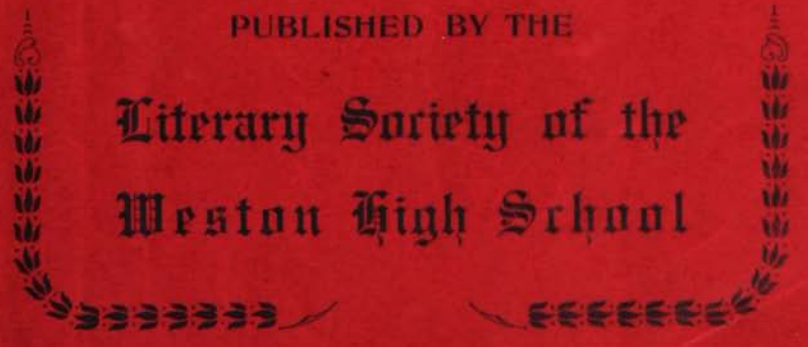


The High
School Budget

SOUVENIR NUMBER

PRICE 10 CENTS

PUBLISHED BY THE



Literary Society of the
Weston High School

The Budget



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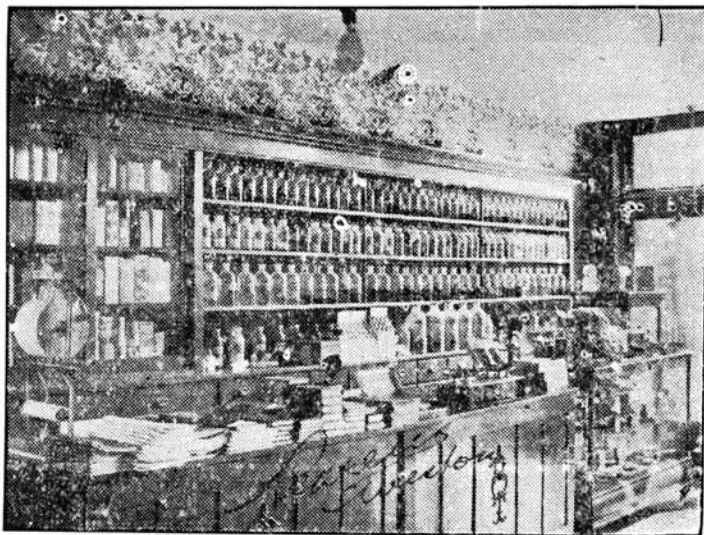
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History of Weston High School

IN the first place allow me to say that space will not permit of anything approaching a full and comprehensive account of the School and its graduates, and also to express my thanks to those who assisted by furnishing much of the information.

In 1857, through the efforts of those in favor of secondary education, the Weston County Grammar School was founded. The members of the first Board were Dr. John Banks, Dr. C. B. Jones, R. McDougall, Wm. Nason, J. A. Donaldson and J. S. Dennis. During 1858 the building was erected and in August of that year the School opened under the principalship of the Rev. J. B. Logan, M.A. In January, 1866, James Hodgson, Esq., father of our present High School Inspector, was appointed principal. He was succeeded in 1871 by John Somerville, M.A.

About this time the name was changed to the Weston High School, District No. 1. We also see by the minute-book that the Board of 1871, Dr. Bull, W. R. Wadsworth, J. Conron, J. Cruickshank, J. P. Bull and W. Nason, purchased the buildings and grounds from Mr. Tyrrell. Some of the other men who served the School on the Board during these early times were Mr. Tyrrell, Dr. Jennings and Dr. Aikens. To the Weston High School Board at that time is due some important legislation in education. By it, petitions from different parts of the Province were forwarded to the Legislature, which resulted in the County Councils being required to divide the Counties into High School Districts for the proper maintenance of the schools. One member of the Board of 1871, Mr. J. Cruickshank, is still a member of the Board and gives the work of the board the same careful attention. The names of the present board are to be found in another section of the paper.

From 1874 to 1875, J. W. Raville, B.A., was Principal, when he was succeeded by G. Wallace, B.A., until his very sudden and unexpected death in 1866. The Principals since were appointed as follows:—R. Dawson, B.A., LL.D., 1866; Mr. J. W. Gray, 1868; T. E. Elliott, B.A., 1890; J. W. Forbes, B.A., 1901; T. Kennedy, M.A., 1902. Of the many Assistants only a few of the names could be obtained.

The Weston High School can count, among her graduates, many distinguished in almost every walk of life. Space will permit of but a few who have been an honor to their country, their profession, their school and themselves. In the political field we might mention the Hon. N. C. Wallace and Senator Loughheed. Science owes much to the efforts of Miss E. Curzon, Analyst; J. B. Tyrrell, Geologist and Explorer; James Tyrrell, Civil Engineer and Explorer. Medicine claims the following:—S. J. Graham, Consulting Physician in Toronto; G. R. Cruickshank, Windsor; R. Tyrrell, Toronto; Miss J. Cruickshank, A. J. Johnson, Toronto; W. Glasford, J. E. King, W. Beasley, E. Bull, J. Bull and C. H. Bull. Among the lawyers are:—H. Nason, J. Nason, Glasford, H. Shaver. The following have given themselves to the Ministry:—Rev. M. Fraser, D.D.; R. J. M. Glasford; W. F. Wilson; J. Somerville; T. Natrass; T. Watson. In the Teaching Profession are J. E. Hodgson, Inspector of High Schools for Ontario; A. Steele, Principal of Orangeville Collegiate; R. M. McLean, Professor of Wil-

The Budget

mington College, Delaware, J. T. Jackson, now Town Treasurer, Toronto Junction. Another graduate, Mr. M. T. Royal, became an Author and contributed to Boys' Magazines and Periodicals.

