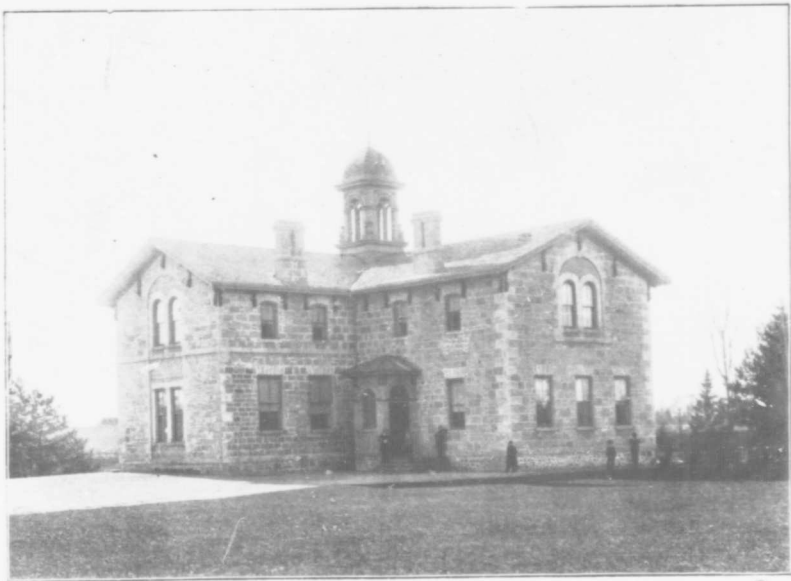


AE GLINT ON
OTHER DAYS

By D. MACGEORGE

LF 5
G3
M3

GP Keys



OLD COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE



NEW COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE



THOMAS CARSCADDEN
EX-PRINCIPAL



A. P. GUNDY
PRINCIPAL



"MAC" MACGEORGE

AE' GLINT ON ITHERR DAYS

BEING INCIDENTS IN THE HISTORY OF SCHOOL
LIFE AT THE FAMOUS OLD G.C.I. FOR
THE PAST THIRTY-TWO YEARS

AND

A COLLECTION OF RECENT POEMS



BY

D. MacGEORGE

AUTHOR OF

ORIGINAL POEMS, THE DOCTORS' DAUGHTER
and BUBBLES FROM THE BOILER ROOM

1917
THE REPORTER PRESS
GALT, ONTARIO

25-7-65

5.00 Specialty Bk

LE5

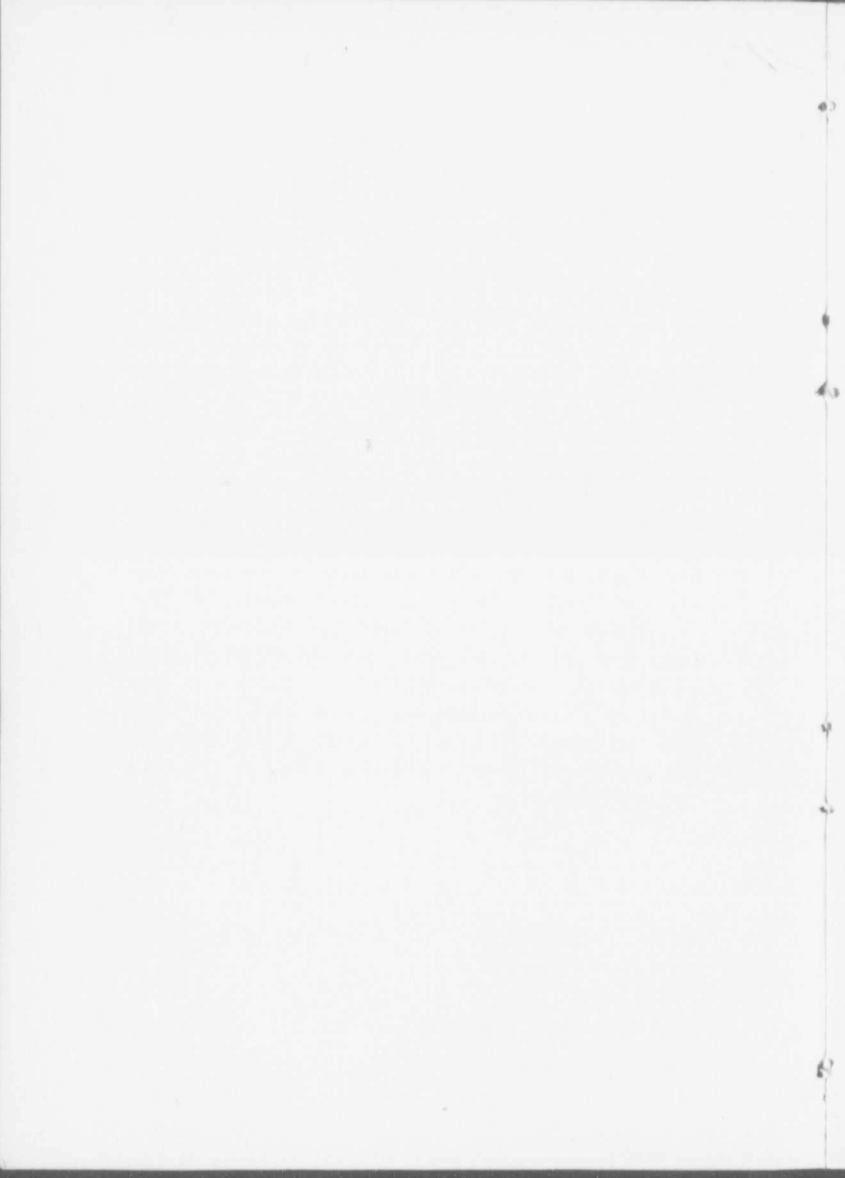
G3

M3



THE AUTHOR

in language simple and unadorned tells in the following pages, the story of students' life at the Galt Collegiate Institute during the past thirty-three years. He has had exceptional opportunities to observe the traits of character of School Boys and Girls, and in this volume gives the results of his observations, along with the narrating of incidents and events of an unusual character that happened during his long period of association with the Collegiate Institute. He trusts that this series of Reminiscences herein recorded will bring back to many an ex-pupil pleasant memories of the days they spent within the walls of the Galt Collegiate Institute.





AE' GLINT ON I'THER DAYS

I have often heard the remark that Fools' Day was an unlucky day on which to begin any work, but it was on the first day of April that I first took possession of the keys of the far-famed old School. I never was a believer in old sayings and that may be the reason I was not fooled, for I heard it said that "Them that followed freaks, freaks were sure to follow them." I have good reason to look back and bless the day I came here, and to thank the late John Linton and David Spiers, to whom I owed my appointment.

The Board of Education of that day consisted of the following residents: Rev. J. K. Smith, of Knox Church, Chairman; David Spiers, the Hon. James Young, Adam Warnock, Richard Strong and Herbert Ball, Secretary-Treasurer; all long since gone to their reward except Mr. Spiers—and long may he live.

The teaching staff were John E. Bryant, Principal; First Assistant, Thomas Carscadden, English; C. I. Logan, Classics; G. A. Amith, Science; George Ross, Mathematics; Archibald McMeeking, Modern Languages.

The number of pupils on the roll was eighty-three, including boys and girls. It was usually known as the Grammar School, although previous to this it had been raised to a Collegiate Institute. It long had a world-wide reputation through the late Doctor William Tassie, who was Principal for the long period of nearly thirty years.

His successor, John E. Bryant, not only a good teacher but also a splendid disciplinarian, was so cool and ready with the right word for the right occasion and always had a good supply of Scripture to use on the incorrigible boys—and there were quite a number in those days.

One big fellow told me that he did not mind getting a good thrashing but he could not stand Mr. Bryant's quoting Scripture. I have proved it myself among the boys that it was a good plan to drive my words of correction home with a passage of Scripture. It does not lower one in their estimation either, if you continue to join with them in their innocent fun, which I always tried to do.

This brings to my mind Mr. Hodgson, the Inspector. One time he asked me to accompany him to the outside premises.

"The premises are in pretty good shape. You and the boys must get along pretty well together," he remarked.

"Oh, yes," I replied. "I just try to be a boy among them."

"That's right! Boys are men and men should be boys, but there are some men, one would think, who never had been boys!"

Mr. Carscadden succeeded Mr. Bryant as Principal some six months after I came and he made a most efficient principal. He held the position for about twenty-nine years, endearing himself to all, both teachers and pupils, by his kindly disposition and his eminent scholarship.

At the time of writing, although he is no longer Principal, he is still on the staff as a teacher of English and is still hale and hearty. He was succeeded by Mr. A. P. Gundry.

Long may he come and go, for it would not be like the same place if his genial smile were seen no more!

I think I see him that morning he viewed his canoe in the upper unfinished room of the school, all in full sail with an imitation man in it holding on to the sail rope. The night previous was Hallowe'en and the boys thought to play a joke on "Tommy," as they used to call him. They broke into the canoe house and took out his canoe and a suit of white overalls and a big straw hat and made a very good imitation of a man. They carried the whole affair up to the school, in through the window and up the stair—which must have been no light job, but what will boys not do to have some fun? After having placed it on the large reading-room table they stuck a label on its side with a notice to me, "Mac, please leave this," which I did with a right good will. Of course, the room opposite was where the morning exercises were held and all the masters and pupils could see it as they entered. I was not far away as I was anxious to hear what the Principal would say. On seeing it he stood still and looked with his finger and thumb holding his chin, and then with his usual sunny smile, quietly said, "Very good!" He went over towards it and took a better look, then he passed on to prayers.

As I did not go in I did not hear if he prayed that the boys would get strength to enable them to carry it back to where they got it. They did so, however, and many a time since I have thought that the two D. D.'s and the two Arthurs laughed less on the return journey than they did when they brought it.

I have often thought that it was a good thing that Hallowe'en came only once a year. I always dreaded it, but I may say I had myself partly to blame, as I delighted to play tricks on the boys and girls and, of course, I could not blame them if they did retaliate on me. Never did a year pass for the first twenty after I came but they did something—sometimes very foolish ones, not worth

mentioning. Next morning I would get up early and put everything in such a shape that no one could tell that anything had been done and then it was I who had the laugh on them.

The very last time they got into the school will never be forgotten as long as they live. That night I had my suspicions that they were plotting, so I thought I would be prepared. I left a window at the back unfastened, went down to my greenhouse as usual, and waited patiently until I thought they would be in, and I could catch them ere they got anything done.

I lighted my lantern, entered by the front door, and there met one big fellow. I let out one awful yell. He made for the first window and out he went, ran straight home, and did not even speak to anyone in the house, but off to bed as white as a corpse.

The last time he visited the school, some years ago, he told me what a scare I had given him, and before he left he gave me a good hand-shaking of silver.

But to go back to my story: I did not run after him, as I knew him, but I chased the rest who were running in an opposite direction. Two more awful yells I gave that even scared myself, and as I went into the room the boys were dropping out through the windows, head first, as if the Chief of Police were after them.

One big fellow hid behind the door and as soon as I entered he clasped me in his big arms, turned my lantern upside down to put it out, lifted me up and laid me down on the floor on my back and then made for an open window. I pretended that I was dying. I lay still and moaned "I am done for now." The "now" was very faint, to make them believe I was scared to death, but I was more scared by my own unearthly yells which I had given in the dark hall. I lay perfectly still for about

ten minutes, then went quietly out and down to my house, and told my exploits to my folks. I then returned to the school, shut all the windows and locked the door, after which I went to bed and slept as sound as if nothing had happened.

Since then I have been told by some of the boys that they never heard such unearthly yells as those I gave and that they never looked behind them till they got home, and that each one had lurking within him a fear that I might be dead. But what a relief they felt when they came to school next morning and saw everything the same as usual, and Mac as bright as ever. I had good reasons for that, too, for on going round the school early in the morning to see if any of them had broken their necks as they dropped out of the windows the night before, I found that they had emptied their vest pockets as they scrambled out, and I gathered up pencils, matches, candles, knives and a dollar bill. So I was pretty well paid for my trouble.

I had a notice posted on the bulletin board at the boys' entrance thus: "Found: A sum of money this morning. The owner can have same by proving property and applying to the caretaker." However, I failed to find an owner, and it was some years later when I happened to be in a certain lawyer's office in town and was there relating the story about Hallowe'en that a certain gentleman, who also happened to be in the office that day, confessed that he was the boy who had lost the dollar bill that night.

Not to this day have I had another visit from anyone on Hallowe'en.

CHAPTER II.

