

# The Eagle

**RUPERT'S LAND  
COLLEGE MAGAZINE**



Vol. V.

October, 1933

# Rupert's Land College

Incorporated with St. John's College

122 CARLTON STREET, WINNIPEG



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JOAN WATSON

# The Eagle

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VOL. V.

OCTOBER, 1933

No. 1

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## MISS MILLARD'S LETTER

November, 1933

Dear Girls, Past and Present:

Though this letter is addressed to you all, it will be read this year, I expect, more especially by present girls than by those of the past, as the Old Girls are producing their own News Bulletin. However, in case this does find its way into any Old Girl's hands, we from the school offer you our best wishes for the continued success of the Old Girls' Association and our sincerest greetings.

The years fly by so quickly that you jolly little Kindergarten people are tall, grown-up seniors, taking Leaving Certificates at Prize-giving before we can realize it. Then you come back to see us as members of the Alumnae, and how good it is to have you with us again.

I wonder if you can realize what happiness it is to watch the progress and development of a girl from Kindergarten to Grade XII? How much interest one takes in her successes and what sympathy one feels for her in her difficulties. At Rupert's Land we are privileged to do this, as many of you spend your whole school life with us. You cannot imagine how happy we were in September when several seniors came back to Grade XII, girls who had been with us for so many years.

We spend such busy lives at school that we find it difficult sometimes to find time to "be still" and to consider whether or not we are trying to live up to the high aims and ideals we have set before us. Do you notice, that as we reach up our aim goes even higher? That is what makes school life so interesting and absorbing, because I feel that you are all trying to build a splendid "Rupert's Land" with us. Building a "school" is so much more engrossing than building a material thing. How expensive it would be for a house-owner to add rooms and odd corners continually to his home. Yet that is what we are always trying to do at school—trying to find ways to improve our school so that every girl coming to us may find more help and happiness. I feel our Self-Government; the House System, with its many and varied activities; our Literary Society; the Inter-House Musical Festival; the Form Societies for raising missionary funds; the House Drill-Teams, etc., are all

“corners” which have been raised around our School, and all these are steps towards the ideal. Our new Homecraft Course will some day develop into a very big “room” I hope, so that one of my big personal aims for the school will be realized.

One of the very encouraging features of the year was the excellent results of the Departmental examinations in Grades XII and XI, which appeared in August. Many of the girls who had worked so hard during the year, felt themselves rewarded. The high standard of much of the work in Grades X and IX made us hopeful of equally good results next summer.

Then, the responsible attitude of you all towards school elections (School Captain, Prefects, Esprit de Corps winners, etc), have made me very happy during the last two years. I know you are beginning to realize your responsibilities and to use your judgment — preparations toward living a full and useful life when you leave school.

When you were preparing the material for this magazine, you had not heard of the resignation of Mr. Beech. I know how much you will all regret his absence from Rupert's Land, where he has worked faithfully for seventeen years. Our best wishes go with him and Mrs. Beech for their continued health and happiness — they celebrated their golden wedding two years ago.

Finally, our thanks go to Miss Turner, who has so unselfishly edited our magazine, and to all who have worked to make it a success.

With love and best wishes,

Yours affectionately,

G. E. MILLARD



**SCHOOL CALENDAR : 1932-1933**

1932

- Sept. 14—School opens. Welcome to Miss Sharman, Miss Dovey, Miss Parker and Miss Harding.
- 23—Boarders' Initiation party.
- 30—School Initiation party.
- Oct. 7—Grade IX Tag Day.
- 10—Thanksgiving Day. School holiday.
- 20—Members of the Upper School visit new Auditorium.
- 21—Lecture on Ancient Egypt by Mr. Glanville, of the British Museum.
- 28—Boarders' Hallowe'en party.
- 29—Recital given by Captain James and the Princess Patricia Band.
- Nov. 1—Commemoration Service at St. John's Cathedral; sermon preached by Rev. J. F. Cross.
- 11—Armistice Day. School holiday.
- 19—Zenana Mission Sale.
- 25—Dr. Douglass gave a talk on "My Trip around the World," to which Boarders were invited.
- Dec. 9—Lecture on "The Socialization of Architecture," by Prof. W. F. Osborne.
- 14—House Musical Competition; adjudicated by Mrs. J. Roberto Wood. Matheson House won.
- 16—School breaks up. Senior Christmas party.
- 17—Junior Christmas party.

1933

- Jan. 5—School re-opens.
- Feb. 3—Grade IX toboggan party; entertained afterwards by Mrs. R. E. Stewart.
- 4—Grade XI picnic at Mrs. R. S. Law's, Middlechurch.
- 11—Grade X Tally Ho! Entertained by Mrs. J. H. McDonald.
- 17—Tally Ho! Given for the staff by the Prefects and House officials. Entertained at Government House.
- 23—Miss Sutherland's lecture on Story-Telling.
- Mar. 3—Members of Grade XI saw a performance of "Oliver Cromwell," given by students of Kelvin Technical High School.
- 9—Members of Grade XII attended a lecture on "The Old Curiosity Shop," by kind invitation of the Dickens Society.
- 16—Novelty Dance Tea organized by Grade XII and the Form Presidents.
- April 3—Story-telling Competition, adjudicated by Miss Edna Sutherland.
- 4-5—Parents entertained. Display of physical training, art and school work.
- 7—School breaks up.  
Performance of "The Man from Alberta."

- 20—School reopens.
- 28—Basket-ball match; School vs. Riverbend at Rupert's Land College.
- May 1—Old Girls attend School Prayers.
- 5—Basket-ball match; School vs. Riverbend at Riverbend School.
- 9-20—Manitoba Musical Festival. School won Junior and Senior Private School Chorus shields.
- 24—Empire Day. School holiday.
- June 1—Lantern lecture by Miss Doupe on Holland.
- 5—Entertainment of Greek, French and English plays, given by the Juniors.
- 10—Picnic given by Grade X for the Staff and Grades XII and XI.
- 16—Graduates' luncheon. Grade XII dinner party. Prize-giving at the Auditorium.



### A SUMMER SCENE

As we rounded the corner, we came upon one of those charming scenes that sometimes break suddenly on one's sight like a colored picture flashed on a screen. We were high on the side of a hill, and from our feet the green velvet of the grass billowed away, sloping gradually to the valley of the sparkling little sapphire brook which we had crossed a few minutes before. Scattered over the pasture were sleek black cattle which shone like jet in the bright June sun and stood out clearly against that green carpet with its pattern made by the white of the daisy, the gold of the buttercup and black-eyed-Susan and the darker green spots that were lone trees and bushes. Away to the east the carpet rose again and was topped by emerald woods of pine, spruce, elm, oak, maple and ash, stretching into the blue distance in a gentle sea of rolling swells. To the west, it fell, and the cheerful red roof of our destination could be seen, seeming to urge us to hurry to the cool shade of its surrounding sentinel pines. In spite of its invitation, however, we stood a moment more to view the broad acres of young grain spreading to the foot of the dark mountain, outlined inkily against the brilliant sky. The fields were cut by the pale ribbon of the new cement highway which sometimes cuts into the bright jade necklace made by the maples marking the way of the old gravel "county" road, and sometimes swung off into the fields as if wishing to explore the beauties of growing things there. Beyond, the railway gleamed silver, and the 4:46, patiently chugging her way to the village three miles farther on, reminded us that Father Time does not wait for mere mortals, so we continued our way with mental vows to return again very soon; which we did.

ANNE CAMERON



## THE HEAD GIRL

Joan Watson entered the School as a Grade IX pupil in 1929, and during her four years at Rupert's Land College she made herself a vital factor in all school activities.

