that he might call home. He longed and longed for the loving touch of human hands—and, in despair, he extended his own hands to the stars and breathed his undying symphonies to the very source of love.

Alone did this greatest of musicians die, in a hard bed in a little, out-of-the-way house, while outside a great spring storm raged!

ATHLETICS

Boys' Sports

ALTHOUGH the present school term is as yet far from completed, it might be safe to predict that this year will be the most successful in the history of boys' sports in the school. The senior rugby team has already captured the Hamilton Cup and the basketball team went farther than any G.C.I. team has ever gone, when they forced a tie with Kitchener, thus necessitating play-off games. The gym. team is doing splendid work and everything points to this year's Physical Education Exhibition being better than ever. The prospects for a good track and field team are particularly bright and we will look forward to the team doing something of which the school can be proud when the W.O.S.S.A. meet comes around.

* * *

SENIOR INTERSCHOLASTIC RUGBY

After an absence of three years the coveted Hamilton Cup has been brought back "home." This year the team, under the able coaching of Hugh Scott, a former G.C.I. rugby star, finished their league schedule without a loss. Their closest game was in Kitchener, when this worthy team tied the wearers of the red, orange and blue, 11-11. The school's revenge came, however, in the return game, when they beat the K.-W. boys 18-0.

No serious casualties weakened the team until, in the last scheduled game, in Brantford, Hodgins had his nose broken in a scrimmage. With the loss of their fleet half, the team almost lost heart and the half-time score was 5-3 for Brantford. This was the first time in the season that our team had been on the short end of the score. However, the boys came back and won the game, 15-5.

In the W.O.S.S.A. finals, the school was drawn against the noted Sarnia squad, with the first game in Sarnia on Thanksgiving Day. The Sarnia team proved better at ploughing through mud than our boys, and though Galt secured the first touchdown, a good kicker and a strong wind was too much and the game went to Sarnia, 28-5.

Those who made the trip will recall with pleasure (or otherwise) the dinner on the train, the stop-over in Paris (Ontario), the card game (was it rummy?), and the many souvenirs secured in Sarnia and other places along the way. In the home game, weakened by the absence of many regulars due to injuries, the G.C.I. lost 18-2. In these two games, "Farina" Newlands, of the juniors, helped very ably to fill the gaps. It might also be mentioned that the Sarnia team went on and won the Canadian championship.

Mr. Elton managed the team, and the boys certainly appreciate the help which he gave them.

The Team:

Snap—"Ash" Lorriman.

Insides—"Grandpa" Lake; "Johnny" Thompson.

Middles—"Pigskin" Richmond; "Freddie" Stahlschmidt.

Outsides—"Doc" Charlton; "Ossie" Schultz.

Quarter—"Dunc" McIntosh (Captain).

Halves—"Big Brute" Hodgins; "Wallace Beery" Scott; "Pat" Garibaldi.

Flying Wing—"Fagan" Mills.

Subs.—"Flip" Philip; "Joe College" Herbert; "Bunker" Burnet; "Harvard" Brown; "Hugh" Walker; "Gib" Snelgrove; "Ken" Shantz; "John" Ewart.

Games Played and Their Scores

Riverdale C. I. (Toronto) vs. G.C.I. at Galt; G.C.I. 26, Riverdale 0.

Guelph C. I. vs. G.C.I., at Guelph; G.C.I. 44, Guelph C. I. 0.

Brantford C. I. vs. G.C.I., at Galt; G.C. I. 42, Brantford C. I. 0.

K.-W. C. I. vs. G.C.I., at Kitchener; G.C. I. 11, K.-W. C. I. 11.

Guelph C. I. vs. G.C.I., at Galt; G.C.I. 54, Guelph C. I. 0.

K.-W. C. I. vs. G.C.I., at Galt; G.C.I. 18, K.-W. C. I. 0.

Brantford C. I. vs. G.C.I., at Brantford; G.C.I. 15, Brantford C. I. 5.

Sarnia C. I. vs. G.C.I., at Sarnia; Sarnia C. I. 28, G.C.I. 5.

Sarnia C. I. vs. G.C.I., at Galt; Sarnia C. I. 18, G.C.I. 2.

JUNIOR INTERSCHOLASTIC RUGBY

THE Juniors presented the strongest team that has represented the school for a number of years. They were in the race to the last game, when Brantford, a much heavier team, beat them when they were tied for first place. A great deal of credit for this success goes to Mr. MacLennan, of Ancient History fame, who was the Juniors' coach. He sacrificed much of his time in order to produce a winning team. The large turnout at the initial practices was a pleasing feature of the season.

The Juniors lined up as follows:

Snap—H. Dando.
Insides—W. Oliver; G. Hugo.
Middles—C. Klager; F. McDonald.
Outsides—C. Campbell; M. Slater.
Quarter—J. Dawson.
Halves—A. Newlands; G. Roelofson; L. Snelgrove.
Flying Wing—H. Midgley.
Subs.—S. Carothers; W. Cartwright; K. Ekins; R. Hodgins; S. Sternall; D. Elliott; J. Robertson; S. Lorriman.

* * *

INTERFORM RUGBY

These juvenile teams provided some very good games and the material developed will prove a valuable asset to the school teams of future years. This was evidenced by the splendid showing of this year's Junior Interscholastic team which drew many of its players from the interform squads of last year.

Five teams composed the Junior section and three the Senior section. The final standings were as follows:

100 pound or Junior League

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pts.
Wolverines	7	1	0	14
Panthers	4	3	1	9
Tigers	4	3	1	9
Beavers	3	5	0	6
Bulldogs	1	7	0	2

Wolverines' line-up: Baird (Capt.); Tutton; Ferguson; Broomfield; Sullivan; Tait; Coedy; Cooper; Cassidy; Foreman; Rowe; Head; McDermid; Timco; Margoles.

120 pounds or Senior League

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pts.
Athletics	4	0	0	8
Leftovers	2	2	0	4
Tecos	0	4	0	0

Athletics' line-up: Saunders (Capt.); Bond; Allen; Hughes; Hipel; Ernst; Campbell; Bullock; Law; Robertson; Sternall; Manning.

INTERSCHOLASTIC BASKETBALL

THE Boys' Basketball team has done better than any G.C.I. team has ever done. In the City League the wearers of the red outfits earned a place in the play-offs, but did not compete owing to the proximity of the School League. In the Interscholastic League, the team won their first two games at home against Kitchener and Guelph. This is the first time that a G.C.I. boys' team has outpointed a Kitchener five in many years. The school lost to Kitchener in the north town and defeated Guelph at home. K.-W. C. I. and Galt were then tied for first place in the league.

It was decided to play home-and-home games to decide the championship. The first game was played in Galt on Tuesday, February 19th. A very exciting game ended with K.-W. on the long end of a 24-20 score. In the return game a week later the Kitchener boys were extended to the limit to defeat our boys, 24-22. Mr. Tancock was coach of the team and a great deal of credit for the school's showing goes to him.

The team was composed of the following:

Forwards—McIntosh, Burnett.
Centre—Scott.
Guards—Richmond, Lake.
Subs.—Thompson. Hodgins, Walker, Dando, McDonald, Stahlschmidt.

* * *

INTERFORM BASKETBALL

The interform basketball league this year was the most successful ever carried out. It had more teams than ever competing. 1d won the First Form Division, 2b the Second Form, and 5a Grads the Senior Division. In the play-offs for the championship of the school, the 5a Grads beat 1d.

The Grads team was composed of: H. Schultz (Capt.), C. Hodgins, C. Burnet, J. Fairgrieve, B. Warren, P. Philip, K. Knauff, H. Walker.

* * *

GYM. TEAM

The Gym. Team has been practicing diligently for the Physical Education Exhibition which will take place early in the Spring. The squad is the finest that has ever worn the school colors on the gym. Jerome Dietrich has been chosen captain for this year. Mr. Donaldson is the coach of this team.

