

The
Saint
Andrew's
College
Review

Summer

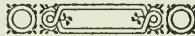
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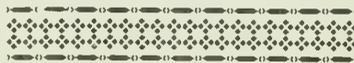
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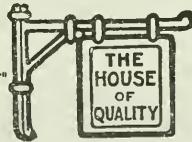
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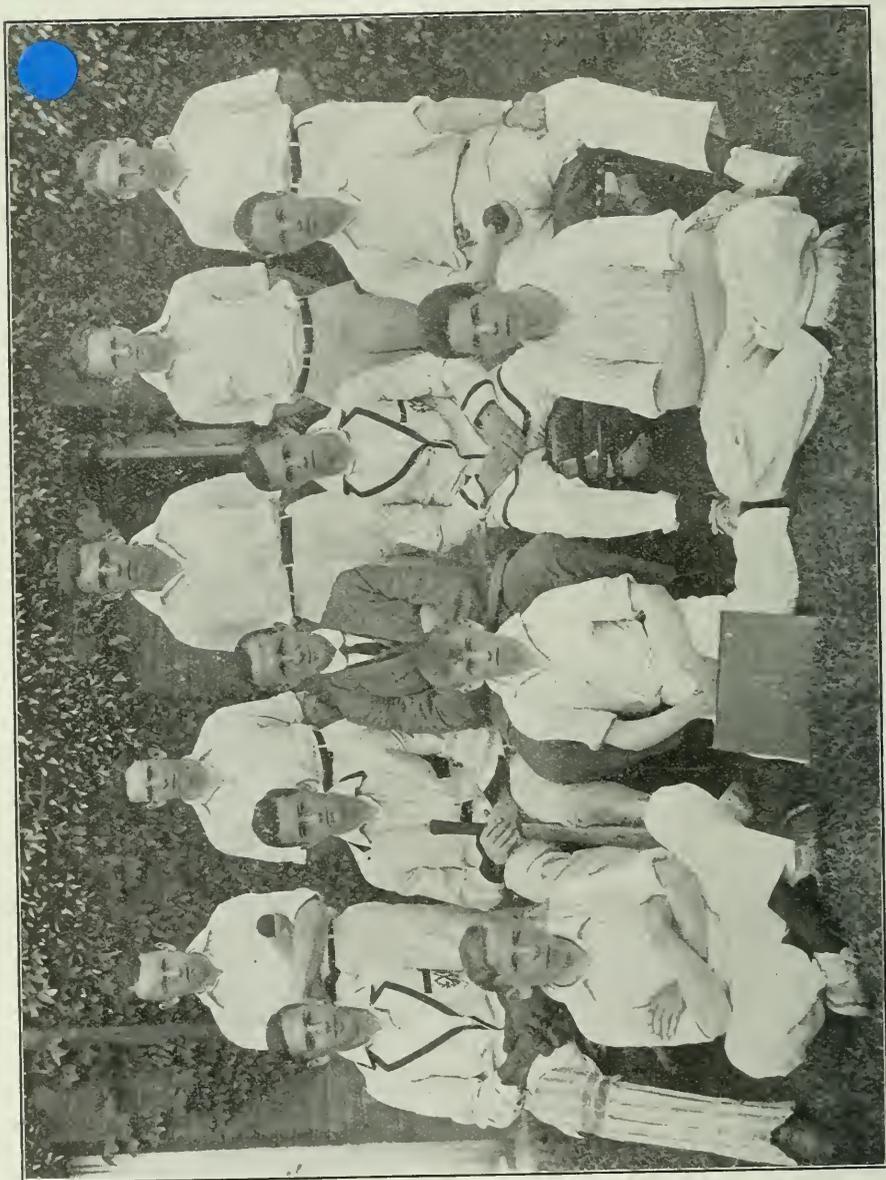
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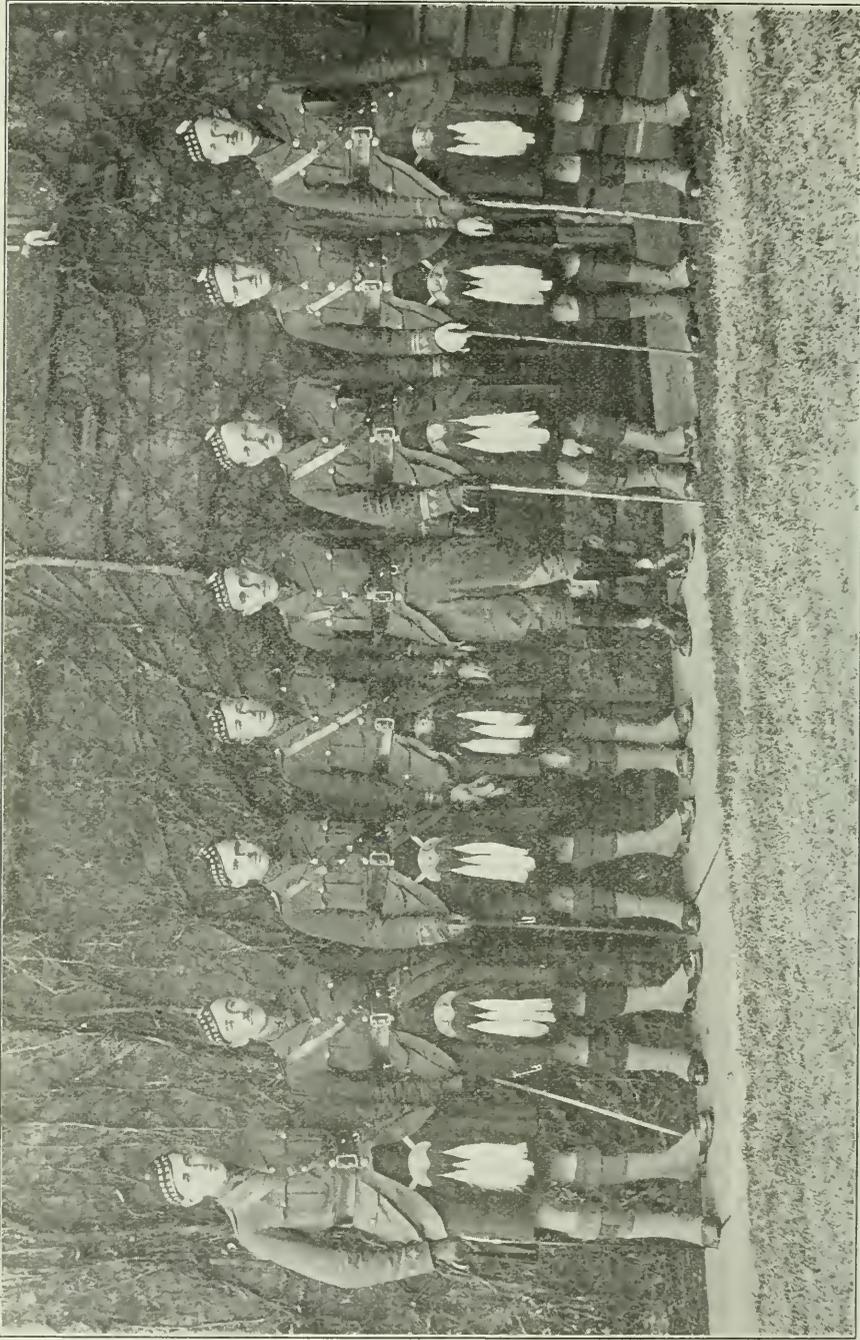


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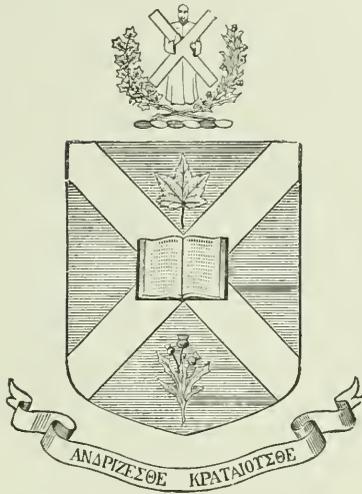
FIRST ELEVEN, CRICKET 1916

Top row:—J. W. Paterson, G. W. Hewitt, E. E. Soot, H. E. Hutchings, E. G. Rolph
 Middle Row:—W. S. Cameron, J. W. Taylor (Capt.), Mr. Furnival, P. V. Moseley, W. D. Lightbourn
 Bottom row:—A. S. Auld, N. M. McLeod (Scorer), H. E. Davie



S.A.C. OLD BOYS IN THE 92nd. BATTALION, C.E.F.
Left to Right:— Lt. W. B. Hanna, Lt. J. Forgie, Lt. G. A. Snow, Capt. L. B. M. Loudon, Capt. W. G. Bell, Capt. H. H. Donald,
Capt. D. R. Morton, Lt. K. B. MacLaren.

The St. Andrew's College Review



Midsummer, 1916

Editor-in-Chief : MR. H. M. MAGEE

Editors

J. W. TAYLOR
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R. C. BROUSE
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Issued by the Editorial Committee
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER

Summer, 1916

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St. Andrew's College Review

Midsummer, 1916

Editorial

IF we are to believe the Calendar, the summer holidays and the end of the school-year are upon us, hard though it be to realize the fact, owing to the shortness of the term and the very un-springlike weather conditions. So many of the familiar signs and tokens of approaching summer have been absent ! Not once up to the very end of the term have coats been removed—we mean in a literal, not a metaphorical sense—in class-room or evening study ; a fact which, to those whose memories go back to former years, will tell its own tale. Games have been prevented, curtailed, or spoiled by rain, and if that were not enough, the war-news, and the sight of the school-flag flying out at half-mast over the chilly, uninviting playing-field, have had a sobering, depressing influence on all of us.

THESE have been compensations, however, even in the weather, which by the way has not been always bad. Our cricket team have given a good account of themselves. Work in the class-room has been accomplished which the excessive heat of former years would have rendered difficult, even with the goodwill that has been shown by all concerned throughout this term as well as the preceding ones. Perhaps the matriculation classes after all may have reason in after life to bless the cold, wet season which marked their final term at St. Andrew's.

THE Honour Roll which we publish in this issue is one that should fill us all with a just pride on our School. It will doubtless be enlarged, before our next issue, by the names of many now going out from among us, who will help to fill the gaps left in the ranks by the honoured dead. To all our gallant boys on service we unite in wishing from the bottom of our hearts : Good luck and a speedy return.

THE REVIEW Staff has been working at some disadvantage this term, four of its members having left for active service during the year. In addition to this, the term has been an un-

usually short one, and the boys in the Upper Forms have been too busy preparing for examinations to have time for literary effort. Athletic material, too, owing to bad weather, has been scantier than usual. We have therefore decided to incorporate the Honour Roll, with its series of portraits, in the REVIEW, instead of issuing it separately, as at first intended ; and, this being especially an Old Boys' number, we have given greater prominence than before to Letters from the Front. Another departure is the more frequent appearance in the following pages of initials associated in the minds of our readers with leave-cards, detention-lists, etc., rather than with literature! The use of such heavy artillery must be regarded as only a temporary, but we hope, a justifiable expedient. The portraits which accompany the Honour Roll are from photographs which have been kindly lent by the Headmaster and others. We have published all that have been sent to us, and regret that the series is so incomplete.



The Review Staff---What is Left

Honour Roll

The Honour Roll is as correct as we can make it with the information at the disposal of the College. We know that the list is not complete, and fear that in some cases it may not be exact. The Headmaster hopes that any reader under whose notice it comes will assist the school in keeping the list up to date by forwarding him any additions which should be made, or corrections which should be entered.

St. Andrew's College Masters and Old Boys serving the Empire

Masters.

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Con- tingent.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Bell, Dr. A. M.		Army Medical Service	2nd	Merriekville	1904-1908
Blanchard, A.	Lieut.	76th Rifles (Halifax)		Truro, N.S.	1899-1902
Caverhill, E. A.	Gunner	67th Battery			1915
Clayton, W. D.	Lieut.	Northumberland Fusiliers		England	1913-1915
Glover, J. D.	Capt.	Adj't. 4th Can. Batt. 1st I.B.	1st	Sudbury	1908-1911
Grant, W. L.	Major	59th Battalion		Kingston	
Green, A.		Army Service Corps		Ottawa	
Jennings, L. A.		Royal Navy	1st	England	1912-1913
Kerr, A. W.	Lieut.	18th Battery, 1st Brigade	1st	Hitchins, Eng.	1913-1914
Knighton, G. G.	Capt.	9th Oxford Bucks., L.I.	1st	Ealing, Eng.	1910-1913
Macdonnell, J. M.	Capt.	18th Battery, 5th Brigade	1st	Kingston	1909-1914
Macdonnell, H.	Lieut.	3rd Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I.		Kingston	1913-1915
Sinclair, Alex.	Capt.	48th Highlanders	1st	Toronto	1912-1914
Taylor, A. E.	Major	Headquarters 4th Brigade	4th	Toronto	1905-1914
Tudball, T. B. D.	Lieut.	92nd Battalion		England	1909-1915

Old Boys.

Abendana, Eric M.	Lieut.	Can. Engineers, Ottawa		Pt. Antonio, Jam	1905-1909
Alexander, Fred			1st	Campbellton	1910-1912
Alexander, G. P.	Lieut.	Military Air Service		Toronto	1904-1913
Allan, D. G.	Lieut.	10th Royal Grenadiers	1st	Toronto	1906-1910
Allan, J. R.		Ottawa Artillery	2nd	Ottawa	1907-1909
Allen, E. R.	Lieut.	172nd Tunnelling Co., R.E.	2nd	Toronto	1903-1905
Allen, J. S.	Lieut.	P.P.C.L.I.	2nd	Vancouver	1910-1911
Anderson, G. W.	Lieut.	Royal Army Medical Corps		Toronto	1899-1903
Anderson, J. M.	Lieut.	198th Battalion, "Bufs"		Toronto	1906-1911
Anderson, W. S.		Newfoundland Contingent	1st	St. John's	1909-1910
Angstrom, L. C.		Royal Flying Corps		Toronto	1903-1908
Andrews, F. C.	Lieut.	Royal Leinsters	1st	Toronto	1905-1906
Auld, J. C.	Lieut.	Can. Field Art., 16th Batty.	2nd	Toronto	1904-1912
Ballantyne, C. C.	Lieut.	Army Medical Corps	2nd	Toronto	1901-1905
Barclay, W. C.		Guard at Island		Toronto	1902-1906
Bath, E. O.	Lieut.	48th Highlanders	1st	Oakville	1905-1907
Bath, C. L.	Lieut.	Eaton Battery	3rd	Toronto	1902-1904
Beasley, P. E.	Sub-Lieut.	Aviation		Victoria	1911-1912
Beath, M. G.		Sault St. Marie Regiment		Sudbury	1912-1913
Beaty, W. T.	Sub-Lieut.	Royal Naval Reserve		Toronto	1905-1910
Beaty, H. T.	Sub-Lieut.	Royal Naval Reserve		Toronto	1905-1910
Beecroft, H. T.	Sergt.-Maj.	3rd Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I.		Edmonton	1912-1913
Bell, A. L.	Lieut.	10th Royal Grenadiers	1st	Montreal	1906-1910
Bell, J. H. B.		67th Battery		Toronto	1908-1915
Bell, T. S.	Lieut.	44th Battery		Winnipeg	1911-1913
Bell, W. G.	Lieut.	92nd Batt., Asst. Adjutant		Toronto	1900-1909

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Con- tingent.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Bennett, F.		Nfld Regt., Rec. Office, London		St. John's	1911-1912
Black, S. C.	Sergt.	21st Battery, C.F.A.	2nd.	Montreal	1910-1912
Blair, A. G.	Lieut.	6th D.C.O.R.		Vancouver	1911-1913
Blake, G. E.	Lieut.	Oxford Bucks, L.L.		Toronto	1901-1902
Blackstock, G.	Lieut.	British Army, A.D.C.	1st.	Toronto	1899-1906
Blayney, H. H.		123rd Battalion		Toronto	1913-1915
Bond, H. St. G.	Lieut.	Royal Can. Engineers	1st.	Toronto	1904-1909
Booth, C. D.	Lieut.	29th Battery	2nd.	Toronto	1903
Booth, C. H.	Lieut.	10th Royal Grenadiers		Toronto	1907-1911
Booth, D. W.	Capt.	169th Battalion		Toronto	1902-1903
Bowden, H.		Army Service Corps, No. 510202		Toronto	1908-1909
Boyd, J. Errol	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps		Toronto	1902-1909
Broderick, F. N.		Yk. Rangers, Kapuskasing Camp		Toronto	1906-1912
Broughall, Deric		3rd Batt., 1st Brigade		Toronto	1904-1905
Brown, Bernal		4th University Co.		Toronto	1908-1914
Brown, R. A.	Lieut.	15th Battalion		Toronto	1908-1914
Burk, Gerrie		8th Battalion	1st.	Port Arthur	1906-1907
Burk, H. D.	Capt.	147th Grey Overseas Batt.		Toronto	1907-1909
Burns, E. A.	Lieut.	169th Battalion		Toronto	1903-1908
Burns, M. C.		15th Battery, 4th Brigade		Toronto	1906-1908
Burton, R. B. S.	Capt.	90th Rifles, "B" Co.	1st.	Toronto	1902-1907
Buseombe, R.	Capt.	3rd Battalion		Vancouver	1911
Caldwell, C. N. R.	Lieut.	189th Regiment		New Carlisle	1905-1907
Cameron, J. H.		No. 72125, 27th Battalion		Kenora	1908-1909
Cameron, R. A.	Signaller	147th Battalion		Owen Sound	1915-1916
Campbell, Alec	Corp.	2nd Div. Amm. Col., 4th Br.		Toronto	1905-1912
Campbell, A. R.	Major	216th Battalion		Toronto	1899-1900
Campbell, Geo.	Lieut.	40th Battalion	3rd.	Halifax	1906-1911
Cantley, C. L.	Major	5th Royal Highlanders		Halifax	1900-1902
		(Detached for special service)			
Carlyle, D. B.	Lieut.	95th Battalion		Toronto	1908-1912
Carlyle, R. T.		Inspector, Inspection Can. Co.		Toronto	1905-1909
Carmichael, G. R.	Lieut.	94th Battery		Kenora	1907-1909
Cassels, G.	Lieut.	Kingston Battery, C.E.F.	2nd.	Toronto	1903-1912
Cassels, W. G.	Gunner	R.C.H.A.		Toronto	1906-1914
Cassels, H.	Gunner	R.C.H.A.		Toronto	1906-1910
Chase, D. B.		4th Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I.		Port Williams	1912-1913
Chase, G. A.	Sergt.	"C" Squad, 2nd Brigade	3rd.	Port Williams	1904-1906
Chase, W. H.		Dalhousie Hospital Unit		Wolfville	1910-1911
Chesnut, E. F.	Corp.	19th Batt., 4th Brigade	2nd.	Toronto	1902-1908
Chesnut, A. W.		4th Univ. Co.		Toronto	1902-1907
Christie, W. L.	Lieut.	35th Battalion		Toronto	1902-1907
Clare, A. M.	Sergt.	Winnipeg M.C., No. 50884	2nd.	Neepawa	1911-1912
Clare, J. S.	Lieut.	Preston Batt. Mech. Transport		Preston	1912-1914
Clarke, N. D.				Toronto	1905-1909
Clark, C. T.	Lieut.	74th Battalion	2nd.	Toronto	1902-1910
Clark, R. C.		1st Motor Mac. Gun Brigade		Renfrew	1901
Clark, A. R. S.		Dorsetshire Regiment	1st.	Toronto	1901-1902
Clerk, B. M.	Lieut.	74th Battalion		Toronto	1903-1904
Clement, D. W.		118th Battalion		Berlin	1913-1915
Coatsworth, C. P.	Lieut.	2nd Can. Pioneer Batt.		Toronto	1909-1914
Cochrane, O. D.	Lieut.	123rd Battalion		Ottawa	1905-1908
Cockburn, G. A. R.	Gunner	26th Battery, 7th Div.	3rd.	Toronto	1907-1910
Cooch, H. A.	Capt.	216th Battalion		Toronto	1902-1906
Copeland, R. C.	Bdr.	43rd Battery, C.E.F.		Collingwood	1911-1912
Corbould, C. E. B.	Lieut.	18th Battalion		New Westminster	1905-1908
Corsan, T. W.	Corp.	7th Battalion, C.E.F.	3rd.	Victoria	1904-1906
Cossitt, E. C.	Lieut.	49th Battery		Brockville	1913-1915