She was Captain and Musical Director of Machray House for her last two years, a member of the first Basketball team and of the school choir. As Head Girl, she showed a sense of duty, a strength of character and a spirit of cheerfulness and goodwill which made co-operation with her a pleasant task for staff and prefects. The awarding of the Esprit de Corps pin to Joan is proof of the recognition by her school-fellows of their debt of gratitude to her for much unselfish service rendered.

Joan's high principles and loyal attachment to the school, and the air of resolute purpose and dignity with which she went about her duties as head girl, made her a figure not easily to be forgotten. She is one of this season's débutantes, and intends taking up the career of nursing next year. She leaves us with the affectionate good wishes of the school for a very happy and useful future in that larger world in which we feel confident that Joan will continue to be a leader.



## HEAD GIRL'S LETTER

It seems impossible that another school year can be drawing to a close, and that once again we are looking back on a circle of varied and interesting days.

As usual, this year we had our parties. We started at the beginning of the year by having the new girls' initiation, and after they had gone through their somewhat severe trials, we rewarded them with refreshments and dancing. Then came the fancy dress Christmas party that Miss Millard and the staff gave as a surprise for the girls. We were most royally entertained and waited on, and truly experienced the delights of an old-fashioned Christmas party. After Christmas the prefects and house officials entertained the staff at a Tally-Ho, when the joys of winter were fully sampled.

In May we entered for various items in the Manitoba Musical Festival, and we realize that it was the interest that Miss Dovey took in this work that made the practices a pleasure instead of a drudgery. I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Dovey for her unselfish efforts and hard work which did so much in drawing out the musical talent of the girls. Here might also be mentioned the pleasure Captain James and his band afforded us by playing for us at the beginning of the year, when the popularity of his "King's Horses" was again proved.

Another outstanding event was the display of physical work, which was held in the school assembly hall, as in former years. To Miss Parker goes the credit for so successfully planning and carrying out the programme, while the girls co-operated splendidly to make the evenings a success. It was with great enjoyment that we viewed the display in the studio; there were drawings and paintings of all kinds, wool-work, furnished dolls' houses and linoleum cuts. A great deal of credit is due to Miss Brewer who has furnished inspiration to the art workers during the past two years. At the other extremity of the school, on the same nights, the chemistry laboratory was arrayed in its full splendour. Such things as "chemical gardens," sensitive flames and coloured flame tests were exhibited—the work of Miss Sharman, who has laboured so energetically to improve the condition of the laboratory, and to present Chemistry and Physics as the interesting subjects that they are.

Our closer relationship with Riverbend School this year has been very pleasant; we have felt that a spirit of friendship has become stronger than that of rivalry, much as we have enjoyed meeting on the battle-ground of sport and music; we hope that this drawing together may be increased and strengthened in future years.

Quite an outstanding feature of the year has been the successful efforts of the girls to raise money for missions, the magazine fund, the gramophone fund and other school interests. Each House in turn has run a Tuck Shop at recess, when buns and apples have been sold to hungry girls of all ages. Grade XII sold "candy posies," the prefects and form presidents organized a Tea which made \$10.10. Other money-making schemes were Grade X's sale of candy, which made \$5.70; Grade IX's woollen golliwogs, which made \$15.00; Grade VIII's book-marks and raffle, which made \$10.60; Grade VII's felt animal tags and curio exhibition, which made \$10.20; and Grade XI's sale of snap shots, which made \$3.15.

Once again Tennis has proved a popular sport; the coaching which Miss Parker has given has resulted in the fact that many of us who used to play "at" tennis, now make a more serious effort to play real tennis, although our efforts may still appear somewhat hopeless to the casual on-looker. An unusually large number of basket-ball matches have been played, and the interest of the teams has been well maintained.

Quite remarkable has been the way in which Grade XII more than doubled its numbers this year. Of course, the recurring problem of conflicting time tables arose, the solving of which required all the mathematical skill of Miss Bartlett, who, as ever, works hard "behind the scenes" of school life to make things run smoothly. Looking back

over the year I think of the different sides of school life with which the various members of the staff are associated. It is to Miss Holdith that we turn when we want to borrow flowers, for she always manages to have some in her possession, whatever the season. Mrs. Purdie and Miss Coleman manage to keep the little people supremely happy, and one realizes that school spirit is already developing in these babies when they are heard singing our school song: "The Best School Of All." Miss Church is definitely recognized as our newspaper correspondent; Miss Turner we associate with plays; Miss Bussell, who last year was a member of the Fort Rouge staff, is now really one of us; Miss Martin is still pursuing the somewhat thankless task of drilling mathematics into middle school heads; Miss Harding has devoted much of her time to accompanying and helping generally with the music; Mrs. Pidcock acts as a general "mother," making boarding school life more like home; the visiting staff bring in their breath of freshness from the outside world; it is to Mrs. Fenton that we all turn when we need "propping-up," and we realize how much we shall miss her in the next school year.

It is always with a feeling of regret that we say good-bye to members of the staff with whom we have been in such close contact during their years at school. This year we are losing Miss Young and Miss Rainsford, who have done so much in the way of English and French plays in the Junior and Middle School. To Miss Brewer and Miss Dovey we must also with great regret say good-bye, and to Miss Lees who has taught so many of us our French and Latin. With the girls who are leaving we send our best wishes, but we are not losing them altogether, for they keep in close touch with the school through the Alumnae Association.

Now, with Prize-giving, the climax of the year, almost upon us, we realize that the end has really come. First, I would like to thank Miss Millard who has helped me so much in every way, and then the staff and the prefects, who have proved themselves always helpful and willing, and lastly the girls, who have shown what ends co-operation can achieve.

JOAN WATSON

June 14th, 1933



## HOUSE NOTES



### DALTON HOUSE

President.....	Miss TURNER
Associates.....	Miss SHARMAN, Miss BREWER Miss MARTIN
Captain.....	JOYCE LAW
Lieutenants.....	DORIS PROCTOR, EVELYN WALLACE, MARGERY BEDFORD

The year 1932-33 was a bright and happy year for Dalton House. Aided and upheld by our President and Executive we entered into all the inter-House contests, and, although we were not always successful, we succeeded in retaining the much coveted House shield. At the Zenana bazaar, we managed the candy stall, operated the fishpond and acted a shadow play up in the studio as an added and unusual attraction. The latter was a great success and much enjoyed by all who witnessed it.

Next came the annual Musical Festival, and, although we did not distinguish ourselves, our choir and pianist had worked well and benefited by the helpful criticism of Mrs. Wood, the adjudicator. Then came a new and entirely different event—a story-telling competition. Miss Sutherland was the judge and she gave us a most interesting preliminary talk. We spent a very happy morning in listening to the stories of the various members of each house, even if we did not win. The House basketball team did good work during the year and emerged from each match, if not victorious, at least not downcast, and with high hopes for the future. We were very proud of our drill eight, who came first, under the able direction of our sports captain, Anne Cameron, to whom many thanks are due. At the close of the year we were delighted to discover that we had again obtained the House shield, and we wish to thank the Executive for all which they did to make our year happy and interesting.

## JONES HOUSE

President.....	Miss BARTLETT
Staff Associates.....	Miss HARDING, Miss CHURCH
Captain.....	AGNES SWALWELL
Lieutenants.....	JESSIE MALCOLMSON, MARY LAIRD, PEGGY MOORHOUSE
Sports Captains.....	PAULINE RICHARDS, EVELYN ROGERS
Secretary.....	JESSIE MALCOLMSON

1932-33 was a most successful year for Jones House, and although we did not win the coveted shield, we made a valiant effort. The first big event of the year was the Zenana Sale, at which we took charge of the tea. As an added attraction, we raffled a doll dressed as a Rupert's Land girl, which proved to be very popular. In the Musical Festival we stood second, our choir coming first. The story-telling competition was very encouraging, for we came first, but in the drill eights we were fourth. We lost the basketball cup by a very small margin, having gained only one point less than Machray House. But on the whole, Jones House managed to come third. The best of luck to our members for next year.