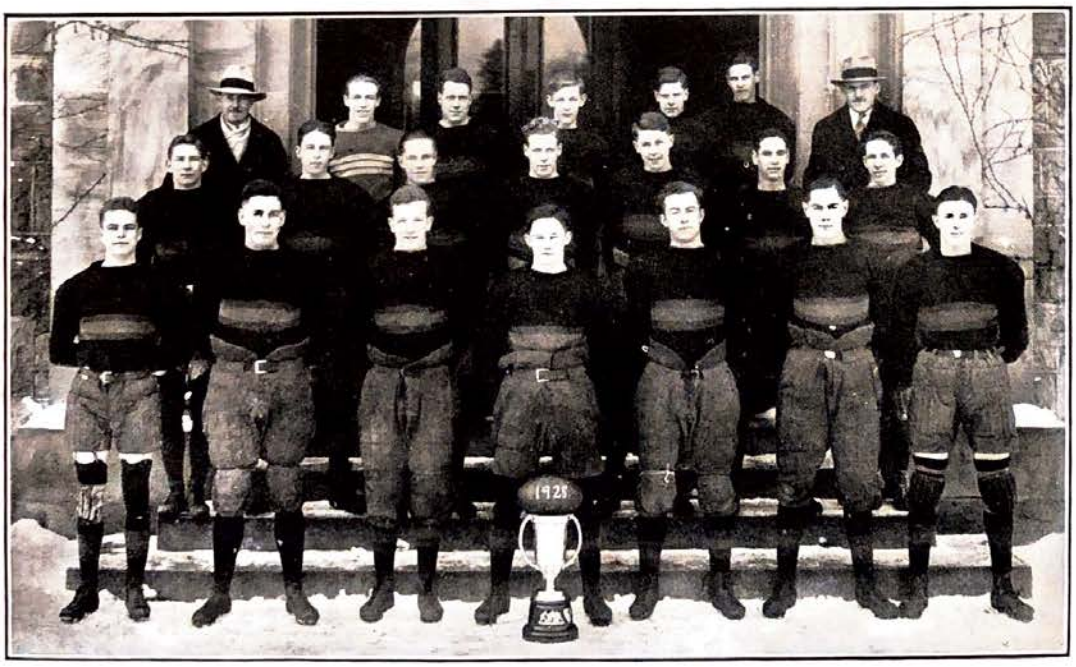
GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM — GROUP CHAMPIONS

Winners of Ross Cup

Back—Elsie Keffer, Ruth Nahrgang, Verna Day.

Centre—Miss A. Pedlow, B.A. (Manager), Arclista Bechtel, Alberta Keffer, Myrtle Parr, Miss L. Snider, B.A. (Coach).

Front—Virginia Watson, Mayme Rowe, Hester McKay (Captain), Goldie Gibb.



SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM — GROUP CHAMPIONS

Winners of Hamilton Cup

Back—V. T. Elton, B.S.A. (Manager), James Scott, Frank Mills, John Ewart, Harold Walker, Prior Philip, Mr. Hugh Scott (Coach).

Centre—Claude Hodgins, Albert Brown, Clifford Burnet, Ash Lorriman, Kenneth Shantz, Patrick Garibaldi, Gibson Snelgrove.

Front—George Charlton, William Richmond, William Lake, Duncan McIntosh (Captain), John Thompson, Fred Stahlschmidt, Harold Schultz.

GIRLS' BASEBALL TEAM — GROUP CHAMPIONS
Winners of Wholton Cup

Back—Marion Tait, Robena Turner.

Centre—Janet Wood, Jessie Hinrichs, Margaret McLeod, Isabell McLeod, Myrtle Parr, Miss L. C. Duggan, B.A. (Coach).

Front—Verna Day, Goldie Gibb, Mayme Rowe (Captain), Anna Spalding, Marjorie McKenna.

GYMNASIUM TEAM

Standing—W. D. E. Donaldson, B.S.A. (Coach), Reginald McCaffrey, Ash Lorriman, Harris Sheldon (obiit), Harold Dando, Frank MacDonald, Howard Lang.

Kneeling—Wilfred Tutton, Douglas Kemp, Jack Dawson, Jerome Dietrich (Capt.), Griffin Saunders, Harold Midgley, Stanley Sternall.

Seated—Ralph Sternall, Aubrey McCurdy, William Cockman, James Peters, R. Lawrence, Clark Ferguson, Allan Tremaine.

The team is composed of the following boys:

Senior Team: J. Dietrich (Capt.), W. Cockman, H. Dando, J. Dawson, C. Ferguson, D. Kemp, H. Lang, R. Lawrence, A. Lorriman, F. MacDonald, R. McCaffrey, H. Midgley, G. Saunders, S. Sternall, W. Tutton.

Junior Team : S. Sternall, A. Newlands, J. Peters, A. Tremaine, A. McCurdy.

* * *

TRACK AND FIELD

For the first time the G.C.I. sent a Track and Field team to the W.O.S.S.A. meet, which is held annually in the University of Western Ontario Oval, last year. The meet was held on Saturday, May 19th.

As this was the school's first attempt along these lines, no notable victories were scored by the Galt athletes, but the experience they received will count for much and the school can expect that the 1929 Track and Field team will bring additional honors to the school's proud sporting record with every confidence that their expectations will be fulfilled.

It might be mentioned here that Lawrence Snelgrove, of the Junior team, placed third in the pole vault at London.

Mr. Donaldson was coach and manager of the team and did a lot of hard work in connection with his duties.

The following composed the teams:

The Junior Team: C. Flatt; R. Hughes; R. McCaffrey; G. Saunders; L. Snelgrove.

The Intermediate Team : C. Burnet; J. Fairgrieve; H. Legg; A. Lorriman; D. McCormick; L. Mercer; P. Philip; L. Sahagian.

Girls' Sports

GIRLS' Softball this season got under way much earlier than in former years which no doubt partly accounts for the success of the team. With Miss Duggan as coach, Goldie Gibb as manager, and a group of willing aspirants, a team was soon chosen. After battling through the interscholastic schedule, and making a fifth game necessary, this team won the softball championship and brought back to the school the Wholton Cup.

The first game at Kitchener was the one and only defeat. The Galt girls were ahead until the sixth innings, when, exhibiting every kind of ball but the right, they literally gave the game to Kitchener with a final score of 12-9.

The second game was at home with Guelph. The heavy hitting of the home team made this an easy victory for the Galt Collegiate, the final score being 25-4.

The third game was at home with Kitchener. It was a very exciting game for both players and spectators as after an innings' overtime the game ended in a tie.

The second game with Guelph was almost as easy as the first, the score being 24-11. Guelph, however, defeated Kitchener, making another game between the two leading teams necessary before a winner could be declared. This was played on the Galt Collegiate campus. This proved such an exciting game that at the end even some of the players, as well as spectators, had to ask, "Who won?"

SOFTBALL CHATTER

They call it a softball but some times it's not so soft.

* * *

Marion Tait, the catcher, had the misfortune to get her nose broken when a ball hit her during practice and she was forced to change positions with the first baseman.

* * *

Miss Duggan, the coach, was also put on the injured list as she had a finger broken in practice.

* * *

Mayme Rowe, the captain, suffered a broken thumb in the Ontario League schedule which put her on the coaching line until the last game.

* * *

Goldie Gibb led the batters with 19 hits; Myrtle Parr was second with 15; Marg. McKenna and Isabel MacLeod tied with 14 hits each.

* * *

Much of the credit for our success goes to Jessie Hinrichs, our left-handed twirler, who not only pitches peppy ball but also swings a wicked bat.

* * *

Anna Spalding's catch of a hot drive to short-stop, to make the third out in the seventh puts her among the famous. Although no one could have blamed her if she had missed it nevertheless it might have spelled defeat for the Galt team.

Cliff. Flatt made an able assistant coach. He made many sarcastic remarks to the players, but we're sure he had good intentions.