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Con- tingent.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Cotton, J. D.	Capt.	Machine Gun, 95th Batt.	1st	Toronto	1901-1905
Cotton, C. D.	Lieut.	Machine Gun, 53rd Batt.		Toronto	1902-1904
Cotton, H. H.		2nd Brigade, C.M.R.		Cowansville	1910-1912
Coulthard, J. K. B.				Toronto	1907-1910
Courtney, G. W.				Victoria	1909-1911
Cousins, G. A.		3rd Can. M.R.		Medicine Hat	1904
Crane, Geo. A.		48th H'landers, Asst. P'master.		Toronto	1900
Crawford, S. H.	Lieut.	134th Batt.		Toronto	1906-1911
Crombie, V. R. A.		No. 1 Co., 19th Batt.	2nd	Toronto	1913-1914
Crowther, W. G.	Lieut.	In charge of transport.		Ottawa	1912-1913
Darroch, J. C.		No. 2729, Troop 3, Strathcona H.		Toronto	1914-1915
Davern, W. A.	Lieut.	139th Battalion.		Toronto	1906-1907
Davison, J. A.		48th High'ers, 15th Batt.	1st	Toronto	1902-1910
Davison, E. S.	Lieut.	176th Co., Royal Engineers.	1st	Bridgewater	1906-1908
Davis, G. G. L.		65th Battalion.		Prince Albert	1912-1913
Denovan, J. G.	Lieut.	133rd Battalion.		Toronto	1903-1908
Devlin, H. S.	Lieut.	75th Battalion.		Stayner	1911-1912
Diek, J. W.		Artillery.	1st	Winnipeg	1911
Diekson, I. W.		M. B.		Toronto	1899-1905
Dimock, J. E.	Lieut.	124th Battalion.		Toronto	1910-1912
Dimock, G. F.	Lieut.	81st Battalion.		Toronto	1910-1915
Dinean, G.	Lieut.	9th Batt., Royal Berks. Reg.	1st	Toronto	1907
Diver, F. G.		109th Battalion.		Toronto	1904-1906
Diver, V. S.	Sergt.	Trans. Column, No. 45511	1st	Toronto	1909-1913
Doherty, H. J.		45th Battalion.		Winnipeg	1904-1905
Donald, H. H.	Capt.	92nd Battalion.		Toronto	1902-1907
Donley, H. G.	Lieut.	12th Brigade.		Toronto	1908-1913
Doolittle, G.		Eaton Battery.	2nd	Toronto	1906-1910
Douglas, G.		"A" Co., 19th Battalion.	2nd	Toronto	1904-1907
Douglas, G. K.	Lieut.	92nd Battalion.		Toronto	1903-1909
Douglas, T. St. C.		Winnipeg, 90th Rifles.		Moose Jaw	1913-1915
Driscoll, H. A.	Lieut.	79th Cameron Highlanders.		Winnipeg	1904-1906
Duncan, J. M.	Eng.Lieut.	Royal Navy, "Lion".		Toronto	1903-1906
Dunecanson, A. E.	Capt.	36th Battalion.		Toronto	1902-1907
Dunning, C. S.		Army Medical Corps.		Toronto	1907-1912
Dyment, Irvine.		5th Field Ambulance.		Toronto	1906-1912
Fairhead, N. E.	Capt.	116th Battalion.		Toronto	1903-1907
Ferguson, J. A.		Queen's Engineers.	2nd	Massey	1910-1913
Fergusson, J. L.	Lieut.	Can. Army Service Corps.	2nd	Toronto	1899-1902
Fergusson, N. C.	Lieut.	Army Service Corps.	2nd	Toronto	1903-1910
Findley, T. I.	Lieut.	7th Artillery Brigade.	3rd	Toronto	1906-1914
Firstbrook, H. M.	Lieut.	216th Battalion.		Toronto	1907-1910
Fisken, Sidney.	Lieut.	Royal Field Artillery.	2nd	Toronto	1901-1903
Flavelle, J. E.	Capt.	166th Battalion.		Toronto	1901-1909
Fleming, Donald.		Winnipeg, A.S.C., No. 4.	1st	Winnipeg	1910-1912
Fleming, J. A. M.	Lieut.	77th Battalion.		Ottawa	1913-1915
Fleming, P. R.	Lieut.	123rd Battalion.		Toronto	1906-1907
Fleming, G. O.		F. C. C. E.		Toronto	1903-1908
Fletcher, A. A.	Capt.	A.S.C., No. 4 Gen. Hosp.		Toronto	1902-1907
Follett, A. H.	Lieut.			Oakville	1900-1903
Forgie, J.	Lieut.	92nd Battalion.		Pembroke	1904-1907
Foster, W. F. T.	Corp.	50th Queen's Battery.		Vancouver	1908-1909
Fraser, D. J.	Lieut.	8th C.M.R.	2nd	Ottawa	1903-1911
Fraser, D. T.	N.C.O.	Casualty Clearing Hospital.	2nd	Toronto	1900-1905
Frith, Ed. V.		2nd Div. Cyclists.		Hamilton, Ber.	1907-1910
Garratt, P. C.		Royal Flying Corps.		Toronto	1909-1910
Galbraith, J. S.	Lieut.	123rd Battalion.		Toronto	1906-1910

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Con- tingent.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Galbraith, D. M. B.	Flying Sub-Lieut.	Aviation		Carlton Place	1914-1915
Galbraith, R. D.	Lieut.	75th Battalion		Toronto	1907-1910
Gauld, W. H.		Cycle Corps		Japan	1911-1912
Geggie, W. M. M.		U. of T. Officers' Train'g C.		Toronto	1907-1910
Gibson, W. O.		7th Bri., 25th Battery		Winnipeg	1907
Gill, R. J.	Capt.	Adj't. 156th Battalion		Bowmanville	1904-1907
Gillies, A. R.		3rd Battery, C.F.A.	1st	Toronto	1900-1902
Gilmour, S. H.	Lieut.			Vancouver	1910-1911
Goforth, Paul.	Capt.	17th N.S. Batt., Chapl'n "U"	1st	China	1902
Gooch, F. J.	Lieut.	48th Battery		Toronto	1905-1908
Gooderham, G.	Flying Sub-Lieut.	Aviation		Toronto	1906-1910
Gooderham, M. S.	Capt.	10th Royal Gren's, 15th Batt	1st	Toronto	1901-1910
Gordon, H. M.	Lieut.	170th Battalion		Toronto	1901-1902
Gordon, S. F.	Lieut.	224th Forestry Batt		Pembroke	1910-1914
Graham, D.		4th University Co.		Renfrew	1906-1907
Graham, R. E.	Lieut.	34th Battery		Belleville	1910-1914
Grange, Geo. R.	Lieut.	Mechanical Transport		Napanee	1911-1912
Grant, D. A.		Ontario Mounted Rifles		Perth	1910-1912
Grant, R. H.	Gunner	55th Battery		Toronto	1909-1915
Grant, W. G. F.	Gunner	67th Battery		Toronto	1909-1915
Greer, W. C.	Lieut.		2nd.	Vancouver	1910-1911
Guthrie, H. C.	Lieut.	55th Battery		Guelph	1911-1912
Haas, M. S.	Lieut.	36th Battalion	2nd.	Toronto	1903-1908
Hamilton, C. D.	Sergt.	Mech. Trans. 3rd D. S. Col.		Toronto	1907-1910
Hamilton, F. C.	Lieut.	B. Reserve Brigade, R.H.A.		Toronto	1911-1913
Hamilton, H. K.	Capt.	Grenadiers, Home Duty		Toronto	1908-1909
Hammond, J. E. C.	Sapper	2nd Field Engineers		Toronto	1902
Hanlan, E. G.	Lieut.	Sportsmans' Battalion		Toronto	1908
Hanna, W. B.	Lieut.	92nd Battalion		Toronto	1903-1907
Hanna, W. N.		26th Battery, 7th Brigade		Sarnia	1908-1910
Harris, H. K.	Lieut.	Imperial Army, 3rd Essex Regt.		Toronto	1899
Hastings, J. O.	Capt.	5th Royal Grenadiers	1st	Montreal	1906-1907
Hastings, V.	Capt.	16th Batt. (Military Cross)	1st	Winnipeg	1906-1907
Hastings, W. A.	Lieut.	Staff of Mil. Duty, Dist. 10		Winnipeg	1907-1908
Hatch, S. R.	Lieut.	Can. Army Service Corps		Whitby	1910-1914
Hayes, Barry B.	Lieut.	198th Buffs Battalion		Toronto	1904-1906
Henry, C. H.	Lieut.	116th Ontario County Batt.		Oshawa	1910-1913
Herald, R. A.		16th Battalion	1st	Vancouver	1910-1911
Hertzberg, H. F. H.	Capt.	2nd Field Co., Div., Eng.	1st	Toronto	1900-1904
Hertzberg, C. S. L.	Lieut.	Engineers		Toronto	1899-1901
Hertzberg, O. P.	Lieut.	5th Battalion	1st	Toronto	1906-1909
Haywood, A. P.	Lieut.	Aviation		Toronto	1903-1904
Haywood, C. U.	Lieut.	198th Battalion		Toronto	1904-1907
Higinbotham, H. T.	Lieut.	34th Batt		Toronto	1907-1909
Hume, R. F.		Dardanelles, C.A.M.C.		Vancouver	1911-1912
Hunt, G. C.	Capt.	Fusiliers	1st	London	1901-1903
Hodgson, D. E.		14th Battery, 4th Brigade		Toronto	1908-1909
Husband, G. C.	Pilot	Aviation		Toronto	1914
Hutchings, D. J.		46th Battalion		Calgary	1909-1912
Hyde, L. B.	Lieut.	B. Reserve Brigade, R.H.A.		Toronto	1912-1915
Isbester, M.	Capt.	59th Batt., Mach. Gun Sec.		Port Arthur	1900-1902
James, W. C.	Lieut.	124th Battalion		Toronto	1904-1910
Johnson, G. R.	Lieut.	177th Co., Royal Engineers		Fernie	1904-1906
Johnston, H. A.		McGill Base Hosp. Corps.	3rd.	Montreal	1908-1912
Jones-Bateman, J. B.		1st Div. Signal Corps	1st	Toronto	1909-1913
Jones-Bateman, B. W.	Corp.	33rd Batt. Mach. Gun Sec.		Toronto	1909-1913

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Contingent.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Junkin, R. L.	Lieut.	Royal Engineers	2nd	Toronto	1902-1907
Junor, K. W.	Lieut.	Mac. Gun Sec., 75th Batt.	3rd	Toronto	1908-1912
Kappele, G. R.	Lieut.	Cycle Corps	2nd	Toronto	1903-1907
Kappele, E. R.	Lieut.	75th Battalion		Toronto	1903-1910
Kay, Jack	Lieut.	48th Highlanders	1st	Toronto	1901-1909
Keith, N. M.	Lieut.	3rd Harvard Unit		Toronto	1899-1904
Kelly, Chas.	No. 30876,	Imp. Corps, N. 2 F. Sup. Depot.		St. George's, Ber.	1900-1902
Kemp, C.	Lieut.	Army Service Corps		Toronto	1903-1909
Kent, H. G.	Lieut.	Detention Camp		Toronto	1909-1913
Kilgour, A.	Sub Flight	Lieut. Royal Flying Corps		Toronto	1900-1911
Kilgour, Ashley	Lieut.	Howitzer Battery	2nd	Toronto	1900-1907
Kilmer, C. E.	Capt.	19th Batt. 4th Inf. Brigade	2nd	Toronto	1905-1909
Kingston, H. C.		Transport		Toronto	1909-1910
Kirkhouse, I. B.	Lieut.	51st Battalion		Toronto	1905-1907
Lash, G. H. G.		4th Univ. Co.		Toronto	1910-1913
Lafferty, Heber	Adjut.	Horse Artillery	1st	Calgary	1906-1907
Lazier, T. H.		52nd Battery		Belleville	1913-1914
Leask, W. A. P.	Sergt.	Paymaster, 30th Ottawa Rifles		London	1903-1906
Lee, S. B. D.		Royal Flying Corps		Toronto	1900-1906
Leishman, C. M.	Lieut.	Grenadiers		Toronto	1905-1910
Leishman, G. E.	Lieut.	Grenadiers		Toronto	1907-1914
Leishman, R. C.		Mississauga Horse		Toronto	1909-1915
Leishman, W. H.	Gunner	34th Battery		Toronto	1905-1909
Lennard, H. G.		No. 58316, 20th Batt. 4th Brigade		Dundas	1908-1910
Lightbourn, A. H.		Vol. Rifles (Home Defence)		Paget, Ber.	1908-1909
Lightbourn, G. O.	Lieut.	180th Battalion		Toronto	1903-1908
Lindsay, A. B.	Lieut.	75th Battalion		Toronto	1904-1914
Livingston, Ross	Lieut.	52nd Battery		Kingston	1911-1912
Lockhart, J. W.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps	2nd	Toronto	1909-1913
Lockhart, N. B.		19th Batt., "A," Co.	2nd	Toronto	1906-1909
Loudon, L. B. M.	Capt.	92nd Battalion		Toronto	1902-1906
Lowes, A. T.	Lieut.	50th Battalion		Calgary	1906-1907
Lowndes, R. H. M.	Lieut.	Army Service Corps		Toronto	1906-1912
Lytle, W. H.	Capt.	123rd Battalion		Toronto	1906-1908
Lorimer, N. H.				Toronto	1906-1909
McAvity, P. D.		St. John Horse	2nd	St. John	1906-1908
McClinton, W. S.	Lieut.	18th Battalion		Elmvale	1909-1912
McDonald, G. C.	Driver	No. 302241, 40th Battery		Chatsworth	1907-1908
McEachern, J. M.		No. 5, Field Artillery		Winnipeg	1911-1913
McFarlane, R. W.	Corp.	"A" Co., 142nd Battalion		Walkerton	1915-1916
McGillivray, D.	Lieut.	72nd Battalion		Vancouver	1909-1911
McIntosh, D. G.	Lieut.	34th Battalion	3rd	Toronto	1902-1907
McIntosh, P. D.		Detention Camp, Cochrane		Toronto	1903-1913
McIvor, W.		No. 37167, Div. Am. Park	1st	Winnipeg	1910-1914
McKenzie, K. G.	Lieut.	Army Medical Corps	2nd	Monkton	1906-1909
McKinley, J. F.	Capt.	Paymaster		Ottawa	1908-1910
McLachlin, J. H.	Lieut.	Can. Army Service Corps		Ottawa	1904-1906
McLennan, A. R.		36th Peel Regiment	1st	Toronto	1907-1914
McMullen, R. P.				Vancouver	1910
McMurtry, C. A.	Lieut.	Royal F. Art., Imp. Army, 107th B.		Toronto	1912-1914
McQueen, H. M.		70th Batt., Signal Station		Petrolea	1912-1913
McPhedran, Maurice	Capt.	Medical Officer, 12th Artillery Bgde.		Toronto	1912-1906
McPherson, G. B.	Lieut.	83rd Battalion	3rd	Toronto	1902-1910
McPherson, N. B.	Lieut.	16th Royal Fusiliers	2nd	Toronto	1902-1910
McTaggart, G. D.		Royal Engineers		Clinton	1912-1914
McTaggart, W. B.		12th Battery 3rd Brigade		Clinton	1908-1910

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Con- tingent.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Macaulay, D. L.	Lieut.	2nd Can. Pioneer Batt.		Montreal	1907-1908
Macdonald, F. M.	Lieut.	Motor Boat Patrol.		Toronto	1899-1907
Macdonald, F. W.	Lieut.	48th Highlanders, 15th Batt. 1st		Toronto	1901-1908
Macdonald, R. M.	Lieut.			Winnipeg	1911-1915
MacGillivray, L.	Lieut.	34th Battery		London	1914-1915
MacGillivray, G. L.	Capt.	42nd Highlanders		Montreal	1900-1902
MacGregor, D. G.		153rd Battalion		Toronto	1908-1910
MacGregor, Ian C.				New Glasgow	1912-1916
MacKeen, D. W.		Royal Can. Artillery	2nd	Halifax	1907-1912
MacKeen, H.	Lieut.	Heavy Battery, C.E.F.		Halifax	1906-1910
MacKenzie, S.		103rd Batt., C. 2.		Washington	1901-1902
MacLaren, I.		Royal Can. Field Artillery		St. John	1910-1913
MacLaren, K. B.	Lieut.	92nd Battalion		Toronto	1903-1907
Maenee, W. K.	Lieut.	21st Can. Battalion		Kingston	1905-1908
MacNutt, Percy I.	Driver	Engineers, No. 504278		St. John, N.B.	1900-1901
Macpherson, C.	Corp.	3rd Univ. Co., P.P.C.L.I.		Glenallen	1911-1915
Macpherson, R. H.	Capt.	Detention Camp		Amherst	1913
Malcolm, T. R.	Sapper	C.O.R.C.C.		Campbellton	1910-1912
Malcolm, E. B.	Sapper	C.R.R.C.C.		Campbellton	1910-1912
Malone, M. E.	Lieut.	15th Battalion		Toronto	1907-1913
Manville, R. R.	Sergt.	65th Battalion		Prince Albert	1911-1913
Massey, R. H.	Lieut.	13th Battery, 4th Brigade		Toronto	1911
Massey, V.	Major	Asst. Musk. Officer, Div Staff		Toronto	1902-1906
Marshall, D. G.		50th Queen's Battery		Vancouver	1910-1912
Matheson, W. D.	Pilot	Royal Flying Corps		New Glasgow	1905-1910
May, G. H.	Lieut.	Can. Mech. Transport		Ottawa	1903-1905
May, T. C.		R.C.H.A., "C" Battery		Toronto	1912-1916
Meldrum, H. W.		Borden's Arm. Motor Batt.	2nd	Peterboro	1907-1908
Mickleborough, K.	Capt.	"A" Co., 84th Batt		Toronto	1905-1914
Milligan, F. S.	2nd Lieut.	Imp. Army, Northumberland Fus.		Toronto	1901-1907
Mills, L. G.	Asst. Adjt	74th Battalion		Toronto	1907-1908
Mitchell, R. C.		28th Battalion	2nd	Weyburn	1909-1911
Moffatt, A. B.	Lieut.	R.A.M.C.		Toronto	1899-1906
Montgomery, A. R.		Westmount Rifles, 23rd Batt.	2nd	New Richmond	1909-1910
Montgomery, L. C.	Sergt.	McGill Gen. Hosp. Corps		New Richmond	1909-1912
Moore, W. R.		Montreal Grenadiers		North Bay	1909-1911
Morphey, J. A.	Major	37th Battalion	3rd	Oshawa	1906-1908
Morrison, D. W.	Lieut.	213th Battalion		Toronto	1903-1905
Mortimer, V. S.		2nd Can. Mounted Rifles	2nd	Toronto	1902-1905
Morton, D. R.	Capt.	92nd Battalion		Toronto	1909-1911
Morton, R. O. G.	Lieut.	Royal Can. Artillery	2nd	Toronto	1907-1912
Mulligan, W. R.		Lord Strathcona Horse	1st	Regina	1911
Munn, W. L. G.		Newfoundland Regiment		St. John's	1910-1914
Munn, R. S. E.		1st Newfoundland Regiment	2nd	St. John's	1909-1913
Munro, H. Elmer	Lieut.	34th Battalion		Toronto	1904-1909
Munro, Freeman	Lieut.	114th Battalion		Dunnville	1906-1911
Munro, W. M.	Lieut.	92nd Battalion		Toronto	1907-1910
Murray, Gordon		Body Guards	3rd	Toronto	1902-1905
Murray, Roy E.		28th Batt., "D" Co.	2nd	Weyburn	1910
Nasmith, D. H.	Lieut.	83rd Battalion		Toronto	1900-1902
Nation, Geo.			2nd	Vancouver	1910-1913
Neil, R. M.	Lieut.	Infantry		Peterboro	1913-1914
Nelson, G.	Lieut.	83rd Battalion		Toronto	1908-1911
Nelson, Warren		24th Battalion	2nd	Montreal	1906-1913
Newman, M. F.	Lieut.	134th Battalion		Toronto	1904-1908
Nicholson, W. C. H.		14th Home Guards		Kingston	1906-1908
Nicol, H. L.	Sergt.	Strathcona Horse	1st	Vancouver	1909-1911