We thus see that our school has a record of which we can justly be proud. It is the duty and privilege of the present students to sustain the honor of the School and to enlarge the list of prominent statesmen, professional, commercial, and agricultural men. It would be no stretch of the imagination, rather let us say it is probable and certain that in our present School and in the School of the future will be many to rise to positions of trust and responsibility.

A few years ago, from one cause and another, the School was at a crisis. That is a thing of the past and a steady vigorous growth now exists. The attendance is regular and the active, wide-awake spirit is a sign to be recommended. A perusal of the paper indicates that the many sides of school-life are matters of much interest.

Those who remember the dispirited few who shivered over the defective registers in the fall of 1900, will agree that the Board showed commendable courage, when in the face of many discouragements they increased the teaching staff, improved the heating system, the class-room accommodation and the play-grounds.

An account of the various courses of study taken up will be found on another page.

The Little Heavenly Lamplighter

"My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky ;

It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by ;

For every night at tea-time, and before you take your seat,

With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.

.....

But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do,

O Leerie ! I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you,"

IT was evening over the great granite city, Edinburg, the dull, dense smoke of the factories was still hovering in uncertainty, and through the swarming chimney-pots, the last, pale, lingering rays of the setting sun lighted up the cold, uncheering office-windows which were opposite to the home of Banker Laidlaw. Twilight was hastening over the city throwing the more remote quarters into gloom and mist. The buildings of the vicinity, which were, for the most part, plain to austerity, assumed under the magic art of light and shadow, more graceful outlines, and were wrapped in mystery. There as the light was fading

the gloom became predominant.

At a large window in the Laidlaw mansion appeared an eager, tiny face, pale and beautiful, framed by locks of burnished gold. Great lustrous, thoughtful eyes, sad, yet joyful, deep, yet merry, sympathetic and love-speaking, Wallace Laidlaw's eyes were not easily forgotten. For a time he waited eagerly, expectantly, hopefully, then, seeing the bent figure of Old Leerie, the lamplighter come slowly up the street, he pressed his face to the window-pane, smiling to the old man who smiled brightly in return. The scene was a touching one. It was pathetic in the extreme to see the mutual trust, con-

The Little Heavenly Lamplighter

fidence and admiration shown by the faces of the old man and the frail, young child. One could not watch the pair without a burning from them with a feeling akin to sadness. And every evening the small boy would await, his great rough friend, would smile, nod, and watch him out of sight.

Wallace Laidlaw was a bright, intelligent lad of ten years, but he was a cripple. His father, the banker, seldom saw him, and his mother, an English lady, never understanding Wallie, devoted what time she had after society claims were satisfied, to Walter, Wallie's sturdy, versatile, fun-loving twin brother. The little cripple was a great sufferer, but through all his trials he was faithfully attended by his nurse, Janet Campbell, whose love for him was almost unbounded.

Wallie could never be a man. Of this the doctors were convinced; and many was the lone sad hour that Janet spent in secret struggling to deceive herself that their word was false. How could she lose her darling? She lived for him, in him! She loved him! But he was steadily failing. His blue eyes softer grew and his gentle mien more gentle. Then the blue veins of his forehead became more noticeable, the lily purity of his skin more evident, and his beautiful face became pinched, as the days and weeks sped by, all cruelly unheeding the fact that they were hastening the close of his brief life.

Walter had always pictured himself in his air-castle as a soldier. Such had once been Wallie's intention, but at the early age of ten he had become moved by gentler thoughts, and actuated by more serious motives than are most boys of his age. His desire was a simple one. Owing to his great love and admiration for Old Leerie, the lamplighter, Wallace wished when a man to go his rounds with his old

friend and light the street lamps whereas at present he could but watch them being lighted.

Weaker he grew, and steadily weaker. Janet, faithful Janet, noted his every change. With an all-consuming love, quite unknown to Mrs Laidlaw, she yearned over her drooping blossom, and became, if possible, even more tender, more zealous than before. Thus through the short winter days and the ever-lengthening days of spring and summer, Wallie's fragile form was wasting away.

In a rich September gloaming, the little lad lay dozing, while Janet sat at work beside him. Suddenly he broke the silence. "Janet!"

"Aye, laddie dear."

"I don't want to be a soldier, now, Janet, I'm going to be a lamplighter,—when I get stronger."

"An' 'twill be richt fine laddie," Janet returned, but the grief at her heart hung heavy and damp. Wallace lapsed again into silence, and as sweet slumber stole over his innocent face, the true heart of his old nurse was slowly breaking. "O Wallie, Wallie lad! I'm thinkin' ye'll no be strong in this warl, bairnie! It's to the Faither's welcome hame ye're gangin' laddie!" She sobbed aloud. "Faither O, Faither! Spare ma bairnie, ma ain one. Give him life and strength, Faither—or help me to bear it, Faither." Then she became calm. Her battle had been fought. She had come off victorious.