* * *

BASKETBALL

THE Basketball season also started earlier than usual. We went through the league quite successfully, winning three out of the four games scheduled—thus bringing Mr. Ross's Cup to the school again. At the initial meeting, Miss Snider was again chosen to coach the team and Miss Pedlow to manage it. Hester McKay was elected president and Mayme Rowe, secretary. Later the squad chose Hester McKay to perform the duties of captain for this year's team.

The first game was at home with Kitchener. The girls secured a good start by winning this game 22-18.

The second game was also at home, with Guelph, and the Galt girls came out on the top of a score of 20-12.

The third game at Kitchener proved the most exciting and only after a hard struggle did the Galt Collegiate girls manage to win.

The last game at Guelph was the one and only defeat, but nobody was downhearted as the championship was already won.

The girls were very disappointed at not being allowed to go any farther. Guelph, the runners-up, had to uphold the honour of the district and play Owen Sound. They were successful and thus qualified to be one of the teams in the W.O.S.S.A. tournament to be held in London.

Team

Forwards—M. Parr, G. Gibb, H. McKay, E. Keffer, A. Keffer, M. McKinnon; Guards—V. Day, V. Watson, R. Nahrgang, A. Bechtel, H. Connell, M. Rowe.

The "Lit" in Retrospect

By NEIL BAIRD

OUR Literary and Musical Society was organized a few years ago to promote discussion, original writings, music, and kindred forms of development. During the earlier years it was found necessary to charge a membership fee. Later, however, as the enrolment was disappointing, the fee was abolished, and every student required to attend the meetings.

The Society encourages ambitious writers by sponsoring the publication of the school paper, and the editorial staff of the SPECULA is appointed by the Literary Society Executive. Service on the paper also affords an excellent opportunity for gaining practical business experience in a small way, as it is expected to be a self-sustaining proposition.

This year, the Executive decided that the Society should aim at wider participation by the student body in the presentation of programmes. For some reason, the average student shrinks from mounting the stage and no little difficulty has been experienced by former executives in planning programmes. So we decided to hold the several forms in turn responsible for one meeting. The Executive was seconded in the matter by the Form Captains, to whom the details were entrusted.

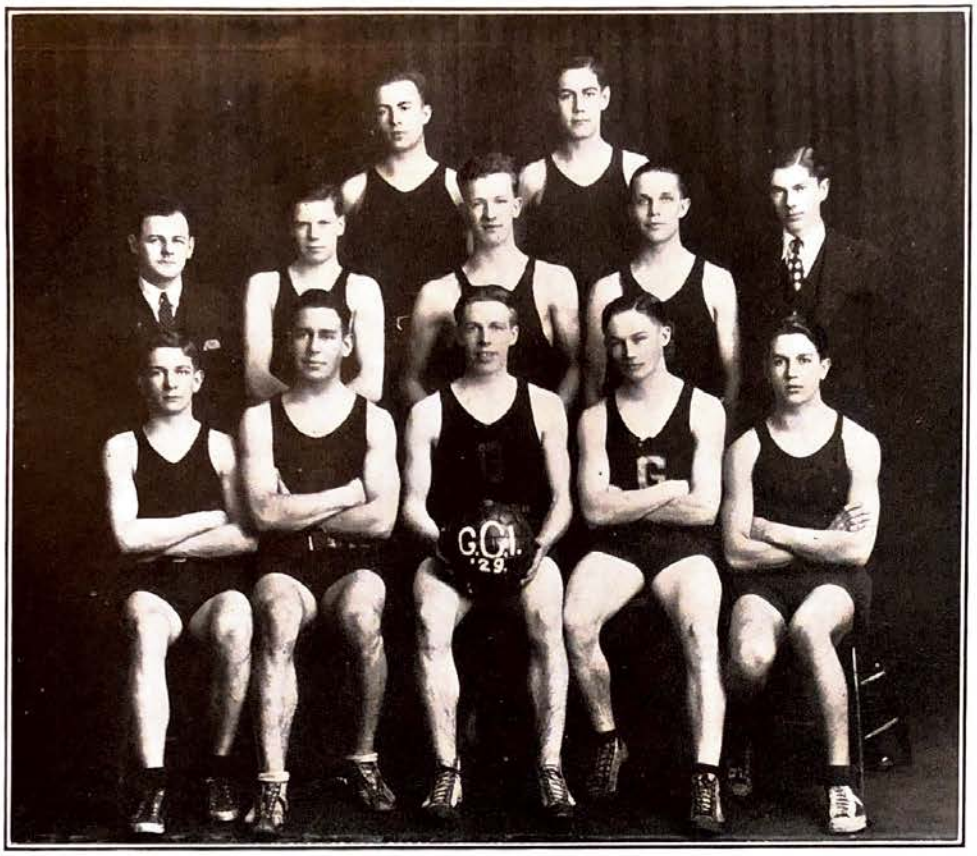
The Executive regrets that time has not permitted all of the forms to take their turn, but hopes that they will be given an opportunity next year. We feel that in carrying out this plan more students took an active part than would have otherwise, and that, in consequence, more students derived direct benefit from the meetings.

As in former years, the Society handled the sale of Christmas greeting cards. An innovation was the offering, for a small additional charge, of cards bearing the purchaser's name.

Two meetings of the Society were given over to oratorical contests. The first was conducted to select a representative from the school to attend the district competition in the Canadian and International Oratory Contest, a lot which fell to Hume Wilkins. The second contest, for prizes offered by the Daughters of the Empire, was won by Mary Sheldon and Neil Baird. This last took the form of an open meeting.

For a second year, Miss Carter kindly offered prizes for the recitation of English poetry. Regret was expressed that, while there was a girls' contest, sufficient interest was not taken in this competition by the boys to permit of a contest.

The Society has endeavoured this year to strike out upon new lines. How far your executive has succeeded in its aims I am not prepared to say. It is for the members of the Society themselves to judge.



INTERSCHOLASTIC BASKETBALL TEAM

Back—John Thompson, Fred Stahlschmidt.

Centre—H. V. Tancock, M.A. (Coach), Harold Walker, William Lake, Clifford Burnet, James Davison (Manager).

Front—Claude Hodgins, William Richmond, James Scott (Captain), Duncan McIntosh, Frank MacDonald.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

Standing—Wendel Cartwright, George Roelofson, Harold Dando, Ray Hodgins, Lorne Snelgrove, Charles Klager, Kenneth Ekins, F. A. MacLennan, B.A. (Coach).

Kneeling—Murray Slater, William Oliver, Frank MacDonald, Jack Dawson (Captain), Stanley Sternall, Charles Campbell, Arthur Newlands, Harold Midgley.

EXECUTIVE, LITERARY AND MUSICAL SOCIETY

Back—Neil Baird, President; Claude Hodgins, 2nd Vice-President; Janet Wood, Secretary.

Front—Gertrude Ward, Councillor; Marion Tait, Secretary of General Committee; Audrey Grills, Treasurer.

Thumb-Nail Biographies

RUTH A. ALISON. Ruth arrived in Galt in 1912, and was so startled by the sight of the collegiate that she gained a year's growth. She'll probably become an architect and design skyscrapers.

HELEN L. ANDERSON. Nell first lit up Galt in 1910, and she's been rivalling old Sol ever since. Her ambition (we're told) is to be superintendent of an orphans' home.

MARGARET C. BARRIE. Margaret's a native of Galt, having graced the city by her appearance in 1912. She excels when it comes to "tripping the light fantastic." She wants a nice, cool job, so thinks she'll be a draftsman.

KATHLEEN M. BECKETT. Kathleen came to life in Galt in 1911, but city customs were too wild for her, and she went to Killean. She is an inveterate snap-shot collector, but has chosen to be a school-teacher.

MAY M. BLACK. 'Twas a dark day for Galt when May went to Welland in 1912, but when she came here, the city brightened up considerably. We wonder what she wants to be.