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Con- tingent.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Norrie, E. H.	Gunner	48th Battery		Toronto	1909-1913
Norris, C. E.	Staff-Sgt.	Div. Am. Pk. M.T. A.S.C.		Toronto	1905-1908
O'Brian, Lewis	Sapper	Engineers	3rd	L'Original	1907-1911
Ord, W. E.		421 McGill Gen. Hosp No. 3		McAdam Jet.	1908
Paisley, J. E. H.		62nd Battery		Ottawa	1908-1910
Page, F. P.	Capt.	126th Battalion		Toronto	1902
Parsons, Myles		No. 1 Co., 19th Battalion	2nd	Toronto	1903-1907
Patterson, G. O.		Army Service Corps, No. 510721		Toronto	1904-1913
Phillips, Ralph		No. 304665, 9th Artillery Brigade		Ottawa	1912-1915
Porter, R. M.	Lieut.	155th Battalion		Belleville	1911-1915
Quigley, F. G.		Queen's Engineers	2nd	Winnipeg	1908-1909
Ramsden, J. C.	Sergt.	95th Battalion		Toronto	1908-1909
Ramsey, A. R.	Capt.	134th Battalion		Toronto	1902-1908
Rand, E. A.	Lieut.	47th Battalion		New Westminster	1912-1913
Rice, S. G.	Lieut.	31st Battalion		Toronto	1911-1912
Richardson, F. B. C.		45th Battalion		Portage la-Pré	1912-1913
Riches, S. C. R.	Lieut.	8th Can. Mounted Rifles		Toronto	1906-1909
Risteen, G. N.		50th Queen's Battery		Vancouver	1909-1914
Rogers, C. E.	Flying Sub-Lieut., Aviation			Toronto	1902-1909
Rolph, F. G.	Lieut.	166th Q.O.R. Battalion		Toronto	1903-1913
Rolph, H. J.	Lieut.	6th Howitzer Brigade, C.F.A.	1st	Toronto	1906-1914
Ross, Dudley		McGill Hospital Corps	2nd	Elora	1908-1913
Ross, G. F.	Flying Sub-Lieut., Aviation			Toronto	1901-1913
Ross, M. E.		Army Service Corps	1st	Toronto	1907-1910
Rowe, J. E. D.		47th Battalion		Vancouver	1910-1911
Rutter, G. W.	Lieut.	4th Mounted Rifles		Toronto	1905-1910
Saunders, R. P.	Capt.	35th Battalion, "E" Co.	3rd	Toronto	1900-1904
Shirriff, Q. S.	Flight Sub-Lieut.	Naval Air Service		Toronto	1906-1910
Sinclair, D. C.		78th Regiment	2nd	New Glasgow	1902-1903
Skead, E. S.	Lieut.	Imperial Army		Ottawa	1909-1910
Skidmore, J. P.		77th Regiment, 1st Batt.	1st	Cobourg	1908-1910
Skinner, W. K.	Gunner	McGill Siege Battery		Montreal	1910-1915
Slatter, A. M.	Lieut.	134th Battalion		Toronto	1901-1903
Smith, A. H. F.	Corp.	Cycle Corps		Kincardine	1913-1914
Smith, E. M.		Aviation		Toronto	1904-1910
Smith, J. R.		134th Battalion, No. 799030		Toronto	1906-1910
Smith, L. F. W.		Royal Naval Air Service		Toronto	1910-1912
Snelgrove, C. R.		Can. Army Service Corps		Toronto	1908-1913
Snelgrove, J. C.	Lieut.	75th Battalion		Toronto	1904-1907
Snow, G. A.	Lieut.	92nd Battalion		Toronto	1907-1912
Snow, G. B.	Lieut.	134th Battalion		Toronto	1906-1909
Somerville, H. A.				Toronto	1907-1913
Spohn, H. G.		McGill Gen. Hos. Corps	2nd	Penetang	1909-1912
Stark, W. W. B., Dr.		Ontario Hospital		Toronto	1903-1906
Stavert, R. E.	Lieut.	4th Battalion	2nd	Montreal	1906-1907
Stewart, A. E.	Lieut.	Can. Eng. Signal Corps	3rd	Toronto	1903-1908
Stone, F. H.	Lieut.	Royal Flying Corps		Toronto	1908-1909
Stone, W. E. R.	Lieut.	Royal Can. Artillery	2nd	Farran's Point	1911-1913
Stevenson, C. C.		119th Battalion		Fort William	1910-1913
Stephen, J. F.		Motor Transport		Vancouver	1909-1912
Stovel, E. F.		Strathcona Horse		Winnipeg	1914
Straith, J. L.		99th Battery		Windsor	1912
Stuart, J. F. P.		English Army		Vancouver	1904-1906
Sutherland, P. E.		"B" Co., 28th Battalion, 6th Br.		Vancouver	1906-1911

Name.	Rank.	Unit.	Con- tingent.	Home.	St. Andrew's College.
Swan, W. E.	Lieut.	166th Q.O.R. Battalion		Toronto	1905
Sykes, H. H.	Lieut.	35th Battalion		Toronto	1900-1910
Symons, H. L.	Lieut.	3rd Can. Div. Signalling Co		Toronto	1908
Taylor, J. S.		Borden's Motor Car Battery		Whitehorse	1908-1910
Taylor, W. W.	Lieut.	186th Battalion		Chatham	1913
Thompson, E. W.		Can. Army Service Corps		Toronto	1901-1910
Tidy, P. C.	Lieut.	35th Battalion		Toronto	1907
Thomson, R. A.		19th Alberta Dragoons		Paris	1905-1909
Towers, G. A.	Lieut.	Army Service Corps		Montreal	1911-1913
Travis, C. W.	Lieut.	86th Machine Gun Batt.		Sydney	1911-1914
Trow, Geo.	Gunner.	Can. Artillery, 4th Brigade	2nd	Toronto	1905-1908
Tucker, G. N.	Lieut.	"B" Co., 135th Battalion		London	1909-1910
Tuckett, J. I.	Gunner.	43rd Battalion		Toronto	1910-1914
Vallance, A.	Lieut.	Can. Army Service Corps		Hamilton	1909-1911
Verner, W. S.		"A" Co., 35th Battalion		Toronto	1909-1910
Walker, H. H.	Lieut.	94th Battalion, "B" Co.		Ft. William	1907-1910
Wallace, H. D. M.		Aviation		Blind River	1909-1910
Wallace, G. H.		Army Medical Corps		N.Y. City	1901-1904
Wallace, C.		5th Batt., 2nd Brigade	1st	Vancouver	1911-1912
Wallace, R. E.		234th Battalion		Toronto	1909-1912
Wallace, Eric	Lieut.	7th Field Artillery		Hamilton	1911-1914
Warrington, J. S.	Capt.	81st Battalion		Toronto	1903
Waterous, C. S.	Lieut.	48th Battery		Brantford	1907-1910
Webber, R. S. C.	Lieut.	124th Battalion		Toronto	1903-1911
Wemyss, R. H.	Gunner.	No. 327880, 59th Battery		Neepawa	1910-1013
West, R. R.				Brandon	1906-1912
Whitaker, R. B.		Mech. Trans., 3rd Div. S. Col.		Brantford	1908-1912
Whitaker, Ewart	Bomb.	55th Battery		Brantford	1908-1915
Whitaker, G. E.	Gunner.	55th Battery		Brantford	1908-1916
Whitney, E. C.		208th Battalion		Toronto	1907-1912
Wilkes, F. H.		Royal Can. Dragoons		Brantford	1908-1909
Williams, J. M.		Mech. Div., A.S.C.		Winnipeg	1913-1914
Williams, W. D.		Ontario Mounted Rifles		Mexico	1906-1911
Willoughby, H. B.	Sergt.	Saskatchewan Unit		Toronto	1911-1916
Wilson, A. C.		48th Highlanders		Somenos, B.C.	1911-1913
Wilson, J. T.		67th Battery		Toronto	1910-1914
Winter, E. R.		2nd Newfoundland Regt.		St. John's	1912-1914
Winter, M. G.		2nd Batt., 1st Nfld. Regt.		St. John's	1912-1915
Wishart, Dr. D. E. S.	Lieut.	Royal Army Medical Corps		Toronto	1901-1906
Wright, D. C.	Lieut.	170 Battalion		Toronto	1909-1913
Wright, D. R. C.		Trans. Co. Armoured Motor		New W'minster	1906-1909
Wright, H. R. L.	Corp.	34th Battery		Toronto	1907-1914
Wrong, H. V.	Lieut.	15th Lane. Fus., B.E.F., France		Toronto	1907-1912
Yuille, J. W.	Lieut.	42nd Highlanders		Montreal	1906-1909

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST.

We have been informed that the following boys are serving at the present time. As the information which has reached the College does not include details, the names of Old Boys concerned do not appear on the regular list. The Headmaster will be very glad to receive further information from any so rec.

Bradley, T. B.	1909-1913	Cox, R.	1912-1913	Grant, Gerald	1905-1907
Crossen, J. L.	1903-1906	DeBeek, V.	1911-1913	Leckie, H.	1909-1914
Comstock	1909-1916	Crowe, H. L.	1908-1915	McMurtry, U.B.	1915-1916
MacLaren, G. B.	1903-1907	Pedley, J. H.	1904-1909		

PRISONERS AND MISSING.

Allan, D. Gordon.....	Lieut.....	Ypres.....	April 25th, 1915.	Prisoner in Germany.
Bath, E. O.....	Lieut.....	Ypres.....	April 25th, 1915.	Prisoner in Germany.
Boyd, J. Errol.....	Lieut.....	Ypres.....	Oct. 5th, 1915.	Interned in Holland.
Burk, Gerrie.....		Ypres.....	May 12th, 1915.	Prisoner in Germany.
Maedonald, F. W.....	Lieut.....	Ypres.....	April 25th, 1915.	Prisoner in Germany.
Maedonnell, Hugh W.....	Lieut.....		June 7th, 1916.	Missing.



Brothers in Arms



LIEUT. A. L. BELL
10th Royal Grenadiers. Killed in action,
Ypres. S.A.C. 1906-10



CAPT. R. BUSCOMBE
3rd Battalion. Killed in action, June 19th,
1915. S.A.C. 1911



LIEUT. GEO. H. CAMPBELL
40th Battalion. Killed in action, May 16th,
1916. S.A.C. 1906-11



LIEUT. M. E. MALONE
15th Battalion. Killed in action, June 3rd,
1916. S.A.C. 1907-13



PTE. N. B. LOCKHART
 19th Båttalion. Died May 22nd, 1915.
 Spinal Meningitis, contracted at Exhibition
 Camp. S.A.C. 1906-09



LIEUT. L. B. HYDE
 B. Reserve Brigade, R.H.A.
 Died from blood poisoning, Oct. 25th, 1915
 S.A.C. 1912-15



PTE. R. A. HERALD
 16th Battalion. Killed in action, April 22nd,
 1915. S.A.C. 1910-11



CAPT. R. B. S. BURTON
 90th Rifles, "B" Co.
 Wounded, Ypres, 1915. S.A.C. 1902-07



LIEUT. R. A. BROWN
15th Battalion. Wounded, June 3rd, 1916.
S.A.C. 1908-14



CAPT. J. D. COTTON
Machine Gun Section, 95th Battalion.
Wounded. S.A.C. 1901-05



CAPT. H. F. H. HERTZBERG
2nd Field Co., Divisional Engineers. S.A.C.
1900-04. Wounded, Ypres. Awarded
the Military Cross



LIEUT. O. P. HERTZBERG
5th Battalion. Wounded.
S.A.C. 1906-09



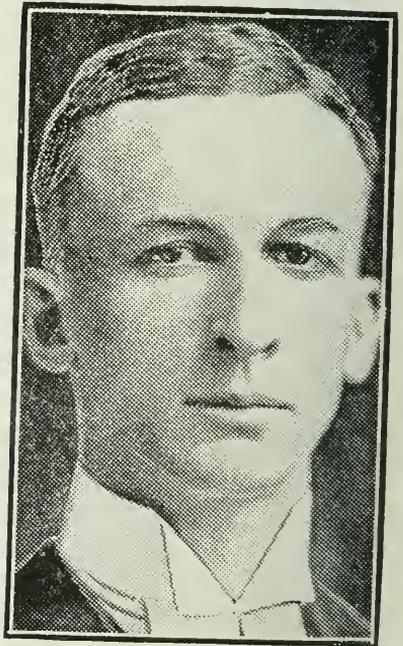
PTE. IRVINE DYMENT
5th Field Ambulance Corps. Wounded
twice. S.A.C. 1906-12



LIEUT. J. C. AULD
Can. Field Artillery, 16th Battery. Wounded
May 4th, 1916. Awarded Military Cross
S.A.C. 1904-12



LIEUT. G. W. RUTTER
4th Can. Mounted Rifles. Wounded June
3rd, 1916. S.A.C. 1905-10



LIEUT. HUGH MACDONNELL
3rd University Co., P.P.C.L.I. "Missing."
Zillebeke. S.A.C. 1913-15



PTE. CLARENCE WALLACE
5th Battalion, 2nd Brigade.
Wounded May 6th, 1915. S.A.C. 1911-12



LIEUT. J. P. SKIDMORE
77th Regiment, 1st Battalion
Wounded. S.A.C. 1908-10



PTE. FRANK BENNETT
Newfoundland Regiment. Wounded
S.A.C. 1911-12



STAFF-SERGT. C. E. NORRIS
Div. Ammunition Park, Motor Transport,
A.S.C. Wounded March 7th, 1916.
S.A.C. 1905-08



LIEUT. A. BLANCHARD
76th Rifles. S.A.C. 1899-02



MAJOR A. E. TAYLOR
Headquarters Staff, 9th Infantry Brigade.
S.A.C. 1905-14



LIEUT. T. B. D. TUDBALL
92nd Battalion. S.A.C. 1909-15



LIEUT. J. M. MACDONNELL
18th Battery, 5th Brigade
S.A.C. 1909-14



LIEUT. ASHLEY KILGOUR
Howitzer Battery. S.A.C. 1900-07



SUB. FLIGHT LIEUT. ARTHUR KILGOUR
Royal Flying Corps. S.A.C. 1900-11



LIEUT. F. W. MACDONALD
15th Battalion. Prisoner in Germany.
S.A.C. 1901-08



PTE. GERRIE BURK
8th Battalion. Prisoner in Germany.
S.A.C. 1906-1907



LIEUT. J. E. DIMOCK
124th Battalion. S.A.C. 1910-12



LIEUT. G. F. DIMOCK
81st Battalion. S.A.C. 1910-15



PTE. R. S. E. MUNN
1st Newfoundland Regiment.
S.A.C. 1909-13



PTE. W. L. G. MUNN
Newfoundland Regiment.
S.A.C. 1910-14



PTE. R. B. WHITAKER
Mechanical Transport. S.A.C. 1908-12



BOMB. EWART WHITAKER
55th Battery. S.A.C. 1908-15



GUNNER G. E. WHITAKER
55th Battery. S.A.C. 1908-16



LIEUT. D. G. McINTOSH
34th Battalion. S.A.C. 1902-07



LIEUT. GORDON CASSELS
Kingston Battery, C.E.F. S.A.C. 1903-12



GUNNER W. G. CASSELS
Royal Can. Horse Artillery
S.A.C. 1906-14



GUNNER H. CASSELS
Royal Can. Horse Artillery
S.A.C. 1906-10



CAPT. M. S. GOODERHAM
S.A.C. 1901-10



LIEUT. H. H. WALKER
94th Battalion. S.A.C. 1907-10



CAPT. A. E. DUNCANSON
36th Battalion. S.A.C. 1902-07



LIEUT. C. W. TRAVIS
86th Machine Gun Battalion.
S.A.C. 1911-14



CORP. H. R. L. WRIGHT
34th Battery. S.A.C. 1907-14



MAJOR C. L. CANTLEY
5th Royal Highlanders. (Detached for
Special Service.) S.A.C. 1900-02



LIEUT. G. P. ALEXANDER
Military Air Service. S.A.C. 1904-13



LIEUT. S. H. CRAWFORD
134th Battalion. S.A.C. 1906-11



LIEUT. R. H. M. LOWNDES
Army Service Corps. S.A.C. 1906-12



LIEUT. C. A. McMURTRY
Royal Field Artillery, Imperial Army
S.A.C. 1912-14



LIEUT. G. A. TOWERS.
Army Service Corps. S.A.C. 1911-13



LIEUT. R. H. GRANT
55th Battery. S.A.C. 1909-15



LIEUT. A. B. LINDSAY
75th Battalion. S.A.C. 1904-14



SERGEANT H. B. WILLOUGHBY
Saskatchewan Hospital Unit.
S.A.C. 1911-16



LIEUT. D. J. FRASER
8th Can. Mounted Rifles.
S.A.C. 1903-11



FLIGHT SUB. LIEUT. Q. S. SHIRRIFF
Naval Air Service.
S.A.C. 1906-10



CAPT. C. E. KILMER
19th Battalion, 4th Inf. Brigade.
S.A.C. 1905-09



CORP. ALEC. CAMPBELL
2nd Div. Ammunition Col., 4th Brigade.
S.A.C. 1905-12



PTE. E. R. WINTER
2nd Newfoundland Regiment.
S.A.C. 1912-14



LIEUT. S. C. R. RICHES
8th Can. Mounted Rifles.
S.A.C. 1906-09



LIEUT. F. C. HAMILTON
B. Reserve Brigade, Royal Horse Artillery.
S.A.C. 1911-13



LIEUT. H. ELMER MUNRO
34th Battalion. S.A.C. 1904-09



LIEUT. H. J. ROLPH
6th Howitzer Brigade, C.F.A.
S.A.C. 1903-14



SERGEANT L. C. MONTGOMERY
McGill General Hospital Corps.
S.A.C. 1909-12



CAPT. R. P. SAUNDERS
35th Battalion, "E" Co.
S.A.C. 1900-04



LIEUT. T. I. FINDLEY
7th Artillery Brigade.
S.A.C. 1906-14



PTE. J. W. LOCKHART
Royal Flying Corps.
S.A.C. 1909-13



J. E. H. PAISLEY
62nd Battery. S A C 1908-10



GUNNER W. H. LEISHMAN
34th Battery. S.A.C. 1905-09

A Letter from the Headmaster

To St. Andrew's College Old Boys who are serving King and Country :

MY DEAR BOYS,—An effort is being made by the REVIEW staff to place in the hands of each Old Boy serving overseas, a copy of the Mid-summer Number. This is no easy task, when we remember that some five hundred of you are serving at the present time, and that our list at the College is incomplete, while many of the correct addresses at the Front are unknown. That the REVIEW will reach so many of you is due to the help of a number of the Old Boys, who, unable themselves to volunteer, are subscribing to a fund to make it possible for the REVIEW staff to send out the copies of the School paper to those of you who are fighting for us. It has occurred to me that there is thus presented a splendid opportunity for your old Headmaster to send you a line. Consequently, I write this open letter. It is addressed to you in general and yet as the list of your names is before me, I am thinking of you individually ; of all you did, or did not do, in your school days ; of what so many of you have accomplished in business and University life since you left us ; and of your noble response to the call of duty in this day of strife. I address you as "boys" and yet you are men, doing what it has not been possible for me to do, and doing it so well. You make me feel both humble and proud at the same time. There is a feeling of humility when I reflect on the fact that in His merciful providence, God has given to St. Andrew's College a succession of such boys, in whom is present that spirit of service which is evident in your volunteering in such large numbers. Justifiable pride is in all our hearts because so many old Andreians are bringing lustre to their school in their readiness to answer the call of King and Country. The list published in this number of the REVIEW will give you some information as to fellows you may be wondering about. I know it is incomplete, and in some cases, no doubt, incorrect as to details. But, it is the best we can do. For you have gone forward from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South, and you have not always told us of your going. Many of your number, you will observe, have been wounded ; some have been taken prisoners ; and a number have been called upon to make the great final sacrifice. Fighting in the trenches, serving with the artillery, striving in the air,

watchful and alert on the sea, building and constructing as engineers, serving in the hospitals at the front and in the rear, working in all branches of the Army Service Corps, present in large numbers in every theatre of the war, your names are honoured in our midst, and our hearts are often weary for you in your battling. There is no branch of the Imperial or Canadian service in which St. Andrew's boys are not to be found. In goodly fashion indeed you are carrying into daily practice your old school motto, "Quit ye like men. Be strong."

But, "What of the school?" you say. "Does she do her work and hold her place while we are here?" She does, indeed, boys, and she is still turning out men. The attendance has been affected by the war, but not unduly. The boys feel that a war is in progress and they are serious in their attitude to life. Some of you would be shocked at the meagreness of the entries in the detention book, as it goes its daily rounds. There is a spirit of earnestness in the land, and we are all influenced by it. Football has been a great success, while the hockey team this year was the best in many years. The cricket season is still young, as I write, but we have played the first match with U.C.C. and have won it. As might be expected, the Cadet Corps work has been quite up to, if not above, the high record of the past. The addition of the pipe band, as well as of the bugle band, has helped a very great deal, and naturally we all feel proud of what the boys have accomplished, both in the Senior Corps and in the Junior Corps. During the year some fourteen boys have left school to enlist and swell your numbers.

All year, Day Boys and Boarders alike, have given weekly from their pocket money to help Red Cross and other funds, which is quite as it ought to be. It indicates that the heart of the school is in the right place.

We have pulled through the year without any sickness, notwithstanding the prevalence all about us, in town and country, of our old friend the measles and other delights of similar character. Now the summer term is fast drawing to a close, and we are preparing for the last days of the school year. Matriculation boys go about with serious faces, for in one week they must face the test, and as many of you know, that test is often not pleasant while it operates, for examinations are a miserable bore at the best.

It is natural that as the year draws to a close our thoughts are often with the boys, who in the years that are gone were in our

midst, enacting in their experience the same old story that the present generation of boys enacts to-day. Now so many of you are away off waging a strange warfare in a strange country. I am confident that I but voice the feelings of the Boys and Masters alike, when I tell you that you have in large measure both our interest and our affection. It is our earnest prayer that the God of your fathers may spread His hand upon you for a covering and keep you in all your ways.

Yours faithfully,

D. BRUCE MACDONALD.

St. Andrew's College, June, 1916.



Starting on a Route March

Extracts from Letters written by Old Boys' on Overseas Service

[NOTE.—It has been thought better, for various reasons, to publish these extracts anonymously in future. An exception is made in this number, in the case of letters from the late Lieut. Malone. His father, Mr. E. T. Malone, K.C. had very kindly made ready a selection for our use, when the news arrived of Maurice's sudden death in action. Lieut. Malone was one of the Old Boys at the Front who was especially well known to a large number of our present boys, and quotations from his cheerful, droll letters have brightened the pages of two previous numbers of this REVIEW. We may add that what "Mike" says, in one of the extracts given below, about his own commanding officer, the late Col. Marshall, may very fittingly be applied to the writer himself. The following striking tribute from Prof. Wallace, of the University Officers' Training Corps, from which Malone so quickly found his way to the fighting line, well expresses what his old friends and teachers felt when the sad news arrived: "When I dream of my own little boy grown up to be a man's years, I like to believe he may be something like Maurice—so happy-hearted, so generous and thoughtful, so wonderful a combination of all the charms of noble youth and the attractiveness of a high-minded man assuming life's heaviest responsibilities. . . . It has never been my privilege to come into intimate association with anyone who seemed to me to represent all that was finest in young manhood in such a complete measure."]

FROM THE LATE LIEUT. MALONE

Mrs. Macdonald sent me clippings from the Toronto papers, telling of the game between St. Andrew's and Belleville. The boys evidently got robbed of the group.

