

Concerning Boys

By Herbert Fiddes

ESSAY COMPETITION—OTHER RESULTS.

The following are the stories, contributed by Eric Johnson and Archie McGugan respectively, scholars at King Edward High School, and mentioned in the April B.C.M. For extra prizes these lads were given the choice of "The Chivalry of Keith Leicester" and "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman." One prize winner chose the former and the other the latter. —Editor Boys' Page.

THE RESULT OF THE ELOPEMENT.

In Scott's Poem "Jock o' Hazeldean."

Eric Johnson, Class 6.. K.E.H.S.

"Why weep ye by the tide ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son.
And ye shall be his bride:
And ye shall be his bride, ladie.
Sae comely to be seen—
But ave she let the tear down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean."

"Pray, Sir stranger knight, how is it that our two brothers, returning from St. Winifred's Cross, found thee lying, all bloodied and broken in the dust of the road? I trust we have made thee comfortable and dressed thy wounds properly; and now I fain would hear thy story."

"Gramercy, for thy courtesy, Sir Abbott, but I would it were the body of a foul Scottish hobbler you had found instead of mine. The villain,—he has run away with as sweet a ladye as ever trod this earth!"

"What! Hath he stolen her? Would you have the Lord High Constable of the March, send his knights in pursuit?"

"Nay, she went willingly, the wretch! As for pursuit, 't would be useless for 't was yesternorn he wounded me and left me lying there. The dog!"

"Now would I fain hear thy story and who thou art, fair knight."

"Know then, Sir Abbott, that I am Sir Frank de Beauchamp, Chief of Errington and Lord of Langlydale. I was to be married to as pretty a maid as one could see, Eline of Aldsbrook, but she —traitress!—wished for none but that vile Scotch robber, Jock of Hazeldean. She had arranged with him to take her away two days ago, but as he had not returned, she went down to the ford and waited there for him weeping. Perchance my father saw her and seeing she was vexed by some secret grief, bade her dry her tears, and took her home to our castle, and bade us make ready for the wedding. Therefore in the morning we were all in the old chapel waiting, but the ladye came not. Everywhere we sought her and presently we found one of the servants bound by the tower window, and he told us that robber had taken her. I rushed to the courtyard, donned my armour, mounted my war horse, and dashed in pursuit. After several hours I came up with them in the place you found me. I couched my lance and rode at the dog, but he, (villain

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that he is) avoided the stroke and e'er I could check my course, smote me through the joints of my breastsplate with his spear. I fell heavily and lost my senses. When I awoke I was lying here."

IMAGINARY CORRESPONDENCE.

(By Archie McGugan.)

Dove Cottage, Grasmere,
Westmoreland. Oct. 4, 1802.

My Dear Charles,

Autumn to me is the most beautiful season of all the year and yet it is the most melancholy, for though the leaves of the trees are tinted with the most beautiful colours, they, as Byron said of parting day, "Die like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues with a new colour."

Without witnessing it yourself, you cannot form the slightest idea of what a pleasure it is to walk beneath the trees in the crisp frosty air of the morning with the rays of the rising sun filtering through the half-bare branches upon a carpet so exquisitely beautiful, it seems a crime to tread upon it; or how restful it is at eventide to saunter leisurely down the quiet lane, lined by trees to the shore of the lake, with the sun setting slowly behind the mountains, casting its rose-coloured mantle over the earth before it sinks, closes for us one more day and bids us rest.

It would give us the greatest pleasure to have both you and Mary spend a few weeks with us at "Dove Cottage," away from the dizzy whirl of the city, where nature has been so far excluded that a man almost forgets there is such a thing.

Let us know when you are coming, and I trust it will be soon.

Yours most cordially,

William Wordsworth.

No. 4 Inner Temple Lane.

London, England. October 18/02.

My Dear William,

I received your kind letter asking us to pay you a visit at your beloved "Dove Cottage" and I must say you pictured the country so beautifully that I was at a loss whether to accept or decline your kind invitation. I will admit the country is beautiful, but after living at "Button Snap," I came to the conclusion that the country is most decidedly dead. Where do you get your recreation after the splendor of the first few sunsets have worn off? Do you frolic with the lambs and do you want two more. Lambs to frolic with?

You do not know what you are missing when you have no operas to see, or any stores to wander through, where one may pick up rare old pieces of English literature. All these are found amid "the whirl of the city" as you say.

But truly, William, I shall be delighted to spend a short time with you, for I do believe my mind needs a rest and poor

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