MARJORIE M. BULLOCK. Marjorie landed in Galt just in time to start to school in September, 1913. She proved to be a very bright scholar and came to the collegiate. Her ambition is to be a private secretary.

ELLEN M. CRAIG. Ellen cooed her first "coo coo" in Hespeler in 1912. She got over that, though, and intends to take up the stern profession of teaching, reading, and 'riting, and 'rithmetic.

M. ELIZABETH EASTON. Betty made an Ayry entrance into this world in 1912. She has a passion for Trigonometry, and intends to be a schoolma'am, and instruct the innocents.

HELEN J. FRY. Helen first saw the light of day in Edmonton. On account of her longing for travel and adventure, the family moved to Galt. After graduating Helen wants to go to Queen's and get the third degree.

M. JENNETTA GILLESPIE. Jennetta jumped into Ayr on the wings of the wind in 1912. She came to Galt C. I. where she works hard. Unfortunately she has no definite ambition.

GWENDOLINE M. GROVE. Gwen. was tossed down to this cold old world in 1912. She wasn't satisfied with Galt, and moved to Toronto. However, she realized her mistake and came back. She's going to Business College to learn the business.

MARY HAMILL. Mary missed Hamilton, but luckily landed in Galt. She liked Galtonians so well that she's here yet. She wants to be a nurse and make sick folk well.

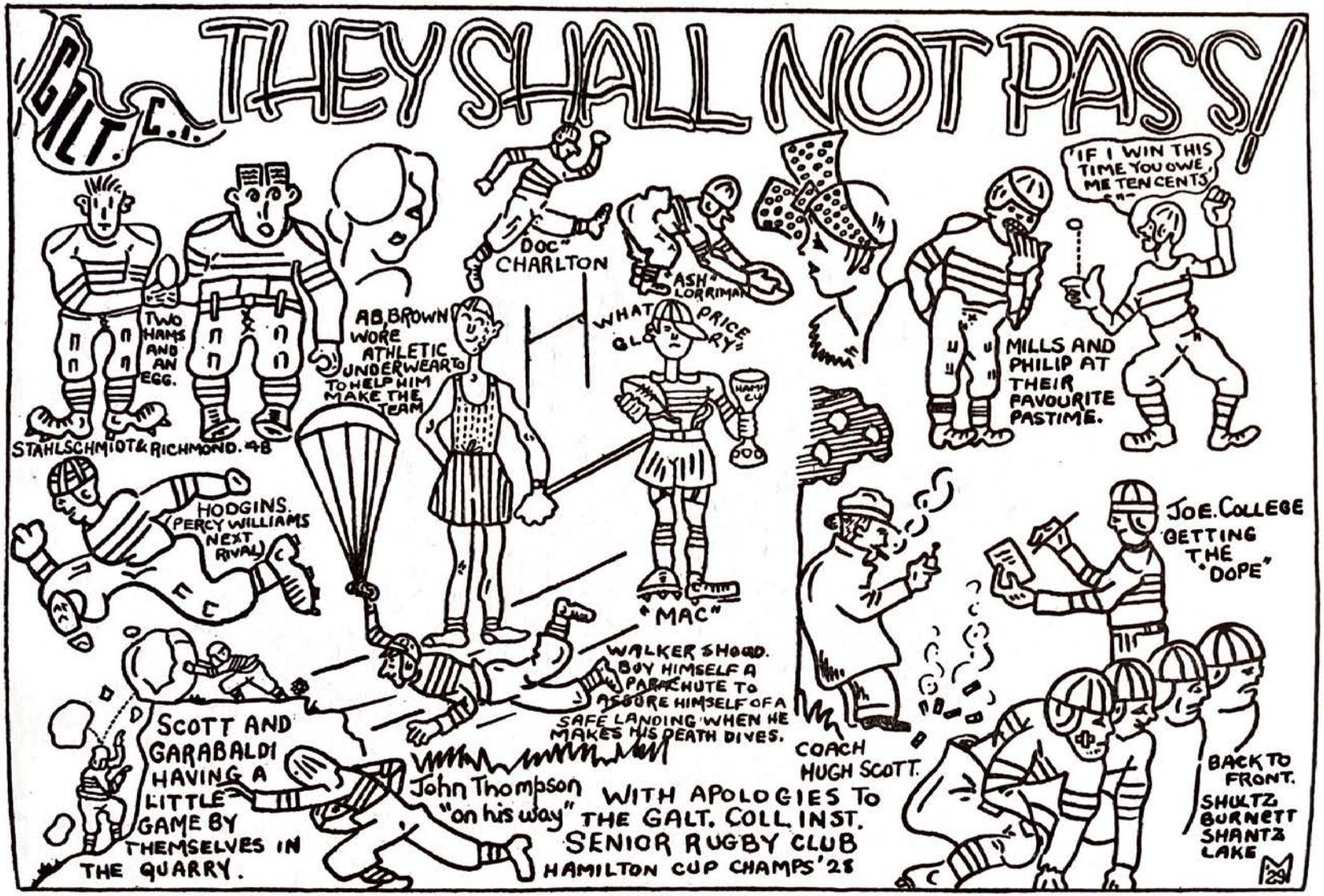
MARGARET L. HEAD. Margaret surprised all the fish in Lake Superior when she entered Fort William in 1911. She has a great Head and, consequently, likes school. She hopes to be a school marm.

SHIRLEY M. JOHNSTON. Shirley detoured to Hamilton in 1912, but soon realized her mistake, and hastened to Galt. We don't know what we'd do without her. She intends to be a nurse.

LORNA G. MacDONALD. Lorna conferred her smiling countenance upon Galt in 1910. She loves to go to basketball games, and like that of Shirley, her ambition is to be a nurse.

AGNES McGILL. Agnes added a touch of distinction to Galt when she dropped in in 1910. She has red (pardon us), auburn hair, and wishes to become somebody's private secretary.

FRANCES G. McQUEEN. Frances has been living in Kirkwall, wherever that is, ever since she disembarked there in 1913. She has poetic tendencies, but wants to be a school teacher.


G.C.I.
THEY SHALL NOT PASS!
TWO HAMS AND AN EGG.
STAHLSCHMIOT & RICHMOND. 48
DOC CHARLTON
ASH LORRIMAN
AB. BROWN WORE ATHLETIC UNDERWEAR TO TO HELP HIM MAKE THE TEAM
WHAT PRICE GLORY
"IF I WIN THIS TIME YOU OWE ME TEN CENTS."
MILLS AND PHILIP AT THEIR FAVOURITE PASTIME.
HODGINS. PERCY WILLIAMS NEXT RIVAL
"MAC"
WALKER SHOULD BUY HIMSELF A PARACHUTE TO ASSURE HIMSELF OF A SAFE LANDING WHEN HE MAKES HIS DEATH DIVES.
JOE. COLLEGE GETTING THE "DOPE"
COACH HUGH SCOTT.
SCOTT AND GARABALDI HAVING A LITTLE GAME BY THEMSELVES IN THE QUARRY.
John Thompson "on his way"
WITH APOLOGIES TO THE GALT. COLL. INST. SENIOR RUGBY CLUB HAMILTON CUP CHAMPS '28
BACK TO FRONT. SHULTZ BURNETT SHANTZ LAKE
M '29

ETHEL H. MILLER. Ethel was crowned Queen of Queensville in 1911, but she tired of Court life, abdicated the throne, and came to Galt. Galt didn't suit her, and she left for the farm at Glenmorris.

MARGUERITE RAPPOLT. Marguerite signed her birth certificate at the Galt City Hall in 1912 (or was Galt a city then?) She's very tender-hearted, and consequently wants to be a nurse.

O. MARIE ROUNG. Marie leaped into Lynden in 1911, but it was too soft for her there, and she moved to Rockton. She wants to be a stenog. in an iceman's office.