Wallie began to fail almost perceptibly. His parents then recognized the truth, and spent much time in the sick room. Walter was often with him and as the last blaze of a dying fire often glows in rare brilliancy, then fades again to an ember, so his last days were brightened. Wallie revealed himself to his mother, and she saw him as never before. She was beginning to understand him, to

The Budget

crave his love, and he threw his heart open for her. Janet, too, was ever with him, true, firm, silent, comforting.

One day as she sat beside him his great blue eyes opened slowly. He asked for Leerie. In haste they dispatched a messenger for the old man, and after some time he arrived. By Wallie's special request even Janet had left the room. As the old man entered, Wallie's pale face was lighted up immediately, and his eyes glowed with joy. One tiny hand found its way to the great, rough one of the lamplighter, and there reposed, while the two gazed into each other's eyes. Their silence was eloquent. Then Wallie began hurriedly but calmly.

"Leerie! I'm going to die, Leerie,—"

"Laddie, dinna,—"

"I know it Leerie, I feel it every day, at night the angels tell me of it. I am—going to die,—and it is,—all,—beautiful, Leerie, only I wanted so much to be a lamplighter,—just like you!"

Leerie's shoulder were heaving, and he was struggling to maintain his wonted calmness.

"Laddie! Laddie! Ye'll break ma hairt!" He cried. "Dinna think o' it, bairn. Ye'll—"

"I have thought it all over, Leerie. You are so wise,—do you think He —," his voice grey tense and anxious, the word and the thought meant so much to him,—do you think that he will let me start the stars in Heaven? Leerie, do you? Do you? He was almost screaming, so deeply moved was he.

Leerie was silent. One horny hand clasped wee Wallie's thin, white one, while through the other the tears were stealing unheeded.

"Laddie, Wallie, laddie! Ye mane stop it mon. Ye're no gangin' t' dee lad."

"Do you think he will let me, Leerie?" His eyes were grand in their excitement and earnestness.

"Let ye! aye, lad, that he will surely. Ye're no askin muckle o' him at any rate."

"I thought he would! I thought he would! I am so happy!" His face was radiant. "And I'll always watch for you at night, and light one star just for you, Leerie,—I'll see you Leerie—and you'll light the lamp for Wattie when I'm gone?"

"Aye, Wallie! An' I'll juist look up tae the stars at nighet, an' I'll always think o' ye, lad. Ye'll see me—perhaps."

"Yes, Leerie, I'll never forget you. That is all. I'll watch for you! Good-bye! A fervent grasp, a mute gaze, silence, and Leerie stalked from the room. Another silence, then "Janet!"

"Aye, laddie!"

"Leerie says God will let me start the stars. What if He,—hadn't I better just ask him?"

"Weel, Wallie, ye might—"

Then the frail hands were clasped, and Wallie began,— "Dear Faither in Heaven WILL you let me be your lamplighter, when, I come? Leerie thought you might and I want to so much. Will you, Father?" His voice failed. His eyes remained closed. He was seeing sights before unseen. "He says I may" he murmured. His expression changed rapidly. His face was glorified, and his radiant eyes were seeing the Holy City.

"Call them, Janet!"

In a trice they were all assembled. Janet stood stoical. The mother went into wild extremes of grief, while the father and Wattie stood awe-stricken. Then Walter took the wee hand extended to him.

"Wattie, man, I'm dying. I can't be a lamplighter,—here,—but God and Leerie say I may in Heaven. I'm going, but I'll think of you all, very, very often, and I'll see you day by day, mother!"

The Little Heavenly Lamplighter

Mrs. Laidlaw ceased sobbing, and The little Heavenly lamplighter was kissed him passionately. "O, Wallie! asleep in Jesus.

Wallie! you have lighted my heart with His life had lighted Mrs. Laidlaw. love, child!" She broke off, sobbing. She, too, became a lamplighter, and brought cheer to many dark homes in To each he spoke. They knew that he must soon pass away. On the snowy Edinburgh. Wallace never seemed pillow his beauteous, glowing face was dead in the home. He lived ever fresh resting. Through his vision-seeing eyes in their memory, while they lived to his soul went forth to them. Oh! The glory! The peace! The love-light over meet him On High, and, if he watched all! Were the angels hovering near? them from Heaven,—and why should He murmured, "I see Him. Yes, yes! we doubt that he did?—would not his I may! Good-bye. I love you all. I heart be filled with an untold joy? watch——." His eyes closed gently.

E. M. L. BROWN.

The Sunrise

Far away in the east gleamed a light of	A ball of fire now rose in the East,
gold,	
Which as I watched grew brighter, and	A chirping had long been heard from the
told	nest
The wandering clouds as they floated by	Under the eaves where the hungry few
In the cool grey dawn of the morning	Peeped out their tiny heads to view
sky	
That day was awake in the East.	The ball of fire in the East.

The sun grew larger until at last
It lighted the fleecy clouds as they past;
And the rippled sky, now beamed with
gold,
Became as the yesterday sky of old,
As the sun climbed high in the East.

N. Wardlaw.

Mamma—"You don't mean to say you	Little Jimmie—"Isn't the Emperor of
took the second piece of pie when you	Russia called the Czar, papa?"
were visiting, do you?"	Papa—"Yes my boy."
Tommy—"Yes, mamma, I wanted to	Jimmie—"Then are the children czar-
show 'em I was used to plenty at home."	dines, papa?"

