

The Eagle

(RUPERT'S LAND COLLEGE MAGAZINE)



VOL. 1

JUNE 1929

23 39

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ARCHBISHOP MATHESON

Bishop's Court,
Winnipeg, May, 1929.

I am very much pleased to learn that the School Magazine is to be revived this year and I am taking the opportunity through the medium of the issue to send a message to the pupils and friends of the College. Rupert's Land College has now been in existence for twenty-seven years and during that period it has made a very rich contribution to the calibre of the womanhood of North-West Canada. For some years after it started it was known as Havergal College, but, true to the characteristics of its sex, when it attained the years of discretion it changed its name to that of Rupert's Land College. While it has always been a Church School, originally it was owned by a joint stock company, but later on it was taken over by the corporation of St. John's College and now is owned and controlled by that institution, so that, if possible, it is more than ever a distinctly Church School and for that reason should have a very special claim to the support and patronage of Anglican Church people throughout the West.

A year ago the institution lost through death Miss Eva L. Jones, the most esteemed and very able Principal who had guided its destinies for twenty years. Through her fine personality and wide erudition she had left the impact of her influence upon the character and culture of hundreds of girls and it is well nigh impossible to measure what she did for the girlhood and womanhood of the country during her long guidance of the College. Miss Millard, the new Principal appointed to succeed Miss Jones, has been a member of the staff of the College for several years and is therefore no stranger to the traditions of the place. Having had experience of her efficiency and her qualities of leadership, the authorities felt that they needed not to go outside of our own staff for a worthy successor to the late Principal. Her able management during the past academic year has amply justified the wisdom of the choice. It will be most gratifying to all friends of the College to learn that both in the matter of attendance and in other important respects the session of 1928-29 has been a record one. Arrangements are being made for a thorough renovation of the building and surroundings of the College during the vacation, so that we may look forward with confidence to even better prospects for the future.

S. P. RUPERT'S LAND,
President.



THE LATE MISS E. L. JONES

*To you, who, through our days at school
Have been our teacher, helper, friend;
To you, on whom we did depend
To help us live, by your own rule,
A life as strong, as wise, as full,
Our loving homage we extend;
And pray that when through life we wend
Our untried way—a striving tool
Of the Great Teacher—and may earn
Success, reward or even fame,
That our achievements be yours, too;
And if we should in future learn
The sound of praise, we shall exclaim,
“Give praise to whom the praise is due!”*

AN OLD GIRL.

First published in School Magazine, 1913.

The Eagle

Vol. I.

JUNE 1929.

No. 1.

PRINCIPAL'S LETTER

Rupert's Land College,
May 16th, 1929.

My Dear Girls,—

It is with much pleasure, tinged with sadness, that I address my first letter to you in the pages of our School Magazine. For several years I know many of you have been anxious that the Magazine should be revived, and the fact that it has arisen this year, after a sleep of eight years, is largely due to your enthusiasm shown at Christmas in the splendid sale of School greeting cards and your loyalty generally inside our walls and outside them. We felt that you would do your best to make the Magazine a success, and much co-operation is necessary to do this. Our thanks are due to all those who have so willingly given their time and thought to THE EAGLE. The title has been chosen by the School and it seems to be a most appropriate one in company with our beautiful School motto, "Alta Petens."

When I spoke above of happiness tinged with sadness, I mean that my heart is full of joy and thankfulness when I think of the bright, full year nearly ended, but the joy is clouded with sadness when I remember that last year at this time we were looking forward to Miss Jones' return to the place she loved above all others. She would have been very happy if she could have known how helpful and kind you have been this year. We knew you would be pleased to have a portrait of Miss Jones in the Magazine and we publish it with a sonnet written by an Old Girl. This appeared opposite Miss Jones' photograph in the 1913 number. We are also glad to have as our frontispiece a picture of His Grace, the Archbishop of Rupert's Land. Old Girls as well as present pupils will rejoice to see his familiar features in our pages.

This year is closing after a very full session. Although we were all dismayed in September when we found that we were to lose nearly three weeks of study, our fears have hardly been realized, as with shorter Christmas and Easter holidays and hard work whilst at school, we have almost made up the days lost.

Each day has been so crowded with activity and the time has passed so quickly, that it is difficult to realize that June is almost upon us.

Our many opportunities throughout the year of listening to enthusiastic speakers from our own city and from England

have, I feel, given an added interest to our school life; their messages have helped to awaken our imaginations and enlarge our horizons.

When you once settle down in the Upper School to work according to the lines laid down in an examination syllabus, there is always danger of your losing the idea of what the aim of school life is. You will remember that Sir Charles Grant-Robertson pointed out that examinations should be taken in one's natural stride, as a part of every-day work. This would be the case with the majority of girls if, at the beginning of every school year, each would resolve to devote every hour of study to steady, conscientious endeavour.

Think of what this would mean! More time for exercise, more time for reading, more time for pursuing one's own form of self-expression, and perhaps what is even more important—the formation of habits of industry which would be of incalculable value when school days are long past.

What I long to make you all realize is the joy to be found in real study—the pleasure which one soon finds in work for work's sake—the gradual merging of pleasure and work, so that, in time, work becomes pleasure. All this can be learned if you determine not to allow yourselves to be swept along on the wave of noise and restlessness which seems to be beating over the world to-day. The rush of life, which is so difficult to escape, is affecting our manners, our habits and our customs. Some of you are probably too young to feel the loss of a certain amount of silence and solitude. John Stuart Mill once said: "Solitude, in the sense of being frequently alone, is necessary to the formation of any depth of character." In the past, scientists, philosophers and other great thinkers often retired into solitude and silence to cultivate and nourish their original thoughts. Nowadays our poor brains are so often bombarded by noise and clamour that even our voices and movements seem to be trying to compete with the general sense of confusion.

This rather long ramble is leading to the expression of my real hope—that you will so endeavour to order your hours that some quiet time every day may be given to the reading of real books. Ernest Raymond, one of our visitors, shows so conclusively that it is through Literature that we may enlarge our sympathies, our feelings of reverence and our vision—that we may have life more abundantly.

Here is my little message to you, who still possess the gift of youth: Use the hours and days to foster within yourselves the sense of peace—vision and power will follow.

"There's all the world before you—and all the years."

Your sincere friend,

G. E. MILLARD.

EDITORIAL NOTES

It takes courage to publish a school magazine with the knowledge that no one has dared to contemplate such an action since the last issue proved a financial failure in 1921. Still it's a case of "Nothing venture, nothing win," and we hope that THE EAGLE will have a long and successful career. Knowing that the future of the Magazine depends entirely on its being a financial success, we must ask our readers to content themselves with the present issue. If they support us whole-heartedly and make sure that we sell all the copies of the Magazine this year, we can safely promise that THE EAGLE will be larger and more profusely illustrated in 1930. In connection with this matter an interesting competition is announced in our advertisement columns, so please look for it at once!

We thank all those who have sent in articles and helped to make the Magazine a success and regret that it has been impossible to find room for all the contributions. Our thanks are also due to the people who have shown themselves so willing to support us by advertising in our columns.

Be sure to take THE EAGLE with you when you "seek the heights" during the holiday!

CHRONICLE OF EVENTS

- Oct. 1—Upper and Middle School opened. Late opening due to epidemic of infantile paralysis. Welcome to Miss Pearman and Miss Welch.
- Oct. 2—Junior School and Kindergarten classes began. Welcome to Miss G. Jones and Miss Montgomery.
- Oct. 8—Appointment of Miss Millard as Principal. His Grace, the Archbishop, read prayers. Ladies' Executive Board and members of Advisory Board attended prayers.
- Oct. 12—Initiation of new Boarders. Much fun, followed by tasty refreshments.
- Oct. 19—Miss Pearman and Grade XII entertained mothers. Tea and music much enjoyed.
- Oct. 26—Grade XI Tea, at which mothers were entertained.
- Oct. 31—Hallowe'en Masquerade.
- Nov. 2—Commemoration at St. John's College. Service in Cathedral.
- Nov. 5—"The Mikado" by the D'Oyley Carte Opera Co., Walker Theatre.
- Nov. 9—Reception for Parents in College Hall.
- Nov. 16—"Iolanthe" at the Walker. D'Oyley Carte Opera Co.

- Nov. 19—Zenana Guild Tea and Sale of Work in College Hall.
Dec. 1—R.L.C. Athletic Association Tea Dance. A good sum made for sport funds.
Dec. 14—Boarders' Christmas Frolic, at which "Cubes" entertained Seniors. Basketball game between Seniors and Cubicles.
Dec. 18—Kindergarten entertainment gave much pleasure to parents and friends.
Dec. 19 and 20—"Dickens' Christmas Carol." Good audiences for two performances.
Dec. 21—Great sorrow at departure for Christmas holidays.
Jan. 7—School reopened.
Jan. 19—Skating on School rink starts; fewer walks in consequence.
Jan. 30—Brigadier-General Paterson lectured on Hudson's Bay Route at meeting of Literary and Debating Society.
Feb. 5—Lecture in Hall by Mr. Bransby Williams.
Feb. 8—Boarders' In-week-end Musical Party. Great success.
Feb. 9—Boarders and many Day Girls attended "Oliver Twist"—Bransby Williams Co. at Walker Theatre.
Feb. 11—Opening of Parliament. Grade XI attended as a Form.
Feb. 22—Basketball match between Rupert's Land and St. Matthew's.
Feb. 27—Debate by Literary and Debating Society — "Do Picture-Shows Do More Harm Than Good?"
March 1—Basketball Game, Rupert's Land vs. Sutherland.
March 2—Boarders visit Grain Exchange. Members kindly showed girls around. We much appreciated kindness. Skating Carnival at Amphitheatre Rink. Boarders attend.
March 5—Basketball Game, Boarders vs. Second Team.
March 8—Basketball Match, Elgin Ave. vs. Rupert's Land.
March 12—Dental Lecture by Dr. Thompson, of Toronto. Much care of teeth in consequence.
March 13—Mr. F. Pugh's Lecture and Lantern Slides on Western Canada at meeting of Literary and Debating Society.
March 15—Basketball Match between Trinity Church and Rupert's Land.
March 22—Gymnastic and Dance Display. Large and enthusiastic audiences attend two evenings.
March 24—Confirmation service at Holy Trinity Church. Three Boarders confirmed by His Grace, the Archbishop.
March 29—Easter Holidays.
April 9—School reopened.

- April 10—Boarders go to "Treasure Island" at Walker Theatre.
- April 12—Basketball Match between Rupert's Land and Sparling.
- April 15—Old Girls attend Morning Prayers. Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh spoke to girls, referring to gift of beautiful portraits of Miss Jones and Miss Dalton to School.
- April 17—Lecture at Holy Trinity Church by Rev. T. Coulson—"London From the Top of a Bus."
- April 19—Basketball Match between Rupert's Land and Parkview.
- April 22—Sir Charles Grant Robertson spoke to School.
- April 26—Mr. Ernest Raymond read Prayers. Mr. J. B. Franklin spoke of his school in Australia. Their visit much enjoyed.
- May 12—Senior Boarders entertained to tea by Miss Holditch.
- May 17—Form IX produced plays written by Ruth Taylor and Eleanor Lodge. They entertained Form XI to tea.
- May 18—Luncheon at Picardy's in honour of Rosemary Martin and Clare Cowdry.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN OF THE NORTH

June 21st! What a world of beauty and colour it signifies. It is one of the most important days on the Northern Calendar. Why? Because June 21st is the longest day of the year in the North; the day of the year when Old Sol takes no sleep, but stays out all night, north of the Arctic Circle, giving twenty-four hours of glorious daylight.

Every year on this day, as is the custom, dozens of Northerners and Dawsonites, along with the Cheechacos, who are strangers from other lands, flock to the Domes to see this wonderful sight, which is so symbolical of the golden North, and which has added another touch of fame to its name. For weeks this day is awaited and all hope that it will dawn cloudless, so that nothing shall hide the beauty of the sunrise.

Everything is prepared for a trip to one of the two Domes (high summits). From that height the sunrise can be viewed in perfect form. The first—King Solomon Dome—approximately thirty miles from Dawson, Yukon, can be reached by an automobile trip of two or three hours. Thus, early on this June evening one can hear and see cars of all descriptions, filled with sightseers, young and old, setting off cheerfully and excitedly, hoping to reach their journey's end without any mishaps.

The second is the great Dome rising directly behind Dawson, to the height of approximately three thousand feet. This journey is usually made on foot, but it can be made by car. Two years ago a road was constructed, winding up the hillside, through the trees. It is a journey that requires all the power of the engine and all the attention of the driver, and one finds cause to hold one's breath as the car overcomes some especially steep climb. However, as you ascend higher, you forget your fear while gazing down upon the miniature valley and river below.

The majority, however, climb this Dome on foot. Knapsacks are packed, thermos bottles are filled, and the climbers are off! All along the various footpaths and roads you meet them, in parties, in threes and in twos, all eagerly seeking their destination. Occasionally the steady hum of a car, as it strains itself to gain the top, floats up on the breeze.

Finally, between ten and eleven, the little house for shelter, on the top of the Dome, begins to fill with climbers evading the vicious mosquitoes; while outside, scattered round about campfires, singing, eating and talking, are the braver ones, awaiting the sunrise.

Finally the sinking golden orb, which had stolen down behind the snow-crested mountains, for the fewest of minutes, rises again to the horizon, brighter and more wonderful than ever, shedding its rays across the snow-covered wastes and lighting up the gloomiest corners.

Cries arise from all around, "The sun, the sun!" Bonfires, picnics, all are forgotten. Everyone bursts forth from the house, forgetting the bold mosquitoes in the desire to gaze on the wondrous scene before them.

Slowly Old Sol rises. The first pale lights, showing behind the snow-cragged mountains, shed a soft yellow light over all. As the rays steal higher, the soft yellow deepens into a rosy pink and all is enveloped in a warm glow. Gradually the pink deepens into an orange, tinted with mauves and blues, until at last the glorious sun, shedding a wondrous light afar, reaches a spot high in the heavens, above the glistening peaks.