ESTHER SHELDON. Esther entered the Sheldon home in 1911, and was warmly welcomed by all concerned. Of course she came to the G.C.I. She wants to be an osteopath.

RUTH E. SICKLE. Brantford was no longer ruthless in 1911, for Ruth had arrived. Growing weary of the bright lights of the city she emigrated to St. George. She hopes to cram something into the hollow heads of the coming generation.

MARION TAIT. Marion made her appearance in Saskatoon in 1912. She tried that city, then Guelph, then Galt, and finally decided that there was no place like Preston. She's the president of the grads. and would like to become a private secretary.

HOPE V. G. THOMPSON. This enterprising young belle arrived in Belleville in 1911, and the next thing we knew here she was in Galt. She hopes to be a high school teacher.

A. EVELYN TROTT. "What's this?" said Evelyn, when she lit in Winnipeg in 1910, and she's been asking questions ever since. Eventually she Trotted to Galt. She wants to be a doctor.

GERTRUDE M. WARD. Gertrude intruded upon the sylvan life of Prestonians in 1913. She is a bear for languages, and hopes to teach them when she gets big.

VIRGINIA M. WATSON. This athletic young lady was born in Newport News, Virginia, in 1910. However, when she read about the American Revolution, she grew disgusted, and came to Galt. She's going to teach P. T.

HILDA L. WEBER. "She's little, but oh my!" Hilda was born in Renfrew in 1913. She moved to London (Ontario), and finally to Galt, where she seems to have decided to stay. She wants to teach school.

MARY E. WRIGHT. Mary was born in Havelock, in 1912. She moved to Waterloo, but happily, she later came to the Wright place—Galt. She (apparently) has no ambition, so you may draw your own conclusion.

STANLEY CAROTHERS' name appeared in Preston's Blue Book in 1912. Stanley got quite up in the air when he heard about Lindbergh and from all appearances intends to be an aviator.

JAMES DAVISON took his first interest in life sometime in the year 1910, at Paisley. His education is apparently quite extensive since he informs us that he has attended schools in Paisley, Clinton and Simcoe. He hopes to become a trade commissioner.

KENNETH EKINS entered Newmarket's (Social) 400, in 1911, but opportunity knocked and he moved to Hespeler. Ken. aims to be on the basketball team which snows K.-W. C. I. under next year.

DONALD ELMSLIE disturbed the peaceful town of Clifford by his voluptuous howling in 1912. After receiving his elementary education in that metropolis he took advantage of the C.P.R. and moved to Galt to attend the G.C.I., from which he hopes to graduate like his sister and become an author of bedtime stories.

ERNEST HANDORF est né à Kitchener, 1911. For some unknown reason he desired a change and so, (mirabile dictu) moved to Hespeler and from there followed the mob to the G.C.I. Ernie's ambition is to annex Preston, a neighbouring village.

JOHN HENDERSON, another Hespeleriite, first raised his childish voice to the stars in 1912. John is the wanderer personified, since he has attended institutions of learning at Hespeler, San Antonio, Preston and Galt. He has also been across the ocean to Bonnie Scotland. Like most men who have the wanderlust his future is uncertain.

ARTHUR HERBERT, alias Joe College, put another feather in Preston's hat in 1910. Following up his journalistic career, Bill intends to secure a permanent position on the Reporter staff.

EDGAR HUDSON, '29's valedictorian, first saw light at Beamsville in 1912. Perhaps this explains his interest in girls' basketball. At present he lives in Hespeler, but he assures us of a change in the near future. His ambition is to become a great newspaper editor and publish 62 pages of color comics.

JAMES LAW'S first interest in worldly affairs began in Galt in 1912. Here he remained like a good citizen to watch the town grow. Jimmie intends to become an alderman because he is schoolbored.

ASH LORRIMAN'S permanent wave was first noticed at Toronto in 1911. Sympathizers cultivated it and now he has a real curl. Ash's love for a knife is so sharp that he may become a doctor.

REGINALD McCAFFREY began his first big wow in Stratford, 1911. Reg. hasn't any ambition at present. He thinks it is too heavy a burden for a boy of his stature.

DUNCAN McINTOSH was caught at Edinburgh, Scotland, sometime in 1910. To save the country's good name he was immediately shipped to Canada and dumped off at Galt. He hopes to graduate and become a mining engineer.

LINDSAY MERCER, a Galtonian since 1910, believes in the old saying, "Singleness is Blessedness." Therefore our boy Lindsay is going to leave the girls alone (the old line) and become a Bachelor of Pharmacy.

HAROLD MIDGLEY, our popular artist first attracted the fairer sex in 1911. Yes, the cover is his. If you don't like it, tell him. He won't care.

FRANK MILLS was a true supporter of England, Home and Beauty until he heard of Canada, and especially Galt. Now he signs his mail from this city and aims to become one of the Main Street Magnets.

WILLIAM RICHMOND started the art of acting dumb at Utah, U.S.A., in 1910. Bill is the gridiron Captain for '29.

LLOYD RIFE, commonly called Nig, was another of the many who chose to swell the populace of Hespeler rather than Preston. Nig is waiting for Mr. Challen to resign and then he will teach Trig. to dumb fifth forms.

JAMES SCOTT'S big grin first captured Galtonians in 1911. Scotty is quite a man around the school as he has captained both gridiron and basketball squads. His chief ambition is to patent a new way to waste time—These plumbers!

ROYAL SNEATH began the battle of life at Galt in 1912. Moving to Listowel, he received his elementary education, but returned to graduate from the Galt Collegiate. Sneath was last year's W. O.S.S.A. champion for the mile run.

FREDERICK STAHLSCHMIDT first began to put on weight at Preston, in 1911. He seems to have no ambitions, so you can draw your own conclusions.

HOWARD TREMAINE was born in the beautiful city of Galt in 1911. Besides being able to speak French quite fluently, Howard can also hold parley in Caesar's language. Therefore it wouldn't surprise us a bit if he took up (the) languages.

CECIL WALKER was born at Bowmanville, 1910. He was content to let the mistake ride until at the age of seven he moved to Preston (Mon Dieu). Is interested in musical matters and to this end intends to become an organist.

NORMAN WILDMAN was first let loose at Hespeler in 1911. He came to Galt where he was tamed and now he even hopes to graduate.

HUME WILKINS, our Champeen Orator, was the cause of the great festival at Hespeler in 1912. His ambitions are many. Besides being old man eloquent, he aspires to the premiership of Canada.

BENSON WINGHAM chose Hanover at which to make his first appearance in 1912. Gifted with more than the usual amount of grey matter, he immediately moved to Galt, attended Victoria school, and upon graduating from there entered the G.C.I. He aims to give people a thrill by painlessly removing teeth.

OVER THE TEACUPS

NO school year would be complete without a certain amount of social life. So far this year there have been only two social functions outside of the various form parties. There have been weiner-roasts and skating parties and other gay events for every form. According to the form news, some very jolly times have been spent.

The first social event held this year was the Rugby Dance. This dance is for ex-pupils and friends as well as for the present pupils. This outstanding social function took place on the twentieth of December, in the gymnasium of the school. It was sponsored by the School Rugby Club and the Board of Education. Mr. Wholton, Miss Carter, Mrs. McIntosh, and School Captain Dunc. McIntosh received the guests at the entrance to the gymnasium.

Dancing commenced at 8.15 o'clock under a veritable forest of paper streamers of red, orange and blue. From the edges of the balcony to the centre ran the streamers, and pennants in the school colors edged the balcony. A comfortable sitting out place for the patronesses was arranged in one corner of the gym. The orchestra's platform was arranged beneath the long window and was artistically decked with ferns. In the midst of all this foliage stood the Hamilton Cup, of which our rugby boys are so proud.

Lunch was served in the cafeteria instead of in the gymnasium as has been the custom in former years. After a short intermission the dance continued, bringing the feature of the evening, the Rugby Club Frolic. Serpentine, balloons, and paper hats were released from a net high above the dancers, and soon the gym. was gay with many new colors. A number of tag dances also added to the enjoyment.