An Escape from Prison

IT was a dark, cloudy night, the wind moaned drearily through the shadowy rustling willows. Since sundown the threatening storm had gathered apace, and the spin, drift clouds were now whirling rapidly upon the wings of the gale across the face of the waning moon.

Silent and grim the towers of a gloomy fortress loomed dark against the stormy sky. The rain pouring in torrents upon the leaden roof, and rushing in veritable water-spouts from the gargoyles, filled the air with a dull, muttering sound that rendered inaudible all minor noises.

The river was rising rapidly ; Its foaming current went rushing by the walls of the prison, bubbling and eddying from the solid stone abutments. Already it had almost reached the sill of a niche-like window guarded by an iron grating, eaten by the rust of many years, through which the saddened gaze of Rupert Endacott had for years nightly beheld the hopeful though melancholy twinkle of the stars. Ten feet at least below the window was the floor of his dismal dungeon. How often had he unsuccessfully striven to devise some means of raising himself to that massive stone sill. But now, see, a tiny trickle, quickly increasing to a mimic waterfall, pours in at the opening, and the startled prisoner standing knee-deep in the chilly flood, sees himself threatened with a miserable end. After so many years of unjust imprisonment shall he be drowned like a rat in a hole ? Soon the rising flood has borne him from his feet, but with the assistance

of his prison-stool, he manages by great exertion to keep his head above water. Rapidly and yet more rapidly rises the flood within the cell, until at last the water reaches the level of the stream outside.

Endacott gives a cry of joy, as a back-eddy sweeps him to the window. Grasping the rusty grating, he braces himself with his feet against the wall. A mighty wrench and the weather-worn metal gives way and he disappears beneath the water, still grasping the heavy grating. Anon, he rises to the surface. Two powerful strokes bring him again to the window. Cautiously he crawls through, and for a moment crouches in the gloomy niche to reconnoitre. A last glint of the dying moon shows him the gloomy torrent raging at his feet. Rising to his full height with his hands clasped above his head, he commits himself to the protection of Heaven, and then with a mighty spring like 'Horatious of old' "Plunged headlong in the tide." Rapidly the current bore him away from his cruel captors.

Five miles below the fortress he was borne into a friendly backwater, and had just sufficient strength to scramble to the bank, and totter to the door of a lonely hut, shown him by the glimmering of a faggot fire. The hospitable woodman's door opens to his faltering knock, and with a cry of joy the fainting Rupert falls into the arms of his giant foster-brother, "Gurth of the gleaming axe," murmuring, "Free at last."

BEATRICE SIMS.

Miss Ethel, coming into the hall and finding Jack carefully counting the umbrellas, hats and coats :—"Why Jack, what are you doing ?"

Jack :—"Why last night when Mr. Edwards was going out, I heard him tell you he was just going to steal one, so I was looking to see what he had taken."

The Budget

Published by Literary Society of Weston High School

Editor

Miss E. Brown

Assistant Editors

The Misses G. Coon and M. Fairbairn

Committee of Management

The Messrs B. Watson, W. Moore and H. Lynch

SOUVENIR NUMBER

EDITORIAL COMMENT

‘With eye intent upon the visioned future bent.’

THESE visionary days of early spring have caused some of the High School pupils to dream dreams--dreams of what the future holds in store for our school, the school which has had so illustrious a past and sent out so many men to do good work in the world. One prophetic vision runs as follows :

“Between beds of brilliant bloom, past trim, evergreen hedges, I approach the new and spacious High School Building. It is the noon hour, and familiar shouts guide me to the football campus, where crowds of boys, hot red-faced and dusty, charge upon the goals with old-time ardor. Farther on I find the girls in possession of the tennis courts. Another most energetic group is surging about the familiar basket-ball grounds. The ringing of the bell sends us pell-mell to the pump as of yore ; one thing, at least, unchanged. I am borne with the crowd into the first form room, which I find very different from the first form of olden days. The seats, to be sure are not so rich in carving and autograph work as the old ones, but they are much more comfortable. On the walls, delicately tinted and restful to look upon, hang a few good pictures. Everywhere there is an air of comfort and prosperity.

Being a visitor, and a dream visitor at that, I have privileges, and so I wander about the school unrebuked, peep into the little cloak rooms which open from each form, admire the glittering, queer-smelling chemical laboratory, and try my skill on the travelling rings of the airy, well-equipped gymnasium. At last I find myself in a large bright room on the second floor, the new Assembly Hall. At one end, behind the folding doors, I find the school library and reading room. Turning from a contemplation of the long rows of dictionaries, encyclopedias, biographies and histories, I see among the magazines a pile of High School Budgets. Eagerly I pounce upon a recent number. “The Budget”, I read is now published monthly and has a wide circulation among the graduates and friends of the school. The average attendance of the school is now well over a hundred, and the Board have

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already secured the services of a fourth teacher. Many another item of news surprises and delights me as I read. I wander to the other end of the large Assembly Hall, and there in the post of honor stands our own dear piano, that piano we worked so hard to get. From the walls look down the pictured faces of some of our recent graduates. Against one wall there hangs an emblazoned scroll proclaiming to all comers our honor roll—I press near to read the names of those who thus with flying colors left our ranks—but the names grow dim, the colors fade,—”

And here the vision ends abruptly. But we have not lost our childish faith in dreams; and we have good reason to believe, in view of the great advance our school has made during the last few years, that still better things are in store for our ALMA MATER.