Everyone marvels as before, breathless at the sight of the perfect colourings that light up the blue sky. Then, as the morning light gradually becomes more pronounced, all turn slowly homewards; the climbers scramble down the hillside; the cars begin their long trek back into town. Tired, sleepy and mosquito-bitten all may be, but above all they have the wonderful feeling of just having witnessed, for one more year, that marvellous Northern spectacle whose glory, spread abroad in other lands, has added fame to the golden land of the North.

G. JONES,
Grade XII.

JOKES

Isobel—"Nancy Milton is Scotch: Do you know why she likes basketball?"

Alice—"No!"

Isobel—"Well, she gets *free* shots."

An Invitation from a Cannibal to a Missionary
"We should like you for dinner next Sunday."

Mrs. Shelford—"What is the plural of child?"
Sweet, but Dumb—"Twins!"

Clarice—"Where did you learn that new piece, Dorothy?"
D. McGavin—"It isn't a new piece, the piano has been tuned!"

Five-year-old Miriam (after vainly trying to soothe the baby to sleep)—"I can't do it, Mummie. He won't keep his eyes buttoned."

Music Teacher—"What does f.f. mean?"
Small Pupil—"Fump, fump!"

Doctor—"How did you get here?"
Patient—"Flu."

Eleanor—"What does a golf ball do when it stops rolling?"
Betty—"I don't know."
Eleanor—"It looks round."

Fond Mamma (to a friend)—"I feel so proud of Dorothy, she is learning French and Algebra in school. Now Dorothy, say 'How-do-you-do' to this lady in Algebra!"

Ruth G.—"Oh dear! I have a bad splinter in my finger!"
Jean—"Well, surely you've been told not to scratch your head!"

"Grade IX is full of willing people! The teacher is willing to work and the rest are willing to let her!"

"Why does 'Dodgy' always keep the school motto?"
"Because her nose is 'seeking the heights'."

Teacher—"John, how do they make peanut butter?"
John—"They feed the cows on peanuts."

(Contributed by B. Potter, Form III.)

Miss Bannister—"What is a vacuum?"
Agnes—"I'm not quite sure; it's in my head but I can't explain it."

Things we can't do

1. Wear a night-cap.
2. Use a can-opener.
3. Pick pussy-willows.
4. Listen to C K Y music.
5. Put on new kid gloves.
6. Cough in a dignified manner at a lecture.

R. THOMPSON AND M. WHITE.

Can't you just see!

1. Mrs. Roper eating Eskimo pies!
2. Miss Pearman with her hair cut!
3. Miss Bannister playing a trombone!
4. Miss Schœnau in plus-fours!
5. Miss Sheldon playing basketball!
6. Miss Short nursing a baby.
7. Miss Jones caning the children!
8. Miss Johnson leading a school yell!
9. Miss Welch teaching Latin.
10. Miss Holditch sleeping with her window shut!

Can't you just hear!

1. Nancy refusing a cream puff!
2. Any form asking for more homework!
3. Isobel singing like a lark!
4. Terry taking a high dive at the Cornish baths!
5. Dorothy refusing a second helping at dinner!
6. Form XI approving of the Family Compact!
7. Form IX hunting for the chalk!
8. Form X going to drill in silence!
9. The Boarders suggesting that breakfast shall be at 6 a.m.

LETTER TO THE EDITRESS

Dear Editress,—

In a College of higher learning such as this, where the supposedly finest and most refined young ladies of the city are to be found, I am astounded to find that there is at least one dishonest person.

A week ago last Monday, while preparing to leave for home, I discovered that from my collection of hairpins there was one missing. Having just finished a gymnastic lesson, I hastened to the Assembly Hall, and there followed a fruitless search. Suddenly it occurred to me that someone must have picked it up. I thought that it would surely have been taken to the

office, but up to the present I have not received the hairpin, nor have I heard anything concerning it. Such a situation is appalling! The person in whose possession it now is must be using that hairpin in her own unruly locks. The gravity of this affair should be impressed upon the pupils of the College. A united effort for the suppression of such occurrences could hardly fail to be successful. I am certain that, after this warning, such a lamentable thing will not happen again.

Yours sincerely,

(MISS) WON HAIRPIN.

(I have handed the above letter to the Principal of the College.—Ed.)

THE PRINCIPAL'S REPLY TO MISS WON HAIRPIN

Dear Miss Hairpin,—

It was with pained surprise that I read your letter complaining of the loss of your valuable pin in the College Hall.

May I point out that you are accusing the young ladies who attend this College of a grievous sin, and one which you cannot prove to have been committed!

Every young lady who attends classes here is most careful to see that every hairpin she uses is carefully marked with her name in full; indeed, this is a rule of the College. Can you be certain that the pin in question was so named?

In any case I can assure you that no one attending this School would dream of wearing another person's property, especially such an expensive article as a wire hairpin.

Probably you used it to lock your motor-car or to button your shoe. I regret that you imagine that you lost it in this building.

Perhaps an advertisement in the daily press would help you.

Yours truly,

ROBERTA SHINGLED,
Principal.

THE TOWER OF LONDON

To-day I am going to describe to you, as fully as I can, the history of the Tower of London.

The Tower of London, that old and historical castle on the Thames River, was one of the most beautiful palaces of its time, a strong and grim fortress, with prisons noted through-

out Europe for their terrible dungeons and torture chambers. The Tower of London as it is to-day, however, is little more than a museum, yet the old magnificence is still retained as far as possible.

The Tower of London consists of many towers, surrounded on all sides by a moat and thick stone walls, on which the ramparts and guns are placed. On the tops of the outer towers are also ramparts and numerous guns.

The magnificent tower which served as palace from the time of William Rufus to Charles the Second, was utterly destroyed in Charles the Second's reign, and on this site was built an Ordnance office destroyed by fire in 1788. The White Tower was also used as a palace. In this tower is St. John's Chapel, a specimen of fine Norman architecture. It has also been the scene of many historical events, and it was at the bottom of the stairs leading into this chapel that the bones of the two princes were found.

The Devlin Tower, The By Ward, The Constable, Brick and Salt Towers were generally used as keeps and prisons, with the Beauchamp as the principal state prison.

To the right of the Beauchamp Tower stands the tower in which the horrible tortures were carried on, and which was given the appropriate name of The Bloody Tower.

One of the most northerly of the towers is the Bell Tower. It is of circular construction, surmounted by a wooden turret, containing the alarm bell of the fortress. The walls are of great thickness and the light is admitted through loopholes. It was in this tower that the martyred Bishop Fisher of Rochester was confined. The Princess Elizabeth was also confined in it by her sister, Queen Mary.

Of one chapel I have already spoken, but the finest and largest is St. Peter's on Tower Green, built after the old English style of architecture.

One of the most enjoyable features about the Tower, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was the gardens and Tower Green. The gardens are now destroyed but a portion of Tower Green still remains.

To-day, in the White Tower, guarded night and day by the Beefeaters, are the crown jewels of England, among which is the solid gold christening cup used at the baptism of every Royal child.

URSULA SKINNER,
Form VII.

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

On Friday, October 31st, the School's annual Hallowe'en Party was held, and was declared to be one of the most successful we have had.

Everyone was surprised when, at a late hour, no one had discovered the Staff amongst the masked guests. Finally, Miss Sheldon, acting as receiving hostess, introduced Mr. and Mrs. Noah (Miss Holditch and Miss Millard), followed by various



animals from the ark. We saw a zebra, a bear, a rabbit (sadly lacking fur in several parts) and a cat, all very amusing and original. They followed closely behind their leaders, walking with graceful movements!

After dancing, a parade was held and costumes were judged by the vote of the girls. Miss Bannister (Old English) was chosen as prizewinner for the Staff; Mary Stevens (Laundry) won the prize for originality; and Viola Lathangue's costume was considered the most attractive one amongst those of the girls.

This parade was followed by refreshments, and we dispersed to our various homes at 11 o'clock, after having spent a most hilarious evening.

R. W.

FORM NOTES

FORM XII

Although the other Forms probably consider us a small Form, we are really far superior to last year's Form XII, as there are six of us instead of one solitary student! We are a much-travelled class, for we have changed our Form room three times and now occupy an honoured position in what was formerly a Staff sitting-room.

On October 19th we gave a tea and entertainment arranged by Miss Pearman, who was anxious to meet our mothers. A few members of Form XI co-operated with us and all agreed that the party was a great success. Our social engagements are not numerous but we have greatly appreciated Form X's invitation to dinner and should like to congratulate the person who suggested that Form XII should unite with Form XI in giving a farewell luncheon to Rosemary Martin and Clare Cowdry.

In March Miss Pearman made arrangements for us to attend the interesting lecture on "Barnaby Rudge," arranged by the Dickens Fellowship. We have enjoyed the unusually large number of addresses given to the School by distinguished visitors passing through the city.

The members of our Form are: Margaret Shepley, from Saskatoon; Gwendolyn Jones, from Dawson City; Ruth Carson, of Norwood, who joined us at the beginning of the school-year; together with Nancy Milton, Winnifred Loader and Barbara Paterson, who have been in the School for a number of years.

B. PATERSON.

FORM XI

Station R.L.C., broadcasting from Form XI!

Before we sign off for this year, owing to the rapid approach of the examinations, we wish to give you a review of our past year's programme which, on account of static, did not begin until October.

The first item was the School Hallowe'en Party, which has been described in detail in the press. This took place at the end of October and was attended by numbers of enthusiasts. A touch of novelty was added to our November programme by dividing the Form into two parts, one of which gave a most successful tea in honour of our greatest critics—"Mothers." We understand that the other half of the Form is still making its programme, which has not yet been announced.

As the weather was favourable for those listening in, it was decided that a play would be enjoyed by many of them. We therefore began to rehearse for a performance of Dickens' "Christmas Carol," under Miss Pearman's direction. Having learnt our parts and mastered the art of making our voices sound well over the microphone, we broadcast our play just before the Christmas holidays and received many letters of appreciation from our numerous supporters.

The next item was a class toboggan party, which was an initiation ceremony for our Form Mistress! After this our radio was silent for a considerable time, although many members of the Form took part in basketball games, which were most exciting. The athletic side of our programme was completed by the announcement of the Gymnastic Display, which involved nearly every member of the Form.

Our programme for the year was concluded by the broadcasting of the Cup games, which took place in the Assembly Hall. This effort has made it necessary for us to close down for repairs, after wishing all our supporters a most enjoyable holiday.

Station R.L.C., broadcasting from Form XI, signing off.

LOWA B. TRAYNOR.

FORM X

Under Miss Bannister's gentle supervision Form X thrives and blossoms forth, retaining sufficient energy, in spite of its numerous activities, to open and shut windows continually, and to fetch and carry chalk. Many new invaders have joined our old pioneers, and the Form now has thirty-one members. Practically everyone takes a great interest in sports. Over half the class takes gym, dancing or swimming lessons, and fifty per cent. of the First basketball team is composed of Form X girls. The latest occupation of the Form consists in carefully growing one's hair again and then having it all cut off when the mighty effort has been made! However, the Form is a bright and cheerful group of long-legged "sweet-sixteens," and one shudders to think of what the School would do without them.

M. BARTLETT.

FORM IX

Form IX classroom, at the end of the main corridor, has been filled to the brim this year. During the first term, with Betty Read and Barbara Gage, we reached the grand total of forty. In fact, Mr. Beech, the janitor, was completely overwhelmed by the numerous requests for extra desks which he was asked to fit in somewhere.

Early in the year we were pleased to find that Nora Whitley and Viola Glennie were in the Second basketball team, while Jean Wells, our French "Wizard," was chosen as a substitute. Our athletic ability was also displayed on our toboggan party, which we held early in the Easter term. We persuaded our Form Mistress, Miss Schœnau, and several other members of the Staff, to join us, and we had a most exciting time, especially when Miss Jones and Dorothy Fisher were elevated by an aviator friend of theirs! Dinner at the "Corner Cupboard" in the Boyd Building brought our programme to a very satisfactory conclusion.

Our Prefects were elected several times, but the results were always the same, so the task of keeping girls silent (??) was allotted to Ruth Glassco, Elizabeth Campbell and Eleanor Lodge. They now march round the School proudly displaying their silver "P's" and dealing out numerous order marks.

When Miss Pearman produced Dickens' "Christmas Carol," Form IX was once more in evidence. Ruth Taylor took the part of Scrooge as a lad, Eleanor Lodge was Scrooge's good-natured nephew, and twelve other members of the Form appeared as merry schoolboys who sang a stirring holiday song. The most interesting event in the annals of our class is connected with Dramatic work. Ruth Taylor has written a play which we expect to produce all by ourselves*—with no help whatsoever from the mistresses! Eleanor Lodge has also written a comic opera modelled on the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan. It is called "Schoolgirls We" and will probably be produced next term.

The Summer term is a busy one and is passing very quickly. On the first day Barbara Gage made the alarming announcement that she was leaving for Arizona, and she did! We regret to say that Jane Nicholls was in an unfortunate automobile accident—one which broke her clavicle, injured her patella, and removed flesh and bone from her right heel. We have sent her flowers and hope to hear of her speedy and complete recovery.

The prospect of examinations overwhelms us, so we will merely add that this year has been a happy, as well as a busy one, for the "Forty Friends."

ELEANOR LODGE.

*See page 39 for an account of Ruth Taylor's play, "The Awakening."

FORM VIII

Under Miss Sheldon's guidance we have been swallowed up in King Pluto's weird and eerie domain, where we are faithfully guarded by Cerberus in the form of Mr. Beech! We are

occasionally allowed to venture into the Upper World, but we are very happy in our Under World, where we are often to be found disporting ourselves in the dusky corridors. We are endeavouring to beautify our abode in an effort to obtain the prize for tidiness kindly offered by Miss Millard. The bright curtains clinging to Miss Sheldon's shelves certainly outshine all Pluto's precious jewels.