Early in March, the School Social Evening, which had been deferred from the fall term, attracted not a few parents as well as scholars and teachers to the school. Dancing and round games were enjoyed, while crokinole addicts laid down crafty shots behind the posts. Mr. Challen's opponents accuse him of "sweeping" his shots up to the "pit."

Hi-Y Happenings

TWO years ago, the Hi-Y Club fell into rather a dormant state. The meetings were poorly attended, and there was no enthusiasm over the organization. However, last year there was a great awakening, and, with renewed support from the boys, the Club rose Phoenix-like from its ashes.

This year, we organized early in the season, and have been going strong ever since. The interest manifested by the boys has been very satisfactory, and the meetings have been quite well attended. A very agreeable practice was adopted this year—that of having two or three girls assist with the serving at the luncheons.

We have had several gentlemen speaking on various subjects at our bi-monthly luncheons. Mr. Wholton gave us a talk on school athletics, Mr. MacLennan on newspaper work, and Mr. Hamilton on roughing it in the bush. Mr. J. Poland, of the Classic Shoe Company, spoke to us on the making of shoes, and showed us samples of leather. Mr. J. G. Lorriman gave a very interesting talk on picking a vocation.

A very interesting event in connection with the Club this year was the special Christmas meeting. It was held the Wednesday before Christmas. About thirty boys, and several young ladies sat down to a feast of chicken and Christmas pudding, with all the usual "fixings." When we had satisfied our inner cravings, Mr. Hamilton told us something of his adventures in the Quebec woods.

The Hi-Y Club is primarily a school organization. Therefore it should be patronized by all the boys of the school, especially those in the lower forms, so that it will be able to carry on in the years to come. Our motto is "The More, the Merrier."

—C.H.W.

WITH THE CADETS

By JAMES WARING

NO other organization in the school, with the exception of the Rugby Club, has made as much progress in the last year as the Cadet Corps. Everything is on the upward trend, and many thanks are due Mr. Donaldson for his untiring efforts in bringing the Corps to the present and ever increasing efficiency.

Improvements have been made in every branch. The Stretcher-bearers have reached third place in this district. This is especially commendable in view of the fact that this course is the hardest in the corps, and for this reason the boys deserve much credit.

The Signallers, under Capt. McIntosh and Mr. Appleyard, have made favourable progress, and at the time of this article going to press, results have not been posted. It is known, however, that more certificates will be received by the Signallers than ever before.

Our band, though lacking in quantity in comparison with last year, lacks nothing in quality and credit is due to Mr. Elton for the standard reached this year.

This year's shooting records show a vast improvement over last year, and this goes to prove the old saying, "Practice makes perfect."

This year for the first time the corps entered the shoot for the R.M.C. shield and attained ninth place in the Dominion.

At the King George Cup shoot in London, we were third in Military District No. 1, and tenth in the Dominion. In this shoot twelve dollars and fifty cents in cash prizes were won by our boys. Howard Lang was second highest individual in M. D. No. 1 and received the W.C.R.A. medal and four dollars and fifty cents in cash. This meet is becoming more and more popular every year and each year our school obtains a higher standing.

In the Laura Secord shoot we were third. The prize for the highest in each team, a ten-pound box of chocolates, was won this year by R. Martin.

The D.C.R.A. is now pending but to date we have received 26 bronze medals, 12 silver medals, and 9 gold, which indicates excellent shooting.

To date the Corps has had its annual parade to the Fall Fair, annual Church Parade, and the annual Armistice Day Service, and in a very short time we will have the annual Inspection, Banquet, and Dance. Last year one point was awarded for each cadet and this factor alone kept us from winning the shield. However, our Corps did win the shield given for Physical Training.

Inspection day is drawing near and we feel confident that the Corps will do its best and bring the Efficiency Shield to Galt.

PAGE KARL MARX

T'other day Mr. Doig astonished the very innocent Economics class by telling them that capital—plain, ordinary, business capital—is obtained from the Sahara Desert. It grows on capital trees and expeditions are sent out to get it. And these expeditions are the "capital expeditions" we hear so much about.

You'd be surprised at what you don't know. We always thought "capital" had something to do with "Capitol Entertainment!"

And, speaking of ties, we shall be very pleased to advise you in the matter of colour, material, and any such difficult problem—especially in the case of Christmas ties. Apply to the CS girls.

MIRTH *and* FOLLY

Staff Popularity Contest

EXTRA! Extra! Extra! The Specula Galtonia's popularity contest. Opens now. Male members of the staff only eligible. Teacher may nominate himself. Personal appearance does not count. It is not necessary to be an Apollo Belvedere to win.

Mr. Tancock won it last year. What he can do you can do. Are you popular? Show the students your true position on the campus. Remember only one wins the prize. This betters your chance. Enter now. Take advantage of the opportunity.

Listen to what the following men who have already entered say:

MR. CHALLEN—"I think it is a good thing for the Galt C. I. I am heartily in favour of it. I know I will win: my class thinks so, too. They have already cast their votes for me. They will do so again if they can get away with it."

MR. McKEE—"Mr. Challen stands no chance. I am popular. What's more, I know I am. Anybody knows that. I'm not worrying."

MR. McKAY—"The ignorant are always sure of themselves. What we need is for the educated classes to take a little more interest. Once they wake up it will be a walkaway for me."

MR. DONALDSON—"My students have told me that I am the best liked man on the campus. I agree with them. I will take your votes."

MR. DOIG.—"In the long run supply equals demand. I feel as though I need a few more votes. To avoid a panic—"

MR. MacLENNAN—"I'm not afraid of the men. I need the girls' vote."

MR. HAMILTON—"The first form will vote for me. So will the second, third, fourth, and fifth—but I don't know about the staff."

DOLCE FAR NIENTE

MR. CHALLEN (seeing Snelgrove talking to Betty)—"What are you doing, Snelgrove?"

SNELGROVE—"Nothing. I am just listening to you."

* * *

DID YOU KNOW THAT

In "Lightnin'" Miss Sabine said, "Thanks for the Buggy Ride," to Mr. Hamilton?

The only reason Herbert wasn't in the "Magic Ruby" was because they didn't need a devil?

Miss Rehder didn't need to be prompted once while playing in "Lightnin'."

This fall, when Bill Richmond shot a deer, he said, "There's another deer fallen for me?"

Miss McLachlan's secret ambition is to read a dime novel?

ASKING FOR IT

MR. DOIG—"Walker, will you give me your opinion of this?"

WALKER—"It's absolutely worthless."

MR. DOIG—"Yes. Everybody knows your opinion is worthless but I want it just the same."

* * *

DEPARTMENTAL DITTY

We hear that they are going to produce a new moving picture called "Exams." We suppose the theme song will be, "That's My Weakness Now."

* * *

DON CHIASTIC

Iredale says maybe he can't square a circle but he can circle a square.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

Dunc is our school captain. He plays rugby because he looks nice in a uniform, and basketball so that he can get into the game free. In cadets he satisfies his childish glee by waving flags in the air. He looks nice in a Tuxedo but never wears it to school. Loves to dance with all the girls but never sends them Valentines. He likes apple pie, work and Latin but can't get the angle of Trigonometry. If he promises to meet you at eight he will meet you at ten but hates people who are late and never cares for people who tell jokes. Delights in smashing panes of glass and hopes some day to get in a pie-throwing contest. Since rugby season is over he gets more sleep and is now putting on weight.

* * *

A REAL ANTIQUE

JIM WARING—"Say, George, what are you going to be?"

GEORGE CHARLTON—"A doctor, Jim. What are you going to be?"

JIM WARING—"An undertaker."