“Be master of the thing you do.”

“THE Weston H. S. Budget” is a paper of but one year’s standing. It has been so well received, however, that we have no doubt that its publication will be resumed next year, though many of its former friends will have left the school to take their places in the school of the world. But of this we are certain; they will not forget their Alma Mater nor her unassuming, little “Budget,” for which, in other years, they had worked and written. On the contrary, they will contribute to its pages willingly if asked, and they will probably do so even without an invitation. The purposes served by our periodical are many. It develops the literary faculties of the pupils, serves as a part of our fortnightly Literary program, and this, our final number under the present staff, will serve as a pleasant souvenir to many, and will also be a greeting from the school to its outside friends.

We are very glad to have this opportunity of thanking our business managers, our contributors, our “gentle readers” and the kind friends who have helped us by advertisements. We would ask our readers to favor with their custom those who have so kindly used our columns as an advertising medium. Let us help those who have helped us.



ONE very pleasant profitable feature of our school-life is the Literary Society which meets every second Friday afternoon. Although the present Literary Society was organized about four years ago, the last year of its organization has been in many respects the most successful. In November, 1904, when a reorganization took place, officers to fill the places of president, secretary and treasurer, were elected. These officers are still holding their positions, with the exception of Mr. W. J. Ruston, who was succeeded by Mr. H. Lynch.

In a bright, ready spirit are the fortnightly meetings of the Literary Society carried on. At these meetings, the pupils are always willing to assist in the programmes which consist of debates, short addresses, the reading of the “Weston H S Budget,” readings, recitations, instrumental and vocal solos. The instrument which has been used for this last feature was kindly loaned for that purpose. Friends of the school have also given short instructive addresses, which are always heartily welcomed by the pupils. Our meetings have always been open to the

Editorial Comment

public, although very few, up to the present time have availed themselves the privilege of attending them.

The Literary Society is the principal society in connection with the school, and, therefore, a great responsibility rests on the officers of the society. There is much labor and time spent in preparing and arranging programmes for the meetings every second week, but the results have proved that there is great talent among the students of the school, and the work of the officers is not without fruit.



*"The time has come to say farewell,—
Farewell a word of sadness ever,"*

AND yet a pleasing sadness, too, for mingled with our sorrow at parting with our Literary meetings and our "Budget" for the present year, is the joy gleaned from happy remembrances of past pleasures in connection with them. The remaining months will be, for the hoped-to-be graduating class, months of strenuous effort. Farewell, then, school-mates, literaries and Budgets! Our paths lie separate. You shall return to us no more! No more! Sad, sweet no more! But in our hearts you shall ever remain the same, fresh and happy as of yore. Our present editor-in-chief will have gone from us, but of this rest assured; she will not forget the "Budget" whose baby-hood she tended. On the contrary she will contribute gladly to it, pages in later years. Accept now her farewell.



Advent of Spring

The nights once more are short and dark, Along the banks of rippling rills,
The days are bright and clear, With faces bright to greet the sun,
And winter now, her snowy gown, The tiny flow'rets blush and glow,
Has laid aside for future wear. And bow with reverence, one by one.

Among the boughs of budding trees,
With voices sweet to greet the sun,
The tiny songsters warble low,
And chant with reverence, one by one.

Edna G. Coulter.



Oh, love your neighbor as yourself—

A maxim that will do
To put in practise every day
If she'll allow you to.

What is marriage?

Marriage is an institution for the blind.

What is a mother-in-law?

See Gen. Sherman's definition of war.
What is greater than a wife's love?
Her temper

Why do some people never marry?

Because they do not believe in divorce.

High School Courses of Study.

THE primary aim of High School education is not to fit for special professions, but to prepare for completer living, to send out men and women with some knowledge of themselves, the world in which they live, and the work that needs doing in that world. Above all the school program aims at training pupils in those habits of punctuality, diligence, accuracy and thoroughness which are in themselves the most satisfactory beginning at life's lesson.

Notwithstanding all this, it is an advantage for a pupil to have before him a definite purpose towards which his work may be made to tend. We have had in the Weston High School during the past few years pupils with many varying aims. The ministry, medicine, pharmacy, dentistry, law, engineering, teaching, nursing, business, farming; these are some of the lines of work for which our pupils are preparing. To suit these varied purposes, certain school courses have been instituted. There are at present, in this High School, four courses of study open to pupils: I. The General Course; II. The Teachers' Course; III. Matriculation Courses; IV. The Commercial Course.

THE GENERAL COURSE.

The General Course is intended for students who do not wish to obtain teachers' certificates nor to go on with any University courses of study, but who wish to take advantage of all the educational facilities afforded by the High School. The least time in which this course can be completed is four years. The first year's work of this course includes the English branches, — Literature, Composition, Grammar and history, — Elementary Science and Mathematics, Latin, Reading, Drawing and Book-keeping. In the second year the student has more advanced work in

English, Mathematics, Science and Latin and has the option of beginning French and German. In the third and fourth years, the work in English and Mathematics is continued, and the student is advised to give especial attention to one of the following sub-departments, English and Modern Languages, Mathematics and Sciences, Classics.