The Form has had a very successful year with Sheila Campbell as President, Margaret Ferguson as Vice-President, and Anne Smith as Games Captain. Several exciting basketball games have been played, but Form IX has gently but firmly proved that we need another year's practice before we can reach its standard of play. Our remarkable amount of energy has found an outlet during the "gym," dancing and swimming classes, which have proved most popular under Miss Welch's leadership.

The girl who wins the Attendance prize in June must indeed be a Spartan, for illness has been the cause of much absence during the past year. Since close friends have been forbidden to sit next to one another, loud whispers and frantic gesticulations have been noticed. The thought of the June examinations somewhat suppresses our high spirits but that of the Summer holidays sustains us considerably!

FORM VIII.

FORM VII ALPHABET

- A—is for Anne, who's absent quite often.
- B—is for Beryl, our latest newcomer.
Also Bernice, who skates like a bird.
- C—is for classrooms, of which we've had many.
- D—is for Doris, who says her hair's auburn.
- E—is for Eldred, who climbs, jumps and swims.
- F—is for Fun, of which we have plenty.
- G—is for Gym, to which we look forward.
- H—is for Helen and our Hallowe'en party.
- I—is for Island, Treasure Island you know.
- J—is for Joan, Jean, Jessie and June.
- K—is for Knowledge, which we have gained here.
- L—is for 'Lisbeth who's tall as a bean stalk.
- M—is for Mary, whom we know as Betty.
- N—is for Noise while cheering the winner.
- O—is Orchestra, which soon we shall hear.
- P—is for Peggy, Mr. Fezziwig's cook.
- Q—is for Quarantine (measles and mumps).
- R—is for Ruth, and Roberta who travels.
- S—is for Sures, whose first name is Ethel.
- T—is for Time, which flies at gymnastics.

U—is for Ursula—an eloquent orator.
 V—is the Vim, with which we all play.
 W—is for Wilma, who comes top with Jean.
 X—is for Xmas, with holidays too.
 Y—is for Yvon—in French he's a hero.
 Z—is for the zest we show in our sport.
 And everything else in which we are taught.

FORM VII.

FORM VI

PresidentCHRISTINE MACHRAY
 Vice-PresidentMARY KATE FLORANCE
 Games CaptainMOLLY DENISON
 First LeaderJANET GRAY

Before Easter, Forms VI and V shared a classroom on the first floor, which is now occupied by Form VIII. We have been moved up to a room on Miss Millard's flat which has been kindly, but somewhat reluctantly, lent to us by the Boarders. Miss Short is our Form Mistress, and although we are a small Form, we are a very happy one. Our chief occupation at present seems to be dressmaking for dolls when we can find a few minutes to spare!

FORM VI.

FORM V

PresidentJEAN MONCRIEFF
 Vice-PresidentBLANCHE HENDERSON

The Form is very proud of the fact that it now has a classroom of its own. Miss Davies was our Form Mistress until Easter, but her place has now been taken by Mrs. Leslie. We have done a number of exciting things this year but we particularly enjoyed "Oliver Twist" and the Minneapolis Symphony concert. Dr. Thompson's lecture made a great impression on the members of Form V. We were also very interested in Mr. Robson's visit for the purpose of taking the School photograph, which was a great success.

MARGARET MCNABB.

FORMS III AND IV

These Forms, consisting of ten girls in each class, are together in the same room. It is one of the most attractive and sunniest rooms in the School, and our plants and pictures help to make it even more cheerful.

We have had some very happy times together. At Hallowe'en we had a most successful party with Forms I and II. Many people appeared in costume, and this helped to make our

party gay. At our Valentine Party the Form Presidents acted as postmen, who opened their mail box and found several Valentines for everyone.

This term we are having an automobile race across Canada, which is causing keen competition between the Forms and arousing a great deal of excitement. We are very proud of the fact that a number of the things we have made were shown in the exhibition on May 20th. The things we made were sewing bags, raffia mats, and wax models.

FORMS III AND IV.

FORM II

We are Form II. We have a nice bright classroom; we try to keep it tidy and not leave paper on the floor. We make it look pretty with pictures and our drawings, and we have some plants.

We make health charts and last term we kept a weather chart. We have stars for our work and conduct, last term Clementina Adamson won the prize for having the most.

We enjoy our lessons and we like coming to School.

PREPARATORY CLASS

"We" are the Little People of the Library. You big girls often help us to dress and you probably hear us playing our band sometimes.

There are thirty in our family, half of us are girls: we shall be big girls soon. The rest of us will someday become Old Boys.

In our first term we had a happy Hallowe'en Party with Grades III and IV. Fairies, Sailors, Chinese and Dutch people came—for it was a fancy dress party.

The class invited mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters to a Christmas tree. Suddenly there was heard a jingle of bells. David went to investigate and he met—Santa Claus.

On Valentine's Day, too, we held a party and there was a heavy shower of cards for everyone.

Mr. Ernest Raymond came and shook hands with us one day. Some of us want to be writers like him when we grow up; others would be sailors, doctors or nurses.

Many of us have little brothers and sisters. We look forward to the day when they, too, will come to Rupert's Land College.

BOARDING SCHOOL NOTES

The Boarders have been a very happy family this year, chiefly because our numbers have been large, and also because we have been so equally distributed as regards age.

On our late return at the end of September, we were very happy to find that a new sitting-room had been provided for us. The Staff had given up their room on the first floor in favour of the girls, and the easy chairs, new carpet, and chintzes, not to speak of chesterfields, made us feel that a real welcome awaited us, and we soon forgot our "weepee farewells" of the day before.

This room has been the scene of many jolly parties. On the second Sunday of term, the Seniors invited Miss Millard and Miss Holditch to tea; Muriel Wright presided, and the less shy of our number served, and generally looked after the guests and the newcomers. The first entertainment was voted a great success, and hopes were expressed that many such gatherings might take place during the year.

Tea-parties on the Sundays of the "In-week-ends" have been much enjoyed. We have squeezed into Miss Holditch's room, Miss Millard's sitting-room and into Miss Pearman's room. Chatter, good things to eat, and reading aloud, have made these parties very jolly ones. Miss Schœnau entertained some of the Boarders to tea in her flat in Devon Court in March. Theatre parties, special church parties, and extra shopping parties have been much enjoyed, and we greatly appreciate the kindness and interest shown us by our "school-mothers."

Glee Club

Though we did not compete in the Musical Festival, we realize what a poor chance some of the choirs would have had of winning if we had. Under Miss Jones, we have realized the pleasure of singing rounds, part songs, negro spirituals, etc. We helped to entertain the visitors at the Musical Party given on the Saturday of the February "In-week-end," and from the amount of applause we imagine that some day we may be asked to sing again. We take this opportunity of thanking Miss Jones for her help and interest in this work.

Sewing Club

The Margaret Scott Nursing Mission will benefit from our efforts to learn hemming, sewing, felling, etc. The Boarders' sitting-room may have been the scene of pricked fingers, lost needles, and knotted threads, but the cosy little garments resulting from our labours will, we hope, help to clothe some destitute little one. Miss Short has helped us every week, and though at first we "crept like snail unwillingly to sew," our progress has been marked and our thanks are due to Miss Short for her patience and help.

THE IN-WEEK-ENDS

Three years ago, when it was first arranged that the Boarders should spend a week-end a month in the College, it was regarded as a doubtful experiment. But now the "In-week-end" is welcomed even by those whose weekly outing is thus prevented, and has more than justified its existence in giving



opportunities for each to use her gifts for the mutual enjoyment of all, for the entertainment of friends in the Day School, for outdoor life and sport, and in helping to show that "it's always fair weather when good fellows get together."

The Fall and Spring picnics were jolly outings. How could they be otherwise with Miss Schœnau to accompany us! The fun begins with the packing up of "goodies"—bacon and rolls for "hot dogs," doughnuts, fruit, lemon syrup, not to mention matches and kindling, cameras and raincoats! On one occasion the Guides arranged a hike and each and all followed the track, even climbing to the top of the toboggan slide before lunch. And then! Oh joy! to frizzle the bacon! What matter if it falls in the ashes—no one minds and some declare it tastes even better!

After lunch how "the elderly and indolent" revel in basking in the sun, while memory-book fiends collect souvenirs, photographers take snaps, the active climb trees, and at one picnic the venturesome indulge in a race with cows for steeds! The afternoon passes all too soon, and home we come glad of a bath and rest before dinner, which was followed in the Autumn by "Initiation." What terrors of wandering blindfold through unknown passages, eating and drinking unwholesome concoctions, making an ass of oneself in a ridiculous costume, are

conjured up in that word! But all ends well with a delightful surprise supper given by the "old timers" to the "initiated."

The annual Tea for the Zenana Society, the Musical Evening to which each Boarder invited a guest, and an impromptu concert gave opportunities for the girls to show their organizing ability and initiative. The Tea and Gift Shop in November was a great success, the tea and candy booth being ably managed by the girls, who also assisted the Staff at the various stalls. The Musical Evening in February was a delightful event for most of us, though less so perhaps for the performers, who included all those learning music in the Boarding School, the Glee Club, and some of our guests, who gave variety to the programme with some charming songs. The pleasure of wearing evening dress, of entertaining our guests in the Hall, transformed for the nonce into a dignified and beautiful reception room, and finally, the dancing after supper, combined to make this a memorable occasion.

Other in-week-ends were devoted to rehearsals for the Christmas play, and to the gym display, but even these activities did not exhaust the energies of "the Family." In a moment of exuberance, "the Cubes" audaciously challenged the Senior Boarders to basketball, and appeared for the match looking like hardened baseball players, while the First Team provided a doctor and a nurse in attendance! The following evening "the Cubes" showed further resource and produced a first-rate exhibition of "tumbling." Or course, we mean tumbling in the gymnastic sense. A report of the previous evening's great game raised glowing memories in the hearts of the valiant "Cubes," while E—— K—— showed endless resource in a caricature of the dancing exercises so popular in the Winter term. Having produced the match of the season, and an entertainment overflowing with good fun, the Cubes rested on their oars and deigned to do justice to the cakes and nuts which appeared as a last act in an enjoyable evening's entertainment.

The Guide Rally in May, in which Rupert's Land Guides and Brownies took part, provided an inspiration to wind up the in-week-end entertainments and activities of the year.

THE BOARDERS' INITIATION

About three weeks after School started the Old Girls of the Boarding School initiated the new girls. At 6.30 one Saturday night about fifteen girls, dressed in pyjamas, hair-ribbons and bibs, marched down to dinner, much to our humiliation and the Old Girls' glee!

But the worst was yet to come, for after dinner we were blindfolded and led through more passages and up and down

more stairs than I could ever gain permission to climb now. I do know that we were taken down to the laundry and led under wet clothes, which gave one the impression of being led into a violent rainstorm, and that our mouths were filled with terrible soap and that our necks were made into toboggan slides for cold macaroni, but what else they did to us I have never yet decided.

Of course we "walked the plank," and the "plank" and "ocean" and all supports became hopelessly confused under my weight, when I attempted my luck. Imagine our embarrassment when each and everyone in turn had to sing "Oh what an ass I am."

However, the tea which the Old Girls served after the ceremony made up for everything and it certainly afforded a topic of conversation among the Boarders for a very long time.

D. BAINS.

THE CUBICLE CONCERT

May 6th

On the last week-end of the Christmas term an informal farewell concert was given by the Boarders. At the time a good many were in bed with the flu, with the result that both the performers and the audience were small in numbers.

The programme opened with a number of Christmas carols sweetly, if rather faintly, rendered by a number of the more musical Boarders. A few readings and recitations followed, and a member of Miss Welch's dancing class gave a very amusing item, illustrating futuristic Greek and rhythmic dancing. The actions, being rather exaggerated and altogether out of time, made it very humorous, particularly to those dancing pupils who were present.

The programme for the rest of the evening was left in the hands of the "Cubicles," who dressed in spotless uniform, prepared to give a miniature gymnastic display.

They commenced by singing an improvised song, "Eight Little Cubic Boys," to the tune of "Ten Little Nigger Boys," which was heartily applauded. This song was followed by a flag drill and then there appeared mats, on which the Cubes undertook to do handstands and many other "stunts." These proved quite amusing to the tolerant audience, as a few of the greener performers required a considerable amount of help to do a handstand. One, especially, afforded much cause for hilarity when, having four sturdy supporters to hold her in a handstand, she finally collapsed despite the efforts of her friends. Two others, when in the act of forming an arc by doing hand-

stands against each other, collapsed ignominiously on top of each other.

The handstands ended the concert, which was followed by a lunch provided by the generous teachers. Toasts were drunk to the teachers and also to the valiant "Cubes," and they were very hearty despite the weakness of the lemonade!

HILDA GRANGER.

SUCH IS LIFE

or

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A BOARDER

- 7.00.—The rising bell makes no impression on my ears.
7.10.—Feel something cold on my neck—wake up to find room-mate melting a piece of ice on me. Short squabble with her.
7.15.—Hear the maids' breakfast bell and start to dress.
7.16.—Can't find one stocking.
7.19.—Find it under the radiator.
7.20.—Devotion bell! Not dressed!
7.21.—Only time Mistress has ever been known to come to my room first, and first time I ever missed the bell! Short debate, resulting in an order mark.
7.25-7.30.—Finish dressing and find ice in water-jug. Throw a small piece at my room-mate to pay her back—miss my shot, and ice breaks in a thousand pieces on floor.
7.30.—Breakfast—the lull before the storm.
8.05.—Arrive in room to find Mrs. Fenton enquiring who threw water on floor. Get down on hands and knees to clean it up, much to room-mate's enjoyment.
8.10.—Cover up my bed!
8.15.—Bell for walk. Hunt for my skates—find they are in pound. Reluctantly go for walk.
8.45.—Return from walk, fetch skates from pound.
8.50.—Go down to classroom.
10.45.—Recess. Attempt to go to my room but am caught in the act—almost another order mark.
11.00-12.30.—Classes again!
12.30.—Frantic search for soap—have to borrow a piece from someone else.
1.15.—Fetch skates to go skating.
1.18.—Break a lace but manage to tie pieces together.
1.20.—Break another lace.
1.25.—Ready at last! Find I've forgotten my coat—send a Junior to fetch it.
1.30.—Mistress on duty discovers I'm not out on the ice—am sent out at once.