* * * * *

All you people at home seem to take the Verdun affair too seriously. Out here everybody is quite cheerful about it. The French are holding them and are inflicting terrible losses. They figure that the losses are about three to one, the Germans on the big end. They can't keep on making those attacks and last very long. Sir Douglas Haig offered help. Pater Joffre informed him he could handle the Huns very nicely. Out here we have very great confidence in the French and especially Joffre.

* * * * *

I received the letter with money in it, and in celebration thereof, I went into —— and made a purchase for our mess in order to celebrate the great event of to-day—2nd of April, my birthday,—21 to-day. I guess this is the strangest birthday I

have ever had, and if I am not a man now after about 7 months of this life, I do not think I ever will be. I sincerely hope that my next birthday will be spent at home.

We were on the move the other day, sun shining, pipes playing—everyone was feeling happy. The spirit of the men is even better now than ever. Winter seems to have gone with all its discomforts, and the Lord forbid that I should ever spend another winter like the last one. It is pretty tough at times, but it looks as if there were better days ahead.

The other day a British battalion made an attack which was successful. I saw them coming out afterwards. They had carried two lines and dug in afterwards, and had undergone a heavy shelling. They were covered from head to foot with mud and practically slept as they marched out. One chap, an officer, was walking along supported on both sides by soldiers, he was sound asleep. They evidently had had some time.

* * * * *

We have been having most wonderful weather ; just like summer at home ; not too hot. I was lying out in a field reading a magazine ; the farmers were plowing the fields and away in the distance was a certain historic place ; it is absolutely in ruins ; but otherwise everything looked so peaceful that it was hard to believe there was a war on ; then all of a sudden the guns started and made such an awful row that it certainly brought you down again to the mess that this country is in.

We are now having the time of our young lives. We are at the big war, and so far have found it "nae so worse." I am afraid that we will have to train Fritz ; he has been having things his own way too much.

Our friends, the Belgians, can certainly cook. Talking of dinners : Last night we had the regimental dinner with all the frills—pipers, orchestra, etc., etc. The orchestra consisted of 1 fiddle, 2 banjos and 2 mandolins. I do not know where they found the talent, which they had. It is wonderful what one can do with a battalion—no matter what you want you can find it ; even if it is from a cobbler to a preacher, you can always get your man.

* * * * *

There is a Y.M.C.A. tent quite close to where we are now. There is a band playing and everything looks as peaceful as can

be, but up on the road 500 yards away the guns are working and Mr. Fritz is merrily bursting shell all round him.

Ten minutes' walk takes us to a moving picture show and ten minutes the other way takes us to war. This is a funny place ; you are looking at Charlie Chaplin one minute and dodging shells the next. It must have been Shakespeare who said "Life is one (dashed) thing after another."

* * * * *

Just a line from the front trenches. We have only just moved in but have already had very bad news. The Colonel was sniped this afternoon while going through the front line of trenches. He died almost instantly and we are feeling pretty badly cut up about it. The Regiment, in fact the Service, has lost a most gallant officer, and without doubt a thorough gentleman. You will undoubtedly have heard the news by the time you get this letter, but I thought that I would just write and let you know any way. Colonel Marshall's courage had become a by-word in the regiment and he was popularity itself amongst his men. Poor chap, the Regiment certainly will miss him. His death is a bad blow to all of us. He was continuously thinking of the comfort of the men and trying to arrange things so that it would be easier for them. Good-bye and God bless you all.

IN THE TRENCHES

**In and Out of the Dugouts—Life Behind the Lines—On Discontentment
—A Display of "Fireworks"—What Our Boys
Think of the Hun as a Fighter**

"In the Field," Belgium, April 4th, 1916.

Well, we are back to the dugouts once more and it is the same as ever. The whole game here is to sit tight and keep quiet and old Fritz won't shell you, so we don't put our noses outside of the door all day. I shouldn't be surprised if the regiment went back to the huts again before our company has to go into the front line. The trenches here are better than the ones we left. They are closer together, but they practically never get shelled.

I have one good piece of news. Maybe you have seen it in the paper. About 75 Huns gave themselves up to the regiment on our right, so evidently old Fritz is getting sick of the war.

* * * * *

We finished our last tour in the trenches with our usual good luck in not getting shelled, but we were mighty glad to get out and go back to the huts. It was a late relief and we had to march nearly 12 miles to reach our billet. Our company was the first to get home. We marched hard and got there at 2.30 a.m., but the last company didn't arrive till 5.30 a.m. Good old Steve Maybee had the pipe band all out to play us in. They played while we had a hot supper for the officers and men. It certainly does make you feel proud of the regiment to come back after living four days in the trenches and hear the pipes playing, and have a regimental supper at 4.30 a.m., with everybody tired, but feeling happy as can be to get out of the trenches.

We had a big regimental dinner. It was a huge success. We had a fine meal, speeches, toasts, songs and choruses. The pipe band played and we had a string orchestra of a violin, banjo, guitar and mandolin. It is seldom we have the opportunity of getting all the officers of the 48th together. They are a great bunch of fellows. I am sending you my place card with all the signatures of those present. Please keep it for me.

One day Mike and a gang of us went into Poperinghe to have a bath, etc. It is a very decent little Belgian town and we had tea, a bath, and a very nice dinner party, and then went to see a show that the English troops billeted in town had gotten up. It was the best amateur vaudeville I have ever seen, though I expect the actors were nearly all professionals in civilian life. They had some dandy skits, some great singing, and they took off all the famous London actors. It made you think you were in good old London again instead of in a little Belgian town that Fritz had been shelling that very afternoon.

All too quickly our rest passed and we were back in the line for sixteen days. At present our battalion is in reserve in cellars, dugouts, etc. I have been placed in a little fort with a garrison of about 25 men. It is one of those "last ditchers" places where we have 36,000 rounds of ammunition, a store of bombs, and a store of bully beef, biscuits and water, and orders to hang on till the last man. Of course, this is nearly all bull, because Fritz would have to break through two lines of trenches to reach us. The only thing wrong with the place is that I have to live alone for eight days, and my dugout is well named a coffin. It is 7 ft. by 5 by 4, and has a bed and two big boxes of iron ration in it. I have to use this for a bedroom, kitchen and dining room. There

isn't room to sit up so I spend the day lying down, and my batman comes in and does the cooking on a little coal oil stove.

"Oh! we haven't much money, but we do see life."

* * * * *

(FROM THE SAME)

April 23rd, 1916.

A Happy Easter to everybody. It is Easter to-day, isn't it? I had a big argument with my batman about it. He claims that it was Easter Sunday two weeks ago, but it is such a lovely, sunny morning that I am sure it must be Easter.

To-day is the first day for over a week that it hasn't rained, and it is great to get out of my little coffin dug-out and sit on the fire-step of the trench in the sun. I celebrated Easter by having a wash and shave, the first in five days. I feel like a new born babe. I can't imagine what it will be like to get out of the trenches in about another week and take off my clothes, after wearing them for seventeen days, and have a hot bath.

I am glad to hear old E.—R.—is getting along so well. I suppose he is getting anxious to be back here again. You are never satisfied. When you are home you wish you were out here, and when you are out here you wish you were home. The only time you are really satisfied is when you are on leave, and even then you keep thinking about having to go back to the war again—but if you were told you couldn't go back you would be sore because you had to stay away. This is sort of an Irish rigmarole but it is very true. Out here you hear everybody saying, "If I could only get back to Toronto again," but the other day when the order came for someone to volunteer to go back to Canada to instruct, they all turned it down.

We had a taste of war last night, about six o'clock p.m. The guns opened up—Fritz's first and then ours. There was such a roar that you couldn't hear yourself speak. The flashes of the guns firing and the shells bursting, combined with the red, white and green flare-lights, were some fireworks, but we had to keep in our dugouts because the air was full of shrapnel. The gusts of shrapnel going through the air sounded like the roaring of the wind. This kept up for four hours without a stop. It must have been pure unadulterated "hell" for the troops in the front line. The Germans attacked our line, but were driven back. I am afraid the losses were heavy on both sides. It is funny—I am only half a mile away from where the attack was made, but I didn't know

there had even been an attack till the General told me just now. You will probably have read all about it, in the papers by now. None of our battalion were in it, but some of our stretcher-bearers helped get the wounded out.

Connaught Camp, Thursday, May 4th, 1916.

Well, we are out of the trenches at last, and are resting back in the peaceful countryside. We were in the trenches for 16 days and, believe me, we were glad to get out. We weren't particularly badly shelled, but there were bombardments and attacks on all sides, so the nervous strain was rather heavy.

One evening just as the sun was sinking I was reading a book sitting on the fire-step, and all was peace and quietness. Suddenly there was a huge explosion and the earth quivered. I jumped up and right in the battalion next to us half the trench and earth was up in the air, and I knew immediately that it was a mine. Before the earth had settled again all the guns and trench mortars on both sides had opened up. The heaviest part of the bombardment was on the trench next to us, but we got our share and it levelled nearly half of our trench. The heavy shelling lasted $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and the spirits of the men were wonderful. They were all ready to meet Fritz as soon as he came over. Finally, after waiting under all this heavy shelling, the word came that Fritz was coming. Without waiting for any orders every man sprang to the parapet (or what was left of it). Great was our disappointment when we found they were attacking 200 yards farther down the line, and we couldn't even see them for the smoke from the shells. Fritz got into the front trench, which had been all blown to pieces, but he only stayed there a couple of minutes. Our boys from the supports came running up and went at them with bombs, shovels and anything they could pick up. Old Fritz got scared and dropped all his bombs and ran, so our boys picked up the German bombs and hastened old Fritz on his way back with his own bombs. All my men were terribly disappointed at not getting into the scrap and all wanted to go over the parapet and have a go at them.

The Germans have been making these foolish little attacks all along the line and they have gotten the burr beat off them every time. The German plans, organization, and artillery are good, but the men themselves haven't got the stuff. Every one of our men feels that he is good for about ten Huns.

Our artillery was great the night of the fight. They were firing within 20 seconds of the mine explosion, and they put over 7,000 shells on a 500-yard frontage. As you can imagine, Fritz's trenches were blown to pieces.

WITH THE GUNS.

Trench mortars—"Not really in the scrap"—A "comfortable" dugout—Bringing up munitions—A narrow shave.

March 22nd, 1916.

Am writing this from the trench-mortar school, about seven miles behind the line. I came down here on Monday morning, arriving about an hour late but did not miss much. We are studying the two main T.M.'s in use, the 1½" and the 2", and it's very interesting work. They are really very wonderful little guns, although they look terribly old fashioned, consisting simply of a smooth-bore barrel stuck on a plate with a fork arrangement in front to hold it up. However, you can get some idea of their value when you see them at work. A 2" bomb, approximately 60-lbs. in weight, makes just as big a hole and does just as much damage to trenches, wire, etc., as a six-inch howitzer shell. 22 lbs. of T.M. ammunition equals 150 lbs. of heavy gun ammunition. Of course the initial outlay is a mere trifle when compared to guns and the ammunition is very cheap, so altogether, they are pretty useful little pieces. The Germans, as usual, are a long way ahead of us in this department, presumably having them before the war started, but the English woke up to their value last summer and they have been coming along in leaps and bounds. Just the same, these little pop-guns are an awful come-down from the 18-pounder, and I am going to make a terrible kick before I get shoved into them.

March 27th, 1916.

I just came down from the O.P. this morning, having been up there since Friday, but I'm very glad I did stay up the extra twenty-four hours as I saw a really wonderful sight early this morning. Last night about 10 o'clock the Major rang me up to say that there was a show on and that I was to keep strict look-out. About 12.30 he again 'phoned me to go to bed until 3.30, so naturally I didn't take long about it. Well, just at 4.15 the row started. The British first blew up a long string of mines, one of which exploded in the trenches in front of us. That was the signal for the artillery to start in and, believe me, they did. The whole

country simply seemed to jump into flames and the funny part of it was that the Hun was only a minute or two behind. He must have been warned and had been "standing to" all night. Well, the bombardment kept up until about 5 a.m., and while it lasted it surely was a wonderful sight. We've been "standing to" all day, but have just got orders to "stand easy." We haven't heard the results yet, but I think it was something pretty big.

Thursday evening, April 6th, 1916.

I've just come out of the trenches after an awful twelve hours. We went in on Tuesday and have been there since, and its absolutely awful up there. Luckily for us, things are in such a terrible state that the trench-mortars can't move, so we got pulled out at 5.30 to-night, probably not to go back for some time.

The very heavy shelling began yesterday. I had to go up to one of the guns from our dugout in the communication trench, and I really was very much afraid that I'd never get back. The shells were literally bursting on every side and the shrapnel spraying all over the trenches; one huge chunk of shell just grazed my shoulder and plunked into the mud—I've got it as a souvenir.

But we weren't really in this scrap. It's the poor infantry that I pity. The communication trenches are so shot up that they haven't been able to move the dead and wounded all day, and they must be thick up there. Only the fellows that could walk passed us, and they had some terrible stories to tell. As a matter of fact from what I've heard since I arrived back at the billet here, I've found out that we really were not in the scrap, the trenches on our right getting the worst of it. The two officers from here that were with their battery, say that they never dreamed that anything could be so absolutely awful. The dead are lying all over the place with no one to move them. G—L— said that he heard one officer, lying wounded in the bottom of the trench, ask the stretcher bearers to walk over him to get some wounded out. I don't wonder now that the men go crazy under shell-fire.

The battery that we were supposed to relieve to-day had their officer blown to bits at 11 o'clock this morning. I thank the good Lord that I'm out of that awful hole to-night.

April 9th, 1916.

Friday, the day after I came out, I had to go back for two guns, one in a very hot place where they had taken the infantry out, leaving it deserted. We have a terribly rough bunch of men,

everybody pawning off the trouble-makers on to the T.M.'s., but they're certainly "there" in the trenches. I took a small squad up with me, getting to the first gun without much difficulty. However, the second one was five hundred yards farther on, which was another matter, so I asked for three volunteers, and the whole squad wanted to go. One place we had to crawl over two dead men, one on top of the other, and it nearly "got" me. One of them had half his head blown off, while the other was simply cut to pieces. After all the infantry went through we saw in the papers yesterday, "Heavy artillery bombardment at St. Eloi." As a man in our battery was temporarily insane after it, dozens of the infantry men must have been in the same condition.

April 19th, 1916.

It's been raining practically continuously since we came "in," but we've certainly got a lot of work done. Three large dugouts in three days is pretty good work, and two of them are peaches. We can easily stand up in ours, and our two batmen have constructed two beds, a table and a shelf for us; besides, some of the men pinched a "has-been" stained glass door from one of the houses in the ruined village we're living beside, and rigged it up. You've got to hand it to the Canadians every time when it comes to making oneself comfortable. The dugouts we took over from the English were a disgrace to the army. You couldn't sit up in the officers', much less stand, and they slept on the ground without a floor or anything under them but a few sand-bags.

Easter Sunday, April 23rd, 1916.

Although we are supposed to be out resting now, yesterday at noon I got orders to take our whole battery up to the trenches last night with a big bunch of stuff, and it turned out to be the biggest job I've had to tackle since I came to France.

We left about 5.30 last night, and caught our motor lorry about half a mile from here; went to our bomb store in a small town about two and a half miles from here and loaded up with one hundred sixty-pound bombs (on a three-ton truck) besides twenty boxes of component parts. The drivers of the truck made a big kick, but I got away with it, as they were not sure how much the bombs weighed. Our bomb store is just out of the village and I had a long argument with a sentry as to whether I was going into the town or not, as he had orders that no vehicles were to go in until nine o'clock. However, I told him I'd take the respon-

sibility, and in the end got in O.K. We then went to another store and loaded on about six hundred pounds more of stuff, including two guns. Then my troubles started. I had orders to proceed to a certain village about a mile behind the line, load up on the trench railway and proceed. But as neither I nor any of my men had been anywhere near this district before we had no idea what roads to start out on. I asked a sentry on one road and he told me that his road was impassable, but directed me on another, which we finally started up only to find it about three feet deep in mud, so we backed out and I walked two miles to artillery headquarters where I was directed up the "sentry's" road. I put in a bad hour going up, as it was full of shell holes, being in full view of Fritz in the day time. If we had stuck on it the whole "shebang" would have been lost as soon as it was light. However, we finally got to the trench railroad, and after passing another hour in blocked traffic we got our load on the trucks. Now flat trucks without any sides on aren't the best things to carry heavy bombs, and after the first three hundred yards we had ten dumps. Once about a dozen bombs went into a stream, and a corporal and I, being the only ones with hip rubber boots on, went in after them, suddenly finding ourselves practically up to our waists in water with our big boots full, and after fishing around on the bottom we got a fairly good swim. Everything came out all right in the end, though; when we got to the X battery dugouts, T— informed us that he had got an infantry carrying party to take the bombs up the last couple of hundred yards.

We had a very queer walk home, a mile of it over a shallow lake with a trench-mat runway two feet wide, and as it was pitch dark six or seven of the men fell in up to their waists. Still everyone was in good humour, and we got home at last some time this morning.

April 29th, 1916.

I had a rather close call last night while B— and I were going our nightly rounds, and I've been thanking my lucky stars ever since that I got off so easy. We were going across open country behind the trenches when a stray "whizz bang" (77 mil.) burst directly in front of us. As you may gather from the name they don't give one much warning, and the first we knew of it was to see the flash. Practically simultaneously I received a very heavy blow just above the wrist. It must have been the fuse, as it didn't break the skin, and all that I got of it is a very bruised

and swollen forearm. The only thing that saved us from the spray of the bullets was the fact that it burst so low and they didn't have time to spread.

(From Another Officer.)

The School Hymn brings back memories

“Somewhere in Belgium,” April 16th, 1916.

Just a few lines to let you know that some of your old St. Andrew's boys are out in the front line. I am here with the 18th Battalion, C.E.F., 2nd Division, France, and just to-day, W. S. McClinton came over from England to join us. He was with the 37th Batt. before that. Things have been pretty warm around this section of the front this last week and our battalion was in the midst of it. We are now in the rest billets for a few days but have been called out at nights on fatigues to dig reserve trenches.

You will, no doubt, be somewhat surprised to hear from me, but I'll tell you just what made me think of you. This morning at church parade the first hymn we had was our old College hymn, No. 251, “Fight the good fight,” and every time I hear it I think of St. Andrew's College. It seems to be a very popular hymn among the overseas battalions.

While in England at Bramshott Camp and Shorncliffe I ran across any number of old St. Andrew's boys who are out to do their bit, and from all accounts of those who have been out for some time, they are all making good. Do you remember Victor Hastings? Well, he has won either the D.S.O. or Military Cross, I'm not sure which.

Well, sir, I would be very glad to hear from you, if you can spare the time to write me a few lines. Give my regards to any that I may know around the College.

WITH A HOSPITAL UNIT

France, May 7th, 1916.

It was indeed an agreeable surprise to have THE REVIEW drop in with last night's mail. It is just as interesting as it ever was. Perhaps more so these days when it keeps track of all the Old Boys so well.

It was interesting to read Malone's letter, in which he mentioned coming up to visit our Hospital. I happened to be out for a little exercise at the time. On the way back I saw a figure in the

distance which somehow or other looked familiar. It was no other than "Mike," with his same old smile. He has certainly developed into a strapping big fellow. It gave me a sort of a funny feeling to bump up against him out here. It brought back a whole lot of old memories.

Things are running very smoothly here, and no one is complaining of not having enough to do. Our hours are seven to seven and then we are up practically every second night, receiving convoys of wounded. Last night it was one o'clock before we rolled into the blankets. Reveille comes all too soon for this small child.

At present, my M.O., Capt. Little, is on seven days' leave, and I am sort of Sergeant in charge of the ward. It is a wonderful experience we are getting over here. The M.O.'s give us every possible chance to pick up things.

Just now, the most exciting thing, outside the ward, is baseball. The season is just commencing, and we have hopes of being in a league. There is not going to be as much time for ball this year, as last, still the fellows need the recreation after being on the wards all day.

Since coming here we have had four air raids. It was a good show to watch the anti-aircraft guns getting after the raiders. The aeroplanes didn't linger long in one spot.

Glad to see by the REVIEW that Mrs. Macdonald and yourself were once more enjoying good health.

Ever sincerely,

P.S.—Irvine Dymant* was around here the other day. He was at that time at convalescent camp. He is suffering from shock and his head bothers him. Bernal Brown, a day boy when I was there, was in this hospital for a few days. He is now up the line again.

IN THE AIR SERVICE

"Archies"—"Spieling and Zooming"—A Fokker brought down—What prisoners' letters reveal.

"France."

(Received May 2nd, 1916)

Here I am sent alone to a new squadron, and we patrol the lines daily from daylight till dark, taking it in turns of approximately three hours each making targets of ourselves for enemy

*Twice wounded—the last time in the head. He is in the Ambulance.

"Archies," which I may say after my first experience, is not the most pleasant thing in the world, and every once in a while—about an average of one per day—they find a mark. They don't seem to mind expense, as anything from fifty to two hundred shells at you is quite ordinary.

We are about seven miles behind the lines and cover about sixty miles of them.

I got lost in a snowstorm the other day and my compass was out of commission, and when I could see the ground again, I didn't know whether I was in Germany or not, but seeing a kiltie I came down at about five miles behind our lines, but quite a way from where I should have been.