THE TEACHERS' COURSE.

To obtain a Junior Leaving Certificate, the lowest grade of certificate now granted by the Education Department, a three years' course of study is required. The subjects are the same as for the general course with the exception of the languages. French and German are not required and Latin is optional. The student who omits Latin, will, however, be required to make a higher per cent. in the other examination subjects.

To obtain a Senior Leaving or First Class Teachers' Certificate, two additional years are needed. The subjects for study are English, History, Mathematics, Latin, Physics, and one of the following groups, — (a) French and German; (b) German and Greek; (c) French and Greek; (d) French and Chemistry; (e) German and Chemistry; (f) Biology and Chemistry.

MATRICULATION COURSE.

The work for Junior Pass Matriculation may be taken in three years. The subjects are those of the general course, except that the student may, at the end of the first year, choose any two of the following options, French, German, Greek, Experimental Science. Those who are preparing for a course in Medicine or Science must, however, take the Science option, and those preparing for an Arts Course are advised to take the Modern Languages.

For Honor Matriculation standing four years' work is necessary. In addi-

High School Courses of Study.

tion to the work for Pass Matriculation, more advanced work is required in any one of the following departments, Modern Languages and English, Mathematics, Sciences, Classics.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

The Commercial Course is a one year's course intended for pupils who wish in a limited time to obtain a practical education along business lines. The subjects for study are English, Arithmetic, Drawing, Penmanship, Book-keeping, Stenography and Typewriting. Additional work along the lines of the general course is much to be advised as a preparation for any line of business.

There are many minor points in connection with these courses, of which it is impossible to speak in the scope of one article. The High School teachers will, however, be very glad at any time to discuss any details with the parents of pupils. And if those who cannot conveniently discuss the matter with the teachers in person, will communicate by letter, their communications will receive prompt and careful attention.

Last Winter

All winter we have had such fun
Our High School's been so gay
We've enjoyed so many pleasant things
All kinds of jolly play,

The Literary first was formed
And on Friday afternoon
We were most delightfully favored
With story, jest and tune.

Our "Budget" too was read aloud
And we pronounced it fine
It proved so bright and interesting
From the first to the very last line.

Then next we had our concert
At merry Xmas time
And oh what stacks of sports we had
Learning song and rhyme.

And later, when the snow-flakes came,
A "sleigh-ride" was the cry,
So we all rode off to Eglington,
With sandwich, cake and pie.

And then, ere long, our rink was made,
The fun was then begun;
'Twas skating, skating every day,
'Neath storm or smiling sun.

Two brilliant carnivals we had,
As gay as they could be.
We skated and we laughed and talked,
With the jolly company.

Now, with all our winter's pleasure,
We've done our lessons too;
Just ask our three good teachers,
And I know they'll tell you true.

Arleigh Jean Watson.

Does a girl ever think of anything else
but marriage?
Only that, and how to get married.

When a girl refers to a "sad courtship"
what does she mean?
She means that the man got away.

Public Libraries

There is no factor so great in the world's advancement, socially, politically or scientifically as the application of knowledge, which knowledge is very largely deriv'd from books.

It is true that objects teach us to a large extent, but we have an example of how limited this extent is, in the aboriginal tribes. They had no literature and the vast difference between their condition and ours, shows very conclusively the superiority of education derived from access to the literature of the world, over that obtained from mere objects.

Any organization that embraces in itself the world of art, fiction, travel biography, history, adventure and provides access to the same at a merely nominal fee, attainable alike to the laborer as to the millionaire, any organization, I say, which does this must be a boon to mankind. In our public library we have such a system.

Any craftsman is able to obtain knowledge upon his particular line of work, from valuable books which he could not possibly have the benefit of were it not that these books are for the use of the public at large.

Many a poor lad has had his imagination quickened and his ambition fired through some periodical that has come within his grasp, picked up by chance on a table in a public reading-room, and thus his way has been paved for a brilliant future.

It may be that some people not alive to the benefits derived from such an institution. We have a melancholy instance of this furnished by our own Public Library, which has been reported to be in an almost moribund condition, but which I understand, through the commendable efforts of a public-spirited lady, assisted by many willing workers, is to be resuscitated and fanned into activity.

We are indeed fortunate to have in our village a wonderfully comprehensive library of about three thousand volumes from which we are able to obtain information upon almost any subject and line of thought. And, we, the pupils of the High School, realize what a serious loss it would be to us, were the Public Library removed or discontinued.

Lelia Lyons.

The Metric System

The advisability of introducing the Metric system into Canada has been a topic of discussion for the past few years. Some urge that it is better to stick to our own methods and not to borrow those of our neighbors, namely:—The French; but perhaps they do not know that when the French held a council for determining what was the best method, it was an Englishman who first suggested the Metric System; so it is really an English system.

Most people will acknowledge that it is

superior to our system of weights and measures, but they do not wish to change their customs. If both systems were taught in all Canadian schools the rising generation would see the superiority of the Metric system, and in five or ten years would be very glad of the change; and I feel pretty sure that the change must come about in the near future.