## MACHRAY HOUSE

President.....	Miss COLEMAN
Associates.....	Miss BUSSELL, Mrs. PURDIE
Captain.....	JOAN WATSON
Lieutenants.....	ELIZABETH ANDERSON, VERA MAJOR JEAN MONCRIEFF
Secretary.....	ELIZABETH ANDERSON
Sports Captain.....	VERA MAJOR

Machray House had the honour of having the Head Girl, Joan Watson, as House Captain for the year. The Musical Festival was much enjoyed, as usual. Practising beforehand often meant sacrifice, but, when the day arrived, it was well worth all the effort. Our House came third in the combined results. At the Zenana Mission sale, Machray House had charge of the linen and "Odds and Ends" stalls. A new feature in the year's activities was the Story-Telling Competition, which proved of great interest, giving us, as it did, a closer association with Miss Sutherland, and helping us to discover hidden talent within the Houses. The Inter-House Basketball matches were played very enthusiastically, the highest score being obtained by Machray House. This success was balanced by our coming third when the Drill Eights held their competition. Although our position was second at the end of the year, we are full of hope for the future. We wish the three officers leaving us every success.

## MATHESON HOUSE

President.....	Miss YOUNG
Staff Officers.....	Miss RAINSFORD, Miss LEES
Captain.....	EILEEN CHANDLER
Lieutenants.....	KATHERINE SAUNDERS, GERRY KILVERT
Secretary.....	MARIAN O'GRADY
Senior Sports Captain.....	JUNE KENNEDY
Junior Sports Captain.....	SHIRLEY JACKSON

We have just come to the end of a very successful year, 1932-1933. Looking back I can see all the activities of Matheson House for that year, events which brought forward many hidden talents in our members. In sport, even though our efforts were not always crowned with success, Matheson House did very well and proved that she was a good loser.

In the inter-House basketball competition, Matheson was third, and in the "Drill-Eights," under the capable leadership of her sports captain, June Kennedy, she came second. We are very proud of our junior sport captain, Shirley Jackson, who won the intermediate gymnastic cup in June. Apparently our talents lie in an opposite direction from the field of sports. Matheson House this year won the inter-House musical festival, which was adjudicated by Mrs. Roberto Wood. Under the direction of Katherine Saunders, and accompanied by Eileen Chandler, our choir came second in the chosen test pieces, but was first in the sight singing. Eileen Chandler also won the senior pianoforte and Pat Spendlove won the junior.

This year we had a new competition — that of "Story-telling." Our final position in this was second, but the senior class was won by one of our lieutenants, Katherine Saunders. We want to thank our staff members for their untiring efforts in listening to the stories of our entrants many times and for their helpful criticism. At the annual Zenana sale, Matheson House made a splendid showing at her stall of china, paper, brass and toys. Also, this year we presented the Archbishop with a book and later received a very nice letter of thanks from him. Even though our final position for the year was fourth, Matheson House has done some very good work under her leaders. We are sorry to have to say "good-bye" to Miss Young, Miss Rainsford and Miss Lees, who are leaving this year for England, and we want to wish them "good luck" for their futures. At Graduation, members of Matheson House won many prizes, and wish to offer them our hearty congratulations. It is with real regret that the graduates of Matheson House bid farewell to their fellow-members, and they wish them the best of luck for the future.



Art throughout the school has shown a definite improvement. In spite of the fact that many girls consider that they will never be able to "paint," some of the most individual and quaint designs have been produced by these people! The younger ones have been seen with boxes of primary colours, stout paint brush and a whole new sheet of paper—destined probably to be covered with scarlet blossoms in a blue pot, or yellow chicks running a perpetual race—what matter? Any child when guided aright finds happiness through some such creative effort.. Who can imagine with what amount of eagerness a child approached me with: "May I REALLY paint a red elephant?" The amount of inspiration there was in that elephant, when completed, was a revelation.

The needlework books, begun last September, have been a source of usefulness and pleasure to most, though alas! many were the times that hemming and basting had to be practised before the best example of each could be affixed in the books.

In the work of the Sketch Club originality allied to ability has achieved a pleasing result; how interesting it has been to observe the different interpretations of subjects set for each term, and how good most of the work. Definitely there is ability in this little artist group which should be encouraged.

WINIFRED M. BREWER



### MISSIONS

The Hay River Mission, at Great Slave Lake, and the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission were again helped in 1932-33. For the support of two girls, and for Christmas presents for all the pupils at Hay River School, \$120.00 were raised by the different classes organizing tag days, candy sales, a curio exhibition and a play, etc. The annual tea and gift shop in November raised \$125.00 to support Nanu Kisan, a cot in the Nasik Hospital and Miss Gladys Craig at the Lady Kinnaird High School for Girls at Lahore. At Christmas the school sent bales of clothing, toys and food to poor families in the country, no less than twelve families being helped in this way.

### SPORTS REPORT

During the season 1932-33 our energies were confined to basketball in the winter months and tennis during May and June. Eldred Jenkins was elected sports captain, and she worked enthusiastically throughout the year. In September we had to build up practically a new team as most of the girls who played during the previous year had left school, but the girls worked hard and soon the standard of play showed improvement. Shooting and guarding were good in both first and second teams, but passing, especially in the center court, was weak. We played against Riverbend School this year, and in both matches Riverbend first team and our second team carried the honours. In the Clark cup match, the Old Girls retained the first team cup, but our second team was victorious. During the spring term, inter-House and Form matches were played. Machray House and Grade X gained most points.

**First Team.** P. Richards, E. Jenkins, V. Major, K. Saunders, J. Watson, K. Clarke.

**Second Team.** A. Cameron, V. McGregor, M. K. Florance, L. Cubidge, J. Pratt, H. Cameron.

**FIRST TEAM CRITICISM.** **Forwards:** E. Jenkins (Captain); a strong steady player with good shooting powers. J. Watson; a reliable forward. **Jumping Centre:** P. Richards; a neat strong player, and the mainstay of the team. **Running Centre:** K. Clarke; a good guard, but her passing is erratic. **Guards:** V. Major and K. Saunders; persistent and reliable guards.

**Tennis.** The court was kept very busy this season before school, at recess, noon and after school, the weather affording many opportunities for practice, and play improved generally. The finalists in the tournament were Betty Dean and Eldred Jenkins, and after a very exciting and close match (score 9-7, 6-3), Betty Dean won.

**Drill.** House sports captains had the entire responsibility of training and commanding the members of their drill eight for the competition. The results showed how enthusiastically and loyally the girls had practised and supported their captain.