In order to keep one's place and do one's duty and, at the same time, to keep in good standing with the young, one needs to be ready on all occasions with a kindly smile and the right word at the right time, and, further, to have no favorites. This is a very difficult thing to avoid; I tried to have as few as possible.

I remember one about this time that I could not help giving favours to; her name was Emily, but, though I got caught through it, I managed to get over it without offense. I happened in this way: One day I caught some girls kicking the football in a class room. I gave them a scolding, saying that it was not allowed, and one replied: "You let Emily play with it yesterday!" "Aye, but ye ken yer no Emily, ye see!" said I, and of course I picked up the ball and made out of sight as quickly as possible and was glad to get off so easily.

That, however, was not the end of it. Emily went home and told her mother who was so proud that I thought so much of her daughter, that she bought a pretty bonnet for my baby daughter and sent it down with Emily the next day. This happened twenty-eight years ago, but it is not forgotten. The same Emily paid me a visit this summer and we revived old memories and the little bonnet was not neglected in our very pleasant chat over by-gone days.

I remember a somewhat less pleasant occurrence which took place just about the same time. The day was very hot and the boys, perhaps a dozen of them, at the noon hour were sitting on the large curb stones that lined the edge of the gravel to prevent it from washing down on to the grass below the large maple trees. There they sat in the shade all ready to have a joke on Mac. As was their custom, I was bringing a pail of fresh

water for the girls to drink—the boys had to go to the pump which was behind the gym, and but a few feet away from where they were sitting. As I was passing them on my return one of the boys dropped a stone into the pail. I threw out the water, got another pailful and the same thing occurred again. Having emptied the pail a second time I turned to the boys and in as happy a little speech as my nature would allow I told them that I was as fond of fun as they and that I meant to have my share. "If anyone puts a stone in the next pail of water," said I, "I'll make good the old saying, 'The third is the charmer,' and some of you will get it in the neck, whether it be the right one or no. I mean to have my fun as well as you." So off I went for a third pailful, and as I got behind them I went the stone. In an instant I turned and emptied the pail of water on the backs of three of them and there is one doctor in Toronto to-day who does not forget the ducking that he got that day. Never again did any of them put a stone or anything else in the pail as long as I drew water from the pump. I got leave to go and come unmolested ever after.

When I look back on bygone days,
How nice to think upon
The kindness that the boys paid me,
After all the tricks I've done.

Of course, the girls were kind to me as well, but why should they not be kind after all the poetry I have written for them? The following is one that I wrote without a request, just to cheer the lassie up, as she seemed to be so dull and downcast.

Come with me to some flowery dale,
Where flowers of brightest hue
Stand dressed in robes of royal mail—
They'll almost speak to you.

The downcast spirit they will cheer,
Make glad the languid eye,
Strengthen the faith of them who fear,
And dispel the heavy sigh.

I often think and ponder
As I see your youthful form,
And the more I think I wonder
Why you are so forlorn.

For your face is sweet as can be,
Like the wee modest daisy so fair,
And pure as the lily to me—
With a cherub you'd really compare.

Cheeks like roses so bright,
Yet something is lacking so far,
Thy countenance dull as the night,
Not even bright as a star.

Come lift up the sable brow,
And cast dull care away,
Place youthful spirit on the prow
And your sailing will be gay.

I look back over the years that I have been here and what changes have taken place, both in connection with the Board of Trustees and with the Teaching Staff! None of the original trustees who were here when I came are on the Board now and only one is still alive, namely David Spiers. Yet there are two who have been on a long time: Ex-Mayor W. H. Lutz, of the G., P. & H. St. Ry. Company, and Doctor James Wardlaw, the poor man's friend. When he goes to the Great Beyond his place here will not be easily filled. Not only as a doctor but also as a friend to the poor, few know him as I do.

In passing I cannot help but notice some of the teachers, my memories of whom time will never

efface: A. W. Wright, editor, poet, and publisher, in Mount Forest, Ont.; also my good friend, W. E. Evans, who is now in New Westminster, B.C.; John S. Cameron, now in Alberta; our first lady teacher who is still as bright as ever, viz., Miss J. W. Carter. Miss Carter took Modern Languages after A. W. Wright left nearly twenty years ago. Mr. R. S. Hamilton is a G. C. I. teacher of twenty-three years' standing and seemingly is as young as ever. He is like Old Sol—cloud or no cloud, he is ever bright and brightens everyone with whom he comes in contact.

Mr. Hamilton it was that persuaded me to preserve my poems and have them printed, which I did. Then he kept at me to write a story and forth came the little Scotch tale, "The Doctor's Daughter," and then another volume of poems entitled "Bubbles from the Boiler Room." But that was not enough, for it was he who urged me to write the present notes on the famous old G. C. I. Without him I would be like a watch without a main spring.

Long may he live to cast his sunny smile and cheery word among the young and rising generation! They need it. In their multitudinous studies they sore need a teacher with a light step and a cheery smile to brighten their school life, for now-a-days they have little time for social intercourses with one another as they had in bygone days in the old school.

I remember when the girls used to make taffy during the dinner hour, in the school cellar where my two hot water boilers were, while I stood guard on the stairway to keep out the boys and while waiting would make my hand black as coal with dust from the top of the cistern. Then when the nice young ladies returned I bade them goodbye, patting each on the cheek with my hand. But the boys had the laugh on the girls for I told the boys where the taffy had been put to cool so that they could swipe it.

I was seldom out of trouble some way or other but **usually** had myself to blame for it.

I am writing the incidents just as they occur to my memory and the one which seems to be uppermost just now is a football match which was played between our boys and, as far as I can remember, the Berlin (excuse me) Kitchener Collegiate boys. They were always great rivals.

At that period of the world's history there was a general merchant who had his stand in what is now the Imperial Bank. His name was Fleming—not the genial L. C. Fleming, our teacher, but a man just as shrewd. He did his advertising by placing mile posts on the main roads leading into the town. They were broad planks painted white with the advertisements in black. If the reader would like to see one I know of none in existence except the one in the G. C. I. boiler room, and I prize this post very much. Perhaps it was the last one left standing. However, our boys were so elated over winning the match that they were like a roving gang of wild Indians celebrating one of their pow wows, for when on the road into town they spied the first mile post, a freak took hold of them. The cariole was stopped, out jumped the boys, grabbed the big post and with a tug and a rug out she came and with great jubilation was landed in the rig. It was of no more use as Mr. Fleming had gone out of business some years before. But it was of use to me, for I was in sore need of a strong wooden support for my work bench. It is still doing duty and may for another thirty years to come.

I am a great admirer of old things, which fact is borne out by the writing of these notes. Another old-time incident, let me tell here, in connection with another victorious football match which took place somewhere west of Galt. This happened in the early days of the old Credit Valley Railway. Our boys were returning on the evening

train and owing to the fact that they had won the game they were not only jubilant but so exceedingly boisterous that an old Scotch farmer who was a fellow passenger thought that the very devil was there among them. As he left the car he turned and looking back, cried, "Boys, I am going to do what the devil never did!"

"What's that?" shouted big John.

"I'm gaein' tae leave ye," and with that he shut the door and disappeared in the darkness, amid the roaring laughter at John over how old Scottie had caught him.

Football matches in those days were very popular and what crowds used to go to them! I well remember one that was played on our own campus.

At that time the property was surrounded by a six-foot picket fence with a large gate on Water street, where the tickets were taken, and I was watchman in case anyone would jump the fence. That day we made seventy-five dollars and I had the credit of adding fifteen cents to the pile. I caught one big fellow coming in by the side. I hailed him and told him to go back by the road he came, which he did, but I soon spied him going down by the river side and I knew there was a hole in the fence there. Just as I suspected, I saw him come sneaking up through the pine trees and land, unnoticed as he thought, at the pump behind the old gym; but Mac was hiding behind a bush on the knoll waiting his opportunity to tackle him again. It was not long till he got his drink and up he came strolling to the roadway that led to the school and took his stand near a few of the big boys belonging to the Committee of Management. Slipping out from behind the bush I stepped over to him and laid my hand on his shoulder, saying, "Friend, it does not matter where you come in, the fee is fifteen cents," whereupon he took out his purse and handed me a dollar bill.

"The money is paid at the gate," said I; "you will have to go to the gate and pay." So I followed him right to the gate. The mean always get caught sooner or later, either here or yonder.

In those old days we had a poet at school and Scotch at that. I have never found out who it was but I accidentally came across a sample of his work in an old school paper called, "The Oracle," so I thought it was worth reproducing here.

"COME, WRITE FOR MY PAPER."

"Come, write for my paper, any subject ava',
Oh, write of the cauld blast, the drift and the snaw,
Or tell of the springtime, the thaw and the sunshine,
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for a'.
Come, write of aesthetics, of boating and reading,
Of Thanksgiving with turkey and cranberry sauce,
Of the U. S. elections, or of loved comic selections,
Of the teachers, who lately are awfully cross."

"Gae wa' wi' your paper, oh laddie, gae wa',
I'll not write of the cauld blast, the drift and the
 snaw,
The winter is sure to come sooner than wanted,
You should have known better, oh laddie, gae wa'.
I must go to my studies, composition and euclid,
To write for your paper I've nae time at a';
Wi' Virgil and Homer, wi' Irving and Cowper,
I must go and wage a most heart-rending war."

"Dear lassie, don't mind, let them go to the wa';
Hamblin Smith's but a gawk and kens naething ava'
On the hale o' the pack, oh please turn your back,
And write for my paper, an essay or twa'.
Be frank now and kindly, I'll thank you aye finely,
Of euchre or muggins, of sense or of nonsense,
And I'll be at your service as aft as ye ca'."

"My conscience aye tauld me each minute or two'
I should write for your paper and help mak it braw.
It's true there's my studies, I ought to be busy,
But wae's me, I ken I don't like it at a'.
I've little to offer, ye ken I'm nae talker,
But 'tis three days to Friday, the time is but sma',
Sae give me your paper—now don't cut a caper,
Ye'll find after all it's worth naething ava'."

I have already recorded about taffy-making but that was not the only time it occurred. This time five big girls resolved to make taffy and, of course, there was no place but the coal cellar where the furnace was, to make it. So down we went and, owing to past experience, I made sure to lock the door behind me. No sooner had we got down than the big boys, somewhere about a dozen of them, resolved to keep us in, so they banged up against the door and held it firm. When the girls heard them they got quite excited and began to wonder how they would get out. As soon as the taffy was ready I went over the coals and took out the window. The girls followed as best they could and the boys were still full bang at the cellar door. I went quietly in at the boys' door and looking at them said, "Boys, what's all the fuss about?" "Ah, Mac has got out," said the boys, and they were nicely fooled. The girls got all the taffy to themselves this time.

CHAPTER III.

Many a laugh I've gotten at the youth's expense and I have got some noiseless smirks at the teachers as well. I remember one we used to call G. A. S. He had got an electrical dynamo and after we had it put together he went to test it and wanted me to hold the leaden jar that was to receive the spark, but I was not a little nervous. I had received a shock once before and I did not want another.

"Turn the machine and I will hold it myself," said he. And so he did until it fell to the floor out of his hands.

"Oh, I thought you said it would not hurt?" said I.

"Well, I believe I held it at the wrong place," was the reply, but I had my laugh on the sly.

Many a good laugh I've had to myself at the expense of both master and pupil; one in particular often finds a lodgment in my upper story. It happened in the old days before the hot water or steam came in vogue, and when the old Sultana coal heaters were the only thing to keep the flies alive in wintry weather, and carrying the coal from the cellar to the top of the school helped to keep the caretaker alive, too, I suppose, although it seemed that I was being killed by it. Some of the boys seemed to add fuel to the flame by trying to upset the coal scuttle. One boy in particular used to lift his foot to me as I would turn to go out and this time I suppose he thought I had eyes in the back of my head, for he had no sooner raised his foot than my right hand caught his heel and in a second six feet of human form lay on its back on the floor. In an instant I turned saying, "Excuse me, is that where you lay last?" amid the uproarious laughter of the boys. That foot never had the least tendency to kick me any more. The incident

seemed to act like quack medicine — a perfect cure-all—for it cured the other boys as well as him.

I used to have a great time acting as a detective. Once a thermometer was broken, a hole being made in the little ball at the bottom. As only one boy was in school late that night I blamed him and told the Principal. So the boy was questioned and admitted breaking the thermometer, but said it was done accidentally. He said he was writing on the blackboard and in brushing off his writing the thing which was hanging at the side was struck by the brush and fell to the floor. Some time after that I was talking to the boy about it.