* * * * *

I would like very much to tell you about some of the papers and letters which we receive confidentially from time to time taken from prisoners and intercepted in other ways.

There has evidently been a great deal of internal trouble that we have not heard of and the price of food materials is evidently out of sight for the poorer classes, and everything is only procured by ticket limiting the amount of purchase.

I went out on patrol at four this morning, and soon after searching the line, an "Archie" greeted me fairly close and a little under my right wing, so to while away the time and kid the "Archie" gunners I did a tail slide and a couple of spiels and zoomed and twined a good deal in that locality. Coming in I repeated the operations from about seven thousand feet, and my observer, whom I've forgotten about, was feeling quite ill.

Yesterday a Hun passed over and I got about a drum off at him, but he was too far above me and my machine (not mine, but the one I had) wouldn't clinch any higher, so I had to let it go.

* * * * *

(Received May 8th, 1916.)

We patrol about half or perhaps a little more of the British front, but as these letters are censored, the things I would like to tell you I can't.

The first stretch of good weather we get I'm going to O.—— to take a scout course, of which I am very glad, as I'm rather tired of these heavy slow machines.

Our fellows have had three recent engagements with Huns, but I wasn't lucky enough to be there at the time. One of our

machines was brought down by anti-aircraft fire, but succeeded in landing this side of the lines, but was crushed.

There is a good deal of general activity all along the front, and looking down you see where the mine craters almost connect up the opposing trenches. The communication trenches are curved or zig-zagged to give protection from shelling, and all seem to be pretty well flooded.

* * * * *

France, May 6th, 1916.

There's nothing much to tell you of interest, and we've been doing a number of formation patrols, going over around the country directly opposite our area looking for enemy machines, but chiefly getting nothing but "Archy."

I was very near and the other day and trying to get there when they brought down a Fokker, for which they both got the Military Cross. It was a very pretty battle to watch, and they swooped like hawks three times at each other, and then they shot away the Fokker's main spar, and one wing crumpled up and he came down turning over and over, the one remaining wing flashing in the sunlight.

The pilot, a son of the Prince of Saxony, fell out about a hundred feet from the ground and into our front line trenches, the machine landing in between the second and third, where it was immediately shelled by the Germans. The pilot was quite dead. We buried him with full military honours, and are taking a note over and dropping it to let them know and to put in a word of admiration for the fight he put up.

Summer here has started in pretty well and while the sun is out it is terribly hot, but quite cool as soon as it clouds over.

* * * * *

France, May 8th, 1916.

The weather here has changed and it is again quite cool and on account of wind and rain there has been no flying for the past few days.

The next thing we are billed with is a photographic reconnaissance over the German lines of a town well known in the annals of the war, so we wait patiently to find out what will befall us.

To-day I am orderly officer and have to stay here in the squadron-office and attend to the various duties and complaints. Also I have to sleep here, and it looks as though it might not be a very successful night, and then some idiot is sure to call up about two a.m. and find he is calling the wrong place or something equally ridiculous.

There has been a good deal of activity along our front lines, shelling and small attacks. Letters from prisoners taken by us all agree in the scarcity and high prices, also of riots by the women on that account and the drastic measures taken for quelling them by the authorities. Fining merchants for exorbitant prices has been very general.

(From Another Officer.)

Lots of Old Boys mentioned here.

Saturday, April 22nd, 1916.

I am still in England and have been at several different air stations around the south counties. I am now stationed at ——. There are a number of Canadians down there and there is only one old St. Andrew's boy besides myself. Ken. Smith (K.G.) has been there for some time.

I met Lindsay and Junor and "Monty" Clarkson to-night. They have only been here about two weeks. Last week I spent an evening with Jamie Auld and "Dutch" Nelson. Jamie has been in France for a long time with the Artillery. Nelson has been in the trenches as a Tommy for seven months and is now taking out a commission with the Artillery. I saw Christie Clark last week in town. He has just arrived. Clarence Rogers is now in France with the R.F.C. Gordon Alexander and Jimmie Lockhart are in England with the R.F.C., also Carlton Angstrom. He is married and has his wife over here with him. Beasley and I were separated for two months, but are now together again at Eastchurch. Nation has just gone to France. Stone is still in England with the Artillery. Art Kilgour went to India with the Flying Corps about three months ago. Henry Gooderham is still Adjutant with one of the Reserve Battalions in Shorncliffe. Grant Gooderham has been transferred from the Coast Guard Station at Whitley Bay to the War Squadron at Dover and will shortly go to Dunkirk (R.N.A.S.). Tom Corsan has been invalided home with a bad leg. I met Wright who played on the 1909 football team. He was in here just now. He has transferred

over from the Canadians to the R.N.A.S. I saw Doug Galbraith and Neil Fergusson about a month ago. They are still in England. Ted Rand is now in France.

FROM THE BALKAN FRONT

(The following letter should have been included in the Easter REVIEW, but unfortunately went astray. It will still be read, however, with great interest. The writer is Dr. D. E. S. Wishart (S.A.C. 1901-1906).)

Salonica Force, Jan. 22nd, 1916.

Your letter was written on Dec. 5th. On that day I was in a little village in Serbia called Tartarh, an irregular collection of small one-storey huts, roofed with rude old beams covered with heavy red earthenware, and with walls about two feet thick—rude stone affairs, only some of the huts having a sort of plaster on the inner faces of the walls to make them somewhat smooth. The doors were all crazy, narrow small affairs, very crude, and there were no windows. The floor was of rubble covered with a good clay surface, and from the smoke-blackened rafters hung large sheaves of huge tobacco leaves, and long rows of yellow corn. Every hut had an attached small plot of ground, say 20 ft. square, and the whole was enclosed in another stone wall. Sometimes several huts would be in the same enclosing wall. Some of them had behind them a rude barn more or less filled with filthy straw or a rotting mixture of gourds, tobacco leaves or yellow corn. The place was indescribably filthy, but somewhat picturesque. Streets were mere paths, twisting in tortuous fashion, and joining the huts in a sort of way. In all my stay there, I only found one building intact—the old mosque—(which we promptly commandeered for our cases); all the rest had much amiss,—broken down doors, roofs broken to get at the dry rafters for firewood, stone walls everywhere in most tumbledown condition, and the enclosures full of very dirty messes. Of course the population had disappeared long before, not an inhabitant or native living thing, except an occasional Serbian dog, most dangerously savage from sheer starvation. In one of these one-room huts we washed-slept and ate, in one or two others and a couple of the above, mentioned barns lived the men not on duty, and in eight or nine others, including a mosque, we housed our patients, men suffering from exposure, rheumatism, horrible degrees of frostbite and

gangrene, etc., and the wounded. These came to us walking, crawling, carried on stretchers or on mules, about half from the trenches farther up the hill, and the remainder from our dressing station five miles up a narrow gorge, so difficult to navigate that we had most of our men employed at two relay stations in between us and it. Talk about work—oh, my eye!

All our area was under shell fire, but no damage was done to any of us; the shells fortunately were occupied in searching for our batteries, and not bothering about us. The weather was about the limit, five or six days of zero weather; zero in the valleys with about three inches of snow, but much more terrible two thousand feet higher up on the tops of the ridges where our lines lay.

Much cannot be put down on paper—you must let your imagination work to complete the picture.

Writing here is a hard job. I'm in a comfortable dugout on the (sunny) side of a hill. Outside, the moon is shining clear, quite obscuring the twinkling stars, but it's a cold moon, and the odd breeze that whispers down our gully from the snow-covered mountain side that rises immediately above us, is, as usual, fast turning the water in my washbucket into ice. To-night I'm the proud possessor of a writing pad, the first in over a good six weeks, but as ours is the only dugout with a fireplace and a roaring fire, our good hut is jammed with brother officers, and their interjections and Irish good humour are enough to distract anyone. So excuse all faults.

At present we are not in action, but we are right up with the trenches our brigade is building for the defence of Salonica, and we are getting plenty to do without any wounded. As I see all the cases that come, I am getting plenty of good experience.

The men of our mess are a jolly decent set, one of them a Canadian of the class ahead of me at U. of T., the rest Irish and Scotch, the one Englishman being the one exception. We also have three padres billeted with us, very decent fellows.

When not too busy with sick, there are all sorts of other duties,—orderly officer, transport officer, sub-stations, reconnoitring, etc. I enjoy the latter immensely, as it takes me miles over the surrounding country, which I am commencing to know fairly well. Our position is splendid and getting stronger every day. The weather isn't too bad. Very much sunshine, but also occasional snow flurries, which leave the heights above us con-

tinually enveloped in white, while it rapidly melts on the plateaus and in the valleys below, and turns the gullies and all that is therein into a sea of mud, so that for days at a time we tramp about in gum boots and British warmes.

We are so comparatively comfortable now that we loathe to think of the possibility of having to shift.

The arrival of parcels with good things to eat from good friends puts us into the seventh heaven. We welcome plumcake, chocolate, cigarettes, toffee, and feel more or less glum when the parcel contains such things as bovril, of which every Field Ambulance carries a huge stock.

IN A GERMAN PRISON CAMP

English "as she is wrote"—The tale of a pipe.

You can have no idea of the jargon that we talk here, a sort of Esperanto, chiefly French, with occasional Russian, English and German words thrown in, but, nevertheless, we appear to understand one another perfectly.

I have a great pal here, a Russian Cossack. He knows the same amount of English as I know of Russian—about a dozen words. He got a pipe of mine ; as it was the one I had all the time in France, I wanted to keep it as a slight souvenir. I got a new one for him and he returned the old one with a letter which I think is quite a masterpiece. It was :—

"Amiable dear Fred,—I send you your pipe. I part with she, very grieving, because she has did to me very much enjoyment, reminding to me from you. When I had she in my teeth it appeared to me that you sit about me, and her tender touch has did illusion of your kiss. I wait for your response.

Yours ever,

KOOSMICH."

NOTES ON THE LOCAL HISTORY OF THE NEW SITE OF ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE

A VISITOR to the new property at York Mills cannot fail to be impressed by the beauty of the natural amphitheatre which surrounds the playing-field and by the picturesque and venerable elms and pines which adorn its slopes. Splendid old trees they are, the last remnants of that mighty forest which a hundred years ago covered the country. Along the crest of the hills runs



One of the Old Trees

a deserted road, which for fifty years was traversed by an interesting and varied traffic. It follows the original course taken by Yonge Street to avoid the steep banks of the Don. How many strange things the old road and the old trees remember!

Though the road was first surveyed in the year 1795, the portage which Yonge Street superseded has a history which goes

back a hundred and fifty years before that date. It will be found marked in the early French maps, and was no doubt used by the Indians centuries before the coming of the white men. It must not be supposed, however, that the portage from Lake Ontario to Lake Simcoe followed the straight line of the present street; it ran from the Humber north, but in the main the routes are the same, and both terminated at the Holland Landing.

The earliest travellers over this portage of whom we have historical record were the Jesuit missionaries about 1625, who journeyed south from the Huron Missions on the Georgian Bay. The portage was at that time in Iroquois territory, and if we exercise our imagination we can see, at a little later date, bands of Iroquois warriors, the most formidable savages ever known, creeping stealthily northward along the narrow trail to exterminate the now Christian Hurons.

Then we can picture to ourselves the intrepid explorer La Salle, who passed this way in 1680, in one of his earliest endeavours to reach the headwaters of the Mississippi, and so on to the Gulf of Mexico, in a great effort to forestall the Kings of England and Spain in the possession of that region.

Later, the Toronto portage, as it was at first known, acquired a new importance. Here let me pause to explain that the name "Toronto" is of Huron-Iroquois origin, and was used to designate the country of the Hurons who held, when Champlain found them in 1615, the district north-west of Lake Simcoe, with a population of about 20,000. The word "Toronto" means "populous," and in old maps Lake Simcoe is called "Lake Toronto," while the two portages leading to Lake Ontario, the one by Balsam Lake and the Bay of Quinte, and the other by the Yonge Street route, were both known as "the Toronto portage." The easterly portage was closed in 1674 by the French fort "Frontenac," but the Yonge Street "Toronto portage" continued to be used by Indians and by fur-traders from New England till a much later period.

The importance of this route can scarcely be overestimated when it is remembered that it led directly to the great centre of the American fur-trade, the island of Mackinaw, which lies at the entrance of Lake Michigan. This island on account of its unique situation became at a very early date the centre of all continental trade-routes, and to-day many important cities on the great lakes stand on the old portages or trails which led to

Mackinaw. Duluth, Chicago, Buffalo, Oswego, may be mentioned, and Toronto is no exception.

After the Jesuits and the Iroquois, the fur-traders, then, from the New England States, were the next to use this portage. For the French themselves reached Mackinaw by way of the Ottawa and Lake Nipissing. And that the English succeeded in diverting from the French a considerable portion of this lucrative trade is seen in the fact that the French were compelled to build Fort Rouillé at the southern end of the portage to close the route. As early as 1686 the French governor wrote, "M. de la Durantaye is collecting people to occupy the pass which the English may take by Toronto, the other entrance to Lake Huron. In this way our Englishmen will have some one to speak to." This fort, finally established in 1749, was abandoned by the French about 1760.

Throughout the 18th century Ontario was the scene of bloody wars between the Iroquois and the Ojibways or Missisagas, in which the latter were finally successful, expelling the Iroquois from the north side of the lake. War parties of both tribes frequently traversed the portage and the Iroquois have left a trace of their prowess in the name given by the Ojibways to the river used by them after crossing Lake Simcoe on their raids, for Notawasaga means "Mohawk outlet."

There is also a record of a large body of Ojibways who after a bloody massacre at Fort Mackinaw following the conspiracy of Pontiac, travelled south along the Yonge St. portage to the great Indian Conference held by Sir William Johnston at Niagara in 1764. They had with them as prisoner an adventurous fur-trader from the New England States, Alexander Henry, who has left a vivid account of his experiences.

Actual records of travel along the Toronto portage before the time of Governor Simcoe in 1791 are few, but with the aid of what records remain one can easily picture it traversed, as we have described, by Jesuit missionaries, Huron, Iroquois, and Ojibway Indians, French explorers, soldiers and traders, and the intruding English from New England.

When Governor Simcoe in 1794 selected the southern terminus of the old portage for the site of his new capital, he ordered a survey of the road and county to be made, and immediately colonists began to take up land, so that by 1812 the county was occupied to Lake Simcoe.

Among all the strange sights that the old road saw in this early period no more extraordinary group of colonists would be remarked than some members of the French royalist aristocracy who sought in this wilderness a shelter from the French Revolution. They settled a few miles north of St. Andrew's property in 1799, and lords and ladies who had danced at Versailles might often be seen travelling to and from the infant capital on ox-carts over the old road, then impassable for other vehicles. The jewels of Mme. la Comtesse de Puisaye and the manners of M. le



The Old Road

Comte de Chalús dazzled for a while colonial society in York, but eventually these unhappy aristocrats abandoned the struggle with the fierce hardships of colonial life, and returned to Europe.

By the year 1812, when war broke out with the United States, much progress had been made, and although the road was still corduroy and the hills impossible sloughs of mud, up which waggons were drawn by the aid of windlasses, still little farms were emerging in the clearings on either side, and the worst stumps had been drawn from the roadway.

That was a painful occasion for those ladies who in 1815 took refuge at the log-house of Baron Houghe, two miles below the St. Andrew's property. Fleeing from the invading Americans, as they reached the Baron's cabin, which seemed sufficiently remote from danger, they heard with alarm the sound of the explosion of the powder magazine of Fort York. No doubt this dreadful detonation, which killed five hundred Americans, was plainly heard also at York Mills.

Up and down the old road during the war tramped the defenders of the province. And mention must be made of those who passed most frequently, the gallant York Rangers, who fought so bravely at Queenston Heights. Even more activity was manifest along the road when in 1814 an extension was made to Penetanguishene, where a naval station was established. Thus Yonge Street became the military route across the narrowest part of the province, interrupted in the middle by Lake Simcoe. The intervening land link from the Holland Landing to Barrie was not completed till about 1828. As there were no railways in Ontario before 1850, almost all the settlers who thronged into central Ontario after the Napoleonic wars, passed to their new homes over this much-travelled road, and along that very part which lies within the School grounds.

Let us conclude this chapter of notes by placing ourselves in imagination by the roadside under one of those venerable trees about the year 1820 and observing the passers-by.

Here is a settler from across the sea who has arrived after a journey of three months. His weary wife and children are carried with all his household effects upon a capacious ox-cart which creaks painfully along the trail. He will arrive in a day or two at his new home in the forest, to begin life anew under labourious but promising conditions.

Next comes a company of Wellington's veterans, told off for duty at Penetanguishene, or going to claim the lands granted as rewards for service.

A group of Indians in gay blankets attract our gaze as they pass along to exchange their furs for supplies in the shops of Muddy York.

Here is a small boy with a string of fish. He has been fishing in the Don and is bringing home several splendid lake salmon. They shine like silver and are almost as large as himself. It is long since such fish have been taken at York Mills.

A cheerful company now passes. They are clad in buckskin leggings and red shirts, while their dark complexions suggest Indian blood. A train of waggons follow, each loaded with a large boat or canoe. It is a troupe of the North West Fur Company's voyageurs and their destination is Fort Garry, the Mackenzie River and the Arctic Circle. As they disappear in the forest the sound of their singing grows fainter, but we recognize "*A la claire fontaine,*" "*En roulant,*" and other voyageur chansons. Yonge Street was much used by the voyageurs, and before 1820 the Company had spent £10,000 in improving the road.

Indeed the old road in 1820 presented an animated picture, but no doubt enough has been suggested to enable the readers of THE REVIEW on their next visit to York Mills to reconstruct for themselves some of the many scenes which the old road and the old trees have witnessed. And perhaps in a subsequent number I may have something to tell of the stirring events of Rebellion days, of the stage-coaches, of Col. Cameron, and of the history of the locality at a more recent date.

P. J. R.

THE "PLAYING-FIELDS OF ETON" AND THE WAR

THE famous saying of the Duke of Wellington, about the Battle of Waterloo having been won upon the playing fields of Eton, has nobly served its day, and supplied the text for numerous orators at Prize Day and similar functions, lucky when they were not anticipated by the previous speaker and compelled to fall back on the still more ancient and familiar *mens sana in corpore sano*!

One cannot help wondering if the good old tag will retain its evergreen usefulness, its gospel-like authority and prestige, after the present war. Already in Boer-war days it had forfeited something of our confidence, and even such sturdy Britishers as Rudyard Kipling made scornful ridicule of the "flannelled fools" at the wicket, and "muddied oafs" at the goal. Since that time the presence, over the North Sea, of a hustling and self-assertive, but unpleasantly successful business rival, with little respect for sportsmanship, little regard for what "wasn't cricket," but a terrible equipment, instead, of science, purpose and system, had begun to shake John Bull's complacent pride in the Public School boy and the Oxford Blue as the type of manly perfection intended by Providence to inherit the earth. The strange foreign god "efficiency" made its appearance and began to claim its share of popular homage. And now comes Armageddon, with its sudden, fierce test of all national values, ideals, resources, qualities of will and endurance. How far will the "playing fields of Eton" avail us now?

There is not much resemblance in warfare, as our Old Boys are learning it to-day, to a game of cricket or football. Gone are the days of the old stand-up, pitched battle with its prescribed manœuvres, established rules and limited area, permitting of a comparison to a match between opposing teams. We are fighting an enemy who is very far from regarding war as a game, with rules which it would be dishonourable to break in order to win; and we are compelled in sheer self-defence to adopt many of his methods. Will the old reverence for sport, and sporting ideals, shown in a host of phrases which reveal a national habit of thought, and are embodied authoritatively in the utterance of a national hero like Wellington, survive the present war?

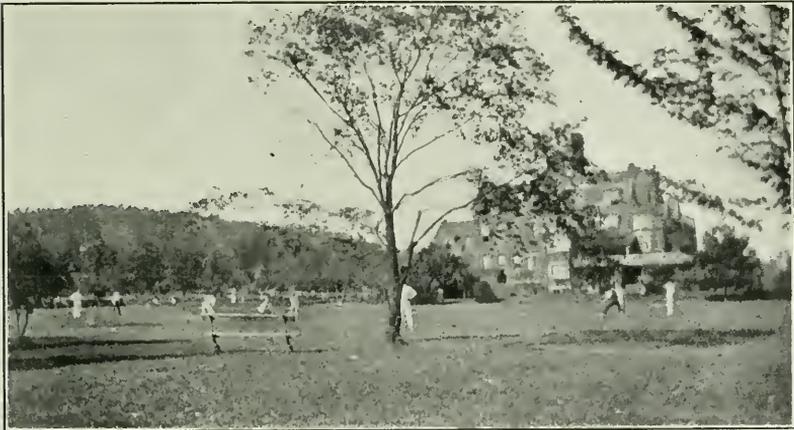
It is instructive to note, in this connection, that our most formidable enemy, the Germans, have a corresponding (or con-

trasting) saying, first used in reference to their war with Austria in 1866, and doubtless applied to their military successes of to-day—that it was won by the German schoolmaster, that is, in the class-room rather than on the playing field. There is indeed no playing field, as we know it, in German schools, and this means that the German youth is brought up a stranger to the salutary spirit of give-and-take, self-reliance, fair play, and other *untaught*, democratic virtues in which, at their best, our field sports are an excellent training-ground. Democracy and democratic principles are in fact the one thing carefully guarded against in German schools. The settlement of disputes between pupils must be referred to the master—*jede Selbsthilfe ist verboten* (every sort of self-help is forbidden) ! Tale-telling, or *Denunziation*, is, as might be expected, thus encouraged, and the foundation laid for a system by which, “in German internal affairs, in school and university, in her Church and Army . . . indeed everywhere, spying and tale-telling form just as essential a part of the great system as they do in her relations with foreign lands.”* At the same time the idea is carefully instilled that “a physical blow is a mental, moral and physical degradation.” No wonder the average German grows up with an exaggerated sense of his outward personal dignity—a national trait which finds such ludicrous expression in the bewildering hierarchy of dearly-cherished, and much flaunted titles and distinctions. Everyone who has lived among Germans has been struck by their extreme touchiness, their easily-wounded sense of “honour” (*Ehregefühl*). In their army, as is well known, this has grown into a monstrous and intolerable arrogance, and in the whole nation (aided by the organized efforts of school-masters and professors) has developed a state of “swelled-headedness” which is the chief underlying cause of the war.