The following is a list of cup winners for the year 1932-33:

Tennis Singles .....	B. Dean
House Basketball Cup .....	Machray House
Boarders vs. Day Girls .....	Day Girls
Old Girls vs. Present Girls .....	Old Girls
Senior Gymnastic Cup .....	A. Cameron
Intermediate Gymnastic Cup .....	S. Jackson
Junior Gymnastic Cup .....	B. Law
Midget Gymnastic Cup .....	G. Bennett
House Drill .....	Dalton House
First Team Colours.....	K. Saunders, K. Clarke, P. Richards J. Watson
Second Team Colours.....	M. K. Florance, J. Pratt, L. Cubidge A. Cameron, V. McGregor

J. S. PARKER



## LIBRARY

The following books have been donated to the library during the past year:

Book	Donor
"Poland, 1914-1931" .....	The Polish Consul
"Path of the King" .....	Mrs. J. Hall
"Amateur Gentleman" .....	Mrs. J. Hall
"A Queen of Nine Days" .....	Miss Doupe
"Flynn of the Island" .....	Miss Rawlins
"Outcast of the Island" .....	Mrs. V. Moorhouse (an Australian friend)
"Castle Gay" .....	Mrs. V. Moorhouse
"Courts of the Morning" .....	Mrs. V. Moorhouse
"Boy's Life of Colonel Lawrence" .....	Mrs. V. Moorhouse
"Bambi" .....	Mrs. V. Moorhouse
"Japanese Nightingale" .....	Mrs. V. Moorhouse
"Wrath to Come" .....	Mrs. V. Moorhouse

There are many works of fiction and reference which are much needed in the library. The Librarian, Miss McCance, will be pleased to suggest the names of these to any friends of the school who are kind enough to desire to make donations.



## BOARDERS' LITERARY SOCIETY

Dickens was selected as a subject for study by the boarders during the winter, and the following programme was carried out:

Nov. 1—Opening meeting.	
8—"Life of Dickens" .....	Eileen Chandler
22—"David Copperfield" (Part 1) .....	Elizabeth Wright Evelyn Wallace
Jan. 17—"David Copperfield" (Part 2) .....	Marion O'Grady Lauren Connor
31—"Seven Poor Travellers" .....	Katherine Saunders Jean Moncrieff
Feb. 14—"Christmas Carol" .....	Ellen Witcher Joy Stuart
28—"Pickwick Papers" .....	Elsie Proctor Peggy Robinson
Mar. 21—"Tale of Two Cities" .....	Marion McDonald Helen McLauchlin



## OUR GUIDES

'Tis not for love of fame we bring  
Our work before the public eye;  
But 'tis for quite another thing,  
And this the reason why.

When others show they are in need  
We try to play the game,  
And often do a kindly deed  
In the Guide Movement's name.

During the year 1932-33 we were busy at work and play. A variety of badges were won, ranging from Life Savers to Cooks. Eight of the Guides, after attending lectures from a General Hospital graduate, were able to qualify for their Sick Nurse badge. The Infirmary became a busy centre in those days for poulticing and bandaging. The weather was not always kind to us when we planned hikes and treasure hunts, but we remembered the Eighth Law—and did our best. On February 14th, we entertained a Ukrainian Company of Guides, serving tea and playing games. Our Guides took part in the Rally held in May at the Amphitheatre, appearing in the march past, the human flag, folk dancing, the pageant and the singing around the camp fire. We were sorry to say good-bye to Peggy Moorhouse, leader of the Red Rose Patrol. News has reached us that she is now a "Robin" in a Guide Company in the East. The Guides had a very happy year, and are looking forward to another one.



## BROWNIES

The Brownies were very sad last Christmas when their Brown Owl (Mrs. Chown) was flying away to another part of the forest. However they did not forget the Brownie smile, and when Brown Owl promised to come back as often as possible to see them, the smile turned to a real grin. All winter long the Brownies worked hard in their homes under the trees, and when spring came two or three of them were quite ready for second class badges, and the others were all trying hard to catch up to them. The springtime has such a nice exciting feeling in the air, as though thousands of secrets and lovely things were waiting to be found, and it was then that we found six new Brownies who wanted to join the pack. When they were all ready to be enrolled, the former Brown Owl flew back to see them, and the Eagle Owl (Miss Millard) came into the forest and performed the ceremony. Naturally there was great excitement amongst all the Brownies, and when the new ones had been enrolled, the whole pack showed their visitors some of the things they had learned during the winter. The most important was a first aid demonstration, so that all their Fathers and

Mothers, and Brothers and Sisters would know, that when a Brownie is at a Pack meeting, if she falls out of a tree or off a toadstool, the other Brownies will be quite capable of looking after her. And that was the end of the year. There was just one more pack meeting, when we said "Good-Bye" to two fairies, two elves and one little person, who had to move away to another part of the Forest.



### THE MAN FROM ALBERTA

Friday, April the seventh, saw the majority of the school assembled together to enjoy "The Man from Alberta", a play in three acts under the able direction of Miss Turner. The proceeds amounting to thirty-one dollars and twenty cents, of which five dollars and seventy cents were made by the Grade ten candy stall, were in aid of the Magazine Fund.

The man from Alberta, Fergus Wimbush (Joan Watson) goes to England with the hope of persuading Mrs. Calthorpe (Miss Parker) to marry him, because if he does so they inherit between them the state of a wealthy uncle who has just died. It is with great difficulty that Mr. Priestley, (Mary Laird) Mrs. Calthorpe's guardian and legal advisor persuades her that Mr. Wimbush is most "eligible". In order to form her own opinion of Fergus, Mrs. Calthorpe poses as "Perkins", the parlor-maid, and while she is playing this part Fergus falls in love with her. Robert Gilmour (Gerry Kilvert), Mrs. Calthorpe's young cousin, is visiting at Beach House, and when Ada (Eileen Chandler) and Ruth Wimbush (Jane McConnell) go for their brother, he falls in love with Ada. Mrs. Hubbard (Mary Kingston) "the ugliest woman in Christendom" and her daughter Minnie (Agnes Swalwell) add greatly to the humour of the play. Minnie, who is leaving England, has come with her mother to bid farewell to Mrs. Calthorpe, to whom they both present their photographs. Later in the play when Fergus asks for a photograph of Mrs. Calthorpe, Perkins shows him Mrs. Hubbard's, which is most amusing, and thus he forms an utterly wrong conception of her. The part of Martha, the cook-general of Beach House was capably filled by Miss Bartlett.

When Perkins, by her audacity and charm has succeeded in making Fergus fall in love with her, she returns under her correct name, and having straightened out all complications, happily marries him.

ELIZABETH WRIGHT

## GRADE X PICNIC

The day to which we had looked forward so many times during the past few years at last dawned. June the 10th, 1933 was the eventful day of the Grade X picnic for the Graduating Class. How many of us lay in bed that morning pondering over the terrors that ran through our veins this very day a year ago when it was up to us to supply the graduating class with a full day of entertainment! But happy were we that morning of 1933 when we blissfully realized that it was our turn this year to be entertained.

It happened to be a Saturday, but even so, ten o'clock found Grade XI in the bitter depths of an Algebra class two weeks before the departmentals, so great was the relief when motor horns were heard outside, and the beckoning voices of their occupants telling us to hurry out to the cars which were to drive us to Mrs. Pugh's beautiful summer home. Some even resorted to a scarlet-coloured truck which conveyed them there not as soon as hoped, but never-the-less on time.

The day proved to be very hot and the first hour or so was spent, by most of us, in roaming around the lovely grounds and hankering after the river. Soon however our hostesses had us all seated on the ground, then gave us a scrumptious lunch, composed of several kinds of salads, dozens of sandwiches and some wonderful concoction which quenched our thirst most satisfyingly. Ice cream with huge strawberries poured over it was the dessert, with cake and cookies; and when everyone had eaten as much as she could an afternoon full of activities began.

Croquet, badminton, tennis, bowls and dancing were tried by everyone until we became too hot. Then we roamed about the garden and the woods, finding there a swing, which proved disastrous to one!

The busy afternoon sped past, and soon it was time for tea, which was every bit as delightful as the lunch. It was nearly six o'clock when we finished, and people began to try to make themselves look respectable enough to venture home again.

Finally however, as all good things do, so did this day come to an end. Cheers were raised, good-byes and thank-you's were said, motor engines buzzed and with many voices ringing in the evening air the "Grads" drove away home; all agreed that the day had been most happy and successful.