"Look here," said I, "you told a lie to the boss about that thermometer. You said it was an accident. Now, let me tell you how you broke it. You were going prowling around with a piece of chalk between your finger and thumb, investigating this and that and what not till you came to the thermometer, whereupon you took the piece of chalk to raise up the bulb that holds the mercury; then the chalk broke a hole in the tender glass bulb."

"How did you know that, Mac?" said he. "Did you not know that I was a detective?" said I.

He was puzzled to know how I found it out, so I told him he had come against the frame with chalk, either on the upward or downward movement of the piece of chalk, and it was easy for me to suppose the rest.

Some of the boys would tell me I should have been a detective, for I got many a case to handle. The Principal made a rule that when a pane of glass was broken I was to try to find out who did it, and if the culprit did not confess or if I did not find out in two weeks, then I was to report to him. I did not like to report if I could help, so I used to try every scheme I could think of.

They did not all work out to my satisfaction, but I shall here give a case which was a success. I got a few boys together at the noon hour and told them a story, and, of course, it had to develop into something about windows. Then I would say, "I wonder who broke the pane of glass yesterday." One boy made answer, "I know, but I won't tell you."

"I don't want you to tell me, but I know someone will, for these things always leak out some way, and I am the luckiest man on earth that way; but you know I will have to report if I don't find out in two weeks." So, with that I left them and it was not over ten minutes that one of these same boys came up to me and said, "I say, Mac, I broke that pane of glass. How much will it be?"

"Twenty-five cents." Whereupon he handed me the quarter.

I remember another incident about a broken pane that is worth relating. A big boy who is now an M.D., had been the guilty one, but I could not find out who did it and the two weeks were about up. As I did not want to report I made a bold effort to catch the evil-doer this time. Placing myself outside the boys' door at recess I stared at each boy as he came out, making them believe that I was sulking. That led some to say, "What's up with Mac today?" As soon as they had all gone out to the lawn I followed. I noticed one big fellow standing all by himself and going up to him I said, "Well, William, what about that pane of glass?"

"Well, what about it?" said he.

"The two weeks are now up and you know that I will have to report to the Principal," I replied.

"Well, go and report to him if you like."

"All right," said I. "He is standing at the door just now. I'll just go." And off I set. I had another message and said not a word about the

glass. However, at the dinner hour William came up to me and asked me what was to pay for the glass. "Twenty-five cents," and he handed me out the cash, with the remark that I was "too smart reporting."

"Well," said I, "you told me to go. 'Tis a good boy that does as he is told."

Time rolled on and he became an M.D. ere I had the chance of meeting him again. At last one day, when I was returning from a visit to Toronto, I noticed a tall, well-dressed gentleman standing in the doorway at the other end of the car and looking at me. When the man opposite me rose and went into the smoker the gentleman immediately came and took his seat, and at once held out his hand to me with the usual salutation, "Well, Mac, how are you?" I confessed I could not recognize him.

"Well, I could never forgive you that mean trick you did me about that pane of glass I broke—going and reporting me to the Principal. I thought you were a little too sharp."

"Man, William, I did no such thing! Why, he does not know to this day. I never mentioned glass to him that day."

"Well, if I had known that, you never would have got that quarter out of me."

Many a quarter as well as his I got through similar tricks of mine. One aim I always kept in view—never to do anything that afterwards I would be ashamed of, and when one boy would tell me of another's mischief I never told anyone else. Very soon the boys found that they could trust me and that I was their friend.

I often turn my thoughts back to the early days of my caretaking and as often wonder at how lucky I was in turning up when pupils were in mischief. Seldom any evil was done but somehow I caught them at it. I remember once in particular. It

happened on a Saturday afternoon. I had to go down street with my wife and children, but something brought me back sooner than I had expected, and to my surprise I found three big girls standing on my wood-pile at the back of the gym., with a big stick, pounding away at the window, trying to get inside for their lawn tennis net. If ever I looked serious in my life it was that day. I did not scold—I pretended to be sorry for them and gave them a lecture that was equal to any judge on the Bench. I drew their attention to who they were. "Just to think three young ladies, all daughters of highly respected citizens of Galt, and one of you a daughter of one of our trustees! I can hardly believe my eyes! I feel terribly sorry for you, but I will have to report you to the police and have you all arrested and put in prison as burglars. It's an awful crime—breaking into a public institution. Whatever will your parents think when they hear of it?" Oh, they were in a sore plight! How they did plead with me to say nothing about it and they would never do such a thing again. After keeping them in hot water (as the saying goes) for awhile, I promised to keep it a dead secret. Then the next Saturday they came up to the school and called me out and each presented me with a beautiful silver-mounted dish, one for salt, one for pepper and the other for mustard, for being so good as to keep a secret. Another secret that I kept that happened in our famous old gym. when the girls had it at the noon-hour, time about with the boys. The girls were great at swinging on the rope from the big beam until one day one big girl was left alone on the big beam, the other girls having gone into the school. I had come into my dinner and was just nicely seated when I imagined that I heard an unusually sad sound. I arose quickly from the table and rushed through into the gym. by the nearest way, and to my great surprise there was the big girl hanging from the iron ring by the feet, for, having let go with both

her hands she could not pull herself up again, although her hands were within six inches of the floor. I at once grasped her round the waist, which was anything but small, as she was very stout, and being helpless she was a dead weight. I raised her on to my shoulder and got her feet out, when both of us fell to the floor. I soon sprang to my feet and helped her to a seat at the side, where she came all right in half an hour. It was many years after before she could look me straight in the face. I really do not know if she ever told anyone about how near she had come to her death. Ten minutes more and she would have been lifeless. I never told anyone for years after, and to this day no one knows her name but my wife and some of the elder members of the family.

As we were having examinations today it brought me in mind of the exams. of long ago, when the candidates were supplied with foolscap to write on. I had heard some say, "If I am plucked at this exam. I'll make sure of a good bunch of foolscap paper anyway." I took it all in and said nothing but watched for paper in the boys' coat pockets and those I caught with any had to take it back or hand it to me. But there were three big fellows that I made up my mind to fool, so I went to work the night before the last day of the exams. and gathered up all the spoiled and scribbled sheets of foolscap and made them up into three rolls and hid them in different places. Each roll was slightly exposed so that they would have no difficulty in finding it. My trick worked like magic, for when they had gone out I looked and behold the paper was gone. Of course you may imagine how I laughed a quiet snicker all to myself. One of them was a minister's son. Perhaps his father wanted some to write his sermons on. Another came from the village of Ayr. He took his home, too. He has since become a great railway man on the Grand Trunk Pacific. I have met him only once since he

left school and he did not fail to remind me of the dirty trick I played on him with the paper and told me somehow I always got the better of the boys in the long run.

I always did my best for both girls and boys as long as they did what was right, but in whatever I did by way of a joke I always avoided doing anything mean, although sometimes the crowd that came from Ayr were so full of mischief that they tried my temper a little too much.

I remember once the boys took the chance of the girls playing outside and came to me for the loan of a needle and thread (which was a common request). Then they went into the girls' cloak room and sewed up their coat sleeves. What a time the girls had to get them on and they nearly missed their train. To be "upsides" with the boys the girls came to me next day and wanted me to tell them a trick to play on the boys. I was not long in concocting a scheme. I told them to go down street to Polson's Confectionery and get some Limburger cheese and plaster the inside of their dinner boxes. They did this and thought it was great fun. Of course, I had to work out a scheme to get the boys out so that they would not know anything about it, but for once I failed. Not to be beaten, however, I got the cheese from the girls and did the work myself while they were in their classes. For several days after that everything was mum, although I noticed the next day the boys had no lunch baskets or boxes but had paper parcels instead. I made no remarks; neither did the girls.

The Ayr crowd, as they were called, were certainly a jolly lot, seventeen, including boys and girls. There was one boy in particular that I could never forget for the pranks he used to play on me, both in the school and in my greenhouse. I was in the habit of experimenting with raising new flowers. About that time I had originated the famous new rose called "Hilda," but the man that

bought it from me at \$100.00, re-named it "Highland Mary." Well, John thought to spring a surprise on me by taking sulphur matches, lighting them and holding them under the leaf until the leaf was discolored and then the first chance he got would come to me quite excited and say that he had seen a new flower in the greenhouse, but I was not so easily deceived.

He was everlastingly bothering me, but I was not the only one he tricked. He made me laugh many a time at the way he would fool the Principal. After four o'clock he usually raised a disturbance in the hall with someone until the Principal would bang out of his office to see what was up. At that moment John would rush up the back stairs until he was around the turn. Then he came down quietly and very often met the Principal coming up, who would ask him if "a boy went up the stair just now." John would say, "Yes, sir, he just went up," but he never told him who it was.

These pupils came at six a.m., and did not get home till seven p.m. One night there was a smash-up on the railway and they did not get away until two a.m. the next morning. My wife treated them all to supper, after which we had music, dancing and speeches. Every time I enter my parlor I am reminded of it by the presence of a beautiful study lamp sitting on top of our piano, which lamp they made me a present of for the kindness they received that night.

Speaking of kindness brings to my mind the kindness of C. I. Logan, at one time Classic Master, who deceased some years ago. I never could understand why he was so kind to me. I never used to do him any obligations that I was aware of, but notwithstanding that, every Thanksgiving he gave me a goose and every Christmas a turkey, and then he joined with the other masters in a Christmas box. In the winter months he usually came up on Sunday afternoon and had a chat and a

smoke. His great hobbies were cricket and shooting. One time I shot a wild goose on the river and he would have me try his rifle the next Saturday, but that was the time I lost my laurels for every time I tried I could not hit a tree. Of course, that did not matter for few knew of it and it did not get into the newspaper. I had gained renown by the shooting of the wild goose, which was sitting on the thin ice just under the C. P. R. bridge, seventy-five feet away. The first shot went through its eye. But that was not all the fun I had. The getting hold of it was a bigger feat still. You see the ice was so thin I dare not venture on to it, and when a goose would not come for food when alive I was sure it would not come when dead.

How I was to get hold of it made me not a little nervous and my nerves were not soothed any by two girls and my boy all shouting at once, "Can you no get, pa?" "Get a long stick, pa!" "Oh, surely you can reach it some way, pa!" At last a scheme struck my brain. I got a hay rake and several long sticks and put the rake on to the ice, then one pole after another until I got the rake beyond the goose, then moved it in behind the goose, and pulled my prize ashore. What a dancing and shouting the kiddies made when I got it safely landed! You see it was the Christmas Holidays and it came at the right time. Now you could not expect anything less of me than to feel a little elated over my luck and to make it known to the school teachers, especially to one who was always ready to make a joke at my expense, which he did many a time. He did this time in particular for he sent an article to the local press, telling all about it, and being of a poetical turn of mind he finished up with three verses of poetry. As far as I can remember they are as follows:

" There was a little man,
That had a little gun,
Who went to the river
To have a little fun.
"There he saw a wild goose,
Sitting on the ice,
And for his Christmas dinner
He thought it would be nice.
"Off went the little gun,
As the goose it made to fly,
And to his great astonishment,
He shot it through the eye."



CHAPTER V.

It is no easy matter to be a caretaker and a Christian at the same time, among so many young people. They do provoke you in so many ways that it is very difficult at times to keep one's temper, although I may say that I am not easily made angry. I always try to have an answer ready for any occasion that may arrive. I remember once that I thought if ever I was caught that was the time, but no, I got my answer all right. It occurred in this way: I was busy sweeping after four p.m., and I thought all the pupils were out and away home, and as the old saying goes, "Says I to myself says I, 'I'll have a smoke'." Just as I entered the class room, to my surprise, there were two big girls studying and one remarked, "I wonder that you who profess to be a Christian would smoke. Do you think that God will ever take you to Heaven with that dirty filthy body stinking with tobacco?"

I thought for a moment but I was equal to the occasion. "Oh, no," says I, "He won't. This dirty filthy body will likely be laid deep down in under the sod, where it will not annoy you or anybody else. But did you ever read in the Bible anything against the pipe or tobacco? At least, I don't remember any word relating to tobacco or the pipe. But it seems to me that I have read in the Good Book where it instructs us to trim our hair and keep it tidy and as a rule you fail to comply with the command."

She was struck dumb. All she had to say was, "Oh, get out of this and let us study!" I went but I could not help but reflect to myself that if I were a young man and looking for a girl to be my better half through life, she would not be the one of my choice, for she never seemed to have a tidy head of hair at any time. If there is anything that adds additional attraction to a pretty face it

is beautiful hair nicely kept, although there are exceptions to all rules. Yet, as a rule, people with gifts or talents take great delight in the dressing of their locks.