In our system, where there is a different name for every weight and measure and a different number of one contained

The Metric System

in another,—there being hardly any two same,—there is a great deal of learning for the young student, and it greatly increases the work of those who use weights and measures in their trades; whereas, in the Metric System, one unit can be changed into any other by simply changing the position of the decimal point and there are only about five words and about seven or eight prefixes to learn, instead of one for each of our units.

The Metric System is also very much superior for use in geography, the metre (the fundamental unit of the system,) being one ten millionth of the distance from the pole to the equator.

I believe, and I think the majority of other people, acquainted with the system, do likewise, that it would be as good an act as was ever passed if the Metric System were adopted.

M. B. Watson.

Personals

The High School has reason to be proud of its recent graduates.

Among those pursuing University work in Toronto are Miss Jean McNaughton, Messrs. J. Duncan, H. B. Johnston, B. Barker, A. Cruickshank, A. Pearson and W. Webster.

Many of our girl graduates have entered the ranks of the pedagogues. Among the number are:—Misses B. Hamshaw, G. Bell, E. Robertson and J. McMullen. We wish them one and all success.

Miss Reva May, who has been confined to the house with scarlet fever, is quite recovered and will soon be in our midst again.

We hear it rumored that old friend, Murray Watt, intends taking a trip to the South. Others of our students who have wandered afar are; Miss R. Boake, who is attending High School in Vancouver, B. C., and Mr. Geo. Musson, who has taken up residence in Redlands, Cal.

Mr. Walter Moore, after a somewhat extended tour in the wilds of New Ontario, has come back to the old school. Though they wander wide, they all come back! Others who have returned are W. Stephens and F. Irvine. Glad to see you back boys!

Friday night parties have been the fashion among the High School pupils this winter. On Friday, March 17, Mr. Will Thompson gave a very pleasant evening to some of his friends. On March 24, G. McFarlane entertained at his home, games and dancing being the order of the evening.

Mr. Kennedy and the Third Form pupils of the Physics class visited the Moffat Stove Works one day last week, and were most kindly shown over the factory by Mr. Moffat.

Miss Stella Rowntree who, two years ago, used to top the High School examination lists, is now doing equally brilliant work at the Junction College of Music. Mr. J. C. Boylen is now a reporter of some consequence on the staff of the Telegram. Wherever you find Weston High School boys and girls you'll find them near the top of the ladder.

Miss Eva Nattress is attending Normal College, Hamilton, and we hear, is making a great success of her practical work in preparation for teaching.

The members of the Editorial and Literary staffs spent a very pleasant evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy on Saturday evening last.

The Russian Question

The poorer classes in Russia have, for centuries, been cruelly oppressed by the ruling class ; and now we are seeing some of the results. A disturbance among the poorer classes was begun by a riot in St. Petersburg on December 11th, 1904.

On the morning of that day great multitudes thronged the streets, despite the warning of the authorities and the activity of the police. About one o'clock a large crowd gathered near the Kazan Cathedral, and on the stroke of one, flags were raised above the crowd, and roars of "Down with autocracy" arose. The police tried to force their way in to the crowd to seize the flags, but were driven back by students. Then troops of cavalry charged on the mob, the students and workingmen made a brief but violent resistance, but soon scattered. Since then many other riots have occurred, but have been put down with great cruelty.

The great question now in Russian affairs is, what is to be the outcome of this civil strife. There are so many millions of oppressed people in Russia, that it seems impossible for the government to crush them completely. The time has come when these people so bitterly oppressed for hundreds of years, will submit no longer. By far the most dangerous people are those organized in secret societies. Examples of these are "Social Revolutionists" and "Fighting League." The number of Social Revolutionists amount to Four hundred thousand very de-

termined men and women. But the Fighting League is kept so secret that none but the members knows anything about it, more than that it exists. This last society is the one that plans and carries out assassinations, and the members care nothing for their own lives, as long as they can carry out the commands of their order. The Czar trembles for fear of being killed. And although he stays in his palace all the time, he expects to have the palace and himself blown into space at any moment.

It may be that the Czar warned by the revolutionary spirit manifested throughout his dominions, will give Russia a constitution and a system of government similar to that of England. If she does not, the people of small countries, which she has conquered, will free themselves, and so leave Russia a very small country. And what is left will be torn to pieces by secret societies and civil strife. Even if Russia does adopt a representative form of government, the people are so used to an Absolute Monarchy, that it will take some time for them to understand the new system. It seems that wherever we look, there is a dark outlook before Russia. It is, however, only a manifestation of the law ; "Whatsoever a nation soweth, that shall she also reap." Russia has for hundreds of years been sowing ignorance, oppression, cruelty and injustice ; her harvest cannot fail to be a bitter one.

A. Moore.

When a man thinks seriously of marriage,
what happens ?
He remains single.
Do married women suffer in silence ?
Yes ; they all suffer when they may not
talk.

Is an engagement as good as marriage ?
It's better !
Should a man marry a girl for her
money ?
No ; but he should not let her become an
old maid just because she is rich.

The Spirits of Spring

One beautiful, sunshiny day in March I went to the woods to look for flowers. After a pleasant walk I arrived at a wood of hills and dales, splendid place for flowers. Little silver rills sparkled in the sunshine, and sang merrily as they sped by. The sky was a dark blue color, but sun smiled serenely down.

I soon had a dainty bunch of delicate spring beauties, pale blue hepaticas and even a few daring little purple violets. Seeing a log near the bank of a brook, I sat down and began to arrange my flowers.