KATHERINE SAUNDERS

## PRIZE GIVING

This event was held on the evening of June 16th in the Concert Hall of the Auditorium.

When Miss Millard, accompanied by Mrs. Harte, the Chatelaine of Government House, and His Grace, Archbishop Matheson, appeared upon the platform, the spacious hall was filled with the friends of the school. The pupils of the grades below Form XI, then filed in from the side doors of the stage to the front rows. They were no sooner seated than a burst of triumphal music pealed forth! Everyone turned to see the graduating classes come in from the back of the hall. No one, who saw that white-clad procession of happy-faced girls, their arms filled with flame-coloured flowers, pass up the aisles, will ever forget that joyful march.

Mrs. Harte presented the prizes and scholarships to the winners, from the very littlest ones in the Kindergarten to the tall young ladies among the graduates.

After Miss Millard's report had been given, and the Archbishop had spoken a few kindly words, we wandered out into the soft evening air, our hearts full of the haunting words of our old song:

"We'll honour yet the school we knew,  
The best school of all."

ELIZABETH CHURCH



### THE THREE BEARS

There were three bears lived in a wood,  
Merrily blow the leaves-o;  
They went for a walk to do them good,  
Among the green, green trees-o.

A little girl named Goldylocks,  
Merrily blow the leaves-o;  
Played in her garden sweet with stocks,  
Among the green, green trees-o.

She came in sight of the three bears' house,  
Merrily blow the leaves-o;  
She went to the door and crept like a mouse,  
Among the green, green trees-o.

When she got there, on cloth white as snow,  
Merrily blow the leaves-o;  
There were three plates of porridge all in a row,  
Among the green, green trees-o.

She took a little from each plate,  
 Merrily blow the leaves-o;  
 From the smallest of all she greedily ate,  
 Among the green, green trees-o.

In that little room she spied three chairs,  
 Merrily blow the leaves-o;  
 She tried them all before going upstairs,  
 Among the green, green trees-o.

There were three beds in the room above,  
 Merrily blow the leaves-o;  
 The smallest of all fitted just like a glove,  
 Among the green, green trees-o.

Then, Goldylocks she heard a growl,  
 Merrily blow the leaves-o;  
 'Twas those three bears come from their prowl,  
 Among the green, green trees-o.

She took to her heels as fast as she could,  
 Merrily blow the leaves-o;  
 And ran home quickly from the wood,  
 Among the green, green trees-o.

JOYCE TURPIN



### BOOK REVIEW

"Eliza for Common," by O. Douglas, gains its title from the fact that the heroine, an interesting and somewhat unusual type of young girl, wishes to be called "Lisa," but, as her father says, she has to be content with being called "Lisa for best and Eliza for common." Eliza is extremely interested in books, and she is a girl who knows her own mind, and who believes in saying just what she thinks, not always with the happiest results. She is the daughter of a Presbyterian minister in Glasgow, and she and her family live in a homey old manse called "Blinkbonny." Her father is a very fine man with a keen sense of humour, who is admired and confided in by all who know him. The remaining family are his wife, who is more practical, very kindly, and not without humour, but who is the steady influence in the family; and three sons, two mischievous small boys, and an older son at Oxford. Another member of the family not to be omitted is Mary-from-Skye, as she is called, who arrived in answer to an advertisement for a servant, stated that her name was Mary, that she was from Skye, and brought her trunk, carried by two cousins (also from Skye). She was very satisfactory except for an unfortunate habit of dissolving into peals of laughter upon

admitting a guest, and by the time she had piloted the embarrassed visitor as far as the drawing-room door, she was so completely doubled up with mirth as to be quite unable to announce him. Eliza's aunt and uncle are queer characters; living in London, and both with unconquerable Scotch accents, their strong determination is to be thought English. Eliza's cousin Kate, who is her direct opposite, her brother, who becomes a successful playwright, and his friends, are the young people in whom the interest of the story lies.

The scene of the story is a manse, in post-war Glasgow. The manse has the quaint name of "Blinkbonny," and its ugly and well-worn but nevertheless friendly and homey interior is the background for most of the action in the book. The family's summer home, "Corhope," was a farm on the border, which lay amongst the heather in a hollow in the hills; and it was here that the family and visiting friends spent the summer. The author did not attempt to describe Oxford, where Eliza visits, in any detail, but she managed nevertheless to convey a clear impression of the city through the conversation of the characters. Eliza's stay at "The Cedars" in London, with its ordered luxury and stiff charm, is in sharp contrast to the life at "Blinkbonny"; and different again is the picture of King John's Lodge, the home of her future husband, with its beautiful gardens and stately rooms, though to Eliza it lacked a feeling of home.

Perhaps the least important, and certainly the least interesting thing about this book is its plot, for its charm lies in the simple lives and conversation of the characters rather than in any outstanding actions upon their part. The plot is not in the least original, and is merely a record of the everyday lives of a minister's family. The book is of course chiefly concerned with the life and development of Eliza, her travels to Oxford and London, and her ultimate marriage. The plot will admirably suit those who like plausibility, and is a pleasing record of a pleasing family.

The story is told in a humorous and attractive way, chiefly notable for the easy and charming manner in which the characters converse; thus giving us such clear pictures of themselves through the medium of their own speech, rather than by actual word description. The author is certainly not given to prolonged descriptions of either the characters or their surroundings, and limits these to a few remarks which give one fairly clear mind pictures. For instance, one reads in description of Oxford: "Oxford and its spires, the green meadows, the river and the bells; the roofs that are pure Middle Ages."

In comparing this type of description with that of Scott, Eliot or other writers of the last century, one might liken it

to a miniature placed beside an oil painting, the former, complete in its small way and possessing a certain charm, yet lacking the rich warmth of colour and the perfect detail of the canvas.

I do not think that "Eliza for Common" is a book which would appeal to everyone, and decidedly not to those who desire stirring action or brilliant conversation among the characters. The book cannot be described as outstanding except for a certain quiet charm. It is a book with which to spend a quiet evening, to laugh a little at the wholesome fun of the characters, and finally, to close the book, feeling that you have been a temporary member of a very jolly family.

JEAN MACNAB



### THE CHASE

"Around the corner towards the left; hurry, hurry, hurry!" Men and women in scarlet and black came racing by on horses steaming with sweat. Over fences and through meadows of frightened fowl and scuttling rabbits came the sound of the hunting horns, the deep baying of the hounds, the shoutings of men and women, the slash of deep grass under the horses' hoofs and the scattering of rocks. A cloud of smoke was left behind the sweating hunters and foaming horses.

Fat men and women ran to open farm gates; farm dogs joined with the hounds, and lads on plough horses galloped along a little way with them.

The poor vixen, who had just been out to get food for her cubs, was suddenly aware that the hounds were at her heels. Off she flew, never looking back to see the handsome hounds slowly creeping up to her. The sweat was pouring down her body, her tongue was hanging out, her eyes were looking in front of her; her only thought was, "I must get away from the hounds, back to my beautiful cubs."

The fox had gone—where? Down her cleverly concealed hole—to her cubs.

SHEILA FLORANCE



### POEM OF SPRING

Grey buds, snowy buds,  
Coming in the spring.  
Glad to see the sunshine,  
Golden dust they bring.