What could be more attractive,
Than the dainty little curl
Dangling with the gentle breeze,
On a rosy-cheeket girl?
When she's in the ball-room,
And her beau gives her a whirl,
I love to see the ringlets dangle,
On a rosy-cheeket girl.
What more could charm a fellow,
Or cause his heart peril,
Than view the silken tresses,
On a rosy-cheeket girl?

The following speaks for itself:

Galt Collegiate Institute,

April 1, 1909.

Dear Mac:

To-day marks the 25th anniversary of your coming to this school and we, in our humble way, wish to extend to you our heartiest congratulations and express our wish that you may be with us for many more April fool days to come.

During the past years you have never tired of exerting yourself for our good and you have always worn a bright countenance, a source of cheer to everyone with whom you daily come in contact.

We fear we have often tried you but your patience has been as undying as your sunny smile.

With one accord we wish you health, wealth and long life, and that it may be yours to see many more anniversaries in the Galt Collegiate Institute.

Signed:

(These are the signatures attached to original copy.)

Helen Carscadden, F. Wilton King, Reta Armstrong, Cora Davidson, M. Florence Ramsay, Madge Harris, Albert E. Lamond, Pearl Welland, Norman Detweiler, Alf. Turnbull, Geoffrey Griffin, Jean Douglas, Earrol Sippel, Vernon Kinzie, Jean Graham, George Marshall.

As time rolls on changes come with old and young, and so it is in school life, for in those days the most popular game was Association football, but now it is all Rugby. I well remember the last great game our boys played, when they won the Hough Cup from the Clinton High School. I took a great interest in their games and they would have me go to Clinton with them. Having arranged to go, I took along with me a newly-arrived Scotch Highland chap who played the pipes from the station to the field. He and I marched in front of our boys and it was early seen that the Clinton boys were anything but pleased. However, after a hard-fought game our boys won out by one goal. But, as I said before, it is all Rugby now. No more Tommy Aitkins or Wattie Thompson or a Johnnie Cress! It was worth a day's pay to have leave to watch them in a game of football. I never played in a game myself but often at the dinner hour I took great delight in teasing the boys by watching my chance and when the ball would come out to me I would dribble it (as the boys used to call it) to the opposite end of the campus ere the boys could take it from me. It was good exercise and kept my legs in good running order, ready to catch a boy in mischief. Seldom did I miss them unless they got too long a start. I remember one time discovering two boys up a tree. I called to them to come down but they just laughed at me. However I ran and reached the tree before they got down. They came down at last and I got hold of each by the coat collar and with a bull-dog grip I marched them into the school waiting-room where there were about a dozen big boys who well knew

my tricks. I ordered one big husky fellow to bring me my keys so that I would lock the two boys in the cellar until the Principal would arrive. Of course I had the keys in my pocket all the time and no wonder the fellow could not find them. By this time the two culprits had become so frightened that they promised in dead earnest never to climb a tree again. I let them off, but not before I had given them a kind word and a pleasant smile. One of the boys I have lost track of altogether, but the other one is long married and has a family. Not very long since he paid me a visit and, as usual with the return of all the old boys, among his first remarks was, "Do you remember the time I climbed the tree? If you have forgotten I have not and never will as long as I live!"

Oh, this coming back after so many years' absence that I have forgotten all about them until I see the face at once familiar to me! Often I cannot name them but will tell them some incident that happened, or they will tell me one. Such an instance occurred not long ago. A big, stout gentleman who had been in the North West called on me but I could not place him in my memory.

"Well, Mac, I thought you would never forget the little fellow who fell through the ice below the school, and how you stripped me to the skin and clad me in your clothing until mine dried."

"Well," says I, "you were the once little boy but now you are a great, big, bearded man; how could I know you?"

And what of the other fellow who went down with him? He had to go home five miles in his wet clothes, but I never heard of his being any the worse for it. That finished the skating on the river for a few days. But boys soon forget; their youthful spirits break out again before long.

Just as soon as the winter was over and the hot, sultry days of summer had come they had to invent other daring exploits. At that time there was no Y. M. C. A. pool in which to learn to swim, so they had nothing but the river and they certainly made good use of that. However, they were content with jumping in from a rock at the side; they had to get a long rope attached to the C. P. R. bridge, swing on it and dive to the bottom. That was great fun until one fellow got his skull cracked. This put an end to the dangerous game. The boy recovered and, as far as I know, is still living, somewhere in the States, having become a doctor.

The boys now are not a bit like the boys of long ago. I often wonder if the change for the better is on account of their getting so much military drill. In olden days when Captain Clark of Guelph was Instructor, he came down once in each week only—every Thursday afternoon. Well do I remember the first consignment of rifles—old rusty Peabodys. I made the swords out of wood. I still retain one as a memento of olden times.

A great many of the relics are disappearing, and there is one in particular that many of the old pupils will miss in coming back, that is, my greenhouse, which has been gone for a number of years. It was a very useful place to the pupils. It was there the boys' pants were mended when they would tear them in the gym.; and there the girls' stockings had to be sewn; and there they would often come to me with the heel of their shoe to be mended; there the Science Master could get flowers in the middle of winter for his botany class. It was a house useful to the school in other ways than growing flowers.

I have often heard pupils remark when asked why they had not done their lessons, "Oh, I hadn't time," but some such could aye get time to read novels and not only time but a place as well. I

was not a little surprised one day when I went into the girls' waiting room in the afternoon to hear a strange noise under the floor. There was no cellar, being just partly dug out, and about four feet deep, with a little trap door in one corner to allow a man to go down in case any pipe or wire should need repairs. I stood and listened for a minute but failed to account for the strange sound so I resolved to investigate the light under the floor. I up with the trap door and stepped down and there I found a big girl sitting on a big stone with a candle on another stone, reading a novel.

"Well, well," said I, "you haven't time to learn your lesson but you can find time to read a novel, and this is the last place that I would have searched to find a young lady. Why, a rough boy would never have thought of selecting it!"

"Well, Mac, you won't tell, will you?"

"Not, if you come out right now and promise never to come here again."

Out she came and the first chance I got I nailed the cover down. It is surprising what curious plans some folk will follow to accomplish their ends.

It was a common occurrence for the boys to take to the roof at this date as the north and south parts of the upper storeys were not finished, only the floor being laid. Each teacher kept to the one room all day and when a change of subjects came at the end of each period the pupils had to go to different rooms; so when they had to leave Latin and go for Mathematics, or vice versa, and did not want to take the other subject, they just climbed up the wall and into the tower and waited there until the period was over. Sometimes it was a pretty long wait, for there was no place they liked better. Like everything else in this world this method of skipping finally came to an end, for as the number of pupils increased these rooms had to be finished and the pupils could not get up

any more unless they caught me putting up the flag, which I had to do on certain occasions, and then it was difficult to get them down again.

I remember the time of the Boer War when old Kruger was captured in Pretoria. As soon as the news came to me I had to go up and unfurl the grand old flag. It was just a little before nine in the morning and in the excitement I forgot to close the hatch. In an instant all the boys of the school were after me and they were not content with getting into the tower but were all over the roof—even the very chimney tops were decorated with boys. I happened to have a kind of inspiration that we would get a holiday, so I shouted to them that they were to get a holiday and urged them to come quickly as we had to march down street, masters and all. That was once I was glad to get the hatch closed and it just happened that my inspiration was right. When I came down I found that there was a 'phone message from the chairman, saying that we were to celebrate down street. After Captain William Skeen had everything arranged, down we went. I carried the grand old flag in front, and you bet I DID NOT LET IT Fall either, though we walked through snow three feet deep and serenaded Mr. Spiers when we came to his little office.

It was a great day and I hope I will live to take a hand in celebrating the capture of the German Emperor, the old rascal. As it happens at present to be the Christmas holidays I have just run off a little poem which suits him and many more as well, so I have slipped it in here.

A CHRISTMAS POEM.

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year
To all my friends both far and near;
And to my foes, where'er they be—
To harbour evil's not in me.
But let me say, I'm loath to tell,
There's some deserves the deepest hell,
Deceitful liars at their best—
I wonder if they e'er do rest.
The devil with them can't compare,
For one can meet him fair and square,
But, oh, the duple's hard to trace,
So sly and cunning to your face.
But life is short and time is near,
When the just Judge will sure appear,
And give to all their just reward,
No fear or favour will regard.

6

CHAPTER V.

One epoch during my days at the famous old G. C. I. must not be passed over without notice, namely, The Tassie Old Boys' Reunion, which was held on the 17th and 18th of July, 1902, to celebrate the semi-centennial of the Founding of the School. This consisted of a combined demonstration by the old Tassie pupils, those of Principal John E. Bryant, and those of the at-that-time Principal Thomas Carscadden. The School Board gave permission for the free use of the school and grounds to the great gathering that had come from all the countries of civilized earth. Such a gathering was never seen before and in all probability Galt will never see its equal again.

One very peculiar thing about it was that, as it took place during the summer holidays, the teachers were all away except the Principal, and he was ill. I was the only official present to receive the guests. The Old Boys had a great time. It certainly was a scene never-to-be-forgotten to watch the old men, bald-headed, stripped to the shirt and pants, playing old-time football and cricket on the same old campus after not having seen it for nearly forty years. I did enjoy hearing them tell of their boyish pranks which they played on the venerable Doctor Tassie. They certainly had been well-named Apes.

On the evening of the first day a monster banquet was held in the large skating rink, when the usual speech-making was done full justice and each speaker placed his old teacher on the highest pinnacle of fame that his vocal organs and language could command. So elated were all over the affair that they decided to hold another reunion in five years and they appointed a committee to arrange a suitable memorial of the Doctor, but the fifth

year came and went and neither reunion nor memorial made any appearance as the committee failed to act.

Three Old Boys from the United States called on me and wanted to know about the Tassie Memorial and wished me to find out all about it. I promised them if no action were taken within one year I would take it in hand myself. The year passed and I set to work to get subscriptions for an oil painting of Doctor Tassie. I wrote to no less than eleven hundred old Tassie Boys but received only eighty-three replies. However, I succeeded, and a very good likeness of the venerable Doctor can be seen as one comes in the front entrance.

I had a great time in my canvass for subscriptions. I discovered that although he was a teacher of great renown, everybody did not like him. Although I wrote three times to a certain man of great wealth I got nothing from him. When asked for \$2.50 another replied, "If the old rascal would rise out of his grave I would thrash him to within an inch of his life." I have come across a good many teachers in my day but I have never met with one yet who was liked by everyone.

Everyone who has seen the painting is highly pleased with it. Mr. Forster, of Toronto, who painted it, is considered to be one of Canada's greatest artists—regarding which fact the painting speaks for itself.

Mr. James Buchanan, of Pittsburg, U. S., took the greatest interest in it of any of the old pupils. I had to keep him posted regarding my progress. He gave me \$25.00 as his subscription. Afterwards when he received a print of the painting along with my letter of thanks he sent me \$5.00 for myself. He was the only Old Boy who gave me anything for my trouble.

He had great regard not only for Doctor Tassie but also for his old school.

Once while on a visit, he along with two of his brothers, gave \$40.00 to buy footballs for the boys and to help along with the sports. This was the way it happened: After they had been shown through the school they came out to the gymnasium as James wanted to see into the old building, where they used to exercise in their boyhood days. Before parting with me, to seek their old haunts up the river, James remarked that they would like to do something for the sake of their boyhood days and asked me if I could think of anything suitable. It not take me long to think of a plan, so I said: "Well, yes, in a couple of weeks we are going to to have our annual sports day and the boys are finding it a bigger job than they expected to raising funds for the occasion. A little help financially would be appreciated."

"Just the very thing," he said, and handed me \$40.00. I told him to wait until I called out the teacher who was taking the greatest interest in the sports. I called out Mr. R. S. Hamilton, Science Master, and he gave the money to him.

With part of the money he decided to purchase a silver cup, but it was never to be removed from the school. It was to be known as the Buchanan Cup, a prize for the cross-country run. It is a beautiful cup and is to be seen with others in the glass case on the first floor.

It was on November, 1906, that the school had to be transferred to the Town Hall and Market building. It also occupied the police court, but the police magistrate never once had a case out of us all the time we were there, which showed that we were all a law-abiding people. The Commercial Class was in the Market building, just above the vegetable market, and the Fourth Form or Matriculating candidates were in the police court and some of them, if I remember rightly, got life sentences, for they failed to pass. The other forms were in the large assembly hall which was divided

off with high temporary wooden partitions, with a corridor up the middle. The raised part at the south end was the boys' gym and the platform was for the girls' use. The hats and cloaks were hung in each class room. The Principal's office was a small compartment just at the top of the stairs, so that he could easily "nab" any late comer. There were coal stoves all over. The coal was kept under the boys' gym, after I had removed all the whiskey and gin bottles, also beer kegs and sundry other articles too numerous to mention. Of course, I had to leave room for rat nests. For playgrounds the rats had the halls and they made good use of them, especially on Sunday. When I went down to attend to my stoves they became so well acquainted with me that they would sit up and look at me. At last I got three traps and before I left I managed between traps and sticks to clean up thirty-eight of them. To this day the Council has never repaid me for my trouble. They might at least have presented me with a medal for my bravery.