I never felt quite sure whether I fell asleep or whether I had happened to wander into the enchanted borders of fairyland. At any rate out of the heart of the violet, I held, a beautiful creature stepped forth. She was very small with long, golden hair reaching to the bottom of her white dress. She had large blue eyes, clear as the calm bosom of a mountain lake. On her shoulders there were transparent wings of the palest green. A crown of golden blossoms, sparkling with dewdrops, rested on her flowing hair. On the bottom of her dress there were small silver bells which tinkled with every movement. In her right hand she held a magic wand.

As I gazed, this tiny sprite flew to the top of the glade and waved her wand three times. The bells sounded and out of the hearts of the flowers flew a host of gaily clad creatures. Their dainty robes reproduced every flower color I had ever seen. Three fairies, dressed in golden robes, now stepped forth. To them the queen said, in a low, musical voice, "Haste ye, haste ye, oh! my daughters, Tell this to the merry waters, Thus saith the Queen, O laugh and sing Till the woods with music ring."

The fair maidens replied, as they flew away,

"Thy will be done on land and sea
Whereso'er thy servants be."

All the rest of the fairies now assembled before her majesty to see what part they had to take in the fairies' great spring house cleaning. To three maids near she said,

"Violet, Pansy, Snowdrop hear!

Go and scatter dewdrops clear
That the tiny flowerets fair

May come forth, our joys to share."
She waved her wand, and the fairies flew away, light as the down of the thistle.

To a wee fay, near by, the queen said,

"Fly away and tell the sun's rays,

We need sunshine for our days."
In obedience to her royal command this fay vanished.

The queen then pointed out with her wand, and told some to brighten and wash the leaves, others to coax the birds to sing, paint the grass and to get the dresses of the flowers made. As her majesty uttered these commands, her obedient subjects flew away.

The queen sat down on a violet stem and began to make golden wands which she placed in the hearts of the flowers. I wondered what they were for and, as if in answer to my thoughts, she began to sing.—

"This wand of gold
This charm of old,
Protection brings
'Gainst creeping things,
'Gainst spiders, snakes,
And marshy lakes.

Dwellers on this mortal earth
May your hearts be filled with mirth
When from fairy hands you take
This fair wand of magic make."

As she finished singing, her fairies re-

The Budget

turned and surrounded the queen. The king of light was preparing to bid farewell. The king stretched forth his arms to the fairy queen. The beautiful fairies flew to the king and they vanished with him through a gray stone cloud gate.

With a start I realized that I had been some hours in the wood. Picking up the flowers, I had somehow dropped from my hand, I hastened to leave the woods. I

cast one hasty glance around, surely there were dewdrops sparkling everywhere, the withered brown leaves were piled up at the foot of the hill, the bark was fresh looking, the rills rippled merrily, and the grass was a brighter green than before. And so I half believe I saw a part of the fairies' spring housecleaning.

Ada Harris.

A Review of the Winter's Sports

The rink has been the principal feature in the sports this winter at the High School. The boys deserve great credit for their industry and perseverance in keeping the ice clear of snow, and flooding it, both of which took a great deal of labor. It was much larger than the one of last year and was greatly enjoyed by every pupil in the school. There have been two carnivals and a number of hockey matches.

On the evening of the first carnival, the rink was the scene of a gay assemblage. There were clowns, gypsies, colored folk and many queer looking individuals. One girl appeared with her head on hind-side-foremost, another dressed in red and black represented the High School; there was also a nun, and a tall white ghost created a great deal of excitement. Prizes were awarded to Will Duncan and Vida Loughheed. Will Duncan dressed as an Irish gentleman, with frock coat, silk hat and cane, represented his character well, and "capped the climax" with his clever little speech. Miss Vida Loughheed was well disguised as an old darkey woman, in sun bonnet and apron.

One Saturday afternoon the Heintzman Piano Co. came to Weston to play the High School hockey team. The ice was in good condition, and, with the aid of two or three outsiders, our boys made short work of the visiting team. After the game, which resulted in a score of 4 to 0, in favor of our boys, the piano players were heard saying,—“We won't let the fellows at the factory know much about this.”

The Public School infants came up to the High School one night after four, to see what they could do with the First Form, in the way of hockey. For young lads they did not put up such a bad game, but after forty minutes hot scratching after the puck, they went home to their suppers, the score being 5—1, in favor of the First Form. The young lads came back the next week, but were again beaten.

On the evening of Mar. 4th the second carnival was held. Owing to the poor condition of the ice it was not so much a success as the first. By the efforts of a couple of girls, the rink was brilliantly lighted with torches. Among the characters were Queen Elizabeth, Little Red Riding Hood, Topsy, Jack Canuck, “The Globe” newspaper. The prize was awarded to Miss Isobel Gracey, who with woolly hair, short red dress, and striped stockings, well represented her character—Topsy.

Since the ice has faded away, the boys are amusing themselves with boxing-gloves and punching bags,—a healthy, invigorating exercise, which example it would be well if some of the girls would follow. “Dibs” are very fashionable in the lower regions,—with those who do not care to “punch.”

The basket-ball and foot-ball teams are to be re-organized and two tennis courts are to be installed shortly, so it is quite evident that there will soon be something doing in the line of sports.

Gladys Coon.

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