GRADE I and KINDERGARTEN



## CHARACTER SKETCH OF A BOARDING-HOUSE-KEEPER

Miss Sarah Biggs is an imaginary lady, the owner of a respectable boarding-house in Winnipeg. She is fairly tall and rather thin; she has long bony hands with which she is usually fumbling nervously. Generally she wears a grey house-dress with a high collar that she keeps in place by a large sombre pin. Over this she wears a spotless apron, which has the appearance of engulfing her. Her face is long, and she has high cheek-bones; her nose is slightly aquiline, but her eyes, her one redeeming feature, are clear and bright. They are grey, half-hidden by queer little rimless glasses perched on the arch of her nose. Her hair is fair and stringy, done into a knob on the top of her head. Little wisps of hair seem perpetually to escape the captivity of the magnificent hairpins.

Her boarding-house is situated near the Canadian National Railway Station, so she gets many applicants for rooms from out of town. She is very kind to strange young men and women who are unfamiliar with the city. She would turn out half a household of good-for-nothing men to let one struggling, out-of-town girl have a chance of a room. She is very kind to all, if they keep the few strict rules of the household. At nine o'clock every evening she locks the front door, and the boarders who are left outside must go around to the back door and ring violently; if it is a first offence she scolds profusely but lets them in, but, alas! if it is a second or third offence, she fines them for unpunctuality. At ten all lights must go out—(Miss Biggs keeps an alarm clock in the hall for all boarders to hear)—for at ten-fifteen she turns them out from the main switch, so the house is engulfed in darkness. In the morning, breakfast is at seven-thirty; those who want it earlier or later must go elsewhere. She allows no smoking or drinking orgies on the premises, and only five visitors are allowed each person per month.

One of her tiresome faults is her sharp temper. Sometimes, no matter what anyone does, he gets nothing but reproof from Miss Biggs. The tradesmen are in perpetual awe of her, in case they are late, or have the wrong parcel for her establishment. At these times her tenants usually go early in the day, stay away for meal-times and come in at nine sharp!

One of her good points is her fondness of animals. She is usually feeding half the neighbourhood's animals, for she puts scraps and milk outside the back door. She keeps all the stray cats and dogs in her house; in an unused barn

she keeps any dogs that arrive, and the basement provides for stray cats.

It is strange that such a queer-looking spinster should be an attraction for children, but she is. In the evening she sits out on her verandah in a rocking-chair, with her endless knitting. Presently half-a-dozen youngsters creep up the steps and range themselves around this old lady, and plead for a story. She is never angry or impatient, but tells the story of her childhood to her spell-bound listeners, until the clock ticks round to nine, and then she locks the front door and awaits the arrival of the unlucky tardy boarder.

ELEANOR RILEY



### AN EXPERIENCE

The incident that I am about to record occurred in the summer of 1931, the first summer we spent at Kenora. The first half of our family had come down on the first Tuesday of July; the other half arrived on the following Wednesday morning. After two very hard days of work, in which we had tidied the camp and taken all the shoe-polish from the walls and lights (we had rented the house for the summer, and apparently the people before us had been very untidy), we retired to bed on the Wednesday night, feeling as though we could sleep for ever.

About one o'clock on Thursday morning I awoke with a start. It was very dark outside and everything was still and quiet. Even the lake seemed to be perfectly still and the trees had stopped their rustling of the evening before. But something must have awakened me. Usually one awakens and it takes some time for him to realize his surroundings. I knew the instant I awoke that something had just happened, but, try as I could, I was not able to think of anything that might have occurred. While I was trying to solve this mystery I heard a faint but a very distinct sound, as of someone trying to call but not being able to do so very well. I kept perfectly still and listened. I heard nothing and thought I had been imagining it all, and so was just preparing to go back to sleep when—hark! there it was again! I sat up in bed, but again everything was still. Before long there was another call, this time louder and stronger. Could I be dreaming? Who would be out at this time? Suddenly, I remembered I was at the lake and not in the city, as I had been thinking was the case. It was a perfect night to be out in a boat and anybody could upset, especially in a canoe.

With this realization, I started out of bed. Again came the cry, this time distinctly, "Help! help!" Now the person sounded tired and almost gone. All this had happened in

less time than it takes to tell, and I could not yet discern the various objects in the room. I got up hurriedly. Moving around was necessarily hampered, and while I was trying to reach the door I could hear the cry repeated at various intervals. It was alternated by sounds which made me think he was going under. "Help! help! (blub, blub) help! (blub)" was heard all the time now. After stumbling over several articles, I finally reached my bedroom door. After struggling with it for several seconds, I managed to open it. Still the cry of the drowning person rang in my ears. Even this cry afforded me some comfort, because when it stopped it would obviously mean that help would be useless.

Just as I opened the door and started down the verandah I heard the pitiful cry of "Help! help!" change to a much more hopeful one of, "A light, a light!" Looking across the water I saw a light shining in the boat-house opposite our camp. Several reassuring voices called, "Hold on, we're coming!" Even as the engine of a boat started I could hear that the cry had changed again—this time to one of desperation mingled with fear: "Quick, quick! Here I am! I—am—going!" Other voices indicated he was going under. Apparently the would-be rescuers were having a hard time to find him in the dark. "Where are you! It's all right; we'll find you. Hold on a minute longer!" kept echoing across the water. Suddenly the engine of the boat stopped. The voices were lowered so that I could only hear a faint murmuring. Then, after what seemed ages, but what was in reality only a few seconds, the boat started up again and went back towards its own boat-house. Soon all was quiet and I went back to bed. It was hard to believe that what had happened was a real occurrence and not just a nightmare.

The next morning I told everybody what I had heard. No one else had been disturbed by anything and all were inclined to think that I had just been dreaming. However, when we went into Kenora that afternoon we heard that the swell of a boat had upset an Indian in a canoe just near where we were staying. This was evidently what had awakened me.

MARION O'GRADY



### HAPPY SPRING

Happy children playing,  
Daffodils a-swaying.  
Yellow butterfly,  
Just a little sky.

GRADE I and KINDERGARTEN

## ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

St. Paul's is situated in the heart of London, at the head of Ludgate Hill. It is approached on the west by a wide strip of pavement on which stands a statue of Queen Anne. The immense building was built by Sir Christopher Wren.

Leading up to it are flights of broad stone steps at the top of which are tall, beautiful pillars carved at the top. In the north tower there is a bell which tolls only at the death of certain great personages. It weighs about seventeen tons. In the south tower is the famous clock and in the centre the wonderful dome.

Inside the cathedral there are many monuments of great people, and in the crypt the "Painter's Corner," where the artists are buried.

About three hundred and ten feet from the ground there is a gallery where, if one whispers, you can be heard across the dome on the other side.

The top is painted most beautifully by Sir James Thornhill.

The cathedral is five hundred and thirteen feet in length and the breadth is two hundred and forty-eight feet. After walking up seven hundred and fifty-two steps, one reaches the balcony around the dome, where a marvellous view of London can be obtained.

Books have been written about buildings, but this is only a brief account of one of the most beautiful in the world.

BARBARA SELLERS



## AN IDEAL COUNTRY COTTAGE

If I were to have my choice of a dwelling, of a place in which to live, to love, and call my own, a place in which I could do as I pleased and be happy, in short, a home, it would not be one of the tall, brown city houses that I would choose, with their lifeless windows and unwelcoming doors; nor of the fashionable "flats," with their air of formal conventionality, their over stuffed furniture, and their much advertised conveniences; nor yet of the comfortable suburban houses, standing in stiff, unalterable rows, looking for all the world like their owners, identically alike and equally smug and prosperously self-satisfied—the essence of dignified propriety; but I would go into the country, not as the tourist or Sunday holiday-maker goes, in a cloud of dust and a chaos of noise, shutting out both sight and sound of the beauty around them, but walking at my leisure, and then, where the grass seemed greenest, the flowers gayest,

and the trees oldest and friendliest, there I would find a cottage—a home—where I would know that I would always live in contented happiness.