All this inconvenience was caused by the rebuilding of the G. C. I., which took one whole year to complete. Everyone was glad to get back to the famous old classic seat of learning, but I was the gladdest of them all, for I had to fire up the new building as well as to attend to the stoves down street, and this gave me many a weary tramp in all kinds of weather. However, no one ever heard me grumble. My mind never got leave to dwell on my drudgery. When I ceased to work my thoughts would speed away to song and then a thought would stick there until I had to compose it into verse. It was somewhat in this way that I brought forth the following verses on the old Town Hall, which I have inserted here:

I'll ne'er forget the time,
Nor the students, one and all,
When we had winter quarters
In the old Town Hall.
We had to get a new school,
For the old it was too small,
And the only place available
Was the old Town Hall.
It was divided into rooms,
Corridors and all,
And lavatories, too, were there,
In the old Town Hall.
The police court was utilized,
And yet it was too small,
So they added the old library,
Near by the Town Hall.
The masters had a warm time
When the bell would call,
Going up and down the stairs
At the old Town Hall.
The students seemed to like it,
They like changes, one and all,
And certainly they had them there,
At the old Town Hall.
I did not like the dirty place,
Nor the rats that oft did crawl
Among my feet when sweeping
In the old Town Hall.
And when the end did come,
Not a single tear did fall,
Or a sob or sigh, when leaving
The dingy old Town Hall.

Three accidents have occurred to me which I think are worthy of note here. The first one I will mention concerns the young man who fell off the C.P.R. bridge opposite to my dwelling. He was going home from school after 4 p.m. and just as he stepped on to the bridge he was called back to play football. As he turned round to answer he tripped on the head of a bolt and over the edge of the bridge he went. He grabbed the edge with both hands and hung there till he had to drop. No one saw him but my little terrier dog Prince, who was a great favorite with the boy, was lying at our door at the time. Prince ran over to the boy, and as soon as he saw him on the ground he came back to the door and barked till my wife opened the door and saw the poor fellow lying helpless. She gave the alarm and I was soon on the spot with some big boys. We carried the injured lad into the house and telephoned for medical aid. It was a few weeks before the boy came back to school. Little Prince was a hero ever after.

Another accident occurred in school hours. The reason of it was the boy, like many another lad, had a mania for investigation. He had a percussion cap, and, of course, had to examine it to see what it was made of. So he took a knife and began to pick at it, when all of a sudden it exploded and off went the half of three fingers through the open window, but although we searched for them they were never found. It is often the case that people pay dearly for their curiosity.

The third accident happened in the chemistry room and ever since I have thought that it is a wonder that more cases like this one do not occur. A young girl was using phosphorus and just as the master turned to look at her he shouted, "Take care, there!" But he was too late, as she had dropped a piece of sodium into the phosphorus

bottle and it went up to the ceiling in an instant, striking her in the face and cutting her eye, but she was lucky enough not to injure her sight. That same girl married and went to the States to live. Fifteen years afterwards she paid the school a visit with her three children. She came up to me and said, "I suppose you won't know me."

"Oh, yes," I replied, "and though I can't name you I will tell you something that will let you know that I recognize you. You were the girl that very nearly got blinded for life in the chemistry room one afternoon. Yes, and your name then was Ella."

She was quite surprised. I may and I do often forget names, but very seldom do I forget a face which I have known at school, even though it be a long time ago.

There is one incident in my life that I must not forget, for such a thing is of rare occurrence, namely, composing poetry in one's sleep. It is but very recently that we had a young man at school who teased me not a little by asking me foolish questions—so much so that of course I made no reply. He kept at it so much and not to me only, but also to the caretaker, Mr. McNaught, that the caretaker said to me one morning, "Mac, I wish you would write a poem on that fellow that gabs so much. I am perfectly sick of him."

"So am I," I replied.

The day passed over, but that night I composed the following verses in my dream, and strange to say I could say them all after I awoke, so I wrote the lines down:

I was asked to write a verse,
Just as a kind o' test
To see if I had brains or no,
Just in a kind o' jest.
It was to be on Charlie,
The boy that's got the tongue
That can speak and never tire,
And never hurt a lung.
His tongue it wags so easy,
And little sense it has to say,
Just something like an ass,
Nothing but a bray.

I read it to him the next day and told him how I had composed it in my dreams. He did not seem to be offended but wanted a copy of the verses. It had the effect we desired, for we were never troubled with his tongue again, and that was his only fault known to me.

If these writing are of any interest to my readers they will no doubt interest the old pupils most. I have very little interest in my boyhood school days, as I had only two years and six months of schooling. During that time the teacher boarded at my home and during all that time all I learned was to read and write, as the teacher was a great checker player and I played checkers with him every night instead of his teaching me my lessons, as my parents expected him to do. I have nothing but regret on looking back on such folly, but all the same I have had lots of fun playing checkers since then. I can look back on life at the G.C.I. and remember many a roaring game which I played in those by-gone days in my green-house and in the school at noon. Where, oh where are those boys, especially those noted players with whom I had not time to play more than one game at one spell—otherwise they would have beaten me. I could always get the first game and then I had not time to play any more.

Although I am only a caretaker I interest myself in the studies of the pupils and this leads me to take a peep into the various documents that come from the Educational Department regarding the various subjects to be crammed into the brains of the younger generation. In doing so one day I was amazed at the number of subjects they had to learn. That day the Inspector was visiting the school and he had annoyed me in several ways, one way in particular which was adding to my expenses. As he entered the office he inquired of me if I saw the Department regulations anywhere. "Oh, here it is," handing it to him with the remark, "I was taking a look at the circular to see if there were any regulations as to how to teach the pupils economy."

"Oh, the Board will look after that," said he, in a wrath, and went out into the hall on his way to a class room. It was too bad that a caretaker should have spoken like that to an Inspector of High Schools.

Writing about the Inspector, there comes to my mind an incident in connection with another Inspector, whose name was Shepherd. He was conducting the departmental examinations one morning when the train was half an hour late, so he stopped the clock until they all arrived. Then he set it a-going as if it were just nine a.m. Shortly afterwards the phone rang for him and he asked me to watch the pupils until he would return. Seating myself at his desk I took his large blue pencil and wrote the following verse in very large letters on a page of foolscap:

Our Shepherd he is very kind
To us, his little flock,
He never scolds us when we're late,
But just sets back the clock.

I left it on his table and as soon as he got to his desk and read it he held it up so that his little

flock could read it also. Whether the laugh which I was the means of giving them helped to increase their marks on that paper or not, I never heard, but I have read somewhere that "A good laugh doeth good like unto a medicine." I do believe in a good laugh.

I have often heard it said that the first duty of a teacher in order to be a successful one, is to gain the respect of his pupils, but when a teacher meets with pupils who are devoid of both courtesy or discretion, there is little chance of obtaining respect.

Both the teacher and those taught have often told me incidents that I shall never forget. Some of them I would not dare to repeat, but I would like to give you one here illustrating my above remarks:

A girl came in late. The teacher called for an excuse. The girl banged up, making all the noise possible, threw down the note on the master's table, evidently in wrath.

"Did you write that note yourself?" asked the master.

"No, I did not," she answered, as she went to her seat, which she slammed down in perfect vengeance.

The master then ordered her to leave the room. She did so, but turned in the doorway and in a loud voice said, "Though you are a great churchman I can tell you I'll be in Heaven before you and have the laugh on you as I watch you trying to get in."

No teacher could ever make a success of teaching such an one as that. Neither of them is in heaven as far as I know at the time of writing, but I hope they'll both get there some day.

CHAPTER VI.

Another milestone in my life's journey I will never forget as long as I am able to tramp on my way through life. This is the celebration of my thirtieth anniversary as G.C.I. caretaker. I fully intended to keep it quiet but all the same I had composed a poem for the occasion, intending to have it published in the Evening Reporter, and in order that there would be no mistake about it I gave it personally to the Editor, telling him to say nothing about it. I suppose he thought it was too good news to keep, but what did he do but tell the Mathematical Master, John S. Cameron, and certainly Mr. Cameron did carry out his scheme in splendid style. He got all the school boys and girls, as well as the staff, to collecting a copper for every day I had been caretaker. Then they filled a large gallon pail with bran and the coppers, all this being done unknown to me until that morning when I met the Principal in the hall. He told me that the boys had heard that I had composed a poem on my thirtieth year at school and they thought they had a right to hear it, and I would have to go up to the Assembly Hall and read it to them. I said, oh, that it would be in the local paper and that they could read it there, but he would take no refusal. So I hit upon a scheme, seeing that it was April Fool's Day. I got a large roll of paper and put my little poem inside, to make them believe it was a monster poem this time, and marched upstairs just as I was—in my shirt sleeves. To my great surprise the hall was full and all the teachers were there. No sooner had I entered the hall than I heard the sound of the band and ere I was seated in came the stretcher bearers with two nurses in front and the bugle band behind in great glee, and on the stretcher not a wounded hero, but the big pail of coppers. If ever anyone got a surprise it was I that morning.

The Principal, in a few very appropriate remarks then asked me to read my poem, which is as follows:

When I look back those thirty years
Since I came to the G. C. I.
Thoughts both sad and happy
Like a vision quickly fly.
Like everything else that's mortal,
It has changed so very much
That it's barely recognizable
By the Tassieites as such.
Four times as large and up-to-date—
For Galt does go ahead,
And in education ne'er behind,
But always takes the lead.
It is not so much the present,
But the past I mean to scan,
Just to refresh my memory
By incidentals, if I can.
There, for instance, the officials,
'Tis worth noting, by the way,
Just two are all that're in the swing,
And it seems they're here to stay.
Thomas Carscadden, worthy head,
Long may his rule prevail,
The Janitor is the number two,
All gone but head and tail.
And looking o'er the lads and lasses,
That come across my mind,
What numbers are in high positions—
But I'm not of the rising kind.
I love to think of the happy days
Away in the olden time,
When Association football did
All other games outshine.
Perhaps it's 'cause I'm getting old
That I fail to see the sport,
But if they'd play as they used to play,
You bet you'd hear me snort!
For, though I work from six to ten,
Sixteen hours a day,

I'm just as lively as a colt,
For I am built that way.
When, oh, when will the bugle call
To unite us all together,
Upon the grand, old campus here,
And sport with one another.
So here's to the lads and lasses,
Wherever they may be,
I'd ready aye to welcome you,
While I am D. MacG.

As soon as I sat down Horace Bray of Hespeler stepped forward and read me the following address from the teachers and pupils, which caused no little merriment, while I sat perfectly bewildered.

"To our trusty and well-beloved brother, Mac, Janitor, Caretaker and sole Guardian of this justly famed Institute of Learning, known as the Galt Collegiate Institute of the Town of Galt, Ontario, Canada—Greeting:

"Whereas, for thirty years David MacGeorge, Esquire, has fulfilled the function of Caretaker, Janitor and sole Guardian of the afore-mentioned Collegiate Institute, in a most excellent, worthy and entirely satisfactory manner, together with all the rights and duties appertaining to the great dignity and renown of the Collegiate, and to the satisfaction of both masters and students, and whereas both masters and students of the Institute are cordially agreed that this most glorious and unparalleled occasion should be celebrated in a manner worthy and befitting the dignity and solemnity of the happy event, and with due regard for the rare occurrence of such an unique occasion;

"Be it known, therefore, that we, the masters and students of Galt Collegiate Institute of the Town of Galt, Ontario, do hereby devise and present to the afore-mentioned David MacGeorge, Esquire, all the rights of possession and freehold forever, of the property herein noted:

" One galvanized iron pail in perfect condition, new, all parts complete and assembled ready for use.

" For the second, one half bushel of chicken feed, full weight, guaranteed the best of food value, entirely wholesome, authorized under the Canada Food Act.

" For the third, two thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine copper coins of the realm, superscribed with the images of three successive British Sovereigns, full weight, brightly polished and guaranteed legal tender.

" Be it known, therefore; That in the name of the masters and students of the Galt Collegiate Institute of the Town of Galt, Ontario, Canada, we, the Committee of Arrangements, do hereby confer upon David MacGeorge the benefits above-mentioned.