NOTE:—Suspect as is the vintage of most of the witticisms accorded the hospitality of these pages, in the case of the jest reprinted above we are upon sure ground. It goes back at least to the first century of the Christian era, and, in its present form, but feebly echoes this couplet of the Roman wit, Martial:

Nuper erat medicus, nunc est vispillo Diaulus:
quod vispillo facit, fecerat et medicus.
—Epigrams 1.47 (published about 85 A.D.)

With some diffidence we hazard the following translation:

But late a quack, our friend is turned mortician—
Peopling the vaults, as once did the physician.

* * *

HOW JOLLY

"Great Scott!" cried Lorna, and Brown added that Shirley she must be right, for Charlton is always Wright and he had said that Kemp had Fallen.

Dot Shantz said she thought it was the Bunk. But Walker while walking through the Parkes had seen him, and Johnnie while carrying out the Ashes had called "Malcolm here and see what I see."

Warren while trying to find out the answer to the question, "Isabelle necessary on a bicycle?" (McCormick is going to McGill to find out) had also seen him.

* * *

POCKET HERCULES

We take great pleasure in announcing Jerome Dietrich's appointment to the captaincy of the Gym team. Henceforth our Julius (the world's strongest little man) will be known as "Captain Julius."

A Lesson in Shakespeare

(In Several Tangled Acts)

ACT I. SEEN I.

Time: October of any year.

Place: Not far from any place.

Enter Bassanio and Brutus, on roller skates.

BASS.—"I tell you she's a queen. Her old man's rich and won't let her marry beneath her."

BRUTUS—"Come apace, good Bassy, I've a scheme. Let's away to Shylock's tepee."

SCENE II—(Shylock's Home)

JESSICA [seated, knitting a scimitar]—"Our house is hell."

SHYLOCK—"Did you say something fell?"

(Enter a servant)

SER.—"Brutus just rang the bell."

(Enter Brutus)

BRUTUS—"Holla, you clown."

SHY.—"Peace, fool, I'm not thy kinsman."

BRUTUS—"No, but see here, old man, I gotta borrow fifty sheckles three pence. Bassanio has a date with Rosalind. Can you do it?"

SHYLOCK—"Well, it's kinda hard to say, but I suppose I can raise it. Come over on the umpteenth."

ACT II. SCENE 1.

(On the road to Hespeler, Rosalind's home)

Enter Brutus, Bassanio, and Caesar, in a chariot drawn by jet white zebras.

CAES.—[In crocheted red armour] "Do have some of this raspberry vinegar, it's nothing but dilute water."

BRUTUS—"Set honor in one hand and raspberry vinegar in the other, and I will look on both differently.

BASS.—"What says this old fool, ha?"

(Enter a soothsayer)

SOOTH.—"Stand ho."

BRUTUS—"Whadayuwant?"

SOOTH.—"Beware St. Patrick's day."

Chariot passes on. All are singing "Sweet Adeline."

SCENE IIIIII.

(Nearer Hespeler)

Enter chariot, all singing.

Enter Albert Brown, from opposite side.

CAES.—"Stay, Illusion. If thou hast any sound or voice, speak to me, what is your name?"

BASS.—"How big are your feet?"

BRUTUS [from bottom of chariot]—"Canst warble, varlet?"

BROWNIE—"My name is Brown, sirs. I have very big feet, sirs. I am a second Caruso, sirs."

BRUTUS—"Proceed, proceed."

BROWNIE—"Friends, Romans, countrymen, Send me your ears. Stop me if you've heard this one. [Sings] And my name is Pat McGee . . ."

BASS.—"Oh! piteous spectacle!"

CAES.—"O ye gods, ye gods, must I endure all this?"

BASS.—"Be gone, thou saucy fellow, run to Rosalind's home, and tell her a poor, handsome suitor is coming."

CAES.—"Shall Caesar send a lie?

Tell them knave, that we'll be there,
Toot sweet with bocoo sheckles."

[Exit Brown]

ACT IVXMC ?, SCENE I

In Rosalind's home. Rosalind, her father, and Hamlet, seated.

Enter Puck [Fairy]. Pours Carbolic Acid on Hamlet's eyes.

PUCK—"Now, Bassanio will be the fairest suitor in her eyes."

[Exit Puck]

Enter Brutus, Caesar, Bassanio.

CAES.—[Hanging his toga up on floor] "Houdy, Rosy! Houdy Hamy! I say, Hamy, we've brought a shiek along. His name is Bassanio."

HAM.—"Does he want to marry Rosalind?"

BASS.—"Yath Thir."

ROSALIND's FATHER [In a rage]—"Well, I won't have that sl . ." [In this trying situation Bassanio is nonchalant. He lights a candle.

HAM.—"Sure, he can have her."

BRUTUS—"Let's go into the other room and leave these two here." [Exit all but Bassanio and Rosalind].

BASS.—"At last! We are alone!"

ROS.—"Bassy, I love thee."

BASS. [One hour later]—"Is oo my itsi bitsi baby?"

ROS.—"Does oo love oor ittle sweety sugar?"

[And so, far, far into the night]

FINIS

MORAL:—Never take anything for granted.

—W.F.S.

* * *

EGGSACTLY!

If an S and an I and an O and a U,
With an X at the end, spell Su;
And an E and an Y and an E spell I,
Pray, what is a speller to do?

Then if also an S and an I and a G
And an H. E. D, spell cide—
There's nothing much left for a speller to do
But go and commit Siouxeyesighed!

WHAT THEY SAY

MISS WEATHERILL—"Straight line there, girls!"

MISS PEDLOW—"I just got started marking your papers when I was interrupted."

MISS POOKE—"Is that clear?"

MISS MUSGROVE—"Surely you know better than that?"

MRS. ROBINSON—"Please close the door, Hazel."

MISS DUGGAN—"Open order, centres passing, outward march!"

MR. DOIG—"We still buy our groceries at the Red and White Stores. They deliver!"

SPECULATIONS

5a PHILOSOPHY

(Elizabeth M. Beattie speaketh it)

Mr. Challen has won an unquestioned place among the martyrs. His daily greeting to this form is an impotent "Get to your proper places, class!"

* * *

OO! LA! LA!

MISS CARTER—"What kind of a square did the Republicans form?"

ANDERSON (with a flash of genius)—"A triangle."

* * *

THE UNHOLY THREE

Dipping into the future, I saw: "Fat" Anderson, balloon boy at the circus; Don. Airdale, a dog fancier; Albert Brown, lecturing on Domestic Science after research work in Limburger pies.

* * *

SALUBRIOUS SAYINGS

MISS DUGGAN—"Snap into it, class!"

MR. DONALDSON—"What you need is a rattle."

MR. MacLENNAN—"You don't know as much as you did last year."

MISS CORRAN—"By reason of the fact that . . . "

* * *

HEAVY GOING

Our form held a skating party in the Galt Arena, the evening of January 19th. The party was well chaperoned by five teachers, and the ice was very good in spots. But, in spite of all these defects, we managed to enjoy ourselves greatly. After the skating we adjourned to the Grange for lunch.

* * *

5b EFFUSIONS

(# Edgar Hudson: His Mark)

Fifth form girls fielded a combined softball team last fall which was defeated in the semi-finals after a three-game series by the Commercial Special girls. Better success attended the 5b girls' basketball team. Yes, we boast great football men, the SPECULA editor, and kindred curiosities. But our basketball team! The boys never had the same team on the floor twice, yet we stand at the top of the list—if you turn it upside down. We are optimists and out to win the championship next year.

* * *

SPONDULIC DIDACTICS

Of 5b boys the poet sings,
So this rhyme'll tell you many things.
JIM WARING warbles long and loud,
Of our deep-voiced singer we're very proud.
Our other Jimmie's beauteous spats
Make us all think him quite "the cat's."

A brilliant lad is McINTOSH
But to him Trig seems naught but bosh.
ASHFORD, a boy with lots of pep,
Maketh the SPECULA editors step.
TED represents our form—5b—
In breezy form news, as you see.