And this cottage would not be too far away from, and yet not too near to some quiet pleasant country village with quiet, pleasant, country folk, and then again beyond the village would be a gay city, where sometimes, perhaps, I would go for a bit of merriment and gayer life, so as to be able to enjoy the quietness of my cottage when I returned, and not lose appreciation of its peaceful charms. And there would be a road past my gate, a white road winding across a green meadow, then losing itself in the woods beyond, like a weary traveller escaping from the heat of the dusty day to rest for a while by the cool of a woodland pool. Behind my cottage would be a wooded hill where cautious brown rabbits and soft wee brown birds would live and be the timid companions of twilight rambles, and where, in the springtime, the wild plum and hawthorn bushes would burst into a foam of white fragrance, a promise of the rich fruit and bright berries to come.

And inside, my cottage would be as bright as the sun in the morning, and as cool as a breeze in the evening. There would be a small parlour, with soft chairs, sitting demurely with full chintz skirts, like old-fashioned ladies at afternoon tea; a neat kitchen with a brick fireplace whose ruddy glow would dance on rows of copper pans in winter time, and high cupboards with glass panes, showing cups on hooks, and shining plates on ledges. From a corner of this kitchen would be a flight of turning stairs descending to the bedroom above—a room, small like the others, but made gay with curtains tied back and bouquets of yellow flowers. And looking out of the windows of my house would be like looking at lovely pictures. The two low-windows in the front room would see the side garden and part of the bordered lawn in front. The kitchen casements would look on the vegetables and the woods, and the upstairs dormer windows would usher in the long gold finger of the dawn to wake me every morning. There would be window seats in the parlour, and ledges in the windows for plants in winter. A small fire place would keep me warm on autumn evenings, when I would sit in one of the cosy arm chairs which would rest on either side. The kitchen would have an alcove beside the fire place, with a white-scrubbed table top and white small chairs where my three meals a day would be eaten. My bed would have four white posts like sentinels in the night, and there would be two covered boxes in which to keep my gloves and hats.

But, best of all, the garden! In front a velvet clover lawn with bright borders of nodding marigold and candytuft, and flagstone paths with tiny flowers and grasses

peeping between the stones as if asking permission to grow there. At the sides there would be flowers of every scent and hue; bold dahlias and zinnias, shy violets and tender roses, sweet scented stocks and modest mignonette lending fragrance to the harmony of colour. At the back, a neatly tended vegetable garden, discreetly screened by green painted lattice overgrown with ivy, would serve the modest needs of the kitchen. And round it all (to keep the rabbits from eating too much of the lettuce) would be a white-painted wooden fence, with a little white gate in front, and perhaps, if nature were doubly kind, a tiny silver stream to tinkle across a corner of my simple garden into the woods behind.

So, here in this secluded haven would I be content to live my life in peace and happiness, and gradually, from year to year, build up a surer and more lasting tie between my little house and me—an affection which would satisfy and merge into complete happiness. A pet or two, a faithful dog grown old in comfort and contentment; pleasant friends and neighbors, village children coming up for gifts of flowers—if I could but grow old in the midst of these, I would consider myself doubly repaid for life's trials and endeavors. It would be something indeed for which to work.

RUTH HEADLAM



### A NEWS-BOY

The September twilight had drawn in across the western sky, sending brilliant shafts of light into its dull and sullen depths.

The leaves on the avenue, which the week before had been so vivid, were now crisp and brown, and overhead, the wind, herald of a cold wet night, sighed and moaned through the trees.

Lights glittered through steam-smearred shop windows and cast bright patches into the ever-increasing gloom: and through it all, people rushed and hurried—pushing and shoving, buying and selling, in order to get home.

“Paper! Paper! All about the football match! Paper, Sir?” A small boy darted in and out of the throngs gathered for street-cars. He wasn't particularly noticeable except for his raggedness. He was about twelve years of age and he wore on his thin brown body a pair of grey trousers, frayed at the edges and patched with many different kinds of materials. Over this was a red, high-necked sweater, several sizes too large, and on his head, a small peaked cap slanted over one eye. His shoes were heavy, with thick soles, and his gloveless hands were thrust deep into his

pockets. He had a dirty boyish face, out of which two large eyes seemed to gleam inquisitively and over them hung a shaggy mop of uncut hair.

He stood there, without a name, one of a hundred others. Monotonously he called his paper and eagerly darted forward in the hope of selling one to some benevolent gentleman or to a fashionably dressed lady, through the window of a splendid car.

He was not envious of these people to whom he sold. He was too anxious to earn and take home money to his mother—so he quickly counted his remaining papers in the hope of being nearly finished.

By six-thirty most of the crowd had vanished, and by seven, the last paper was sold. He was tired now, and hungry, and he longingly pressed his face to the delicatessen window. In the centre were tiny frosted cakes, cream rolls and curly buns, and on either side huge chocolate layer cakes, spicy loaves and sugary cup-cakes.

He pressed his nose still flatter against the window pane in a last longing glance and then thrusting his hands deep into his pockets he turned and disappeared into the darkness.

BETTY PARKER



### THE WOODPECKER

The woodpecker's beak goes tap, tap, tap,  
And I wonder if he's knocking at the door!  
For, if fairies go to Fairyland they rap, rap, rap.  
I didn't know birds rapped as well before.

GRADES III AND IV



### HALLOWE'EN

A Hallowe'en witch comes on her broom  
With a big black cat behind.  
Here she comes sailing under the moon—  
I wonder what she will find.  
Apples and pumpkins, juicy and round,  
A goblin, an owl, and a bat.  
Here she comes gliding down to the ground  
In her big, black wide-a-wake hat.

GRADES III AND IV

## WHY TEACHERS LOOK THAT WAY (at R. L. C.)

"The textile industries are on the west coast of England because the quarries or places where the tiles come from are there."

"Mandated territories are where man has grown dates and made it a great success."

"Tea from India and Ceylon has greatly replaced that from China, because the Chinese started to get lazy and put bits of wood and other things in with the tea."

"Adam Bede translated St. John's Gospel into English in Anglo-Saxon times."

MASCULINE	FEMININE
marquis	marquine
drake	drone
czar	ewe
peacock	{ peacockess hencock



## THE CRIME

At eleven-thirty I woke up and heard a noise at the end of the passage which leads from my room to a door opening into a little verandah at the side of the house. I listened again and decided that it was only the wind coming through the cracks in the door.

In the morning it was discovered that the silver chest had disappeared from the attic. I told the police about the noise in the night, and it was noticed that the door of which I spoke was open, and a scrap of rough cloth was caught on the bark of the tree beside the verandah. Our garage and the one belonging to the next house were side by side, and marks as if something had been dragged from them to the neighbouring house were visible. The house is a duplex, and the janitor has a grudge against us, also his wife objects to dogs, and we have three.

Their premises were searched thoroughly by the police and our furnace man who was very interested. The furnace-man had a large darn in his rough coat, but his wife said that she had darned it herself a week before. She might, of course, be lying, so the patch was carefully examined (much to the furnace-man's annoyance). However it was not a hasty looking patch, as one done over-night would probably have been, so he escaped suspicion.

The man was then put under observation, unknown to him. The following night, the police, watching from behind the garage, saw his back door slowly open



and the man softly crept out. He looked this way and that, then made a quick dart down the stairs, he tripped over the mudscraper and uttered something, then lay listening—not a sound, so he slowly rose and started to creep to the garage.