" And also, in the name of the masters and students, past and present, we desire to confer upon Mac. a vote of our hearty appreciation of the most efficient services rendered during the thirty years in office, and also of the many kindnesses performed over and above his duty. We feel that a debt of gratitude not easy to repay is due him for his unflinching good temper and cheerful disposition, even under most adverse circumstances. During his time the school has expanded more than fourfold and the original building has been replaced with a modern structure more than four times as large and we feel, therefore, that not a little of this growth has been due to Mac, the man of the G. C. I.

" And, likewise, in view of the fact that poetry of a high order has come from Mac's workshop, commemorating important events in the history of the Collegiate, we, the masters and students do confer upon David MacGeorge the office and dignity of Poet Laureate of the Town of Galt, together with all the rights and privileges thereunto appertaining.

"And, also, in view of the fact that Mac. has amassed a curious and unique collection of coin as a mark of our estimation of his sterling worth, we do give him here the degree of P. C.

"Dated this first day of April, in the Year of Grace, One Thousand, Nine Hundred and Fourteen."

Near the close of the above address, where I am designated as Poet Laureate of Galt, the students burst into one roar of laughter, for they had not forgotten the incident that occurred one recess among a batch of boys who were assembled outside of the classroom door. As I was coming along the hall they called me over and one asked me if I had a license to write poetry, for Mr. Carscadden had said I had. I did not get a chance to answer as the other boys just hollered right out and soon it spread all over the school. On making inquiry of Mr. Carscadden he just laughed and said, "You could not get him to understand however plain you might make it. I was teaching a lesson in Literature and explaining that prose writers were expected to use perfect grammar, but that with poets it was different, making reference to you. They have a license to violate the rules of grammar and perfect grammar is not expected of them, and he thought I said you had a license to write poetry."

The present building was erected under the supervision of David Spiers, Sr., and the late Hugh McCulloch, of Galt, Trustees; Millar & Sybilly, masons; John McLellan, carpenter, both of Galt; Stewart & Whitten, architects, of Hamilton, Ont. The late Hon. James Young laid the corner stone, in which were deposited two local newspapers, the Toronto Globe and Mail, and last but not least Mac's first edition of Poems, entitled "Original Poems by D. MacGeorge, caretaker." The reader need not question the last item as, in all probability, it will be a very long time before it can be proved, at least from the box in the corner stone. It may be there for ages yet to come.

In passing through the upper hall the other Sunday afternoon with an old friend, showing him the various groups of graduates for years past, he remarked, "How does it happen that your picture appears only in the smallest and the largest?" I had never given this a thought before. I told him that the smallest one was the first, and it was I who suggested that they get taken. Then they would have me sitting in the midst of them. Then when the largest one was taken I had ceased to be caretaker after thirty-one years—and these years full of the most pleasant memories of my life.

It may be of interest to future generations as well as to many of the present to know who are the honorable gentlemen entrusted with the care and interest of the grand old G. C. I. at the present writing.

The present Chairman is John N. MacKendrick of the Gore Mutual Fire Insurance Company (he is an old G.C.I. boy); James S. Wardlaw, M.D., who has been a member of the Board for a great many years; W. H. Lutz, of the G., P. & H. Street Railway Co., also on the Board for a long time; Thomas McLelland, an ex-Mayor of the city, and he, too, has been a faithful member for a good many years; William Phillips, Royal Bank Manager, and Dr. D. Buchanan; James E. Kerr, Secretary-Treasurer; and to me it seems like yesterday since he was one of the G. C. I. boys. Any reader who knows the above trustees can easily see that the famous old classic seat could not be under better care and management.

The following is a list of the staff now engaged: Head Master, A. P. Gundry, a gentleman of rare executive ability, who no doubt will keep up the good name of the G. C. I., which it has ever borne in the history of higher education in Canada, and which was well sustained for nearly thirty years by his predecessor, who is now First Assistant, namely, Thomas Carscadden, Master of English; R. S. Ham-

ilton, Science Master, just as full of life, and his life just as full of sunshine as it was when he came more than twenty years ago; Miss J. W. Carter, Modern Languages, a lady who has been here nearly twenty years, a sufficient testimony to her ability and popularity; L. C. Fleming, Junior Mathematics; John M. MacKay, Classics; G. P. Keys, Cadets; Frank Phillan, Manual Training; W. I. Squire, Commercial Master; Miss G. M. Crowe, Domestic Science; Miss L. B. Fraser, Art; Miss M. G. Elliott, Sr. H. and Jr. L.; Miss K. F. Jaffray, Secretary; Joseph McNaught, Caretaker, and your humble servant,

D. MacGEORGE.



THE TRUE WORKMAN

Wanted—a workman with conscience true,
Who sees his duty clear,
To earn his pay each passing day
And ne'er his employer fear.

Wanted—a workman whose mind is set
To do the best he can,
And knows that time, in any clime,
Is his master's every span.

Wanted—a workman who's not a slave,
That never needs to be driven,
Who's happy and bright as the stars at night,
And sings of Christ and Heaven.

WANTED—a workman with holy awe,
For the powers that be on High,
Aware that some day an account he must pay,
To his Master in the sky.

* * *

WANTED A BOSS

Wanted a Boss, that seldom gets cross,
And never, without provocation;
And what he does say, be what it may,
Will be no stinging oration.

Wanted, a Boss, who's never too close,
In paying whate'er is due;
And greets with a smile, in no dignified style,
His workman, that's honest and true.

Wanted, a Boss, who's ne'er at a loss
To say a kind word by the way,
To the poor working man whate'er his clan,
For he's made of the same mortal clay.

AN EPISTLE TO HOY CRANSTON

Dear Mr. Cranston, where are you?
Wherever have you been?
I never knew you were a poet
Till I read your screed ye streen.

I'm glad I tickled up your brain
And let the muse a-flow;
Keep at it, Hoy, we love to hear
Of the pranks of long ago.

I guess you've got an easy job
And plenty time to spare,
To daddle the kiddies on your knee
In your dandy easy chair.

For me, I've got no easy chair,
And got no time as well,
And if I had I could not write
Or spin the yarns you tell.

What numerous questions you ask,
In your classic rigmarole;
Sufficient matter to enthuse
And stir my easy soul.

This is no more a grammar school,
Not like it was of yore;
It's up-to-date in everything,
And no apes cross the floor.

The boys and girls are civilized,
But just as full of glee;
I never knew them stealing ducks—
Just apples from my tree.

I guess Hoy's town it is not dry,
For you had been on the spree,
When you wrote that awfu' screed
On yours humbly, D. MacG.

TO THE OLD BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE G. C. I.

My thoughts are on the ocean,
Where Britain's mighty fleet
Guards the world's highway
And waits the enemy to meet.

My thoughts are ever roaming,
Whether waking or asleep;
Roaming both on land and sea,
And through the clouds do peep.

But where is he whose thoughts are not
Ever on the strife,
Where so many of our kith and kin
Are braving even life.

The brave young lads are thinking, too,
Their thoughts are backward thrown
To the dear ones left behind,
And friends that they have known.

I never thought they'd think of me,
And it made me almost cry,
When so many cards and letters came
From old boys of the G. C. I.

And even Girls of long ago,
That seemed to have a spot
Still in their heart for an old friend,
They have not him forgot.

I hope these lines may meet their eye
(The Reporter they all get),
So with best wishes for their weal,
And the enemy in their net.

WHAT TAM THINKS O' THE WAR.

- "Isn't this an awful war,
The like was never seen;
Noo, Tam, tell me what ye think,
I know yer brain is keen."
- "It may be that I think a lot,
But ye ken I'm gettin' auld,
And when my mind dwells on the war
My very bluid rins cauld.
- "'Tis plainly seen that God at first,
When He made this earth of ours,
Intended man to live at peace
And enjoy sunshine and flowers.
- "If I do read my Bible right,
He never made Man king,
But a cultivator of the earth,
That good things it might bring.
- "But man his Maker soon forgot,
And thought he owned the earth,
And as one died another came
To fill his liege's berth.
- "And now, at last comes Kaiser Bill,
In arrogance and pride;
Defies the world and God himself,
With his war lords by his side.
- "'Tis plainly seen their time is short,
The Autocrats must fall—
The day is gone for such as they,
For the People's all in all.
- "For Christ is King, the Lord of Lords,
No other King we own;
The nations now to Him must bow,
He only wears the crown."

AGNES PATTERSON

What a rhyming I have had,
Ever since I was a lad,
 On bonnie girls I knew;
They always cheer me on my way,
When trudging at my work each day,
I often join them in their play,
 And ne'er had cause to rue.

How often I have set my mind
To write no more on woman kind,
 As often broke my word.
For when a jolly winsome dame
Does catch my eye it's all the same,
The muse will come however lame;
 For her I can't retard.

As just the other day there came
A lassie with a common name,
 And it impressed me so;
It got so fixed upon my mind
And raised sweet memories of lang syne,
When I was young and in my prime,
 The days of long ago.

Whate're I do, where'er I be,
I see her smiling aye at me,
 Like a fairy from on high;
For be it night or be it day,
Her cheering face keep in my way,
But now since I have wrote this lay,
 Her image sure will fly.

The yellow hair and sparkling eye,
Just like a diamond in the sky,
 When the moon was lying low;
No manufactured smile has she,
It's just her nature I can see,
And that's the kind the pleases me—
 A life that's all aglow.

**A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF
GALT REPORTER**

Dear Mr. Editor, let me say,
I read an epistle the other day
That was addressed to me.
But whae he was I canna tell,
Yet I'm shure I kèn fu' well,
A true-born Scot just like mysel',
Wi' frolics free.

Yet something in it made me think,
'Twas not the rhyme that didna clink,
For it was gran'.
But fear to meet a brother Scot,
Sick soun's to me like perfect rot,
Fear in a Scotchman is a blot,
In any clan.

Is he a coward? Shurely no,
That keeps his name thus hidden so,
He can't be that.
If he will but his name reveal,
Like ony ither honest chiel,
I'd get a chance tae wish him weel,
Frae boots tae that.

I lang hae wished tae write this note,
But dinna think I'm lazy Scot,
For I'm busy as a bee.
How many trachles I've tae dae,
And a awfu host that bothers sae,
That I canna write a line or twae,
That away the muse does flee.

But the cannie chiel I'd like tae meet,
Here at the schule or on the street,
An wi' him hae a crack
About Scotia's bonnie glens and braes,
Where aft wev'd pu'd the nits an' slaes,
And tore oor breaks and ither claes
Near aff oor backs.

LITTLE PAT FLIN

Do ye know our little Patsy,
The jolly little coon,
He is just a perfect modle
For all the boys aroon.

My eye is aye upon him,
Especially in the gym',
When playin' at the noon hour
He's aye sae full of vim.

He's as happy as a clown,
And as spry as any chip;
A frown is never on his face
And he never gives me lip.

He can mount the ladder like a cat,
And climb along the beams,
And when he gets an extra bump
You'll never hear his screams.

And to see him on the rope,
Going to and fro,
He's like a squirrel upon a branch
When the angry wind does blow.

His heart is full of kindness,
I can see it in his eye;
And a cheerie word he has to say
Each time I pass him by.

Were we all like little Patsy,
So jolly, frank and free,
Our life would be worth living,
Is the opinion of D. MacG.

TILBURY GAS

I'm no good at geography,
Tho' I've been long at school;
For I don't know where Tilbury is,
But it's a place that can't be cool.

As it gives forth a fluid
That gets the name of gas;
But I'm somewhat of opinion
That the namer was an ass.

Where it comes from I don't know,
But it smells of brimstone strong,
An' I'm inclined to be suspicious
It to Germany does belong.

Our mayors, past and present,
And some councillors as well,
Have interviewed the businesses,
But the results have been a sell.

It's just the same old nuisance,
It has the same old stench;
Destroys all silverware and metals
And nothing will it quench.

If it were not for this awful war,
That ties our officials' hands—
With so many ardent duties
Ever on their demands—

I would suggest at next election
That each candidate pledge his word
To have this abomination
Cast entirely overboard.

WITH RESPECT TO JAMES FAIRBAIRN

I love the girls, the little dears,
I love the youth,
Even though they are uncouth,
I love the youngsters one and all—
That's if they are good,
And to me are never rude;
I love the youth, short and tall.

I love the girls,
Even though they have not curls;
I love the girls, the little dears,
To me they're just the bloom
That the human branch assume;
I love the blossom it appears.

But babies take my eye
Wherever they do lie;
In the cradle or on the knee.
I love to see them smile,
For I know there is no guile;
They are innocent if innocence there be.