There is no use, of course, in trying to belittle the achievements of the German schoolmaster or the triumphs of German organization and discipline ; and still less in flattering ourselves that the methods of the “playing-fields of Eton” are sufficient to

**The Soul of Germany*, by Thomas A. Smith, p. 29. The author resided twelve years in Germany, was a lecturer at Erlangen University, and has had exceptional opportunities for studying the German school system and its tendencies.

defeat them. We are learning, and have yet to learn, tremendous lessons from our enemy, in other regions of material effort as well as in war. There is still a sense, however, in which the Iron Duke's famous dictum may be applied even to a struggle like the present. However historians may dispute about the exact antecedents of the war, there is no doubt that a great part of the driving-power behind the Allied Cause is the feeling of horror and indignation at Germany's breaches of faith, her brutal violations of the laws of civilized warfare—in a word, her want of *sportsmanship*. That, too, is what has won us the decided sympathy of our cousins across the border—a sympathy which, even if it



A "Distant Prospect" of St. Andrew's Playing Fields

strikes no actual blow on our behalf, is nevertheless a powerful moral aid to us, and a corresponding disadvantage to the enemy.

The war might almost be described, without too great a flight of fancy, as a struggle between the spirit and influence of the schoolmaster—left rampant and unchecked, as in Germany, to indoctrinate and pervert a nation to its will—and the spirit and influence of the "playing-field," with its atmosphere of spontaneity and liberty, its untaught, natural code of honour, its hatred of bullying or "dirty work," its ideal of "playing the game." Each is now on trial. Each has much to learn and to adapt from its adversary.

In the ideal school, so in the ideal State, the rival principles of authority and liberty, discipline and impulse, work and play, must be reconciled and harmonized. If the Germans are compelled to respect in future the elements of sportsmanship and fair play, we, who are in so many ways like schoolboys in comparison, must acknowledge and amend our schoolboy habits of unpreparedness, procrastination, slovenliness, contempt of knowledge, and impatience of discipline. Let us hope that in the better order that will arise after the war, the thoroughness and efficiency of the "German schoolmaster" may prove capable of union with the spirit of the "playing-fields of Eton."

H. M. M.



Another "Distant Prospect"

BERMUDA

BERMUDA is a small island lying about six hundred miles off Cape Hatteras. The main island is about twenty-four miles long and not quite three miles wide at its widest, with a population of twenty-two thousand people. There are, besides the main island, three hundred and sixty-five little islets altogether, of which only one called St. David's Island, is inhabited.

The colony is exceedingly important to Great Britain, being a great naval base, and having the third largest dry-dock and the second most powerful wireless station in the world. There are always three or four warships in and out, all the time guarding the coasts.

The capital is Hamilton, a small town with several fine hotels, parliament buildings, cathedral, and public library. The other town is St. George's, a very quaint place with numbers of old-time houses and churches. Here Sir George Somers, the discoverer of the island, first landed in 1609.

As everybody knows, we have no trains, no automobiles, no street cars, nor motor cycles on the island. The only means of conveyance is by cabs and carriages, bicycles and boats. The reason we have no electrical conveyances is that the roads are too narrow and winding. No doubt our means of transportation may seem slow to those who are accustomed to electric cars; however, the method we use is suited for the size of the island.

The houses are built of white limestone, which is taken from the quarries in large blocks, and then cut up into smaller blocks called building stone. The first thing that attracted my attention when I arrived in Toronto was the red brick buildings. All the houses in Bermuda are of white stone.

Bermuda is both a winter and summer resort for tourists. The best time to visit the island is in the winter. During this season thousands of visitors arrive, and during their stay they make it their aim to see all the places of interest, even if they are only there for a day or two, by visiting the caves and coral reefs. The caves are remarkable for solid masses of coral formation formed into stalagmites and stalactites. These are caused by the constant drip of water which percolates through the ground and falls off the tip of a thin limestone thread. This in time gets

larger and harder from the lime in the water and after many years a stalactite is formed. In one of the caves known as the Crystal Caves, there is a natural formation resembling a bust of Queen Victoria. In another, known as Leamington Cave, there is a formation like the pipes of an organ, which if you take a piece of crystal and run it over it, produces the sound of an almost perfect scale. The variety and the bright colours of the many forms of marine life with which the waters abound, attract as great an interest as the caves themselves.

As there are no minerals such as coal and iron which would give rise to a manufacturing town, the only industry carried on is agriculture. The soil is very fertile and suitable for the growing of onions, potatoes, celery, beets, and other vegetables. Every year thousands and thousands of boxes of these are exported. Most of the smaller islands are used for cultivation, except one called Ports Island, where there are sixty or eighty German prisoners interned. These men are all sailors off different steamers that have been captured by the British since the outbreak of the war. Many of these men are University graduates, and during their spare time they amuse themselves by teaching the others. One who has studied mathematics will act as master, and carry on school for half an hour, and when he has finished another will take his place and teach French, and so on. The prisoners also occupy themselves with wood-work, and it is surprising what they can do with an ordinary knife. Some of the things made by them are napkin-rings, walking-sticks, paper-knives, and cedar boxes. They have now been on the island for over a year and will be there under strict guard until the end of the war.

There are surrounding Bermuda coral reefs at intervals of two miles or more, extending about twenty miles from the shore. On the last reef there are powder mines placed some distance apart, the fuses of which are run ashore through a thick cable and connected with a switch at Whale Bay Battery.

By means of mirrors it is known exactly when a ship is directly over a mine. Then by a simple operation of pushing the electric button the ship can be blown to pieces. The Whale Bay Battery controls the south and the west and the battery at St. George's, the north and the east.

At present the 38th Ottawa Regiment is there. These men are kept in very strict training. From the time they get up until

dinner time the battalion is broken up into small companies and under the command of an N.C.O. they are instructed in drill signalling and musketry. In the evening they go for a route march about twelve miles with full equipment. Shortly they expect to leave Bermuda for the trenches.

W. D. LIGHTBOURN (Form V.)



“ Merrily We Roll Along ”

WHAT THE BRITISH NAVY MEANS TO AMERICA

The dark forebodings felt, at the outbreak of war, about a period of financial and commercial depression for Canada, have fortunately, so far, remained unfulfilled.

War-contracts from the Allies have taxed our industrial resources to their utmost capacity, rendering unemployment practically unknown. A decrease of foreign imports has greatly enlarged the market of the home manufacturer, and less active competition in foreign fields has made expansion in that direction possible. The government having drawn the farmer's attention to the necessity of increased production, we have a vastly increased acreage under cultivation, with a corresponding increase in agricultural produce.

And if such a stimulus has been unexpectedly communicated to Canadian industry, how much more strikingly is this the case with our neighbours to the South. To-day the United States are the financial dictators of the world. They, too, have benefited as a result of the industrial activity occasioned by the war. The making of munitions is bringing unparalleled wealth to the country, while the withdrawal of necessary articles of German manufacture has led to the establishment of new industries. In the feeding of the Allied armies American agricultural products have also played a prominent part.

Thus we find practically a whole continent experiencing an era of unprecedented prosperity, consequent on its ability to produce the various necessities required by belligerents.

What circumstance makes possible this immense increase in production? The answer is obviously the country's practical immunity from the depredations on her sea-borne trade. Little would the activity of her factories or the fulness of her granaries avail her, if the outflow from them to foreign lands were liable to constant interference or destruction on the ocean.

From this danger she is secured, and a safe market assured for nearly all her surplus products, by the supremacy of the British Navy, the silent sentinels of which are guarding ceaselessly the interests of the British Empire, and of neutral nations, on the limitless trade routes throughout the world.

That, without the British Navy, German ascendancy in America would be assured is incontestable, and whether the lack of Canadian men and grains, together with that of American

munitions and money consequent on this domination, would permit the Allies to prosecute the war to a successful termination, is a question of extreme doubtfulness.

It is to this watchful and competent fighting force that we owe our freedom from such depredations as were practised in devastated Belgium. In its proved efficiency therefore let us place full reliance, confident in its ability, assisted by our gallant land forces and those of our Allies, to conclude successfully the present struggle.

G. A. BEER (Form V.)



Hoisting the Flag

THE "HAUNTED HOUSE"

I NEVER was a believer in ghosts and haunted houses, but an experience of two summers ago has always led me to keep as far away as possible from the real or imaginary neighbourhood of either.

It was in Muskoka that I met my first, and I hope my last ghost, and although in the telling, my tale may lack somewhat of the proper thrill, the fright I got I hope will never be repeated.

One afternoon my chum and I went to examine a house, which, as rumour had it, was haunted by the ghost of a settler who had been murdered and scalped in former times by the Indians. The reason for his nightly vigil was supposed to be the quest for his lost scalp.

Though we laughed at the idea, we visited the scene in the day time, and found nothing more formidable than an empty house in a dilapidated condition. The front door banged to and fro in the breeze. The floor threatened to give way any minute, and to complete the dreary and depressing atmosphere of the place, all the windows were boarded up. The only relic of human occupancy was a rusty stove.

Cautiously ascending the rotten staircase we found that the upper rooms contained only a few pieces of rude furniture. A brief look round satisfied our curiosity, and we were making our way below again, when—crash!—the stairs gave way, and we were sprawling in the wreckage. We picked ourselves up from out of the débris and found to our surprise that we were unhurt. We were just preparing to leave, when a curious dull thud was heard overhead. It was now getting dark, and about time for the ghost to commence his evening search. At such a moment the sudden, mysterious noise was startling, to say the least. Without waiting for further developments we both started to run for the back door, it being the nearest—only to find it boarded up. We turned about, but had only taken a few steps when my foot went through the floor and my chum stumbled over me and fell.

Just then a long, wailing cry struck our ears. To our excited imaginations it seemed to come from upstairs. My chum scrambled to his feet, and after some difficulty pulled me out of the hole. Two more thuds from above sent us running for the door. The

thing could meanwhile be heard approaching the opening where the stairs had been, and we could not help casting a scared glance in that direction. What was our amazement and relief to see a very large porcupine looking curiously down at us ! But there was still that mysterious cry to be accounted for. Porcupines, we knew, are not in the habit of uttering such howls as we had heard, so we were not yet quite reassured.

As we rowed home in the dusk, however, we saw a loon swimming off, uttering the long wail that, coming at the "psychological moment," had so terrified us. Everything was now explained ; but needless to say, we never visited the "haunted house " again.

R. McLAUGHLIN (Form V.)

Athletics

THE CRICKET SEASON

THE First Cricket Team deserve the hearty congratulations of all true sportsmen on their performances this season. Under a combination of adverse circumstances which might almost have excused despair, they have "played the game" in the true cricket spirit and have been rewarded by one of the most successful seasons which we have had for some years.

During the opening part of the term it was of course impossible at this time to resist the claims of the cadet-corps, and the Annual Inspection gave us a foretaste of the weather which was to



At the Scoring-Table

be vouchsafed to us during the short period available for cricket. Regular practice, even for those who have not been working hard for matriculation, has been impossible, but a few undaunted spirits took up the game in earnest, and the results were better than anything that was expected.

There has been little or no net practice, but a system based on parties of thirteen players has produced some of the best fielding which we have seen, and it is the fielding that has won us our games.

A special word of praise is due to Moseley for the unselfishness with which he undertook the duties of acting captain when Taylor was unable to leave his books, and we must not omit to congratulate Taylor and Lightbourne on their bowling. They would be the first to admit that their efforts would have been in vain had they not been backed by good fielding. Those responsible for the coaching were undoubtedly right in deciding that, under the circumstances, it would be worse than useless to try to teach scientific batting. In spite of this, or, shall we say, because of it, the batting of the team has been erratic but effective.

A few words about what the season has taught us. The lessons of unselfishness, courtesy, self-control and determination which can be learnt by those who play the game are among the things which can be felt rather than described. We should like to emphasize a few technical points, attention to which will be of real value to the future of St. Andrew's cricket. Some of them have been neglected this year ; some have not.

First : Young cricketers who study the game keenly should be put on a team whenever possible. The painstaking David is of more value than the wild slogging Goliath.

Second : No excuses should be accepted from a boy who does not turn out when selected.

Third : A good pair of cricket boots would have saved many a dropped catch, and broken many a duck's egg this season.

Fourth : A run saved by good fielding is equal to a run made from the bat.

Fifth : A great deal can be accomplished by private study of the game. It is useful to practise swinging a bat even when there is no ball to hit, and two boys and a ball are all that is required for catching practice.

Sixth : English-made cricket material breaks up rapidly in the Canadian climate. A good workman cherishes his favourite tools.

A. St. J. F.

PERSONNEL OF THE CRICKET TEAM

MOSELEY ("Paul").—Vice-captain and an old colour. He is one of our steadiest and most consistent bats, but was hampered greatly by hard luck in relation to the l.b.w. rule. Is a careful runner between wickets and although not a brilliant fielder, his knowledge of the game is invaluable.

CAMERON ("Bill").—An old colour. Took his place behind the wickets this year and proved to be steady and a decided encouragement to the bowlers. Plays a careful, steady bat; his work at Ridley under the trying conditions was a creditable performance.

HEWITT.—Played on last year's seconds and as a fielder is probably the best on the team. Bats fairly well but is not quite seasoned enough. Will be of great value to next year's eleven.

PATERSON ("Pat").—Did not play cricket last year, but is an ex-captain of the seconds. His bowling was very effective during the Ridley game and he proved to be a steady bat at all times, although somewhat handicapped by glasses. Was a very clean fielder, letting very few get past him.

SOOR ("Eimer").—Learned and played cricket this year for the first time, and succeeded in knocking up many creditable scores during the season. Has a splendid batting eye and uses the half-volley stroke almost incessantly. His fielding was of a spectacular nature at all times.

AULD ("Archie").—Turned out to be a "find" as the season progressed. His peculiar style of batting is very baffling to the bowlers and is of a high order at all times, the best exhibition of which was shown during the U.C.C. game. Is a strong fielder.

ROLPH ("Ernie").—Also one of the seconds of a year ago. Is a good fielder but inclined to be a trifle over-anxious. His batting is of the stonewall nature and of great assistance in trying out the opposing bowlers.

LIGHTBOURNE ("Buster").—Came to us from Bermuda, where he learned the game. Is a thorough, all-round player, but certainly excels in bowling; he bowls a ball which falls well up the pitch, and this is preceded by a rather confusing delivery. His best performance was given during the Upper Canada game.

HUTCHINGS I. ("Um").—Another of Bermuda's gifts to our team. His batting is of a high order and of the hard-hitting type. A particularly good fielder and made numerous brilliant saves during the season.

DAVIES ("Pork").—Although not a fast run-getter, is very valuable on account of his ability to hold up the wicket for a long time, plays a steady, straight bat and is a keen fielder.

TAYLOR ("Joe").—Captain. His experience, which he gained as captain of last year's first eleven, was very valuable to the team. An excellent bowler and a good bat. Showed up exceptionally well in the T.C.S. game. J.W.T. AND J.W.P.

S. A. C. vs. U. C. C.

On Saturday, June 3rd, U.C.C. and S.A.C. met in the opening game of the Little Big Four on the latter's ground. It was an all day match, commencing at 10.30 a.m. For the first time in our history we beat Upper Canada fairly and squarely at cricket. The good effect of the method of practice adopted this season was shown in the freedom from that nervousness on the part of our team which has so often proved fatal. Perhaps in this connection Soot deserves special mention, his runs coming very usefully just at the right moment. The bowling and fielding were excellent. The score follows :

FIRST INNINGS.

U.C.C.	S.A.C.
Thompson c L'bourne b L'bourne...15	Moseley lbw b Henderson..... 3
Hardaker lbw b Lightbourne..... 1	Hutchings I. b Burrows.....10
Edwards c Cameron b Lightbourne. 0	Cameron b Henderson.....16
Henderson (Capt.) b Taylor..... 0	Lightbourne b Henderson..... 4
MacDonald b Hutchings..... 4	Taylor II. (Capt.) b Burrows.... 3
Burrows c Soot b Lightbourne.....12	Hewitt run out..... 1
Tyrrell b Lightbourne..... 2	Davies c Hardaker b Burrows.... 0
Mitchel b Taylor.....10	Soot b Burrows.....14
Denehy b Taylor..... 2	Auld c Pipon b Tyrrell.....15
Pipon b Hutchings..... 6	Kent c Tyrrell b Tyrrell..... 1
Gillespie not out..... 0	Rolph not out..... 1
Extras..... 1	Extras..... 1
Total.....53	Total.....69

BOWLING.

U.C.C. : Lightbourne five for 15 ; Taylor II. three for 23 ; Hutchings two for 5 ; Auld 0 for 8.

S.A.C. : Burrows four for 35 ; Henderson three for 31 ; Tyrrell two for 1.

SECOND INNINGS.

U.C.C.	S.A.C.
Thompson b Taylor..... 2	Auld c Edwards b Tyrrell.....15
Mitchell b Lightbourne..... 2	Moseley b Tyrrell..... 6
MacDonald c Kent b Lightbourne.. 0	Hutchings I. c Mitchell b Burrows. 9
Edwards c Soot b Lightbourne14	Soot b Tyrrell.....10
Burrows b Lightbourne..... 2	Cameron b Tyrrell..... 0
Hardaker b Lightbourne..... 2	Rolph c Mitchell b Burrows..... 9
Henderson lbw b Taylor..... 1	Taylor (Capt.) b Tyrrell..... 0
Tyrrell c Cameron b Taylor..... 1	L'bourne c MacDonald b T'mpson. 12
Pipon c Moseley b Lightbourne.... 0	Hewitt c Denehy b Thompson... 1
Denehy c Auld b Taylor..... 0	Kent not out..... 9
Gillespie not out..... 2	Davies b Thompson..... 8
Total.....26	Total.....79

BOWLING.

U.C.C. : Lightbourne six for 13 ; Taylor four for 12.

S.A.C. : Burrows two for 21 ; Tyrrell five for 21 ; Thompson three for 22 ; Henderson 0 for 9.

ART. HUNTER.

RIDLEY vs. S. A. C.

About the Ridley game on June 7th the less said the better. It was not cricket. Ridley made 111 runs on a slow wicket and in threatening weather. In a pouring rain and on a pitch from which mud and water splashed wherever the ball fell, St. Andrew's made 16. During our innings the ground was quite unfit for play. Neither team considered the result a fair one, but although Ridley very decently offered a re-play, the lateness of the season and the imminence of exams. decided the Powers-that-Be against it.

RIDLEY.	S.A.C.
Mills run out..... 0	Moseley lbw b Lefroy..... 3
Wood c Taylor b Taylor..... 9	Hutchings b Wood..... 1
Barr b Taylor..... 0	Lightbourne c Mills b Wood..... 2
Alexander b Paterson..... 46	Hewitt c Mills b Boyd..... 0
McCulloch c Taylor b Taylor..... 23	Auld c Lefroy b Boyd..... 2
Lefroy b Lightbourne..... 6	Cameron b Wood..... 1
Williams c Soot b Paterson..... 7	Taylor (Capt.) c Lefroy b Wood .. 0
Walton lbw b Lightbourne..... 1	Soot b Boyd..... 7
McCulloch II. lbw b Lightbourne .. 3	Paterson b Wood..... 0
Boyd run out..... 7	Rolph not out..... 0
Jarvis not out..... 0	Davies c Williams b Boyd..... 0
Extras..... 9	Extras..... 0
Total..... 111	Total..... 16

T. C. S. vs. S. A. C.

The Port Hope match on June 10th was the last, and, perhaps, the most pleasant of the season. Port Hope won the toss, and decided to bat first on a very doubtful wicket. They were all out for 45. Paterson and Taylor kept an excellent length and our fielding was nearly all that could be desired. That we obtained 75 in our first innings was due to bad placing of the Port Hope field, and to some very lucky short runs.

T.C.S. second innings was a repetition of the first. During our second innings the wicket was rapidly getting worse and the Port Hope fielding vastly improved, but the proper amount of confidence enabled S.A.C. to knock off the runs with ease.

On neither side was the cricket of a high scientific order, but the weather was comparatively respectable, the best of feeling prevailing throughout, and the day was thoroughly enjoyable.

FIRST INNINGS.