He reached there in safety, then he opened one door a little way and slipped in. He quickly lit a candle, and (the police watching through a crack) placed it in the middle of the floor. Then he again listened; there was still no sound, so he lifted one floor board and felt in the revealed cavity; evidently it was not big enough, so he drew up a few more boards; he felt in this hole, and just as they saw a look of relief on his face—he knocked the candle out. A few minutes later they were puzzled to see him running all over the garage, as if looking for something, but he didn't search, he just ran here and there. Then he stooped and with a relieved exclamation, he picked something up.

He relit his candle, but, as he had his back to them, they could not see what he held. Then he turned round, and they saw what he held—a puppy.

The constable had a bright idea—had we searched the house? No! Of course, we hadn't, why should we? The evidence showed that a man had entered and left by the little verandah. But to please the constable we searched.

The silver was found in the maid's hat-box and suit case, and the empty chest under her bed.

JEAN ALEXANDER



### THE BIRD BATH

One day when we had been gathering little cranberry trees to take to Winnipeg, we took them home and put them in water; soon it began to rain.

It was only a shower and as we went on the verandah to sit we heard rather a commotion—and saw all sorts of birds getting a bath. There were robins, finches, yellow-shafted flickers and woodpeckers. Other visitors to the garden were blue-jays with their sky-blue backs and crested heads. A pilcated woodpecker came too — he is a large black and white bird with a brilliant red crest, and makes a noise like a squirrel, only louder. When he takes a drink he lifts his head back to let the water trickle down his long beak.

One day we were awakened at three o'clock in the morning by a whip-poor-will which was sitting on our fence, calling its mournful cry. As it was dawn we could not see its colouring very clearly but only its shape. A robin came and stood beside it; soon the whip-poor-will flew away and we were left in peace.

Our jolliest visitor was "Chippy." He was a very frisky little chap and could carry five acorns at a time in his pouch. We used to put acorns out for him, but Master Bluejay helped to eat them, which made Chippy flare up in a rage. It was very sad to leave this large family of birds.

MARGARET WILBRAHAM



### WINNIPEG

Winnipeg to me is a series of pictures. Indeed, in looking back, we find we look on life as a series of pictures. When we think of a certain incident, we do not think only of the incident but frame it in a picture. If we think of the enjoyable Christmas dinner we had, we do not say to ourselves: "First Emma came with Jim; she went upstairs and took her things off, and then came down and joined Jim, who was having a cocktail with father. While they were on their first, Jane arrived by herself because Frank was just putting the car away. Then came Frances and George and then Martha and Hugh. When they had all had their cocktails, we went into the dining-room two by two, father and mother leading"; and so on. Instead, we see them all seated around the table laughing and joking, all looking full of good cheer and feeling their best; the noble turkey, which father is carving, and mother at the other end overjoyed to have all the family together and looking so well. Or else, you see them later on, when people have dropped in; some are dancing, some grouped around the piano singing, others talking quietly, and all looking as if they were thoroughly enjoying themselves. It is, therefore, in pictures that I would depict Winnipeg.

Imagine for yourself a cold winter's day. The snow is falling, making everything dazzling white, and we are standing, though not for long, in front of the Parliament Buildings. The golden boy is a dark shadow up high amid the lazily drifting snow which quite out-dazzles him. The Parliament Buildings look mellow and the yellowness of the stones contrasts pleasantly with the dazzling snow of the sunshine and the soft purple-blue of the shade. The snowflakes are feeling comfortably lazy—not the mad frantic rush of yesterday with its exciting races with the wind, and pause to gaze in the windows and marvel at the feverish and tiresome existence of man. Queen Victoria sits on her throne with a soft fluffy wrap around her. After all, she is "a very little lady" and rather old. People are scurrying here and there only half visible in the glistening atmosphere, and where they have trodden they leave soft pinkish indentations and, perhaps, a cheery word, both of which are soon covered by the snow. From neighbouring

chimney-tops arise leisurely curls of pink smoke. All nature is calm; but alas, we poor mortals can hardly appreciate nature at forty degrees below.

Now it is night and we are travelling in a car along Portage Avenue and rapidly leaving Main Street behind us. Overhead is a canopy of twinkling lights, forming a Milky Way the length of Portage. On either side are spruce little Christmas trees all decked in blue, green, red and yellow lights. Still farther, on both sides are the shop windows dressed in their best and beaming a welcome to all who pass. There are many, for it is the night before Christmas and there are many belated parcels to deliver. We soon find ourselves on the Crescent, which is thronging with cars all sounding their horns as if we were dumb animals and that the only means of expressing our exuberance. There are many cheery words sent out into the friendly air, and the banging of doors and joy of happy laughter. The brave little trees and wreaths keep vigil outside, and attempt in their own way to do their bit towards cheering our hearts and rejoicing our eyes. Finally, we return home to be greeted with a gleam of delight by our own valiant tree.

And now it is Spring. Outside my window I can see a lilac tree laden with rich purple blooms, and as if that were not enough, perched on the topmost branch is a robin, quite a handsome bird, pouring forth his heart in ecstasy to the world. It is Nature adding beauty to beauty and leaving us to calculate the result. Poor human brain, it is almost beyond comprehension. It is early morning and has rained in the night. The sky is a restful pearly grey, but the leaves are a brilliant emerald green set off by gleaming purple lilacs with occasional splashes of rich creamy white. Not a soul is stirring and there is nobody else to hear my gallant serenader's declaration. But I am wrong; along comes Jenny Wren scolding her little best, and that is the last of my robin. Jenny, after carefully sucking a glistening dew-drop from the depths of a lilac bud, departs also.

It is a sweltering day. The very mosquitoes feel its depressing influence and demand our sustained effort to get rid of them. They can't be bothered to notice the frequent half-hearted attempts of the stricken mortals, no false alarms for them. Of what avail are cool white dresses and wide shady hats? The sky has turned a threatening grey. Everything takes on a vivid yellow hue and we await developments. Almost immediately, the air cools and a breeze springs up. How quickly breezes mature. This is no longer the innocent playful lion cub but the raging destructive lionness. It tears through the trees, bends them almost double under its fierce grasp, and tears branches off. There is a brief lull and then pelting rain. Everything is

viewed as through a semi-transparent curtain which is pulled by the wind. Soon we imagine ourselves in a barrage of fire as hail comes crashing down. It is rather exciting imagining yourself besieged when you know no harm can come to you. The trees are doing a fantastic dance, bowing and bending and tossing, which reminds me in many ways of the Mary Wigman dancers. Certainly it is quite as graceful. The hailstones are bounding around and hurtling through the air like fierce little goblins, and the vivid flashes of pink lightning give them an unreal inspired appearance. The barrage, however, is short-lived and we soon return to our normal state of affairs with the exception of a few broken windows and the strewn battlefield outside.

There remains only one more picture to complete my cycle. It is Autumn. A soft pearly-white mist is rapidly becoming more and more faint as it catches sight of the sun which is bravely trying to make its way through banked white clouds. There is a fresh tang in the air which gives colour to pale cheeks, light to tired eyes and buoyancy to tired steps. All around us is a knot of colours as if nature were trying to atone for the long winter in front of us, a proud defiance flung in the face of the north wind who spells her doom. Everywhere reds, yellows, green, russets vie for supremacy. The creepers which have fastened their fierce grip on many houses bring glory in a blaze of crimson to old houses which have forgotten to be young and spruce and fashionable. Everywhere people are walking, strong in themselves with vigour and bright memories to carry them through many dull days to come.

I think it is only fitting that we should leave Winnipeg in a burst of defiant glory, for it is what she deserves, this fair city which started as a muddy trail. They say that all cities have a gender. If so, then friendly, generous, warm-hearted Winnipeg must be a fair lady of changing and varied moods, yet beautiful withal.

EILEEN CHANDLER