- 1.40.—Am terribly cold—come in to get warm—same mistress catches me—ORDER MARK.
1.50.—Go to classroom.
2.30.—Music lesson—as usual don't know my scales. Teacher hints that I'm mentally deficient.
3.30.—End of school.
3.45.—Bread, peanut butter and water.
4.00-6.00.—Uninterrupted study.
6.00.—Come up to dress for dinner. Coming down from bathroom drop soap—slip on it and make a hole in a new pair of silk stockings.
6.30.—Dinner—manage to slip off platform during Grace.
7.00.—Prayers—get a “sliver” in my knee.
7.15-7.30.—Dancing—spend most of time extracting sliver.
7.30-8.30.—More study, or practice.
8.30.—Come to bathroom to find Bernice just starting her bath.
9.00.—Finally get into bath.
9.10.—Row with “Gwen” because I'm not ready. Can't make her realize that it wasn't my fault.
9.20.—Devotion—can't find my Bible. After long search discover that room-mate (who can't find hers, either) is calmly reading it.
9.30.—Lights out—pillow fight because of Bible.
9.35.—Mistress arrives—CONDUCT MARK!
9.40.—Settle down, trying to think what excuse I can give Miss Holditch on Friday at noon.
10.00 or later.—Fall asleep, worn out by nothing but abuse!!!

A BOARDER.

(N.B.—The above Boarder has never been known to get two Order Marks and a Conduct Mark in the same day.—Editress.)

THE LIBRARY

Very few girls seem to realize that there is a really excellent School Library, which is intended for the use of Day Girls as well as Boarders. Books may not be taken out of the building, but they may be borrowed for use in the classrooms if arrangements are made with the mistress in charge of the books.

The Fiction section contains many modern novels, but these are naturally reserved for the use of the Boarders, who have no access to the city lending libraries owing to time-table difficulties. The various Reference sections should prove really useful to girls in the Upper School who may always go to the Library for *silent* work during the noon-hour. In addition to a general section containing books such as Encyclopædias

and Dictionaries, there is a large English section and special sections for History, Arts, Science, French and Religious Knowledge.

Miss Jones' bequest has rendered the English section particularly valuable, and few school libraries possess such a large collection of Literary Classics. Her beautiful Art books, which are ultimately to be kept in the Art Room, should prove interesting to many girls who are not Art students. Would-be travellers will find descriptions of the countries they dream of visiting in our Travel books, which were also collected by Miss Jones.

Owing to the fact that our School year has been an unusually short and crowded one, it has been impossible for us to make as much use of our Library as we should like to have done, but we sincerely hope that the students of the School will be found there more frequently next year.

SUMMER

Hush little baby
Hush little rose
Hush little baby
Hush little toes.

BARBARA DAY.
Age 6.

PUDDING PIE

The little pudding pie
He jumped so high
The little pudding pie.

Who ate him up
The dog and the pup
The little pudding pie.

BETTY DAY.
Age 5.

MY ELF

There was a little elf
Sat on a pail
He picked up a fish
And thought he was rich.

MARY DORIS LEROY.
Age 6.

MY LITTLE DUCK

I've seen a little duck
And all that he did
Was to swim through the river
And flap his little wings.

LESLIE FLORANCE.
Age 6.

RIDE A COCK HORSE LADY

I followed the bells to London,
And can you guess where she went.
She went to the castle: I followed her there
She bowed to the queen with the golden hair.

C. ADAMSON.
Age 8.

MY GNOME

I have a little gnome
And he wants a home
He wants it very badly
And he's looking very sadly.

Now he's going out to roam
And to find a little home
That he wants very badly.

OLIVE FRENCH.
Age 8.

POOR TOYS

Once I lost my golliwog,
And my little woolly dog,
How I found them hard to tell
In the river deep they fell.

To go a-fishing once I would,
To get a fish I thought I could,
And when I pulled my fishing-rope
Up came golly all asoak.

I took them home so quick so quick
And found some logs so thick so thick
I dried my pets before the fire
And never took them near the mire.

RITA GLENNIE.
Age 8.

MY WISH

Oh to have a shining palace
Instead of these dusty walls.
In a palace I could command
"Build some golden walls."

I would like to have a coach
With four horses or more
And have a real comfy ride
As far as Lillies shore.

I would like to have some curls
Of a pretty golden tint
And to have a little bell
That goes tink-a-tink-a-tink.

MARGARET MOORHOUSE.
Age 10.

SPRING SONG

One day when I was walking along
I heard sweet voices singing a song
"Spring, Spring, beautiful Spring
How I love the joys you bring
You scatter the autumn leaves about
You are a summery thing no doubt."
"Oh," I said "Spring must be here"
I ran to the spot where the voices were.

GABRIELLE FENTON.
Age 9.

KITTENS

All the little kitten cats
They roll and tumble on the mats
Run up the chair and down again
And up and down the window pane.

They play with all my china dolls
They are such little fluffy balls
They romp and play and jump about
And one of them is very stout.

They play together all the time
And run about and try to climb
Till the mother kitten cat
Calls them in and that's all that.

YVONNE WELLS.
Age 9.

TO AN EAGLE

Ho! thou Eagle brave and strong,
Why dost thou the animals wrong?
Swooping down with eyes so bright
Upon the creatures in the night.
Birds and beasts all flee their doom
As thou wingest through the gloom.
With thy talons and thy claws
Thou dost break all animal laws.
Resting on thy wings so wide
Thou screechest out with eagle's pride,
Till at last with thoughts of home
Thou mountest up to heaven's dome.

JUDY MOSS.
Age 12.

APRIL

Why are you crying, April dear,
Don't you see that spring is here?
Don't you see the daffodils
And the new grass on the hills?

See the weeping willow there,
Shaking out her tangled hair.
Look, the sky is very blue,
Buttercups will laugh at you.

Don't you love the cuckoo birds,
And the sound of lowing herds?
Come now April, do not cry
Jack Frost has said his last good-bye.

MARY LAIRD.
Age 13.

FLIGHT

See the eagle in his flight
High up in the sky
From early morn till late at night
His form is floating by.

The blue-jay as he flies along
O'er forest, field and hill,
Screams loudly "thief" so many times
His voice is very shrill.

MARY LAIRD.
Age 13.

LIGHT

She is seen from afar
Like a bright shining star,
Coming closer clothed in white,
Sailing through the clouds by night
Here and there and everywhere
With pale blue eyes and golden hair;
Throwing her radiance below
Casting her shadows on mountain snow.
One side of the earth awaits her now
While here the fields with her help we plough
At night we rest without her,
Alone with the moon and stars.
In the morning we rise to work and play
As she leads through another long day.

BETTY SNELL.
Age 14.

THE PHANTOM SHIP

Cursed, abandoned, all alone
Drifting on the silver foam
A weary wail, a shrieking moan
A haunting laugh, a hollow groan.

Deserted on a stormy night.
Fantastic sails, red and bright
A misty gap around the hulk
Ever carrying its unwieldy bulk.

On a day bright and clear
Standing there in awe and fear
One may see the brown and sere
Outline of the phantom ship.

PHYLLIS GILBERT.
Age 14.

DREAM POOL

I saw my dreams in a black pool reflected
The good ones and bad ones that go undetected
And die.

But the most outstanding shimmer, unshaken,
And float in the depths while they wait to be taken
In the black pool.

And the pool is guarded by myriads of grasses
Thoughts that scatter while sleep softly passes
And sighs.

SHEILA D. CAMPBELL.
Age 15.

THE RED POOL

I stood upon a lonely hill
 Around were trees and flowers,
I stood and gazed at my will
 I could have stood for hours.
A wonderful sight
 I now recall.
A little red pool so light
 And a red tinted waterfall.
Then as I wandered slowly
 Down the sloping, lonely hill.
A breeze wafted faintly
 And touched me until
I was wrapt in wonderment.
 The red tint spread about
I saw the crimson raiment
 And I rejoiced to be out.

WINNIFRED SPRINGETT.
Age 14.

TO A VIOLET

Timid velvet violet! Why
Do you hide from human eye
Why do you not let us see
Something more than modesty?
It is because you are afraid
To leave the quiet mossy glade
Where many fairies must have lain
Sleeping in continual shade?
I suppose you are content
To live in a home by nature lent
Waking among the glowing flowers
The ever bountiful natural bowers.
Where young lovers often go
Or people in the depths of woe
There to be soothed and comforted
By the plants which Nature fed.

EILEEN CHANDLER.
Age 13.

TWILIGHT GALLEON

When at Cadiz I strayed into
That busy Spanish port,
I stood beneath the lazy sky
And pondered as I thought
Of the glories past of Spain.

I forgot the noise and bustle
As I wandered down the quay,
And I closed my eyes and seemed to hear
The glamorous sounds that used to be
In the famous days of Spain.

A love-song played on a soft guitar
To a signorita's dancing feet,
The laughing click of the castanets
Or steel upon steel in a darkening street:
All sounds of romantic Spain.

And as twilight softened the sailors' noise
And the darkened skies hid the merchant ships,
A shadowy monster sailed from the gloom
As silently as a spectre slips—
An ancient galleon of Spain.

I stared through the dusk at the high, dark decks,
Where dim lights glimmered in the hull
To show grim signs of a battle lost,
Dark pools of blood, men lifeless and dull,
On that warrior of Spain.

"Who are you?" I called to a shadowy form
Who leant against the phantom's frame,
And he answered me in a hollow voice:
"We're the last of King Philip's glory and fame,
The great Armada of Spain.

We are one of the ships that returned from the fight.
Drake's victory made us fly.
We escaped around Ireland with twenty live men,
Determined to reach home or die;
Twenty loyal fighters of Spain.

We eventually limped into port;
But would that we'd died on the way.
Philip, in fury at our sad defeat,
Called on us a curse, that not more than one day
Should we anchor in waters of Spain.

So for many dark years have we drifted,
A phantom ship sailing the seas.
And we live by the curse that compels us
To sail through the ages at whim of the breeze,
But we come back at twilight to Spain."

SHEILA D. CAMPBELL.

Age 15.

MISSION NOTES

The Hay River Mission. The Hay River Mission School on the Great Slave Lake, where we support two girls, educates about fifty boys and girls. Besides the usual school subjects, the girls receive training in housework and sewing, and make and mend the moccasins worn at the school, while the boys are taught to farm, hunt and fish, so that they may be efficient members of their homes when they leave school.

Our interest in the Mission has been much stimulated by the interchange of letters between Forms VII and VIII and the boys and girls of the Mission. Miss Sowden, the matron in charge, furnishes us with the names, and our girls enclose letters in the box of Christmas presents which are sent each June to the North. Our thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Montgomery for their help in selecting these gifts, and the dispatch of the box by freight. The mechanical toys, a gift from Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery, were specially appreciated.

The Girls' Zenana Guild. This year the officers were: Honorary President, Miss Holditch; President, Muriel Wright; Secretary-Treasurer, Beatrice Lees.

The Guild supports an Indian girl, who is an orphan, at the Mission School at Manmad. She is now studying in English, and this year, for the first time, wrote to the Guild in English.

The annual Tea and Sale of Work was held in November, and everyone did her best to make it a great success, enabling us to send \$35 for the support of Nanu Kisau, and \$90 towards Dr. Lambert's salary. Miss Campbell, the Society's Organizing Secretary for Western Canada, visited us in February, and after having tea with the Staff and Prefects, she spoke to the girls. After the meeting we enjoyed seeing her many pictures. She brought with her, little babies' shirts, each made from the tops of a pair of silk stockings. We commend this use of worn silk stockings to our readers.

Christmas Bales. Such tales of distress and urgent need have reached us from outlying country districts, particularly between the lakes north of Winnipeg, that each Form for the past few years has adopted a poor family at Christmas, for which they provide clothing, toys and a Christmas dinner. The appreciative letters of thanks, which tell of the joy Christmas stockings have given to children who did not expect a visit from Santa Claus, amply repay us for the extra work at a very busy season of the year. A family, which has received bales both in Winter and Summer for the past three years, wrote to wish us a merry Christmas this year and informed us that the father of the family has steady work, and they are no longer in need of help.

C. M. HOLDITCH.

THE CHILD OF SPRING

I saw Spring coming towards me. I couldn't express how beautiful she was: you could smell flowers and the scent that comes after a rain. She had a wreath of flowers and a gauzy blue dress with a sun and some flowers on it. She had a bridal bouquet of flowers, the kind of flowers I had never seen before.

A little golden-haired boy followed her who was a cupid: she was talking to him but I could not understand it, it just sounded like a far-off tinkling bell.

Suddenly mother called me just as Spring was going to give me something, and I turned and ran away.

MARGARET MOORHOUSE.

Age 10.

SPARKLING WINTER

I saw Winter coming towards me. Oh how beautiful and sparkling she was. She was dressed in a white silk dress; icicles hung from the bottom of it and snow hung from her hair.

Behind her was the castle made of ice and snow, with beautiful white diamonds all over the walls.

She had stars and a beautiful white wand. She waved her wand and the Northern Lights lit up the sky. It was dark now and I could see plainly.

Winter went to a lake and waved her wand three times over it; suddenly the water changed to ice which shone like silver. She breathed on the trees and they were all hoar frosty.

She waved her hand and soon the soft white flakes of snow came gliding down and covered the brown earth with its white blanket.

JOYCE CHADWYCK.

Age 10.

SWEET SPRING

When I one Tuesday morn was out,
I looked up, down and round about.
I saw Miss Spring come along my way
And with her came Miss April and May.
Spring looked her best in colours soft,
And walked with her head held aloft.
Miss May, she sang a merry tune
About the next month coming—June.
Miss April sang a lullaby
Just like the birdies in the sky.

BETTY POTTER.

Age 10.