T. C. S.

S. A. C.

Harper c Rolph b Paterson.....	7
Martin c Auld b Taylor.....	2
Strathy (Capt.) b Taylor.....	2
Ketchum I. b Lightbourne.....	16
Taylor b Taylor.....	1
Lazier b Taylor.....	1
Morris c Cameron b Paterson.....	1
Howard II. b Taylor.....	13
Wigle lbw b Taylor.....	0
Croll c Hutchings b Lightbourne...	1
Clarke not out.....	0
Extras.....	1
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Total.....	45

Hutchings b Lazier.....	0
Moseley c Howard b Lazier.....	6
Auld run out.....	21
Lightbourne b Martin.....	2
Cameron b Wigle.....	0
Paterson b Martin.....	1
Taylor (Capt.) b Martin.....	10
Soot c Wigle b Croll.....	14
Hewitt lbw b Croll.....	3
Rolph c Clarke b Howard.....	8
Davies not out.....	5
Extras.....	5
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Total.....	75

SECOND INNINGS.

T. C. S.

S. A. C.

Harper b Lightbourne.....	7
Martin c Paterson b Lightbourne...	8
Ketchum c Hutchings b Taylor....	0
Taylor b Lightbourne.....	0
Morris run out.....	3
Strathy c Lightbourne b Paterson..	8
Lazier b Lightbourne.....	0
Howard II. b Lightbourne.....	0
Wigle not out.....	11
Clarke b Taylor.....	1
Croll b Taylor.....	7
Extras.....	3
<hr/>	
Total.....	48

Soot b Lazier.....	1
Paterson c Lazier b Wigle.....	0
Moseley not out.....	10
Hutchings c Harper b Morris....	9
Auld not out.....	1
Lightbourne.....	
Taylor.....	
Cameron.....	Did not
Rolph.....	bat.
Davies.....	
Hewitt.....	
Extras.....	1
<hr/>	
Total.....	22

A. St. J. F.

THE SECOND TEAM

Our readers must not be discouraged by the fact that the Second Eleven lost their two matches. Owing to circumstances which have been already too often described, they have been somewhat starved in the respect of coaching and of material. We have, however, got our eye on several promising candidates for next year's First Team—young, enthusiastic, and ready with a very little coaching to develop into first-class cricketers.

The first game was with U.C.C. on their ground. Only two practices were had before this match, and we lost by an innings and 31 runs. Though we managed to take nine of their wickets for 39, one of their men batted up their score to 71. Our total for two innings may be deduced !

The second game was with Ridley Seconds, at St. Andrew's, part of it in the rain. We again lost, by an innings and 3 runs. The game was marked by a great catch by Easson. Turnbull batted well, and the bowling of Kent and Wood was worthy of mention.

The following made the team : Calvert, Rendell, Turnbull, Thorley, Tod I., Easson, Wood, Cosgrove, Morrison, Kent, Harris (Capt.). Spares, Secord, Choppin.

GEO. HARRIS (Capt.)

LOWER SCHOOL CRICKET

The Lower School Cricket season is not over as these words are being written. It has not been easy to obtain a proper



Interested Spectators

amount of practice, and we have suffered as others have suffered from the weather, the war, and the lack of labour for the preparation of practice wickets.

We lost the first match against Upper Canada Prep. through over-confidence and poor cricket, but did much better against T.C.S., and hope to do better still in our return match against Upper Canada.

The T.C.S. match taught us that a game is never won till the last ball is bowled, and that it is dangerous to rely on two star

players. Kent and Choppin did their duty nobly as batsmen—Kent in the first innings, and Choppin in the second, but they were tired when T.C.S. were batting for the second time, and we had no change bowlers. Had T.C.S. declared ten minutes earlier they might have saved the game. The all-day match is an innovation in the Lower School, and we all enjoyed it very much.

The selection of candidates for the First Eleven has been a very difficult task. The last five places in the team are still open to aspiring young cricketers. We have two good bowlers, and two good batsmen, and we have discovered a first-class wicket-keeper who never played cricket before this season. However, our tail wags but feebly.

The most satisfactory feature of our season has been the keenness shown by the boys of the two lowest forms in the school—the future stars of the Upper School firmament. They have responded well to the enthusiastic coaching of Mr. Blomfield, and we are grateful to him for the trouble that he has taken.

A. ST. J. F.

Two matches were played—with U.C.C. and T.C.S.—both on our own grounds. Against U.C.C. we lost by an innings and 10 runs. The following represented the school: Choppin, Richardson, Stonehouse, Mackay, Douglas, Skeaff, Robertson, Pollock, Blomfield, Findlay II., Kent (Capt.). Kent and Choppin were the bowlers.

We did much better against T.C.S., winning the match by 29 runs (61 to 32), on one innings. It was not possible to play out two innings in the time, but T.C.S. went in again and knocked up 78 for five wickets, and then declared. We followed, and made the required 22 runs for the loss of eight wickets. The final result therefore left us with two wickets to spare.

Our team was made up as follows: Choppin, Richardson, Stonehouse, Douglas, Mackay, Skeaff, Applegath II., Blomfield, Nerlich I., Findlay II.,

In the first innings Choppin took 7 wickets for 15 runs.

THE TOURNAMENT

The Eleventh Annual Boxing, Wrestling and Fencing Tournament was held on May 1st and 2nd. There were many entries and the competitions provided the usual sport.

FENCING.

School Championship—Hewitt won from Rose.

WRESTLING.

65 lb. Class—Smart won from Green.

75 lb. Class—Merry won from Paterson II.

95 lb. Class—Gallagher won from Macdonald.

125 lb. Class—Secord won from Home I.

145 lb. Class—Paterson I. won from Lightbourne. Although Lightbourne was somewhat heavier Paterson made up for this in quickness.

School Championship—Paterson won from Rankin. This bout went four rounds, neither contestant obtaining a fall. Paterson won the decision by his aggressiveness.

BOXING.

Special Light-Heavyweight—Draw between Smart and Green.

65 lb. Class—Easton won from Dennison by default.

75 lb. Class—Findlay II. won from Rogers.

115 lb. Class—Auld won from McCarter.

145 lb. Class—Semi-finals—Firstbrook won from Hutchings II. Cosgrove defeated Jenkins. This bout was very evenly matched and could only be decided after five rounds.

125 lb. Class—Semi-final—Easson won from Choppin.

115 lb. Class—Final—Auld won from Wright II.

125 lb. Class—Final—Tod I. won from Easson. This bout went four rounds on Monday and was decided after three very evenly-contested rounds on Tuesday. Although Easson hit like a sledge-hammer and placed his blows well, Tod I. had the condition.

145 lb. Class—Final—Cosgrove defaulted to Firstbrook.

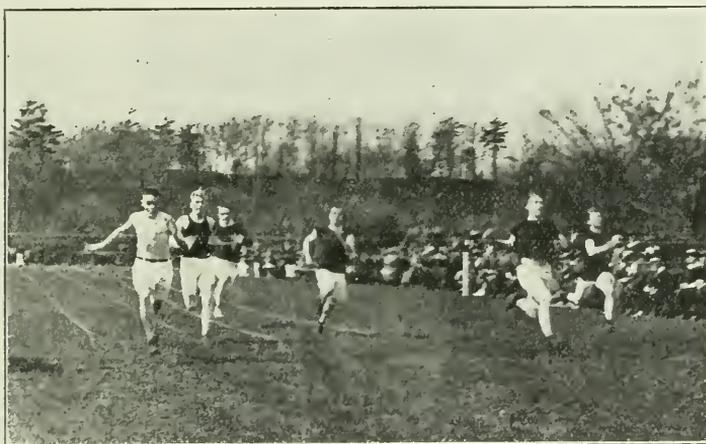
Taylor won the School Championship, being unchallenged.

ART. HUNTER.

SPORTS DAY

The Annual College Sports Day was held on Friday, May 19th. The preparations were not so elaborate as in former years nor were there as many guests. Although it rained during the latter part of the afternoon the spectators cheerfully sought shelter on the tuck-shop verandah and the sports proceeded. Owing to the wet condition of the grounds there were no very fast times made, but this did not affect the way in which the events were contested, and there were some very close finishes.

The School Championship was won by Mackenzie, with a total of 28 points. Yuill I., with 18, carried off the House Championship.



Hundred Yards Dash---Senior

Kent won the Junior Championship, obtaining 30 points. Boyd was next with 22 points, thereby winning the Junior House Championship.

The cup for the best contested race was carried off by Cosgrove.

The events were decided as follows (championship events are marked with an asterisk) :

KICKING FOOTBALL—Senior.

1. Campbell.
2. Wallace.
3. Soot.

KICKING FOOTBALL—Junior.

1. Nerlich. 2. Kent. 3. Macdonald II.

Distance 105 ft. 6 in.

*1 MILE RUN—Open.

1. McKenzie. 2. Tod I.

*½ MILE RUN—Open.

1. McKenzie. 2. Tod I. 3. Knechtel.

*440 YDS. DASH—Open.

1. McKenzie. 2. Yuill I. 3. Moseley.

THROWING CRICKET BALL—Senior.

1. Wallace. 2. Morrison. 3. Yuill II. Distance, 104 yds. 6 ft.

THROWING CRICKET BALL—Junior.

1. Kent. 2. Choppin. 3. Nerlich. Distance, 206 ft. 6 in.

HURDLE RACE (under 16)—

1. Hewitt. 2. Kent. 3. Boyd.

*RUNNING HIGH JUMP—Junior.

1. Kent. 2. Macdonald II. 3. Nerlich. Height, 4 ft. 3 in.

*STANDING BROAD JUMP—Senior.

1. Yuill I. 2. McKenzie. 3. Yuill II. Distance, 9 ft. 6 in.

*STANDING BROAD JUMP—Junior.

1. Kent. 2. Robertson. 3. Macdonald II. Distance, 8 ft.

*RUNNING BROAD JUMP—Senior.

1. Yuill I. 2. Yuill II. 3. McKenzie. Distance, 18 ft. 2 in.

*RUNNING BROAD JUMP—Junior.

1. Kent. 2. Macdonald II. 3. Robertson. Distance, 14 ft.

PUTTING THE SHOT (Open)—

1. Soot. 2. Wallace. 3. Rankin. Distance, 40 ft. 9½ in.

50 YDS. DASH—Preparatory Form.

1. Blomfield. 2. Rogers. 3. Cassels.

*100 YDS. DASH—Senior.

1. Cosgrove. 2. McKenzie. 3. Yuill I. Time, 10 4-5 secs.

100 YDS. DASH—Under 13.

1. King. 2. Blomfield I. 3. Nerlich. Time, 13 secs.

THREE-LEGGED RACE—Open.

1. Applegath and Findley II. 2. Secord and McCarter.
3. Blomfield I. and Paterson III.

*220 YDS. DASH—Senior.

1. McKenzie. 2. Cosgrove. 3. Yuill I. Time, 26 2-5 secs.

100 YDS. DASH—Under 16.

1. Boyd. 2. Hewitt. 3. Macdonald II. Time, 11 1-5 secs.

LOWER SCHOOL HANDICAP.

1. Applegath II. 2. King. 3. Denison II. Time, 13 secs.

*100 YDS. DASH—Junior.

1. Kent. 2. King. Time, 11 2-5 secs.

*HURDLE RACE—Senior.

1. Knechtel. 2. Cosgrove. 3. McKenzie. Time, 21 1-5⁸ secs.

*220 YDS. DASH—Junior.

1. Kent. 2. McDonald II. Time, 30 secs.

SACK RACE—Open.

1. Findley II. 2. Nerlich.

OBSTACLE RACE—Open.

1. Findley II.

*RUNNING HIGH JUMP—Senior.

1. Tod II. 2. Yuill I. 3. Cosgrove.

*HURDLE RACE—Junior.

1. Kent. 2. Findley II.

CONSOLATION RACE—Junior.

1. Merry.

After the sports the guests repaired to the Assembly Hall, where Lady Hendrie kindly consented to present the prizes. After this ceremony had been performed, Lady Hendrie requested that Dr. Macdonald give the school a half-holiday, to which he consented amid rounds of applause. An informal dance was held, during which refreshments were served in the dining hall.

ART. HUNTER.



Are You Ready ?

School News

THE CADET CORPS

THIS summer term, despite unusual discouragements, the Cadet Corps has achieved a high and significant place in the activities of the school. This is as it should be. Almost every day brings news of our boys' heroism and endurance even unto death, in France and Belgium. So it has been well to keep in being the School Corps which has given so many of them their earliest military training for these soldiering days. Moreover, realizing the advantages offered by company drill, the present members have taken this early opportunity with serious mind and have done their best to make enthusiasm atone for a lack of numbers.

To Mr. Chapman's energy and cheerfulness amid difficulties, the Corps is again greatly indebted. Especially is this true with reference to the bands, whose work he has supervised throughout the year. In this he has been fortunate in the services of Lieut. John Slatter, of the 48th Highlanders. Mr. Slatter has trained at least five overseas bands since August, 1914, yet his kindly interest in the boys of the College has enabled him to devote part of his busy week to their instruction. For this they would again like to thank him.

The bugle band has latterly had as its drum-sergeant, "the boy Warburton," an old soldier who was discovered by his parent at Valcartier camp—soloist to a Prince Edward Island battery.

The pipe band, organized for the first time this year, was able to secure the offices of Pipe-Major Fraser, of the Highlanders. Under his tuition these juniors have mastered many a martial air and have attained a gravity of deportment we believe no school discipline could ever have inculcated.

In speaking of difficulties this term, we refer to the frequent if temporary disorganization of the Corps, caused by the enlistment of fourteen of its members. Of these ten have gone in the ranks. Soot succeeded Cantley as captain. Whittaker was succeeded by Willoughby, who in turn was followed by Paterson as lieutenant. The Corps also lost its Colour-Sergeant, Grant; its Drum-Major, R. A. Cameron, and a Sergeant, Comstock.

Whether or not it was best they should go so soon we cannot say. They would not have understood anyone who would have tried to prevent them. One after another they left, and for them as for many others, it will be but a short step to the great struggle abroad. We wish them God-speed.

By those boys meditating active service this year, the red coat came to be viewed as something of an abomination. It has passed, and the corps, clad in khaki tunics, has by its businesslike appearance, converted everyone.

Shooting on the range at the new school site has been supplemented by the installing of movable targets in the gymnasium. Here the rank and file have gained some practical experience in musketry with a great saving in time.

One of the brightest afternoons enjoyed by the corps was on the occasion of its being invited to Government House. The boys will never be able to express their appreciation of Sir John and Lady Hendrie's gracious courtesy and hospitality. Gen. Logie was pleased to inspect the corps, after which the boys were given the freedom of the premises. On the occasion of her last visit to the College, Lady Hendrie informed the boys that she hoped the visit of the Cadet Corps would be an annual event. It will be one greatly looked forward to.

At the request of Lieut-Col. Chisholm, the corps had the honour of escorting the 92nd Highlanders to the Riverdale Station. This was also a much appreciated compliment, as the 92nd has among its officers one of our masters, Lieut. Tudball, and no less than eight of our Old Boys. The pipe-and-bugle bands of the Corps supplied the music en route. For the younger members it will some day be a proud memory that they played to the station a very gallant regiment during the first stage of its departure for the great war.

The Cadet inspection was a credit to the boys and to those responsible for their training. Here we wish to acknowledge the services of Cantley, who, despite his youthfulness, held a commission in the Nova Scotia Highlanders, as well as an instructor's certificate. Major Marling's remarks add another inspiration for those who follow, to carry on the high standard maintained by others in the past.

Of former members of the Corps who have gone down in the great fight, two of our best beloved just recently, we cannot

speaking here. Nor do we, who have known and lived with them, offer conventional sympathy to those who are nearer and dearer. "One fight more, the last and the best," they *have* fought. Killed in action, struck off the roll of their regiments and with stars against their names—for us they are not dead. R.L.



The Band

UPPER SCHOOL NOTES

AN unexpected treat was enjoyed by the School when one afternoon, instead of proceeding to our classrooms, we were summoned into the Assembly Hall. The occasion turned out to be a visit from Major Pringle, just back from the trenches, where he has been serving as Chaplain. Major Pringle will be remembered by many Old Boys for the splendid address he gave at the School in the year 1904, on his experiences and adventures in the Yukon.

In his very graphic, entertaining talk on the present occasion, Major Pringle took us on a walk right through the trenches,



“ Kultur ”---The Matriculation German Class

explaining their construction and the manner of life lived there. It was news to most of us to hear how useful a knowledge of cookery comes in. We had heard about the rats, and enjoyed the tale about the Aberdeen terrier and how he accounted for sixty-five in no time ; but the description of the wasp nuisance was something new. A very hearty cheer was given when Major Pringle told of coming to his son's trench.—“Some of you will remember the boy who walked 500 miles from Peace River to Edmonton to enlist—that was my boy ”—and we sympathized with “dad” when that boy admonished him for “ducking” the whistling bullets. Perhaps the most impressive thing in the

whole address was the account of the unconcerned way the natives of the country behave under shell-fire. Here is an instance :

"I was waiting for the orderly to bring up my mare when two big shells came up from the German trenches. One of these struck the house of a labourer standing a short way off the road, and took a bite of about ten feet out of it, and carried the whole thing quite a distance. If I had been in that house, and had not khaki on, I would have hit the trail for the rear, and would have put a sixty-mile-a-day gait on ! Just wait and see what happened.

Evidently it didn't bother them at all. After a few minutes, first of all the door opened, and out ran a little girl about eight years of age, and then her mother followed her with a birch broom, and very quietly she swept the mud from the little brick walk, and off the front of the house, and then they both went in again!"

The lecture closed with the description of two exciting air-fights witnessed by the speaker, and a very reassuring statement as to the efficiency of our air-service. Altogether it was a most enjoyable and inspiring talk. Good luck to Major Pringle, and may we soon have him with us again!

A handsome book has been issued by Messrs. Dent and Son : "Rambles of a Canadian Naturalist," by S. T. Wood. The illustrations of flowers, birds and butterflies, beautifully printed in colour, are by Mr. Holmes, our drawing-master ; and there are effective decorative headings done by his pupils at the Ontario College of Art. The beauty and value of Mr. Holmes' studies of flowers are well known to competent judges. The present volume will, we hope, make his work familiar to a wider circle. The book will be a desirable addition to the library of any boy who is interested in the life of the woods and fields.

A LOWER SCHOOL CHRONICLE

I MET the Editor of THE REVIEW the other day, and he challenged me to write an account of all the things that have been going on lately in the Lower School. As it seemed easier at the time to accept the challenge than to refuse it, I took up the glove ; but I find now that it would have been easier to let it alone, for I'm hanged if I know what has *not* been going on in the Lower School. Everything and everybody has been going on, and there is no stopping them.

To begin with, there's the clock. It is not a striking object. It does not possess a peal of bells. But, for all that, it takes it into its head to *strike* every now and then. That is to say, it sometimes refuses to work. And, let me say, in passing, or, as



Hundred Yards Dash--Junior

the learned editor would express it, *en passant*, that there is this fundamental difference between a clock and a workman. A clock strikes when it works ; whereas a workman only works when he is not striking. I invented this joke myself ; so, if you repeat it, please do not palm it off as one of your own. I perpetrated it as a set-off to some of those silly jokes one is always hearing about *Fords* : "When you want a new pair of roller skates, buy a pair of—" (and all that sort of thing).

But to return to the Lower School clock. This ingenious contrivance goes on in a more or less desultory sort of way, that is to say, by fits and starts. They tell me that it is connected by

electric current with all the observatories in the world. That is, no doubt, why it indicates so many different kinds of time. I have discovered that although you can't tell by this clock what time it *is*, you can always rely upon ascertaining to a fraction of a second what time it is *not*. This is a great advantage, as will easily be seen. Furthermore, I have calculated that when the big hand is at seven, and the little hand at eleven, the correct time is always a quarter-past four. Starting from this *datum*, it is a comparatively easy matter to calculate other arrangements of the hands, especially if one has a slight knowledge of trigonometry, conic sections, the binomial theorem, and differential calculus.

What else has been going on? Let me see. On Empire Day we had some fireworks; but *they* went *off*! There was the craze for marbles; but *that* went *out*! Pocket money has been going *down*, and the cost of "tuck" has been going *up*! What, alas, has been going *on*? A happy thought flashes across my foot. I will consult the archives. The archives are kept in the Muniment Room, otherwise known as the Masters' Common Room; and these said archives, chronicles, annals, records, or *gesta Romanorum*, are vulgarly known as the Detention Book. In this important register we preserve, keep, and hand down to posterity, the various achievements of the present generation.

What do I find among the entries for the present term? I find (*miserabile dictu*) that on the ninth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and sixteen, a certain boy—who shall be nameless—*came down late to breakfast!*

Now I can never understand how any boy possessed of a reasonable amount of intelligence, can ever find it in his heart to come down late to breakfast. Being late for school, or, indeed, for any kind of work, is comprehensible enough. But being late for *breakfast* is an offence for which I can see no justification whatever. What can be the motive or intention of a boy who comes down late for breakfast? What useful purpose is served by such a course of conduct? Personally, when I was a boy, I would rather have stood outside the dining hall all night, with my hand on the door-knob, waiting to be the first to get in, than miss a single moment of the bliss of eating breakfast. As Cicero saith (in the *Via Latina*) "Live to eat, not eat to live." That used to be *my* motto as a boy.

I would like to give some further particulars; for example, about the "little goings-on" in Upper North Dormitory; but I

am reminded that it is against the rules to tell tales out of school. Therefore I will not say what Merry and Skeaff got for beginning the day too early on one occasion, or what 'Black II, and Calvert got for ending it too late on another. Silence is golden. So I will only say, in the words of a certain ghost in a certain play (see Shakespeare's edition of Bacon) :

 'But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I *could* a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul."

E.C.B.