There is a little tot—
Who it is, it matters not—
But he's all the world to me.
This babe is oh; so fine,
He sleeps near all the time—
He's the kind I like to see.

Though when he is awake,
He may give a little quake;
That's a notice, don't you see
That he either wants a drink,
Or perhaps it's just a wink,
To take him on your knee.

How often I do wonder,
And just as often ponder,
What will this baby be?
I wish not for him fame,
But I hope he'll have the name
That a perfect man was he.

A NOTE TO UNCLE SAM

Say, Uncle Sam, it makes me sick—
And millions more than me—
To read so often in the press:
"I'll investigate and see."

As each report that comes along
When a ship is sunk at sea,
If Americans there were on board,
"I'll investigate and see."

Why dilly-dally with the devil?
If e'er there's one, 'tis he,
That crazy German Emperor
Cares naught for you and me.

He and his lords are simply brutes,
And worse they appear to me;
Why treat them just like human?
Dry your diplomacy.

Cast him adrift and be a man,
Or you'll be worse than he.
'Tis not the first time such was said,
You investigate and see!

* * *

DECEMBER, 1916, GREETINGS

A Happy Christmas and Bright New Year
With Mac's compliments is given here.
May peace and plenty be your lot,
And never a jar or slightest jolt;
My warmest wishes float afar
To our boys that at the war,
Our khaki lads of valorous fame,
More honors still awaits their name;
And thousands more are on the way
To help the Allies win the day,
Which won't long, I'll prophesy,
When Germany will bend the knee.

THAT GIRL THAT FEARED THE STAIR.

A girl she made a promise,
But broke it, I declare;
But now denies she said
She would meet me on the stair.

She might have said she had a lad,
And made it perfect bare
That he'd sure to be offended
If she'd met me on the stair.

I have no doubt she has a beau,
And I hope he's good and square,
For there's none too good for the girl
That was to meet me on the stair.

She is just a perfect jewel,
And a jewel that is rare;
And girls like her are very scarce,
Though she did not take the stair.

She is well built and handsome,
What you'd call a lady fair,
And would make a clean housewife,
The girl that jerk'd the stair.

She knows all the arts of cooking
And would watch the purse with care,
And thus save the cents and dollars,
The girl that feared the stair.

Just the girl that men are needing,
To relieve them from all care,
And make for them a happy life,
Though she slipped me on the stair.

BY REQUEST

Dear Ethel I've ben waiting,
Waiting night and day,
For the muse to come along
And tell me what to say.

About your little chubby face,
And what it does reveal
To me, if I can see aright
What therein does appeal.

I am looking you straight in the face,
Although you are not here;
The mind it is a strange affair,
The more one thinks it's clear.

Your distant look portends
There are thoughts deep in your heart.
Brood not for the future,
And fewer fears will start.

Let anxious cares be gone,
Be happy while you may;
A cloudy morning oft precedes
A bright and glorious day.

Dear Ethel, I'm no prophet,
Far less a worthy seer;
So if you I've mistaken,
You'll pleas forgive me, dear.

For my mind is oft on Ethel
And she'll ne'er forgotten be
While mental faculties I retain
I'll ever think of thee.

THE G. C. I. CADETS

Have you seen our khaki boys
Since at the Carling Heights,
Where they drilled like little soldiers
All dressed in khaki tights?

Have you heard how much they've grown
Since they entered in the fray,
Where they carried off such honors
On that great and glorious day?

No wonder that their heads are high,
And their chests are filling out;
They beat all others in the fray—
They put them all to rout.

Three silver cups, and shield again,
All honor to the brave;
The brave boys of the G. C. I.,
They know how to behave.

Three rousing cheers they well deserve,
And three times three at that;
Whenever they return to school
We'll surely doff our hat.

Instructor Marshall, what of him?
To him all praise is due;
No time nor effort did he spare
To gain the end in view.

The G. C. I., the G. C. I.,
It's always to the fore;
All honor to the G. C. I.,
They always make the score.

MAC'S VIEW OF WAR

War, war is all the talk
In home and on the street;
"Is not this an awful war?"
Your friend says when you meet.
Go where you will, meet whom you like,
The talk is aye the same;
I try to keep it from my mind,
And never that word name.
When passing by the notice board
I never cast an eye;
The most you see is very oft
Another German lie.
In passing by the other night,
But on the other side,
A young man rushed in awful haste,
With both hands occupied.
He crossed the street, but heeded not
The crowd that read the board;
His mind was bent on something else,
No time could he afford.
To home he hied in fevered haste,
As proud as any king,
The purchase he had made that night
Would make his wife to sing.
The little babe that came to them
Was more import by far
Than all the news the board could give
About the awful war.
The cradle he already had
To rock the babe to sleep;
The buggy now was hurried home
To air it down the street.
To preserve the life that is produced
Is of more import by far
Than its destruction going on
In this awful war.

THE FEVER GERM

I am just a little beastie
And mighty hard to find;
Tho' Science say they've seen me
Or some one of my kind.

They say I lurk in dwellings
Be they poor or mansion fair,
Such is a mistaken theory,
For I float in the air.

Of course I often want to rest,
To ease my wearied wings,
But the medicos won't let me—
I just hate them and such things.

It was just the other day,
As I was on the fly,
They thought I peeped into the halls
Of the famous G. C. I.

The well known doc. got on my scent,
Had the police there in force,
And an edict promptly made
For Mac to change my course.

Soon the news got spread abroad
About me, the little mite,
And at high noon they all deserted
And left Mac and Germs to fight.

And so they hunted high and low,
And Arthur, too, was there;
'Twas him that made the awful smoke,
And tried me hard to scarce.

But let me say, I was not in,
So once I did them fool;
The Chief is always on the watch
Around this dainty school.

And near it now I dare not go,
Which makes me sigh and sob,
That germ destroyer's back again,
Friend Cardy's on the job.

A WOMAN SUFFRAGE APPEAL

This world is simply out of date,
It's going far too slow;
We want a change and that we'll have,
And we mean the world to know.

Man has ruled quite long enough,
And made the nation's laws;
They think they're our superiors,
As a mouse in pussy's claws.

But now we mean to let them know
That no longer we'll submit
To be a loving wife and mother,
Or as a spinster quietly sit.

'Tis said, "Who rocks the cradle
Rules the world o'er."
But that is only a fable
Only fit for days of yore.

We want a vote and something more,
For we'll keep on pursuing,
Until we drive the ship of state
Unto its great undoing.

'Tis said we are the weaker vessel,
That's only Scripture truth,
What care we for holy yarns,
Or aught like that, forsooth!

No law is sacred unto us,
Be they human or divine,
To rule or reign at any cost,
For this we will combine.

I hereby beg for more recruits
To join our little band;
And who are void of self-respect—
We'll take them by the hand.

Come all you women, black of heart,
And with us take your stand;
Take no thought of a hereafter,
Or where at last you'll stand.

THE EUROPEAN WAR

There never was a war like this
Since e'er the world began,
And who can tell when it will end,
'Tis God alone that can.

Truth and Justice on one side,
And what is on the other?
Lies and spite of vilest sort,
Enough to make one shudder.

Villains of the blackest die
In league with heathen tribes,
The cultured nations? Yes, forsooth,
Such as the wild beast hides!

Waiting to pounce upon its prey
Ere it has time to run;
But woe betide those Prussian lords,
Their doom is sure to come.

Lenient Britons ne'er did think
Such monsters were within
The circle of their friendship,
Far less their kith and kin.

The teaching of two hundred years
Has borne its fruit at last;
For those egotists of Prussia,
Their die will soon be cast.

Whatever ends the Allies seek,
There's one thing clear and bright,
That Britain's aim is freedom—
She's battling for the right.

That's why her sons across the sea
Are rallying to the fray;
'Tis not for glory or for fame,
But to help her win the day.

Wrong may prevail—it often does;
But then, just for a time;
Yet in the end the truth shall win,
For truth is aye sublime.

1917 WELCOME

A glad New Year to one and all,
May fortune's tide be full;
The best of tidings on you fall
From now until next Yule.

We're glad this night to welcome you,
Both sons and daughters fair,
And the tender little boys and girls
You rear with loving care.

'Tis needless here for me to say
That mother and I are proud
To see our family gathered here
Around our family board.

And just as needless for to say
That you're as proud as we;
For your kindly hearts have proved it
That you love the family tree.

Our family tree has grown apace,
Its blossoms they excel;
But one more branch to be complete,
And it's doing fairly well.

Long life, health and happiness
We wish you one and all,
And as of yore we'll be the same
Each time you choose to call.

MAC ON THE Y. M. C. A.

At first it seemed presumptuous
For me to have a say
In the boosting of the campaign
Of the good Y. M. C. A.

I have often heard and read
Since I this earth have trod
That in all divine creation
Man is the noblest work of God.

He planted instinct in us
To guide us on through life;
But how often that's unheaded,
Results are pain and strife.

Christ, our great example,
Came down from Heaven above,
To teach us how to live
And learn us how to love.

So, this noble institution
Tries to follow His command,
Knowing no religion,
But for Christ alone doth stand.

To help the young man upward
In all that's good and right;
And there's not a nobler work today
More pleasing in God's sight.

So boost the campaign royally;
It is proved beyond a doubt
To be a great investment
By the manhood they turn out.

**IN LOVING MEMORY OF ISABEL CLEMENS,
Who Died Feb. 15, 1913, at Fisher's Mills, Ont.**

Where, oh where, is our Bella gone?
Her chair is empty—why?
No sweeter form e'er graced the halls
Of the famous G. C. I.

We miss her placid countenance
More than any that I know;
Where, oh where, come tell me, where
Did our dear Bella go?

No more we see her auburn tress
That from her head did flow,
As fine as any silken wool—
Oh, where did Bella go?

We all do miss her gentle smile,
And her eyes so full of love,
And the rosy cheeks so cherub like,
And pure as Heaven above.

Just in the prime of maidenhood,
Like a flower burst forth in bloom,
She was nipped away before I knew,
And cast us deep in gloom.

The Angels beckoned her away
To join the heavenly band,
Too good for earth, and fit for heaven,
She's gone to Glory Land.

ODE TO THE CARNATION

What flower within the floral realm
Can rank with you in beauty,
Or take your place at any time
And render the same duty?

It does not matter what occurs,
You're always in demand;
Whatever be your shade or color,
Love cannot you withstand.

You charm the hearts of young and old,
For you're the flower divine;
Where sickness darkens any home
There you are sure to shine.

You grace the banquet table,
Your fragrance spreads around;
And at the marriage feast as well
Your blossoms there abound.

At every ball and party,
You're sure to show your face;
Every gentleman and lady
Will have for you a place.

None can say that you are gaudy,
But modest, pure and sweet;
And when death does lay us low
You'll lie humbly at our feet.

THE KILTIES AT NEW YORK

Have you heard of the fuss and the furore,
That New York made over our band,
Of the thousands that gathered and greeted
The Kilties the instant they land.

Their fame is constantly spreading,
And constant they are in demand;
So Gotham, the great, had to get it,
The ever-renowned Kiltie Band.

Their music would fire any soul,
And delight the best in the land,
The horses all know when they hear it,
There's none like the Galt Kiltie Band.

You may have heard the Cock o' the North
And also the Bonnie Dundee,
By bands that are good and famous, perhaps,
But the Kilties can put them to sea.

No wonder that Galt is proud of the boys,
And right to their shoulder they stand;
They well deserve the fame they have got,
Galt's popular Kiltie Band.

So now since the boys have got home,
After feasting and boosting so grand,
We must give the lads a great banquet,
And that the best in the land.

TO BESSIE HORTOP, HESPELER

There's a bonnie wee lass,
The theme of my lay,
Away frae my mind
She never does stray.

She's there in the morning,
As soon as I wake;
Uppermost at the table
While breakfast I take.

Her chubby bit face
And glittering brown eyes
Keeps smiling at me
Like the stars in the skies.

Let me go where I will
Or do what I like,
She's aye on my mind,
So I'm forced to indite.

But to write there's the trick,
I would like something gran',
Yet I have not the brains
Just at my comman'.

She's the image of Nina,
This Bessie of mine,
And I'll ne'er forget neither
Till my senses I tine (lose).

A LETTER TO BESSIE IN A HURRY

This world is full of ups and downs,
O'er which we've no control;
But sometimes we've ourselves to blame,
Then we must pay the toll.

But not the case with me to-day
When I went early in
To tell you news at dinner hour
About a friend of mine.

No sooner had I ope'd the door
And peeped in the corner,
I nothing saw but an empty seat,
Which made my mind to wander.