WONDERFUL SPRING

I saw Spring coming towards me. She was dressed in brownie green and leaves coming out from trees and flowers coming out from their sleepy beds to get a drink. And she had rain falling on places of her. She had even North Pole, with its ice beginning to melt and icebergs coming down. Best of all, she had a sky-blue hat with fluffy clouds over it.

That was all I saw of Spring for she soon turned a corner and went out of sight.

ANNA RUTH FINLAYSON.

Age 8.

TO A BLUE-JAY

O you are so pretty and you have such shiny wings, with lovely colours of blue and white.

Your blue wings are so beautiful and your white breast is, too.

In the morning you call to waken me. Do you know I do not like to be wakened up in the morning when I am asleep? I like to stay asleep. Do you not know that? But I like to have you outside my window, and my brother does, too.

JOAN MACAW.

Age 7.

THE AWAKENING

"We wish to announce,
With a shout and a bounce,
That some day in May
We're presenting a play—
(Form IX and its brains).
And with our gains
We'll fill the mite-box.
It is no hoax.
The "Awakening" 's its name,
From a poem of great fame—
Tennyson's 'Day-Dreams'."

R. TAYLOR.

Just as the Magazine was going to press, the whole School was "thrilled" by the above announcement, which was displayed in the School corridors. Further enquiries led to the discovery of the news that Form IX was about to provide a very interesting afternoon's entertainment for the rest of the School on Friday, May 17th.

The play itself is both written and produced by Ruth Taylor, and the interesting feature of the performance is that the girls have managed everything for themselves. Eleanor Lodge, who holds the important position of "announcer," has also played an important part in preparing the costumes, which, we hear, are very amusing. Everyone is looking forward to the entertainment with a great deal of pleasure, and the idea of doing something to collect a few "mites" for the Eva L. Jones Memorial Fund is one which shows that the right kind of School spirit certainly exists in Form IX.

The entertainment is to be followed by a tea, at which the Graduating Class will be the guests of Form IX. Here again the "Forty Friends" are establishing a new tradition in the School, so we are looking forward to seeing them help lead the School next year when so many of the real "Old-timers" will have left us.

As the Form IX entertainment has not yet taken place, we can only wish the performers the best of luck and give a copy of their programme, which we managed to steal when they were not looking!

"THE AWAKENING," by Ruth Taylor.

PART I.

Princess.....	B. Ross
Prince.....	R. Glasco
King.....	J. Wells
Queen.....	M. L. Love
Chancellor.....	E. Henderson
Steward.....	E. Campbell
Butler.....	R. Thompson
Maid.....	K. Hopps
Page.....	D. Witley
Baron Fluffy-Face.....	M. Ashworth
Baron Short'n'Stout.....	H. Ferguson
Baron Lady-fingers.....	E. Barnes
Lord Eat-a-lot.....	J. McWilliams
Sir Redi-Beard.....	W. Walker
Sir Curliwig.....	M. Hunt

PART II.

1. Dance.....R. Taylor, V. Glennie, N. Whitley, D. Fisher
2. Poem—"A Scream! A Screech." Composed by E. Campbell.
3. Romeo and Juliet (song).....D. Witley and M. L. Love
4. Step Dance.....E. Campbell, N. Whitley
5. "Where did you get that hat?".....J. Wells
6. Pianoforte Solo.....K. Hopps
7. Revised Greek Dance.....J. Wells, N. Whitley, K. Hopps
8. Dance Caprice. Composed by M. Walston.
9. Schoolgirls We (song). Written by E. Lodge.
(From the opera entitled "Schoolgirls We.")

God Save the King.

X. Y. Z.



The exhibition of drawing held in the School on Monday, May 20th, to which all parents and their friends were invited, marked the close of a very successful year under the inspiring and able direction of Miss V. Short. After tea in the Reception Rooms, our visitors examined the drawings, painting and needlework produced during the year. Girls throughout the School have been allowed to express their own ideas in the medium which most appealed to them, so all have worked with enthusiasm and have produced excellent work, enjoying imaginative expression in poster design and illustration. Our visitors specially admired the illustrative designs of Forms III, IV and VIII and the rhyme sheets of Forms V and VI, while the designs for book covers by Form IX show decided ability and originality. Much admirable work from the advanced class was exhibited, Ruth Wells' and E. Lodge's designs and railway posters being specially commended. The needlework of the School shows much originality. Among so much good work it is perhaps invidious to single out any for special comment, yet the cushions, decorated with their own designs, produced by Form II, many of whom had never used pencil or needle before this year, call for great praise. Forms III and IV also decorated work-bags with designs of their own making, while Forms V, VI and VII made original samplers. Smocking, too, has been learned in these Forms, and the smocked dolls' frocks made by girls of Forms V and VI are charming wee garments which delighted everyone with their good needlework.

Miss Short has held a class for advanced work after school hours and this has been well attended. A visit to the exhibition of water colours in Richardson's Art Gallery was much enjoyed, and so were the tea and discussion which followed. The Old Girls' Scholarships were awarded in Art to Ruth Wells in Form X and Eleanor Lodge in Form IX. The versatility of R. Wells' work, and E. Lodge's progress, show that both girls fully deserved the honour bestowed on them.

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

On Monday morning, April 22nd, the girls of Rupert's Land College had the pleasure of listening to a short address from Sir Charles Grant Robertson, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of Birmingham University. Mr. J. A. Machray, K.C., introduced the speaker.

The theme of Sir Charles' address was that we should take a delight in our work and so build up a nation of workers for Canada. He said that no city had interested him more than Winnipeg during his journey from one coast to the other, and he seemed anxious to know what the inhabitants of our city were doing for the future of the province.

When the people of Sir Charles' generation were young they knew practically nothing of gas and electricity; telegraphy and automobiles had not appeared, while aeroplanes were not even dreamt of! They themselves discovered all these things for the present generation to enjoy. Having shown us what his generation had done for us, Sir Charles proceeded to tell us what we must do for those who come after us.

"It is," he said, "for you young people to do for the next age what we have done for you—you must remember that the future of your School will depend upon the way you advertise it by your lives, and that your country's future will also depend upon you. Canada is yours and you belong to Canada! You can make Canada what you wish her to be and she, in her turn, can make you what she wishes you to be."

At the close of his address, Miss Millard thanked the speaker on behalf of the School and asked him to take our greetings to the Birmingham schools in which he was particularly interested.

A. NIVEN.

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

(Alas for the degeneracy of our times!)

A dreamer of dreams is Adele,
Who never arrives for the bell.

She enters the school

At half-past, looking cool,
This casual young person, Adele.

There is a tall lady named Ruth,
Whose art needs nary a proof.

Though not good in a quiz,
The long and short is
That in dancing she shakes a mean hoof.

A Highland lass is our Lib.,
In Latin she needs not a crib.
In French, too, she shines,
But for Scotland she pines.
We hope this is not all a fib.

Our Form is enlivened by Enid,
Wherever there's uproar she's in it.
Her days are spent
On pleasure bent,
"Yet I always will pass," says Enid.

A young girl with hair coloured brown,
Provokes the teachers to frown.
When she opens the door
For one minute or more
They call, "Isobel, sit down."

A red-headed maiden named Bea,
Could only partake of weak tea,
For she said, "More than that
Would make me too fat,"
The eclectic young person named Bea.

Another dark damsel was Muriel,
Who was, not always, so very well.
She came out in spots,
Which were not the small-pox,
This judicious young girl called Muriel.

A sporty young maiden is Audrey,
Who always will want authority.
In school she fails,
But in skating she sails,
This irascible young person called Audrey.

An exceptional person was Rosemary,
Who always wore a black beret.
Her penchant was dancing,
And soulfully prancing
She did not resemble a fairy.

A Virgilian student, Marj Spence,
Always holds everyone in suspense.
For one never can tell
If she'll laugh loud, or yell,
Or spill ink at the school's expense.

A flippant young maiden is Alice.
We hope it will bear us no malice
If we say of the owl
She resembles that fowl,
When glasses are worn by our Alice.

Our sports captain true is Mary,
To pass she will have to be wary,
 She developed some lumps,
 Which turned out to be mumps
And made all her school-mates feel scary.

A dignified scholar was Betty.
Her actions were all very pretty.
 But she picked up her toes
 And fell on her nose,
Which spoiled our illusions of Betty.

There was a young girl named Eugenie,
Who could dance very well so they tell me.
 Her cymbals of brass
 Disturbed the history class
Till Miss Pearman called, "Hush, please, Eugenie."

A haughty young maiden was Clare,
Who had tresses of long golden hair.
 It happened one day
 She went to the "Bay,"
And they cut off that long golden hair.

By PRO AND TEM.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

During the course of this School year a Literary and Debating Society was formed. The following people were elected on the Committee: President, Miss Millard; Secretary, Bessie Blair; Treasurer, Gwen Jones; Committee members, Margaret Shepley and Muriel Wright.

At our first meeting Brigadier-General Paterson gave a very interesting illustrated lecture on the Hudson's Bay Railway. His slides were made from his own pictures, taken while he was on his trip last year. He showed us views of the railway in construction, and spoke to us of the great benefits that this scheme is likely to bring to the province.

Our next gathering was held two weeks later, when an exciting debate took place. Jocelyn Botterell and Terry Burt proposed that "Picture-shows do more harm than good." Audrey Green and Faith Starkey vigorously opposed the motion. After a general discussion had taken place, a vote was taken and the motion was lost by a large majority.

When the Society met again, Mr. F. Pugh, head of the Research Department at Eaton's, gave us a lantern lecture on Western Canada. These slides were made from his own pic-

tures, taken when he was on a motor trip last Summer. These views were specially appreciated by some of the Boarders whose homes are in the districts which were shown by Mr. Pugh.

We had hoped to have some meetings during the Summer term, but examination work rendered this impossible.

MURIEL WRIGHT.

GUIDE MOVEMENT AT RUPERT'S LAND

At last the whole family of Guides is represented at the College. Miss Pearman has started a Ranger Company, which though so far is small in numbers, consists of enthusiastic members. We wish Miss Pearman and her Company the best of luck for the future.

The School Co. (9th Winnipeg) has completed an active year's work. We were unfortunately without a leader until after Christmas, as our Captain, Mrs. Nares, was obliged to resign her position in the Company through bereavement and illness.

Margaret Macdonald bravely gathered together our band every Monday until we were finally taken in charge by Miss Bernice Bedson as Captain. We are very happy to have Margaret Macdonald as our Lieutenant.

The Company consists of three Patrols, with Lorna Millman, Barbara Locke and Bernice Patterson as Patrol Leaders. Three Brownies from the School Pack have flown up to the Company, Doris Proctor, Gwen Sherstone and Ruth Hoskin.

The Ranger and Guide Companies paraded to Holy Trinity Church on the evening of April 21st, with the Holy Trinity Company. We were very proud at being asked to provide a Patrol for the Pageant at the big Rally held in the Amphitheatre on May 11th.

All Patrols have been working for the Second Class Tests. Agnes Niven has passed hers, also Jean Devenish. The following badges have been won: Agnes Niven, gymnast; Bernice Patterson, gymnast, skating and embroideress; Jean Devenish, gymnast.

The Brownie Pack is not large this year, as it was decided to limit the members to School Brownies only. Miss Molly McClure acted as Brown Owl till her university work became too heavy. Elizabeth Fraser (from the 9th Company) has become our "Tawny Owl."

MY QUESTION

As I grow older I often wonder what my future life will be like. It is an intriguing question, and I suppose it is one that nearly everyone considers at some time or other. When I think about it I compare life with many different things.

To me the most striking and the closest comparison is that of comparing life to a sideshow. I am a little girl in the rear of the crowd, standing on tiptoe and striving to obtain a glimpse of the mysterious something in which the people all seem so interested. My idea of what this might be is somewhat confused, as everyone who has seen it has a different description to give. Very soon I shall be in front of the crowd and then it will be my turn to see the attraction and, later, to depart, adding my description to the hundreds of others that already exist.

Sometimes, when I am standing at the back of a train in the dark, I imagine life as the dark country through which we are passing. It is all dark and mysterious, but, far ahead, the moon is rising and it will light the way as we go along. As I travel on, year by year, I shall gradually find out what this odd thing called life contains, but I believe that I shall always be confronted by the question, What will my future life be like?

BETTY BOYCE.

YOUR ANSWER

"Fair maid, lingering on the threshold of life, rest assured that thy life will be, to a very large extent, what thou chooseth to make it. Listen patiently to the numerous descriptions of life given by thine elders. Meditate upon them and decide for thyself which things will give thee most joy. Having made thy choice, go on thy way rejoicing and trusting in the help of the One that thou shalt find in the midst of the crowd."

"THE PHILOSOPHER."

THE EARL GREY TROPHY

The chief musical event of the year in Winnipeg is the Musical Festival. The eleventh one was held this year from April 15th to April 27th. Public School choruses occupied the central position on the afternoon programmes. The crowning event of these meetings for the school choruses took place in the Central Church at two o'clock on Friday, April 26th, 1929. The winners of all the competitions competed for the Earl Grey Trophy, and Stanley Osborne acted in his usual capacity of a capable and witty platform marshal.

Arthur Collingwood, of Aberdeen, in adjudicating this competition, expressed his pleasure on finding that all the choirs had corrected the majority of their mistakes. His friends, Hugh Robertson and Plunkett Green, had already told him

how wonderful the school choruses of Winnipeg were, but he had certainly never expected to hear singing like that which he had heard during his two weeks in this city. He said that he and his colleagues had unanimously decided that the trophy should go to the Daniel McIntyre High School, while the Aberdeen Grades 1-4 came second on the list. Both these choruses sang at the concert of selected prize-winners on the final night.

MARION MACLEOD.

BREAKING-UP IN GRADE IX

Shrieks of laughter, followed by the banging of a multitude of books on the floor, punctured by an energetic pounding on the bell; anyone could have told you it was the last day of term, and in Grade IX there was no possible doubt of it.

"Girls, that bell means silence." The teacher tries to make herself heard. "And this is something I wanted to be sure to tell you: look over your Latin and Arithmetic in the holidays."