Old Boys' News

MARRIAGES

[AN APOLOGY AND A CORRECTION !—In the Easter number an announcement was made, in error, of the marriage of Captain W. H. Lytle. We greatly regret the annoyance which this mistake must have occasioned. We also offer our apologies to Capt. H. K. Hamilton, the notice of whose marriage should have read : "To Miss Della Ashley, of Toronto."]

ACTON, J. CLARK, April 26th, 1916, to Miss Vera Irene Collins, of Toronto.

BURTON, CAPT. R. B. S., April 15th, to Miss Ida Beatrice Ellis, of Toronto.

DONALD, CAPT. HUGH H., April 5th, 1916, to Miss Janet Robb, of Valleyfield, Que.

HANNA, LIEUT. W. B., April 21st, 1916, to Miss Marion Olive Powis, of Toronto.

HERTZBERG, LIEUT. OLAF P., April, 1916, to Miss Janet C. Morris, of Toronto.

KILGOUR, R. CECIL, May 3rd, 1916, to Miss Ruth R. Jackman, of Toronto.

McKENZIE, CAPT. KENNETH G., June 5th, to Miss Irene Evelyn Biette, of Tillsonburg, Ont.

OBITUARY

MALONE, MAURICE EDWARD

"Mike" Malone, as he will always be known at his old school, was born in Toronto on April 2nd, 1895. He entered St. Andrew's College in September, 1907, going in to Form II. His removes were obtained with regularity, and the year 1912-1913 found him in Form Upper VI., and one of the leading spirits in residence. In that year he received a Prefectship and was very influential in the House. Possessing extraordinary ability as a goal-keeper, he played on the Second Hockey Team in that position in 1912. In

1913 he obtained his First Team Hockey Colours, again playing in goal.

In 1910 he made his place on the Third Football Team. In 1911 he played as outside wing on the First Team and filled the same position on the First Team in 1912.

During the Summer Term of 1911, he captained the Second Eleven ; and kept wicket for the First Eleven both in 1912 and in 1913. His last year at school found him a member of the Athletic Directorate, the REVIEW Staff, and of the Executive Committee of the Literary Society. During that year he was also one of the Senior Officers of the Cadet Corps.

His good temper, ready humour, steady worth and unfailing thoughtfulness rendered him unusually popular with the boys of his generation.

His regular presence at all school activities, and his frequent attendance at Chapel Service during the two years succeeding his leaving school, made him very well known to the present generation of boys, who feel particularly touched by the knowledge that he has made the supreme sacrifice.

He had completed his second year in Arts at the University, and in May obtained a commission in the 48th Highlanders, almost immediately joining the 58th Battalion for overseas service. On arriving in England in November, 1915, he was transferred to the 12th Battalion, and on his arrival in France was transferred to the 15th Battalion (48th Highlanders), with which battalion he was fighting when he was killed in action, "leading his men like a veteran under a particularly dangerous shell fire." His life after leaving school, all too brief as it was, evidenced the same unselfishness and thoughtfulness, and the same brightness of spirit that was present in such marked degree in his school days.

CAMPBELL, GEORGE HENDERSON

"Geordie" Campbell was born in Halifax on May 18th, 1893. He will long be remembered with affection by the boys who were with him in school. He entered the Third Form in September, 1906, and went through the school, matriculating into Dalhousie University in 1911. He spent his first two years in residence in the Lower School, coming over to the Upper School the following year. While at St. Andrew's College he took a keen interest in the general activities of the school, and was always ready to help

where the fellows wanted him. In 1907 he was a member of the Lower School House Team. In 1910 he played on the 2nd Football Team; was one of the Librarians during 1909-1910, and obtained his First Eleven colours in 1911, being noted for his bowling and fielding. For several years he was a member of the Cadet Corps. He was one of the most lovable boys that we have ever had at the old school. Those of us who knew him can readily appreciate the great sorrow that is experienced by his many friends in the home circle in Halifax. For as he grew up to young manhood in his University life, those who knew him had learned to love and trust the lad. There was real sorrow at his old school when on May 19th (almost on his very birthday) we received the sad news that he had been killed in action.

NOTES

THE names of many Old Boys will be found mentioned in the Letters from the Front.

At the moment of going to press we are still waiting in anxiety for tidings of Lieut. Hugh Macdonnell, who was reported wounded and missing after the recent heavy fighting near Ypres. Lieut. J. M. Macdonnell was in England, we believe, at the time of this engagement.

We have all been filled with joy at the glad news about Lieut. Guy Rutter, who had been at first reported killed in the same action. He is now said to be improving rapidly, and bound for England. More cruelly sad appears the contrary mistake, by which Lieut. Malone's parents were at first led to believe that their son was safe. The Headmaster has just now received a letter from Rutter expressing pleasure at receipt of the REVIEW.

Two more Old Boys to wear the Military Cross!—Lieut. E. R. Allen, for heroism in an extremely difficult undertaking, tunnelling under and blowing up German trenches at St. Eloi. Out of five men who accompanied him on this occasion, four were killed—and Lieut. "Jamie" Auld, for gallantry in bringing in wounded under heavy fire at the same place. He was wounded in several places, but, we understand, not seriously. It will be remembered that Auld passed through the school from the lower

forms up, and consistently led his Form each year. Lieut. Allen, in acknowledging receipt of the Easter REVIEW, sent us the names of two other Old Boys to add to the Honour Roll, and added: "I have met S.A.C. men in all branches of the Imperial Service, from the Navy up and down, so together with the large number supplied the Canadian Contingents, the School can certainly lay claim to an unbeaten record of all-round useful men."

Flight-Lieut. Rogers passed *first* in the flying-tests held in England before his departure for the front. He is now on active service there.

Lieut. T. F. Findley, when last heard from, was in hospital as a result of drinking bad water. He says: "I spent part of a day with Mike Malone and Bud Brown about a fortnight ago. . . . Bud looks as if he had put on a good forty pounds since joining the army. I also saw Alex. Sinclair and Arnold Davidson. The former looks larger if possible than when he used to teach us to form fours, slope arms, etc."

"Tod" Grant, our former co-editor, who qualified for a commission in February, decided about Easter to go as gunner in the same battery as the Whitakers. They are all in England now. Tod writes interestingly about Old Boys he has met. He says: "Who do you think I had dinner with last night? No one but 'Unc.' Dymont. He is in hospital here—was buried in a dugout. He lost his voice, but it is coming back. . . . The longer I am here the more Old Boys I meet." He mentions Don McGillivray and "Bobs" Jones-Bateman. Dudley Ross, he says, is taking a commission in the Navy. Victor Diver is a sergeant. Bennett "primus" was wounded at the Dardanelles and has been in hospital for five months. All news of great interest to many of our readers.

Lieut. W. K. Macnee, writing from a dugout in Belgium, expresses kind appreciation of the REVIEW, and especially of the Old Boys' Letters. He had recently fallen in with Corbould, who has also kept in touch with the old School. Macnee was expecting to be sent home shortly to act as instructor in grenade work, so we may have the pleasure of a visit from him next term.

Lieut. A. B. Lindsay had the honour of receiving and carrying the colours presented by Mayor Church to the 75th Battalion before they left recently for the front.

"Peace hath her victories as well as war." Great honour has been won for the School by the success of an Old Boy, E. L. Cousins, Engineer of the Toronto Harbour Commission. He has just been promoted to the position of General Manager of that important body, which is carrying out such immense and far-reaching changes on the Toronto water-front.

Again we appeal to our readers to help by sending us items of information for this department of the REVIEW. The Old Boys' section should, we feel, be an important feature of a school magazine. In this connection the REVIEW staff have to acknowledge a debt of gratitude to Miss Brookes, whose good memory of, and interest in the Old Boys has been an invaluable help in the production of the REVIEW and especially in the compilation of the Honour Roll.

OLD BOYS' DINNER

A most enjoyable evening was spent at the College, at the Old Boys' Dinner, April 19th. These dinners seem to be a bit pleasanter each year. A number of new faces were seen and many old friends turned up. Over sixty per cent. of the Old Boys are serving the Empire, and a showing of fifty-seven at the dinner many in uniform, speaks particularly well at this time for the interest taken in the Association.

Toasts were drunk to the King, the College and the Boys at the Front. We have undertaken to send the REVIEW to every Old Boy on service. Dr. Macdonald told how greatly this had been appreciated and already we feel repaid for the work. Tobacco and cigarettes were also sent at Christmas to Old Boys, prisoners in Germany.

A new feature was introduced at the meeting, that of granting the Life Membership for twenty-five dollars. This is an idea that we feel sure will be taken advantage of by a great many Old Boys. We also had the honour of electing Dr. Macdonald as our first Life Member.

Any information of the whereabouts of Old Boys, sent to

the College, will be much appreciated, so that record may be kept complete.

The interest taken in the Association is very real and is yearly growing greater. We will be pleased to have any boys who have not enrolled do so by sending in their names to the College, so that we may keep in touch with one another.

The following officers of the Association were elected :

President—Mr. Lloyd Wood

Sec.-Treas. : Mr. Lyman Howe.

1st Vice-President—Capt. Victor Hastings.

2nd Vice-President—Dr. H. Tovell.

The Executive Officers were given power to complete the membership of the Committee.

L. H.

EXCHANGES

The following is our Exchange List for the year. We regret that there are not as many as usual and hope there will be a larger list next time :

The Argosy—Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B.

The Ashburian—Ashbury College, Ottawa, Ont.

The Albanian—St. Alban's College, Brockville, Ont.

Acta Ridleiana—St. Catharines, Ont.

Acadia Athænæum—Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S.

Black and Red—University School, Victoria, B.C.

The Chronicle—Niagara Falls High School, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

The Carlisle Arrow—Carlisle Indian School, Carlisle, Pa.

Hilltop—Dickenson High School, Jersey City, N.J.

High School of Quebec—Quebec.

Queen's Journal—Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.

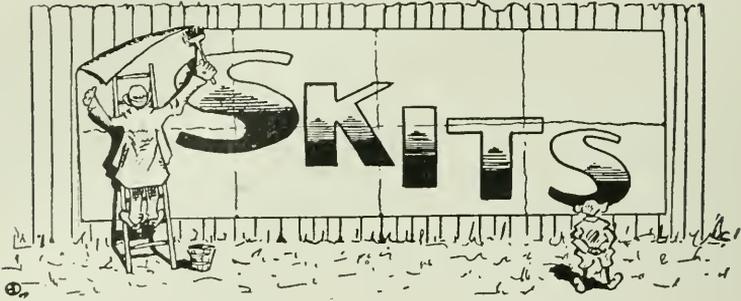
The Ramble—New York Military Academy, Cornwall on Hudson, N.Y.

The Schoolman—St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ont.

Vox Lycei—Hamilton Collegiate, Hamilton, Ont.

Red and White—Todd Seminary, Woodstock, Illinois.

A. P. HUNTER.



Cadet Captain : "Beer, eyes right !"

Beer : "So's I !"

Third-Former, coming up to Dack : "Say, what are the masters paid' for around here? Seems to me we do all the work."

Paterson : "I wonder why women don't have beards."

Hunter : "For the same reason that vegetation never grows around a gas works."

Warburton : "Oh, Maud, this knife is dull and the steak is like leather."

Maud : "How would it do to strop the knife on the steak?"

Mr. Laidlaw : "Who was Xerxes?"

Firstbrook : "Wasn't he the editor of the Delphic Oracle, sir?"

Marc Antony (to the ghost of Cæsar) : "Julius, art thou sure thou art dead?"

Julius Cæsar : "Dead sure."—*Ex.*

Teacher : "Well, Dorothy, what is a panther?"

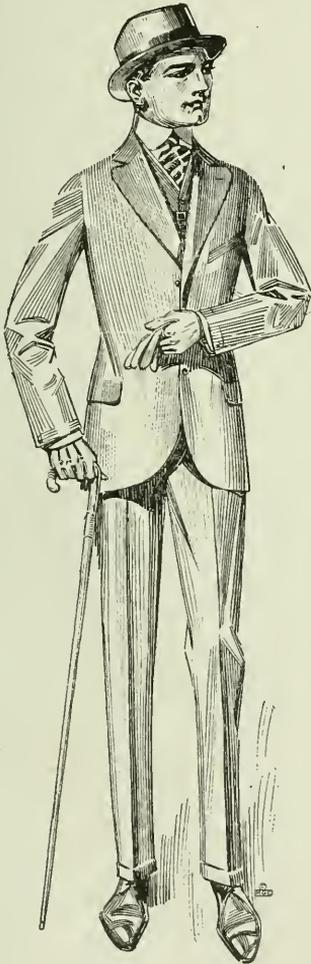
Dorothy : "Pleath, ma'am, a panther ith a man who makth panths."—*Ex.*

Lightbourne : "That fellow reminds me of Atlantic City."

Jenkins : "Why?"

Lighbourne : "Because of his bored walk."

Young Men, There's Real Style in Hickey Suits



THERE'S that swagger, rollicking breezy style that spells good taste and "live" appearance so unmistakably—that undefinable degree of style that means "pep" and "ginger"—the styles young men like

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97 YONGE STREET

Mr. Laidlaw : "What were the three class-divisions in Sparta?"

Rolph : "Men, women and children."

Hutchings II. : "What are you going to do next year?"

Brouse : "Take a course in pharmacy."

Hutch : "I didn't know you were going to be a farmer."

"He's a great mathematician."

"Sum professor, eh?" —*Ex.*

Master : "Do we import any raw material from France?"

Voice from rear : "Only plays."

It was at the back of the fighting line where several men of an Irish regiment were having a quiet game of cards, the following conversation ensued :

"What was that last card oi dealt ye Moike?"

"A spade."

"Oi knew it. Oi saw ye spit on yer hands before ye picked it up." —*Ex.*

President "Fin" Hunter of the Garbage-man's Reform League, has a new proposition to offer us, instead of the daylight-saving scheme, Why not have four meals a day? It amounts to the same thing.

"Ladies and gentlemen," asked the famous lecturer, "what is the most important question before the American people to-day?"

"What's the score?" came back the chorus.

McNulty : "Why is fresh bread like a caterpillar?"

Rankin : "Because it makes the butter fly."

Soot : "What is the capital of Mexico?"

Cameron : "About thirty cents."

Mr. Laidlaw : "Name one memorable date in Roman History."

Johnston : "Oh, yes! Antony's date with Cleopatra."

St. Andrew's College

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Mr. Fleming : "What's that noise down there."

Campbell : "It was only Smith, sir. He dropped a perpendicular."

Mr. Magee (in German class) : "Wo kommen Sie denn her ?"

Watson : "I did comb it, sir."

Yuill II. : (Putting on Cadet uniform) : "No wonder the Scotch are noted for swearing."

Her hair is lank and sorrel,
 Her face a homely scar ;
 Her form is like a barrel,
 And her feet canal boats are.
 You ask, what makes me love her ?
 What makes you think I do ?
 I don't !

Tod I. : "Whazza matter—got a cold ?"

Tod II. : "No ; froze my nose last winter and now it's thawing out."

Ross : "I heard to-day that Minerva sprang from the head of Jove."

Wright : "Sort of an extract from the bean, as it were."

Hutchings I. : "Do you take old clothes and bones ?"

Ragman : "Yes, anything ; get on the scales."

Seen in a daily paper : Don't kil your wife. Let us do your dirty work. City Laundry.—*Ex.*

Class Room—derived from the Greek work $\ddagger_3 ? !x OS$ (meaning "to sleep"), and $\%_cx \ddagger @cxz$ (meaning "place," hence, a place to sleep.

Passenger : "What makes the train move so slow ?"

Conductor : "If you don't like it you can get out and walk."

Passenger : "I would, only I'm not expected until train time." —*Ex.*

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Magistrate : "What brought you here ?"

Prisoner : "Two policemen, yer honour."

Magistrate : "Drunk again, I suppose."

Prisoner : "Yes, sir ! Both of them."—*Ex.*

Talk about being hungry!

I was hungry as a bear.

So walking into Bowles's Lunch

I ate off the arm of a chair.—*Ex.*

Mr. Findlay (speaking of *The Ancient Mariner*): "What did the Wedding Guest do after he received the moral lesson ?"

Firstbrook : "Joined the Salvation Army."

Emmerson : "Why does a Russian soldier wear brass buttons on his coat and an Austrian soldier wear steel ones ?"

Moseley : "Why—oh, I give up !"

Emmerson : "To keep their coats buttoned, of course."

Lower School Boy : Just think of it—a full course meal with meat, vegetables, and entrée, roast and dessert, all for 10 cents !

Upper School Boy (excitedly) : Where is that ?

Lower School Boy : Nowhere ; but just think of it ! (*Exit, hurriedly.*)

Morrison : "Jenkins is worried over his feet ; he's afraid they are not mates."

Loriente : "Howzat"

Morrison : "He says they won't go to sleep together."

Jones : "How much is a marriage license ?"

Clerk : "One dollar."

Jones : "I've only got fifty cents."

Clerk : "You're lucky."—*Ex.*

Cross : "Say, you want to keep your eyes open when you walk around here."

Harris : "Why ?"

Cross : "Because you'll look like a fool if you go around with them shut."

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Floorwalker : "Looking for something, madam?"

Fat lady : "Yeah, my husband."

Floorwalker : "First aisle to your left—mail order department."

Hunter (very bored) : "I think I'll sell the C.N.R. It's causing me too much worry."

The routine of a boarder's life, told by a few well-known

7.15 a.m. (Rising Bell) : "Awake, ye Saints, awake."

7.30 a.m. (Warning) : "Christian seek not yet repose."

7.45 a.m. (Breakfast) : "O come, all ye faithful."

9.30 a.m. (School) : "Go labour on."

10.40 a.m. (Recess) : "O Paradise, O Paradise."

12.40 a.m. (Lunch) : "Hark the glad sound."

1.30 p.m. (School) : "Here we suffer grief and pain."

3.00 p.m. (School over) : "O happy band of pilgrims."

6.00 p.m. (Dinner) : "Come ye thankful people come."

7.15 p.m. (Study) : "Work for the night is coming."

9.15 p.m. (Study over) : "Now the labourer's task is o'er."

9.45 p.m. (Warning) : "Return, O wanderer to thy home."

9.55 p.m. (Last Warning) : "Where is my wandering boy to-night?"

10.00 p.m. (Lights out) : "Peace, perfect peace."

Lady : "I want a pound of coffee in the bean please."

Clerk : "You'll have to go upstairs, madam. This is the ground floor."—*Ex.*

There once was a student of math.

Who showed as he stood in the bath

A chest like a ladder

A shape like an adder

As long and as thin as a lath.

(With apologies to B.H.W.)

Notice :—A number of Soot's boots have been left about the grounds as waste paper receptacles ; don't mistake them for boats, because we are two miles from the lake.

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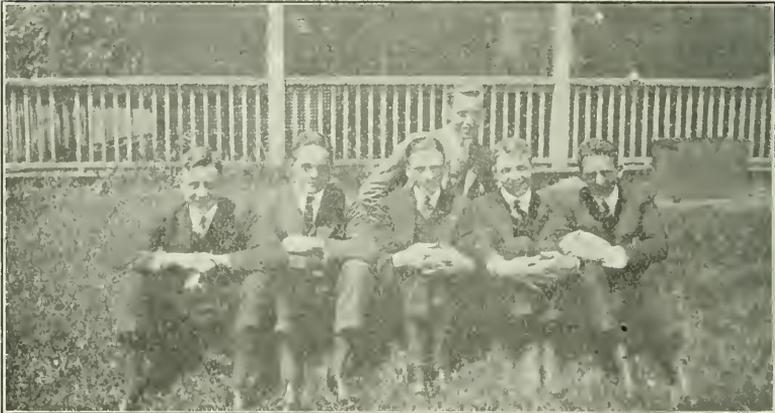
Cor. Yonge and Richmond
Streets

She went down to the round house
And interviewed an oiler ;
“What is that thing ?” “Why,” he replied,
“That is the engine boiler.”
“And why do they boil engines ?” asked
The maiden, sweet and slender ;
“They do it,” said the honest man,
“To make the engine tender.”—*Ex.*

“Have you a stove-lifter I could borrow ?” asked the woman who had just moved in.

“I am sorry to say I haven't, but my husband is a piano mover,” suggested the woman next door.

JOE TAYLOR.



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ATTENDED 1914-1915**

Boy	Years Attended
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J. Dack.....	3
J. Darroch.....	1
M. Foster.....	1
H. Home.....	1
L. Home.....	1
J. Lawson.....	1
E. Lowndes.....	4
G. Lumbers.....	1
J. McDougall.....	1
D. McCarter.....	4
R. McLaughlin.....	1
L. Nerlich.....	3
V. Nerlich.....	3
L. O'Dell.....	4
H. O'Dell.....	4
G. Patterson.....	1
D. Patterson.....	1
E. Rolph.....	2
D. Ross.....	3
C. W. Travis.....	2
H. Willoughby.....	1
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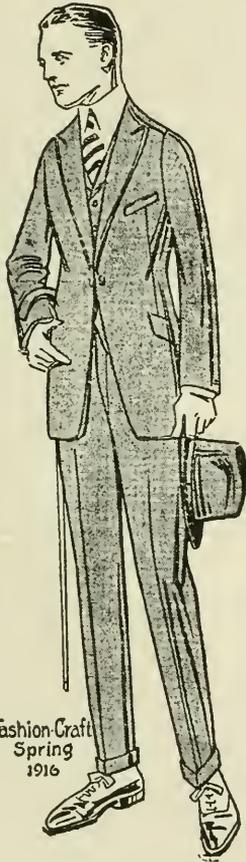
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