GEORGE is the boy with the curly hair,
For him the girls all have a flair.
BENSON let his mustachios grow.
Why did he not leave them so?
REG is our strong and silent man,
With bear's grease keeps his hair spick and span.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We would say the above line is slightly hypermetric.

CECIL's rich melodious voice
Makes our hearts the more rejoice.
DAVE is a cracker at doing Trig,
For sine A plus B cares not a fig.
Our HUME is surely double-jointed,
Poems and speeches very pointed.

LLOYD plans, according to scandal RIFE,
To study Chemistry all his life.
Were it not for DONALD's smiling face
We all would feel quite out of place.
I dinna ken what to say of oor JOCK,
He's lost his Scotch accent but still likes to talk.

At doing Virgil by the pound
HOWARD's the best that can be found.
Now of our damsels would I chant—

EDITOR: Say, really, this has gone far enough.

4b RECORDINGS

With Miss Weatherill's consent, we are enabled to present here a verbatim stenographic report made by a Commercial Special student of what would appear to have been a class in Latin Authors.

* * *

Mr. MacLennan, after long stare out the back windows, enquires portentously: "What is the theme of the Aeneid, Richmond?"

"The story of a guy whose mother's father's wife had it in for him, and he sailed away and everybody got drowned except himself and all his crew and slaves."

"Well, what did he do after he was drowned?"

"Sailed to a burg in Africa and fell in love and then shook her off and beat it."

"How did he come to this place, Miss Roung?"

"In a fleet and a wet blanket."

"Eh? What kind of a blanket?"

"Of mist, marvellous to relate."

"Well, what dee see from the top of the hill, Miss Tait? . . . Oh, yes, Miss Wright, what's the Latin word for 'hill'?"

"Call us, call us masculine."

"Fine. Well, what dee see, Miss Tait?"

"Some bees and Dido taking her seat on high."

"All right, so much for the theme. Now, the translation . . . Oh, by the way, remember to forget all about Aeneas. He's not a bit important at all. What I want you to get is this. (A long pause.) The Aeneid is the story of the fall and rise of the Romans themselves. Here's what Professor de Witless says: 'The story of Aeneas himself should be taken extremely frivolously and more attention paid to the story of the elevation and downward displacement of the Romans themselves.'

"Now, on page 57 . . . fourth line from top, nineteenth line from bottom, third word from left and second from the right, what is that word in, Miss Sheldon?"

"In Virgil."

"Yes, any fool in 4b might know that. What else is it in, Gregor?"

"In line 631."

"Yes. I guess you guessed that, eh? Well, what's the Latin for Aeneas, Miss Anderson?"

Vacant stare at his left ear from Miss Anderson.

"I think it's more than lack of industry that ails this class," he offers with heavy sarcasm. "Well, let's look on page 58. (He looks, they look.) Miss Thompson, how did Aeneas stand when he first saw his lady love?"

"Uh—on his feet and 'rooted in a gaze'."

"Oh, come Miss Thompson! I'm surprised when you take Greek, too. To make such a rotten—er—bad translation as that."

"To whom is Virgil indebted for this passage, Carothers?"

Carothers (thinking of Literature period—"Bernard Shaw."

"NO! NO! NO!" Strides to window and fiddles furiously with blind string.

"Oh, yes, that reminds me. Who WAS Aeneas, Miss Macdonald?"

"The guy whose grandma had it in for him and—"

"Yes. Who was his grandma, Miss McQueen?"

"Carthage."

"Scott . . . Who wrote Virgil?"

Scott (brightly): "Horace Homer?"

A buzzer buzzes in south-east corner of wall.

"Zat the bell? . . . All right, dismiss . . . Prepare another coupla lines for next day."

He casts another long stare at the side windows this time.

P.S.—"Supply all the commas and question marks I've omitted, Gwennie."

—H.L.A.

* * *

4a GAZETTE

EDITOR'S NOTE: Publication of this paper has been suppressed by order of the Censor who acted upon a complaint lodged by the president of the Hi-Y Club. The editor, Marion Stuart, said in an exclusive interview granted the SPECULA:

"He's a nasty, mean thing and I'll never offer him a second helping of scalloped potatoes again!"

* * *

FORM 3

Our form had planned a weiner roast for October 1 last but the weather man failed us. Miss Molly Sheldon invited us to her home and we all gathered there instead. The weiners proved just as acceptable when eaten indoors as in their proper environment—out of doors—and the evening passed very pleasantly with games and other diversions. Mr. McKee entertained us with some of his delightful stories.

SO DO THE ADUATUCI

Wilbur Eaton, asked to write his version of a sentence in Latin on the blackboard, started to write the English as well. Mr. McKee interrupted this as taking up unnecessary time. Eaton desisted in the midst of a word and his sentence read thus: "The Helvetians hop—"

* * *

SEMPER PARATUS

MISS CORRAN—"Thornton, who appointed the Governor of Upper and Lower Canada?"

THORNTON (asleep at the switch but prompted by Comrade Archer)—"The Governor, m'am."

* * *

THE FORM CYNIC

MR. TANCOCK—"What did Brian, the hermit, prophesy?"

THORNTON—"Anything—for two bits."

* * *

WHEN 2a PLAYED

Did we hear some one say that our program for the Literary Society was the best offering of the series? Why shouldn't it have been, with such talented artists as were found in the Kitchen Orchestra? Monsieur Slater's talent could not have been surpassed and the most melodious chords issued from his deftly manipulated instrument. Miss Trott also showed unique talent in the handling of her washboard. No doubt, our various artists will receive many offers for engagements from the Metropolitan Opera Company. The pierrette dance by Mary Wardlaw was graceful and dainty.

* * *

OVERHEARD IN FORM 2c

MR. CHALLEN—"We'll start with something fresh to-day. Francis, go to the board."

* * *

ATHLETIC 1d

Last fall our form contributed two players to the Junior Rugby Team: George Roelofson, the husky kicking half; and Jim Robertson who, while used chiefly in relief roles last year, should catch a regular place this fall. In basketball, the boys of this form beat 2b in the semi-finals after staging a garrison finish. They were badly swamped, as was to be expected, by Fifth Form in the finals.

SOME YEARS HENCE

JOE SPRING—Iron magnate, paying a tenth of a cent more per pound than Lunenfeld.

MARGARET COOPER—Still trying to catch some bright, young lad.

SANDERSON—Head man of the Metropolitan Opera with

ROELOFSON singing the leading part in his overgrown bass voice.

JIM PETERS—Playing the organ in Preston's largest theatre while

HELEN WILLIAMS keeps everybody amused with her dancing.

GEORGE HIPEL — full-fledged coal-shoveller.

* * *

VOICE OF C2a

(Anna Spalding announcing)

Our form party, held Friday, March 1, at the home of Jessie Leeds, was attended by four of the teachers. Miss Pooke showed us some real acting when she stopped little Johnny Leeds from crying after she had taken his tricycle from him to go for a ride. Miss Musgrove and Miss Snider arrived rather late and they misjudged the time badly for the eats were about gone. But they had some bundles with them and we were soon eating ice cream which set off our very tasty lunch.

* * *

It's getting to be an interesting subject, bookkeeping is. Recently a girl brought a "Five Roses Cook Book" to school and never noticed it wasn't her bookkeeping book until so informed by Miss Musgrove.

POME

Miss Pooke baked a cake.
Its life was at stake
When in the oven she put it.
And I haven't a doubt,
When she took it out,
She thought it was part of the oven.

That cake was as hard as a brick—
Now the lady of the house is sick.

* * *

TIDINGS OF C3

A few of our girls have left us. Dorothy Biehl is down in the office. Olga Bauer is working in Hespeler and Edith Lane is with the Bell Telephone, ringing wrong numbers. We thought we were going to lose Eleanor Schultz but she changed her mind.

Our form, C3, obtained an average percentage of 78.1 at the February examinations, breaking the record of former Commercial years.

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