Various conversations waft themselves across the room and join to make a confusing babel.

"Who came first?"

"Where's that waste-paper basket?"

"My ink has tipped over."

"Oh, give me some string to tie up these books."

"Hey! that's mine!"

In the midst of the din the door opens and Miss _____ enters. A sudden silence falls (also some books at the same time). "I think it would be wise if you finished your Science notes and drawings. You will be having some spare time in the holidays. Continue your tidying."

With renewed energy the noise recommences, the bell ceases its useless jangle, and the teacher goes to the door to see the time. At that precise moment Miss _____ enters, and after impressing on the minds of the girls that they had very little time to finish their designs, advised, yea, even warned them, that it would be quite possible to do some Drawing in the holidays. Teacher and Miss _____ retreat, leaving behind them a steady pounding which could only be Tommy congratulating Mary Lile on coming first.

A whistle is heard, a whistle blown with great energy, a whistle with meaning in its shrill tones.

Silence, dead silence, then "Any girl who has lost running-shoes must claim them in the gym, and I expect everyone taking swimming next term to practise in the holidays." The whistle with its owner makes a breathless exit, and at least a dozen cheerful students fly after it and are accosted mid-way in the hall by Miss _____. "I wanted to suggest to the girls that they do a few French verbs in the holidays; you'll tell them for me, won't you?"

As if with one thought in view, the whole group of shoe-seekers right about turn and fly back to impart their news. As they reach the classroom they hear the now familiar strain, "I wanted to tell the girls that they'd better look over their Algebra, History, and Grammar, or they won't pass in June. There isn't any chalk, or I'd write it on the board."

The Form is silent. This last gentle advice is too much. Silence at last reigns, while Grade IX succumbs under the quietening influence of a dead faint, the only bit of energy in the room being a female mosquito energetically reposing on Eleanor's upturned nose.

JEAN WELLS.

A VISIT TO NIAGARA FALLS

Two years ago, when motoring home from the Atlantic coast, we spent a few days at Niagara Falls. We registered at Niagara Falls, N.Y., at first, then the next day we crossed over to the Canadian side. We preferred the view of the Falls from the American side, because we could see more of them. On both sides there are large parks, from which everyone may enjoy watching the falls.

As the current is so strong above the Falls there are no boats to be seen nearby, but down below them there are several boats which go up and down the lake. These boats go very near the Falls—so near in fact that everyone who wishes to stay out on deck is compelled to put on a sou'-wester, otherwise they would be drenched with the spray.

There is also a small pontoon bridge, down amongst the rocks, behind the Falls on the American side, where every person who cares to may see behind the Falls. Here one must also wear "slickers," because of the spray.

In the evening the Niagara Power Company on the Canadian side, has coloured lights with which the operators play up and down the Falls. The Falls have no lights nearby, excepting these which show them up wonderfully.

There are large hotels on both American and Canadian sides and we were able to watch the Falls from the veranda of our hotel.

FRANCES GILMAN,
Form X.

THE GYMNASTIC DISPLAY

The Annual Display of Gymnastics and Dancing was given at the College on the evenings of the 22nd and 23rd of March. It was given on two nights, owing to the fact that there are more girls in the School and therefore more parents to be entertained.

The programme opened with a grand march, in which all the gymnastic classes took part. This was followed by a



PHYSICAL TRAINING CLASS

Swedish table, given by the Seniors and free movements to music by the Midget Class. Fifth on the gymnastic programme was the Junior, Intermediate and Senior skipping, during which Miss Welch executed a clever solo. Parallels, combined apparatus, Junior Swedish, and tactical marching followed, and the gymnastic programme ended with horse, done by all classes.

The first half of the proceedings was followed by a display of Greek dancing, during which solo performances were rendered by the Misses Ruth Glasco, Judy Moss and Yvonne Wells. A specially attractive number was a series of little dances by five babies who come for special classes on Thursday morning.

The display was concluded by an effective lantern maze, and flowers were presented to Miss Welch in token of appreciation of her good work throughout the year, and to Miss Bannister, whose accompaniment throughout the performance was greatly enjoyed.

The entire display was voted an outstanding success, and everyone felt that the hard work which it entailed was well worth the effort.

R. MARTIN.

BEHIND THE SCENES

It's Gym Display night—astonishing sight
(You must've seen one of 'em sometime).
Your tunic's so neat and your blouse is so white
That you look like "T'ree guesses and vot I'm?"

There's panic in passage, in hallway, on stair,
As you wriggle and dive through the crush,
While the Staff is belatedly tearing its hair
And striving to stem the mad rush.

"Whatever is next?" "Oh we're not in that,"
"Don't push so" (I'll talk if I please)—
"And where is my rope?" "Oh hang up that mat,
"It's so dusty it's making me sneeze."

Then the voice of authority cold:
"Silence! Did you hear what I said?"
(Who doesn't remember the same fight of old
That leaves the whole Staff nearly dead?)

"Now here is your lantern. Oh do get in line.
It's burning your hand did you say?
What do you expect when you will persist
In holding it up the wrong way?"

"Yes, you're off in one minute—all right—lead ahead"
(And the whole endless line marches past)
While the irate "police" heaves a sigh of relief,
"Thank goodness—that's over at last."

ROSEMARY MARTIN.



This year we have been fortunate in having an efficient and reliable Sports Captain, and she has been well supported by the Games Committee and her teams, so we can look back on a successful season.

Basketball

Congratulations to A. Garland, P. Webb and A. Green on obtaining their First Team colours.

A new venture was started when the First Team entered for the C.G.I.T. Basketball League; this gave the girls the opportunity of playing against other teams. Their efforts to win were not in vain, for only two matches were lost.

Great excitement was caused when the School heard that the challenge sent in to the Staff had been accepted. The only blot was—from the platform on the morning of the match came the words, "Admission, 10c." A groan, a slip of the facial muscles, and other small gestures of dismay were shown, but what could the First Team do? It was their one chance to make a mint of money for the "Sports Association." In spite of the excessive entrance fee, the girls turned out in full force. (I fear they must have denied themselves of eskimo pies for at least a week!) The game started. The atmosphere was full of pity(?) for the Staff, for the girls seemed to get all the goals, leaving the Staff chasing up and down the floor trying to get a glimpse of the ball. Then the tide turned; the Staff began to play and some fine baskets were scored. The game finished in favour of the girls, the score being 33-25. The Staff retired to regain their normal complexions and then both teams did justice to tea, which was served in the gym. The Staff team was: Centres, Miss Welch and Miss Johnson;

Guards, Miss Pearman and Miss Schoenau; Forwards, Miss Bannister and Miss Montgomery.

A match was arranged between the Boarders and the School First Team. A return game was also played. The first match was won by the Boarders, the return by the School. The spectators were charged 5c. With the money, tea was provided for the teams, and we also had a small sum over to put into the Sports fund.

During the Christmas term the College First Team went over to St. Mary's Academy to play. It was an exciting match and everyone thoroughly enjoyed it. The game resulted in a win for the College. The girls all had tea together at the Academy, the table being delightfully decorated. Unfortunately we had not a spare date for a return match, but we are looking forward to another game next season.

The annual Clark Trophy basketball match was played between the Old Girls and the College in the gym on May 3rd. Individual cups, also presented by Douglas Clark, Esq., were waiting to be won, and all looked upon them with envious eyes. The knees of the present girls kept giving way when they remembered that the Old Girls had beaten them in the practice match. However, determination goes a long way, and from the start the School combined well and played one of their best games. The match ended and the College First Team were the proud possessors of the cups, the score being in their favour.

The inter-Form matches for the Challenge Cup have still to be played. We believe it will be a hard fight for the team which is to win this year.

Skating

The rink was again made this year at the back of the School and the Boarders spent some merry hours on the ice. For some reason we did not seem to be able to work with the weather, and if the rink was flooded it was a sure sign that the ground would be covered with a heavy fall of snow the next morning! Perhaps it was sent to give the Boarders practice in cleaning the snow off the ice!!!

Tobogganing

Shall we ever forget the toboggan parties at River Park? What fun we had! Dressed in begged, borrowed or stolen garments, we filled the street cars, then the toboggan slides, and then the Cabbage Patch. (May we recommend their beans?)

Tennis

How we wish the season were longer. The great news that there was to be another court in front of the School proved to be almost too much. Let's hope we shall have a long Autumn to get as much as we can out of it.

LILIAN M. WELCH.

A TRIBUTE FROM THE GIRLS

We have been especially lucky this year in our Games Mistress. With one so full of energy and enthusiasm, we could scarcely do anything else but make a success of our ventures. We are very glad that next year's Sports Association is having the benefit of Miss Welch's leadership. As a result of her (we must admit) very strenuous efforts, Canadian life, in Winnipeg at least, has become more punctual, and we all much dislike keeping Miss Welch waiting! We feel that the province is indebted to her, too, in that there will be considerably fewer drownings at the summer resorts this season!

TEAM CRITICISMS

The First and Second Basketball Teams have worked exceedingly well throughout the season. Keen interest and co-operation on the part of the teams have enabled us to have a successful and happy time and I should like to take this oppor-



FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM

M. Bartlett N. Milton M. Wright P. Webb
A. Green Miss Welch A. Garland

tunity of thanking Nancy Milton, our Captain, for her loyal support and untiring energy.

First Team

Right Forward, NANCY MILTON.—A capable captain, has played a steady game throughout the season.

Left Forward, AUDREY GARLAND.—Has done excellent work for her team; a reliable player.

Jumping Centre, PHYLLIS WEBB.—Is capable of playing an excellent game, but is inclined to be erratic.

Running Centre, AUDREY GREEN.—Has played splendidly at all times, and has held the team together. Here we have a true sport.

Guard, MURIEL WRIGHT.—Guards well and has given good support to her team.

Guard, MARGARET BARTLETT.—Combined well with her other guard, and forms a strong defence.

Second Team

Right Forward, ISOBEL MCMILLAN.—Plays a good game. Erratic at times; has given the First Team guards good practice.

Left Forward, NORA WHITLEY.—A great asset to the team; a player we are proud of.

Jumping Centre, AGNES NIVEN.—Tremendous improvement shown during second half of season, at times still needs to be quicker; should be careful of over-guarding.

Running Centre, MARY WHITLEY.—Another player who has shown great improvement.

Guard, BEATRICE LEES.—Plays a hard game through difficulties; never gives in.

Guard, VIOLA GLENNIE.—Jumps well; has played a good guard game, but I should like to see her work for the position of running centre.

Many outside matches have been played, in which the girls have shown a good team spirit and have proved themselves to be good sports.

LILIAN M. WELCH.

MONA LISA'S SMILE

Mona Lisa is not beautiful. The picture is not beautiful. The only striking things about her are her hands and smile. Her hands are rounded and well formed and her fingers are tapering and beautiful.

But her smile—Mona Lisa's smile suggests patience perhaps, but most of all it is a smile of wisdom. She smiles at the folly around her. She knows better. Mona Lisa would not and could not do what we do.

She looks resigned and patient. Perhaps she is quite young, her face unwrinkled from age? But she knows all and is resigned. Waiting—for what? We do not know.

She will always go on smiling, always know better and always be waiting, because there will always be the picture of Mona Lisa. It is everlasting.

ETHEL SURES,
Form VII.
Age 12.

GIFTS

One day a gardener planted a garden with four little plots side by side, and one plot below the one nearest the radish bed had carrots. The gardener had so cleverly planted these little plots that the seeds sprang up one after the other. One morning the oldest of the carrots began telling the radishes what a long way down in the earth he had grown, and what a lovely orange, tapering point he had. Then the radish said it was all very silly to go down deep in the earth and be thin. "I would never grow there, I grow on the top of the earth, and I am round and hard, red outside and white within. Ugh! I would never be slender like you and orange, that would never do." The turnip radish said in his modest voice, "I grow as far as I am supposed to, though I am not short and round and hard, nor am I tall and slender, but I should hate to be always grumbling about myself being perfect." The onions in another bed said, "They are grumbling about their looks as usual, but we are made of rings and layers of soft papery coats, and they are not." Then up spoke the beet and said, "None of you is as fine as I am in my deep red coat, and I am red right through, so ho." The golden beets soon said that the ones in the dark red coats were no better than the golden ones.

Little Miss Cress said to her neighbour, the mustard, "You are only straight, green stalks, aren't you, dear friends, all our other friends are talking about their beautiful points, and alas! I have none to mention that are worth looking at." So all the vegetable friends were grumbling and quarrelling.

Soon the rain came and said to them, "Peace! Peace! Peace! You all have gifts differing one from another," and shortly they were all friends again and stopped grumbling. But the only ones who were right in the beginning were the plain little turnip radishes.

MARY KATE FLORANCE.



To a Fat Lady Seen From the Train

O why do you walk through the fields in gloves,
Missing so much and so much?
O fat white woman who nobody loves,
Why do you walk through the fields in gloves,
When the grass is soft as the breast of doves,
And shivering-sweet to touch?
O why do you walk through the fields in gloves,
Missing so much and so much?

FRANCES CORNFORD.

THE WINNIPEG GRAIN EXCHANGE

The Winnipeg Grain Exchange is probably the greatest business institution on the American continent. The building itself is one of the largest office buildings in the British Empire.

The principal attraction to a visitor would be the trading-floor, or the pits. The trading-room occupies approximately one-third of the entire area of the sixth floor. There are two pits situated at the northern end of the trading-room and are known as the coarse grain and wheat pits. These pits are constructed in the form of an octagon, with tiers or steps leading up from the outside and down into the centre. This arrangement permits the traders to have a clear view of the quotation boards, which are placed on a raised platform in front of the pits, and also permits traders to have a clear view of each other, in order that they may see every transaction that takes place. Along the eastern, western and southern walls are found rows of telephone booths, which are connected by private

wires to the offices of firms who are represented by the traders on the floor. At the northern end of the floor are situated the C.N. and C.P. telegraph departments and immediately behind the telegraph department is found the smoking room.

For six days of the week (Monday to Saturday inclusive) the market is open at 9.30 a.m. and continues without interruption till 12.45 p.m.

A grain broker or trader is the medium through which a non-member may transact trades. If a non-member wishes to trade or speculate on the future market he must first go to a grain broker and deposit \$150. This money is called margin and is put up for protection of both the broker and customer. The customer gives the broker instructions as to whether he wishes to buy or sell and at which price. The broker immediately telephones his representative in the telephone booth on the floor who delivers the message to the trader in the pit. If the market is at that point, at the time of delivery of the message, the trade is executed and the customer notified. If a customer buys wheat he must "close out" his trade by reverse transaction or, in other words, sell the same amount as he bought or vice versa.

The grain brokers in no way control the rise and fall in prices but that depends entirely on world conditions and the law of supply and demand.

RUTH THOMPSON.

CHANGING HOUSES

It was "Moving Day" again. The sky was dull grey, and the clouds were heavy with moisture, ready to drop at any moment. It would rain—it invariably did on the first day of October, and why almost every family in the city chose to move on that day, is a great deal more than I will ever be able to understand.

I walked slowly down a comparatively new street and watched the huge furniture vans backing up to the houses, depositing the furniture on the most undesirable places, and lumbering off again, to ruin the happy home of some other unfortunate mortal.

Still walking, I witnessed the departure of a young man, from a house which looked as if the occupants had moved in not earlier than an hour before.

As he reached the gate, an undeniably feminine voice called, "Please wait a minute, dear, I just want to tell you a few more things to get while you are out. We shall need some bacon for breakfast; a box of carpet tacks; a new broom and some dried prunes. Don't forget to call at the employment agency and see that the new maid will be sure to be here to-

morrow morning; then stop in at the dry cleaners and bring the dress that I left there. Don't be late, dear, and be sure to remember everything."

Expressions of amazement and dismay showed so greatly on the young man's face, that I was forced to move quickly down the street, to avoid his hearing my unsympathetic laughter.

In the next block, I heartlessly was again entertained by some other man's misfortune.

By this time the rain had begun to pour down, and a family were busily engaged in unloading a van. The men had carelessly placed two lamps outside the van and by the time that the lady of the house arrived both lamps were soaking wet and the colours beginning to run.

The wrath of the righteous woman fell on the first man she saw, who happened to be her husband, and I thanked my lucky stars that I had been born a bachelor and lived in a club that did not change its residence, even on that unlucky day in the Fall called "Moving Day."

DOROTHY DONOVAN,
Form VIII.

AN INTERESTING LECTURE

On Monday, March 11th, 1929, Dr. Thompson, of Toronto, gave us an amusing and instructive lecture on the care of the teeth. He told us that there is more decay in the teeth of the Anglo-Saxon race than in any other race. This is largely due to the fact that we have our food cooked and made so soft that we don't have to chew it. If we ate more raw fruit and vegetables, and drank more milk, we should not have so much decay.

After describing the structure of the tooth, Dr. Thompson gave a graphic account of the way in which a tooth warns us when there is something wrong with it. When he had made us realize the horrors of toothache and the bad effect that decayed teeth have on the general health, our lecturer told us how to obtain good teeth and to keep them in good condition.

We must eat the kind of food that builds up good teeth and drink plenty of milk while they are being formed. When we have good teeth, we must keep them sound by exercising them and by cleaning them properly. This advice made such a good impression on the Junior Boarders that they are reported to have made a dash for brushes and paste, filling the house with the delightful odour of peppermint, and preventing the rest of the household from getting near soap and water!

FROM A FUTURE GRADE XII PUPIL

I like this School. Mother is going to keep me in this School right up to Grade XII. I am in Form II. I like my teacher, and I like our classroom, it is nice and bright. I had a lovely Easter, and lots of Easter eggs. My name is Patricia Chown. I am seven years old.

A WET NIGHT

The other night as I sat by the fire, I heard the rain beginning to patter on the roof. I looked out, and, as it was still quite light, I could see the rain coming down in torrents. I walked over to the window just in time to see a mother robin bringing home her family. She flew to her nest under the eaves and the mother prepared to put her babies to bed. She tucked them all under her wing and closed her eyes. I returned to my seat by the fire and I thought to myself how cold the mother birds must get at night while we go to bed well cuddled up in our warm blankets.

M. MALCOLMSON.

MOON-RISE

The moon rose quickly in the east and journeyed across the dark starry sky. The twigs of the trees were silhouetted against the bright moon. As it rose higher in the heavens it made long ghost-like shadows of the trees, but as the disc rose still higher, these shadows became shorter and shorter till there was almost nothing left of them. Then again they grew longer and longer.

When we got up in the morning, the sun had just started his journey, and the moon was fading. She ended her journey in a small white cloud on the western horizon.

ANNE CAMPBELL.

BRANSBY WILLIAMS

On Monday afternoon, February 4th, the girls of Rupert's Land College had the honour and pleasure of hearing Bransby Williams, the celebrated English actor and impersonator of Charles Dickens' characters. Mr. Williams, who was accompanied by his leading lady, Miss Kathleen Saintsbury, was unfortunately suffering from a severe cold and fatigue brought

on by the strenuous demands of his Canadian tour, and was therefore unable to give any character sketches.

Mr. Williams had, before his arrival in Winnipeg, offered to present five prizes of good seats for his play, "Oliver Twist," for the best essays from each of the five Senior Forms and he based his talk upon the titles of the five different essays. Referring to the title of the essay for Form VIII, "Puck's Visit to Scrooge," he remarked that he was sure we were all acquainted with old Scrooge and at Christmas we all shared in helping the Tiny Tims of the world.

The second title, "My Favourite Character From Dickens," which in the winning essay was Oliver Twist, elicited from him a slight description of his play and of the first dramatized version of "Oliver Twist" to which Dickens, himself, went. This version was so badly done that, soon after the beginning of the performance, Dickens slipped from his seat to the floor and stayed there until the play was over. Mr. Williams told us that in "Oliver Twist," as in "David Copperfield," Dickens gives us a picture of his own childhood. Among other characters which were mentioned by him as being particularly admirable was that of Sydney Carton in "The Tale of Two Cities," a book which Mr. Williams considers as one of the greatest in the world.

With reference to the title of Form X's essay, "Some Children From Dickens," Mr. Williams mentioned a number of children, among whom were Paul Dombey, Tiny Tim, and little Charley from "Bleak House." He also gave a clever picture of the "practical schoolmaster," Squeers, in "Nicholas Nickleby."

Mr. Williams said the "Humorous Characters from Dickens" (the title of Form XI's essay) were too numerous and too varied to do justice to even in a talk of two or three hours, for "Dickens made the world laugh as well as cry." He however mentioned Pickwick Papers as being particularly full of Dickensian humour. "The Dramatic Power of Dickens" (the subject set for Form XII), he said, was also very great.

Mr. Williams stressed very strongly the fact that Dickens, a poor boy, had overcome great difficulties, and had risen to an honoured place in the world, and that the same was true of many other great men such as Edison, who had overcome deafness, and Admiral Sims of the United States Navy, who had sold papers in the streets of New York.

In conclusion Mr. Williams asked us to read good books and to learn to love the good characters rather than the bad.

Miss Millard then expressed, in a few well-chosen words, the appreciation of the girls, which was shown by prolonged applause. She also expressed her own pleasure, on hearing

that Mr. Williams would again visit us on his return from the West. Unfortunately, however, he was not able to pay us this second visit. Before going Mr. Williams presented the essay prizes to the winning pupils.

MARJORIE SPENCE.

A SCHOOL PHOTOGRAPH

(As experienced by a victim)

The entire School entered sheepishly in single file, and was ushered to uncomfortable and shaky benches and tables, on which the girls stood, layer upon layer, according to size. The photographer pranced about in front of them, pushing holes in the seething mass of humanity to poke in other victims.

Finally all was prepared, and a sickly grin appeared upon the faces of the unfortunate two hundred. Then—Crash! A flash-light photograph was taken, amid a flaring light and a burst of blue smoke. For a second all was confusion, then a gasp of relief passed round as each perceived her safety, and the screams ceased while everyone gazed carelessly about and murmured something about not being at all frightened, but rather amused on the whole.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON PLAYERS

At the end of October we had the pleasure of seeing the Stratford-on-Avon Players, who were touring Canada.

The week before they came, Mrs. Flower, who is closely associated with the building of the new Shakespeare theatre, gave us a lecture on Shakespeare's life. She showed us some interesting pictures of Stratford-on-Avon, among which were pictures of the house where Shakespeare was born, the school he attended, and the house of Anne Hathaway, his wife. She also showed us a picture of the old theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, and the new one which will replace it and which was designed by a woman.

The next week, while the players were here, they performed "Julius Cæsar," and the whole School went to see this Saturday afternoon. It was very interesting, especially to the Forms which are studying that play this year. Other plays which were enjoyed by some of the girls were: "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Henry IV," and "Hamlet."

ADELE CURRY.

OUR CHRISTMAS PLAY

On the nights of December the 18th and 19th, the Staff of Rupert's Land College produced Dickens' "Christmas Carol." It was ably directed by Miss Pearman, who had previously supervised its production in a school in France. The players were well suited to their parts, which helped to make the play a success. Faith Starkey was an excellent Scrooge, and made that crusty old gentleman live before the eyes of the audience. Ruth Wells took the part of Bob Cratchit most admirably, and little Douglas Graham, as Tiny Tim, won everybody's heart. Owing to the illness of Judy Moss, Ruth Taylor filled in at the last moment the part of Scrooge when a child, and did it very well.

Christmas carols and songs were sung by members of the Upper School, under the directorship of Miss Stella Boyd. These helped to lighten the play and ensure its success. Even though the stage was small, and there was little room for the players behind the scenes, all lovers of Dickens declared that the play was a great success.

The attractive costumes and stage-setting, designed by Miss Short, were praised by all who saw them.

"MARLEY'S GHOST."

CASTE

Ebenezer Scrooge.....	Faith Starkey
Bob Cratchit (his clerk).....	Ruth Wells
Fred (Scrooge's nephew).....	Eleanor Lodge
A Philanthropic Gentleman.....	Muriel Wright
Dick (an office boy).....	Isobel McMillan
Scrooge (when a lad).....	R. Taylor
Fan (his sister).....	Clarice Whittaker
Fezziwig.....	Nancy Milton
Mrs. Fezziwig.....	Adele Curry
The three Miss Fezziwigs.....	B. Lees, Vera Fryer, R. Martin
Scrooge (when a young man).....	Dorothy Bains
Dick Wilkins (an apprentice).....	Dorothy Champion
The Fiddler.....	Helen Major
Mrs. Cratchit.....	Margaret Shepley
Martha Cratchit.....	Marjorie Spence
Belinda Cratchit.....	Janet Grey
Peter Cratchit.....	Bernice Patterson
Tom Cratchit.....	Yvonne Wells
Tiny Tim.....	Douglas Graham
Marley's Ghost.....	Betty Hull
Ghost of Christmas Past.....	Jocelyn Botterell
Ghost of Christmas Present.....	Terry Burt
Ghost of Christmas yet to come.....	Agnes Niven
School Boys.....	Members of Grade IX
Coachman.....	Marian MacLeod
The Baker.....	Gwendolyn Jones
The Housemaid.....	Eugenie Kuntz
The Cook.....	Peggy Robinson
The Milkman.....	Elizabeth Wright
The Lad from Old Squeezum's.....	Jane Mary McConnell
The Maid from Miss Nippington's.....	Dorothy Donovan
A Boy.....	Lowa Traynor

Songs and Carols by the Senior Girls under direction of Miss Stella Boyd.

THE TEA DANCE

On December 1st, 1928, the First and Second Basketball Teams gave a Tea Dance in order to raise money towards getting parallel bars for the gym. Tables were arranged around the room, leaving a dance floor in the middle. Special tables were placed on the platform for the Staff. A four-piece orchestra came to play for the dancing, tempting the waitresses to dance instead of looking after their tables. At the end of the day the girls found that their efforts had not been in vain, and that they had made over \$60.

By the generosity of the Ladies' Board, which gave a considerable sum of money towards them, the bars have been installed in the gym, and now the girls are hard at work on them. From time to time, when Juniors will get on the bars with hard shoes, a commanding voice is heard: "Get off my bars, you'll scratch them with your hard shoes."

JEAN WELLS.

A VISIT TO WINNIPEG

I arrived in Winnipeg late on Saturday afternoon. My Aunt with whom I was coming to stay, was waiting for me outside with her car. We drove through the crowded streets to her home, which was located in a beautifully kept street. She had a large grey stone house which was surrounded by an immense garden. We had dinner at home, and in the evening we went to the Orpheum. The Orpheum is a very large theatre on Garry Street. We enjoyed the picture and the vaudeville acts, and after the performance we went out into the brilliantly lighted streets. Portage Avenue was very crowded, so we hurried into the quieter streets as soon as possible. I was very tired when we arrived home so I went to bed.

Next morning we went sight-seeing. My Aunt showed me the Parliament Buildings on Broadway, it is a tall stone building and on the dome is a Golden Boy. Broadway is a long and wide avenue with many beautiful trees on either side of the car tracks and the boulevards. Next to the Parliament Buildings is Government House and across Broadway are the Law Courts. At the end of Broadway is the large Fort Garry Hotel. On Main Street is the Canadian National Railway Station. We saw the old Fort Garry Gates. Then we went down Main Street, passed the City Hall, as far as the Royal Alexandra Hotel, where we stopped for lunch. After lunch we went down Portage Avenue to Eaton's and the Hudson Bay stores, where we did some shopping. It was about three o'clock when we had finished shopping, so we rode out to River Park, where we had a ride on the roller coaster and the

merry-go-round and ferris wheel afterwards. We watched some children riding the ponies, then my Aunt said, "We had better go out to City Park," where we saw many animals. Then we went home for dinner, and that night my Aunt went down to the station with me, for I was going away to school.

BETTY PARKER,
Grade IV.

Age 9.



THE SCHOOL COUNCIL

E. Lodge	N. Milton	T. Burt
B. Hull	M. Wright (Head Girl)	M. Spence
J. Botterell	E. Cameron	R. Glassco

THE PREFECTS' TEA

On April 26th the Prefects entertained the Staff in a room gay with daffodils. Everything combined to make the occasion a merry one. The hostesses had provided birthday cake to celebrate two guests' birthdays, and, with admirable restraint, placed two candles upon it. Three hearty cheers were given for the Head Girl and Prefects. The girls replied to this. •So ended a most enjoyable afternoon.

OLD GIRLS' SECTION

THE EVA L. JONES MEMORIAL FUND

Shortly after the sudden death of Miss Eva L. Jones, her many friends felt that steps should be taken to establish a fitting memorial. At a joint meeting of the two Boards held on June 18th, 1928, it was decided that the Ladies' Board and the Alumnae should meet and discuss plans for this memorial. After several meetings with the College Council, with the combined Boards and with representatives from other organizations, it was finally decided that a Memorial Fund be established, to be used for the general benefits of the College. All attending felt that the memory of this dear friend should be kept alive in the College to which she gave the best part of her life.

A Committee was formed with His Grace, Archbishop Matheson, as Chairman. There were many unavoidable delays, and work was not started until November. The first thing to be done was to gather together a correct list of the Old Girls. This, the Alumnae undertook to do. The Committee are deeply grateful to them for accomplishing this difficult task. No less difficult was that of obtaining the list of parents, for which Miss Millard said she would be responsible.

A luncheon was given, where the Alumnae, the Ladies' Board, the Social Science Study Club, the Overseas League, the Local Council of Women, the Red Cross, the University Women's Club, and the Girl Guides were represented. All expressed themselves as being very sympathetic with the effort and promised their support. Lists had been prepared combining the names of the parents and the Alumnae and these were distributed. Thirty members of the Alumnae and the Ladies' Board willingly offered to canvass from five to eighteen names each.

The President of the Alumnae is a member of the Memorial Committee, and Annie Crowe Collum, a past President, is also on the Committee. We are deeply indebted to the Alumnae for their cheerful co-operation, and the results up to the present date have been due largely to their efforts.

Only nineteen Old Girls have been heard from; their donations total \$413 and run from one dollar to one hundred. The Association made a special contribution of \$100.

Only twenty-one parents have responded, totalling \$1,910; these subscriptions run from five dollars to five hundred.

The Fund amounts to \$2,610.48. Several outside friends have sent in contributions. The work is difficult and returns are slow to show. The only way we can make it a success is to keep on working at it. Never lose heart, keep always before us the thought of the many sacrifices that dear Miss Jones made for the School, her helpful interest in the schemes for finer educational values, her hopes that the College would be a place where girls got something more than just their everyday lessons, and last, but not least, her wonderful Scripture classes, which are to many girls a happy memory.

The Old Girls who are steering their own ships look back with grateful hearts to those lectures, and the parents realize that the chart they were placing in the hands of their children was made safer by her fine interpretation of the Holy Bible.

GERTRUDE C. CODE,

Secretary of the Memorial Committee.

THE STORY OF THE SCHOOL

Many years ago, on Carlton Street, there stood a very beautiful house, one of the finest in the city. It was built in the fashionable residential district of the day. Sir Daniel McMillan and Mr. William Martin lived opposite, Mr. Whitla to the north, and Dr. C. N. Bell's house is standing to-day across the road.

Now, this beautiful house belonged to a man called Mr. Austin, who was in the Winnipeg Electric Railway. The house was well and spaciouly planned. On the left of the door as you went in were two large rooms, opening into each other, as they do to-day. The floor was inlaid and the ceilings were hand-painted with birds and flowers. On the right of the door was the library, back of that the dining-room, and what is now Mrs. Roper's stronghold was in those days the serving pantry, with the kitchens at the back.

In the Autumn of 1900, His Grace, Archbishop Matheson, was in Toronto. He discovered that \$28,000 a year was being paid out to Eastern schools by the parents of Winnipeg girls. When he came home, he called a meeting of prominent Winnipeg business men, and they undertook to found a Church School in the city. They purchased Mr. Austin's house with its extensive grounds (Mr. Austin had moved to Toronto, and the house was vacant at the time), and in the Autumn of 1901, Miss Dalton was brought from Toronto as Principal, and Havergal College was founded.

In 1902 the south wing was added. The two big classrooms at the south end of the corridor were separated by a sliding wall, and were used as the Assembly Hall for prayers, prize-giving, and all big gatherings. The reading desk that is used now at prayers is an old-timer, and came to school the very first morning.

In 1906 Miss Dalton was unfortunately unable to continue her work, owing to ill-health, and it was then that Miss Jones came out from Havergal College, Toronto, to take up the work to which she gave the best part of her life.

Finally, in 1910, chiefly owing to the generous assistance of some kind friends of the School, the Assembly Hall was added, and the School stood as it stands to-day.

M. FETHERSTONHAUGH.

BADMINTON TEA

The usual Bridge Party changed colours this year and emerged as a Badminton Tea. Winnipeg has suddenly developed a badminton craze, and the Old Girls' Association, with its ever watchful eye, took advantage of this to swell the treasury. It was held at the Minto Street Armouries, on Tuesday afternoon, February the twenty-sixth, and was most successful. There were about one hundred and sixty people present, one hundred and fifty of which availed themselves of the opportunity of a good afternoon's play. Miss Millard and Miss Holditch were present, and the Old Girls were delighted to see them once again. Gussie Drewry Love acted as General Convener. Louise Agnew Woodman with Ivy Scott Riley took charge of the tea, and Molly McClure

managed the sale of tickets. Different members of the Association took turns at the door collecting tickets and "dollars." When the expenses were cleared away, the bank account of the Association was increased \$155.00. Heartiest congratulations to the Committee!

During the course of the afternoon the Manitoba champions thrilled the spectators with exhibition games. Mrs. Horton, Mrs. Pirt, Mrs. Cochrane, and Miss Ross played a ladies' doubles set; and Dr. Wood with Mrs. Pirt, played Mr. Alcott with Mrs. Horton in a fast mixed doubles. After the hilarious efforts of the afternoon, these games served as an inspiration, for we saw just what it is possible to do with a raquet and a bird.

Presiding over the tea cups were Mrs. Walter Moss, Mrs. Charles Taylor, Mrs. Jack Holden, Mrs. Charles Pentland, Kathleen Wilson Martin, and Mrs. G. H. Florance.

The Committee wishes us to express its sincere appreciation to the Garrison Club for its very hearty co-operation, which resulted in a profitable and most enjoyable afternoon for the "Old Girls."

A VERSE FROM AN OLD GIRL

This is a verse from a loyal old-timer
To R.L.C.; but she is not a "rhymer."
Once when we produced a Shakespearean play
(I must say in a crude sort of way),
When playing the part of gent-in-waiting to the King
I heard a loud whisper which came from the wing,
"Look! Look! down there on the ground,"
And, lo and behold! I was shocked what I found,
For there was my beautiful moustache so rare,
Which I had taken hours to put on with much care.

THE ANNUAL ALUMNÆ LUNCHEON

Our fourth annual Luncheon was held at the Marlborough Hotel on Friday, November 16th. As it was the first large gathering of our Association since the passing of our well-beloved Principal, Miss Jones, there was an air of sadness as the many faces turned to the head table.

Our President, Margaret Bain Fetherstonhaugh, welcomed the guests of honour, Mrs. R. F. McWilliams, Miss Millard and Miss Holditch. She then laid before us the plans and objective of the Committee for the Eva L. Jones Memorial Fund. She next introduced the speaker, Mrs. McWilliams, who gave us a most entertaining account of her experiences during her Summer abroad with the Canadian undergraduates. We all envied the happy young people travelling tourist third and by charabanc, under her guidance.

Margaret Clark proposed the vote of thanks to Mrs. McWilliams, expressing our very real appreciation for her witty and humorous address. Our only regret was that her time was so short, but we hope that she will perhaps come to us again.

The enlarged photographs that the Alumnae had finished of Miss Dalton and Miss Jones for the Assembly Hall were on exhibition and it was announced that all who wished could obtain duplicates of the originals from Campbell's Studio.

Our luncheon closed with the National Anthem played by Mary Duncan.

MORNING PRAYERS AT R.L.C.

The Alumnae again had the privilege of joining the students at prayers on Monday morning, April 8th. It was a happy company that met on this occasion and one could hear "Do you remember?" on all sides.

The students and faculty were gathered in the Assembly Hall, and we took our places feeling very conscious of the passage of time, but that was soon dispelled by the cordial greeting we received from Miss Millard. Marjorie Hoskin read the lesson and Mary Duncan the prayers. All united in singing the greatly beloved hymn, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past."

Our President, Margaret Bain Fetherstonhaugh, gave an address of very special interest to both the Alumnae and the students, when she happily recalled the founding and growth of our School from the small beginning, when it comprised only the front portion of the present situation, to the greatly enlarged School of to-day. The motto, "Alta Petens," has never been in the background but prompted all to strive

to keep pace with the Principal's ideals and of those who started the School. With her own sincerity of spirit our President spoke of our indebtedness to Miss Dalton, the first Principal, and then of Miss Jones, whose death a year ago was a personal sorrow to us all. To Miss Millard she expressed the abounding good wishes of the Alumnae and its true and loyal support.

As the students marched out and we saw their happy countenances, we had to shyly confess to ourselves that we really felt a bit jealous of them. But would they believe that!

R. CLARKSON.

NEWS OF THE OLD GIRLS

Those of you who are leaving school this year, and some who are staying, wonder perhaps what the Old Girls are doing. It would be splendid, had we time and space, to tell you about ourselves. We'd like nothing better! Unfortunately, we must content ourselves with general news.

The R.L.C. Alumnae is represented in each "Year" at the Manitoba University, and all are doing well; many are holding offices in the various student organizations. Marjorie Heeney, for example, has just completed her term as Lady Stick. Toronto's 'Varsity has in its ranks Rose and Maud Mackenzie. The Agricultural College still appeals to many and Rupert's Land's first Head Girl, Katherine Middleton, graduates from there this year.

Hospitals and Nursing are still very popular. Several girls, among them Jean Machray, are graduating this year from the Winnipeg General Hospital, and Betty Moss is on the Staff there. Phyllis Appleton, Charlotte Counsell and Dot Rowand are in doctors' offices, whilst Marjorie Hazlewood and Constance Briggs are doing X-ray work in Winnipeg. Irma Brock has just answered a call to do the same work in a Vancouver hospital. We must not forget to mention Eleanor Cox, who graduates from the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, and who won the medal for general proficiency this year.

Many lucky ones are travelling. Kathryn and Ruth Mackenzie have had a seven months' trip to Palestine, Egypt

and Europe; Geraldine Taylor, who is also abroad, hopes to be proficient in Italian and French on her return; Joan Bonycastle has had nearly two years in Florence, Paris and London, and Becky Dennistoun has spent several months in Europe, Palestine and England. One who travels as part of her business is Peggy Moss, who is engaged in Chautauqua work. Norah Moorhead graduates this year from Liverpool University. Several other girls are planning to go to Europe on the students' trip this summer.

Countless offices of all sorts claim the Alumnæ. We think Doris Phinney's work in the Dominion Government Seed Branch here and Janet Agnew's in the Catalogue work in McGill University Library sound interesting, also Beth Osborne's research and curative teaching among mentally deficient children in Philadelphia. Winona Marlatt is in the Dominion Employment Service in B.C., and Norah Matheson holds a splendid position as Principal of St. Mary's School, Faribault, Minnesota. Rather unique was Shelagh Kirby's experience as Secretary to Gordon McLeod and understudy in his plays.

Music has charms for some. Hermione Blackwood is teaching in New York and Lulu Putnik, Peggy Ormond and Ellen Code in Winnipeg.

Mary Cussans has graduated well from the Physical Training Department of McGill University, and Minerva Porter, who graduated from the same college last year, is physical training instructress at St. Mary's School, Faribault.

There are activities without end—not to mention matrimonial ones—but we do want to speak of the great number of Old Girls interested in Girl Guide work in the city, among whom are Gwen Detchon, Margaret Clark, Janet Clark, Dorothy Westgate, Marjory Glassco, Marjorie Hoskin, Kathleen McMahon, Frances Burritt, Mabel Pyniger, Eileen Montgomery, Constance Waugh, Violet Parker, Dorothy Anderson, Margaret and Mary Matheson, and many others.

Margaret Rogers Konantz has been elected to the office of President of the Winnipeg branch of the Junior League, in which many Old Girls are interested. She attended the International Conference at New Orleans in May. Some of the members are Sylvia Lemon, Margaret Fetherstonhaugh,

Frances Douglas, Marjorie Wood Gemmill, Ellen Code, and many others.

"All work and no play makes Jill a dull girl," you'll be saying, but despite this rather fearsome list of activities, we assure you we find time for sports and leisure, and the life of an R.L.C. graduate is far from dull.

LORRAINE CODE.

A GREETING FROM THE OLD GIRLS

Your Alumnæ wish to send a very hearty greeting to the Magazine. This is its first appearance for many years. It may interest you all to know that the first School Magazine was written out in full by hand. It was passed from one girl to another until everyone had seen it. Finally it was placed in the cornerstone of the School. The girl who was ambitious enough to undertake such a task was Winona Marlatt. Winona is now living at the Coast, and we are hoping that she will send us a contribution to our own Bulletin this year.

We also wish to send a greeting, and a very warm one, to those girls who will graduate this Spring, and who will become members of the Alumnæ Association in the Autumn. Leaving school is one of the first milestones of a girl's life, and it is passed with a feeling of happiness and also with a feeling of regret; happiness at the thought that the world lies before her, regret at parting with those friends who have made school days happy ones. Membership in the Alumnæ Association has proved to be the one way of keeping in touch with the School after a girl has left, and it gives her an opportunity of showing her appreciation of all that the School has done for her, by her continued interest and goodwill.

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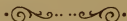
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