Where, oh where, is Bessie gone?
'Twas her I came to see;
When a little girl she made reply,
She's as sick as sick can be.

I'm sorry since I heard the news,
But I hope it won't be long
Till your vacant seat will be filled up,
And you join the Hespeler throng.

Accept my heartfelt sympathy,
And I hope you'll soon be back;
I miss you as much as any one,
Though I am only Mac.

THE LASS O' GALLOWA'

A lass is gane I like sae weel,
She's a lass abune them a',
A greater favorite couldna be
Than the lass o' Gallawa'.

Some lasses need sich trimming up
With everything sae braw;
Noch could improve this bonnie lass,
The lass o' Gallawa'.

Her een are glentin' fu' o' love,
And her broo is like the snaw;
Her cheeks like twa big roses
On the lass o' Gallawa'.

Her temper is so very sweet
That nothing will her thraw;
She's ever in the best o' mood,
This lass o' Gallawa'.

This pitin' on afore yer face
Will cheat a time or twa;
But, faith, there's nane o' that wi' her,
The lass o' Gallawa'.

This lass is gane, yet her I'll min';
For while I've breath to draw
I'll hae a corner in my heart
For the lass o' Gallawa'.

WHO DID THE RECEIVING?

They had been newly married,
And returned from honeymoon;
Got their home all nicely furnished
And resolved to settle down.

But to be in the fashion
The young wife did believe
That it was absolutely necessary
For her to play receive.

So she fixed upon a certain day,
And advertised it well,
That she would then receive
And meant to cut a swell.

Her dainty dishes she displayed,
Both cake and wine were there,
With costly flowers in vases grand,
Arranged with greatest care.

The husband wondered what she'd get
On this eventful day;
But kept his counsel to himself
Until they went away.

'Twas then he cast his eyes around
And seeing did believe,
It was her friends and them alone
That day they did receive.

MARGARET HAMILTON

Come, gentle muse, do me inspire
To write a little ditty
About a girl at the G. C. I.
Not only 'cause she's pretty.

Though she's as pretty as they're made
Where'er the sun doth shine;
Yet beauty's but the outward show,
'Tis not the thing divine.

The thing divine it is the power
That makes character sublime,
And this I read in Margaret,
That's why she does outshine.

To me she is a model true,
Fit for any artist's pen;
But I'm lacking in ability
To do her justice then.

I have known her since a baby,
And she's never growing less
In my loving admiration,
I must earnestly confess.

Long life to Margaret Hamilton,
She's like pearl from the sea;
May nothing ever dim the gem,
Is the wish of D. Mac G.

TWO LADIES FAIR

They ladies fair, though young they be,
Like lilies in their glory,
Approached me with a dainty smile,
Asked me to write a story.

I've only wrote one all my life,
And I loathe to write another,
But to refuse such winsome maids,
That's what gives me bother.

They have pleaded with me so much,
With smiles that did me charm,
No longer could I them deny,
In case they'd do me harm.

There's one called Alice Williams,
She's bright as the morning sun,
But unlike that glorious orb,
She sometimes shows a frown.

But then you know she is so kind
She'd do anything for me;
And so handy with the needle,
That a dandy wife she'd be.

The other's Alma Musselman,
Is perfect in my eye;
She never cast a frown at me
Whene'er I pass her by.

A kindly eye and steady,
Her countenance so serene,
She'd adorn a Royal Palace
As well as any queen.

They ladies fair, though young they be,
Is starting on life way,
Just up to date in everything,
I'm watching them each day.

They have a method of their own,
Especially here at school,
In keeping desk and books so trim,
I wish it was the rule.

I wish them both success in life,
And the best in it to see,
Long life, health, and happiness,
Is the worst from D. MacG.

* * *

TO KITTY BALLARD

There is a girl that I admire,
To talk of her I'd never tire,
So here I go to tune my lyre,
And sing her sweetest praises..
She's bright as any morning sun,
Either at studies or at fun,
She's aye the same till day is done,
Her path must be on daisies.

I never saw a girl like her,
She makes the Muse within me stir,
Though catlike I can only purr,
I am simply lost for phrases.
Her nature is like any dove,
Sweet and tender, full of love,
No purer here or up above,
She's worthy of my praises.

Her cloudless sky is ever blue,
No storms arise to change its hue,
For she is constant, ever true,
No sign of any hazes.
May her path through life be ever clear,
And nothing give her cause to fear,
That Kitty will be in the rear,
Or Mac e'er cease her praises.

HOW SANDY GOT HIS WISH

A True Story

Two worthy sons from Scotia's Isle
Resolved to cross the sea
In search of fortune's gladsome smile
And glorious liberty.

They did not choose no foreign land,
No traitor's heart had they;
But chose the land where freedom reigns
And British freedom plays.

In Canada they pitched their tent,
Where friends had gone before;
But ne'er forgot auld Scotia's sod,
Where they roamed in days of yore.

After long years of honest toil,
Each pledged to go together,
And roam once more before they die
Where grows the purple heather.

Man may propose but yet alack,
His plans be all in vain;
For God does often rule them out,
Even though it gives us pain.

Sickness struck poor Sandy down,
And all his plans upset;
Then he contrived another scheme,
His dearest wish to get.

"Noo, Tam," said he, "when ye gan there,
This will ye dae for me,
Just bring a sod frae Criffel Hill,
Where Solway rins sae free."

"I want tae stand upon the place
Where the Nith does kiss the sea;
Noo, since I canna' gan' tae it
I hope ye'll bring't to me."

When Tam returned the turf was there,
So fresh and green as ever,
And Sandy he was overjoyed
When he saw the blooming heather.

With solemn air and reverent bow,
He gently doffed his hat,
And looking up in holy awe
He praised the Lord for that.

I stand again on native soil
Thanks to my God on high;
I'll keep it green as long's I live,
Then on my grave 'twill lie.

* * *

ESTHER HYSLOP

Spring, Spring! Beautiful Spring!
The time that Nature's on the wing,
Adorning almost everything

On this fair earth below.
The birds arrive with plumage gay,
And on the treetops send their lay,
While underneath, in grand array
The flowers do grow.

Just at this season forth there came
A little flower without a name,
A perfect beauty was the same,

Just eighteen years ago.
It does not fade nor show decay,
But grows aye prettier every day,—
No word of mine could e'er portray
The beauty it does show.

'Tis just a girl,—long may she be,
Like a beauteous flower upon the lee,
And keep the smile I love to see

Upon her face.
May nothing on life's thorny way
Cause her to wander or to stray,
May God keep her from day to day,
Safe by His Grace.

MAC'S APPEAL TO THE GERMAN PEOPLE

Awake, ye German peoples,
Arise, draw up the blind;
Why lie al day in slumber?
Your work is far behind.

Your Empire is in danger,
Both on land and sea;
The time is gone for slumber;
It's high time you were free.

You have been mastered long enough
By a pack of crazy lords;
Cast down the bloody tyrants,
Heed not the Kaiser's words.

He cares not for the common people,
You're nothing in his eye;
He's deceived you from the first
And will do it till he die.

I am nothing but a novice
In the nation's plans,
But I can read between the lines
And see just how it stands.

Every nation is against him,
Be it allied or standing by;
Through his disregard of treaty rights,
And his selfish haughty cry.

Take Christ for your example,
Let Him your teacher be;
He is Britain's royal master,
He sets the people free.

What is the source of Britain's strength?
Why do the nations flock
To rally 'round the Union Jack
And stand fast as a rock?

'Tis the Christian faith imbibed by all,
And practised in the life;
Live right and let others live
Will soon end human strife.

Arise ye gentle Germans,
And with one mighty stroke
Rend of the Emperor's cursed chains
That bind you like a yoke.

* * *

THELMA HALLER

There is a wee girl,
Both bonnie and sweet,
From the crown of her head
To the sole of her feet.

She has begged and craved
For ever so long,
To write her some verses,
Be it poem or song.

She is worthy of either,
For oh, she is trig,
And as neat as a doll
Dressed up in a gig.

If I was a poet
Of any renown,
I would write on her easy
As any in town.

But I'm only a rhymester,
With brains in a muddle,
And the words that I want
Won't come out of my noddle.

Thelma Haller's her name,
It seems funny to me;
And it's no in the dictionary,
Anywhere I can see.

ON THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF MR. AND
MRS. DAVID McLEOD

I've been at many a wedding
Since my wife and me were wed,
But of all the weddings I have seen
This one takes the lead.

I feel quite honoured here to-night,
By the Bride and Groom,
Who thought me worthy of a place
Within this festive room.

My wife and me have neighbors been
To them for many a day,
And we have proved them true as steel,
The best of neighbors they.
The friend in need is the friend indeed.,
Aye ready o'er the way;
No time was out of place with them,
Through either night or day.

If there's a debtor here to-night,
That would a bankrupt be
By paying half the debt that's due,
I'm sure it would be me.

I'm somewhat like the Irishman
That was a soldier brave,
When having done a worthy deed
His country to save.

Then his superior called him up
Fresh laurels to bestow,
"From this time forth you're Sergeant,
Not Corporal you know."

As Patrick felt bewildered then
And words they would not start,
"My ugly tongue it won't confess
The feelings of my heart."

So I am like the Irishman,—
Words fail me to express
How much I owe the Bride and Groom
For their many kindnesses.

They have travelled on life's weary road,
These fifty years together,
And only them can fully know
How rough has been the weather.

But here they are, both safe and sound,
With God's protecting care,
Worthy recipients of His grace,
They many blessings share.

This life is full of ups and downs,
A rough and rugged way,
And very few that live to see
Their Golden Wedding Day.

And now may He who ne'er gets aged,
And never feeble grow,
Lead them until the very end,
While here on earth below.

And when it comes, as come it will,
May He bear them safe on high,
Where Christians meet to part no more
In the sweet by and bye.

* * *

IN MEMORIAM OF TEDDY'S "WEE MAC"

Come with me, friends, baith ane an' a',
An' drap a tear baith great an' sma,
For a kindly friend has gone awa
Tae pairts unknown.
He lang has been a friend tae me,
An' ever had a kindly ee,
Whene'er he my form did see
Wad spring upon.

Scarce a day but he wad come
An' visit at my humble home,
An' then at pleasure he wad roam
 Around the place.

He wasna' like some little boys
That always make sae muckle noise,
An' sometimes by their wicked ploys
 Get in disgrace.

Nor was he like the thievin' coon,
That steals the hens in ilka toon;
But quietly walk an' sniff aroon'
 Alang the pen;
An' then he'd wander up the brae,
Whiles chase a robin by the way,
As a' young dogs are shure to dae,
 Tho' aye in vain.

He had a faut, I must confess,
Was just an act o' foolishness;
He wadna' let an auto pass,
 But off he'd go;
An' ran an' bark in angra mood,
Jist ance too often for his guid,
Like mony o' the human brood
 That can't say "no."

Last Sunday morn, as was his wont,
He sprang up at an auto's front;
When he got such an awfu' dunt,
 Clean off his feet.
The G. C. I. seems cold and bare
Since Wee Mac's killed wi' curly hair;
When thinkin' o' it my hairt is sair,
 Could almost greet.

AN APPEAL TO YOUNG LADIES

Come all ye jolly maidens,
And listen to my lay;
I have something of importance
For you this very day.

The winter is upon us,
With its biting breath,
And our brothers in the trenches
Are fighting to the death.

They're exposed to every storm,
To the frosty winds that blow;
If not tramping in the mud,
They are freezing in the snow.

Some are needing socks,
And their underclothing's done,
And there's nowhere to buy them,
Even if they had the "mun."

You must not let them starve
While you have the dough;
Better save it from the theatre
Where you so often go.

Save it for to buy some socks,
Or yarn with which to knit;
There's many a thing that you can do
To prove you did your bit.

There's lots like you are knitting,
Knitting everywhere;
Knitting while they're resting,
Though they've but an hour to spare.

Why, they're knitting in the street car—
It's getting quite a fad—
And it's something to be proud of,
To be knitting for a lad.

Especially those that's fighting
To put the tyrant down
And crush inhuman villains
That would the whole world own.

So, now, you jolly maidens,
That have not started yet;
Come, get your wool and needles,
And, like others, do your bit.

* * *

G. C. I. GIRLS

Some girls are nice girls,
And some are no the thing;
Some are nice to look at,
Like flowers in early Spring.

Some are tall and others short,
And some are awful thin;
And some are just so very stout,
Like the fat was pounded in.

Some have got a gift of taste,
And some they have got none;
But here I could not tell the half,
Though I spy every one.

If I was young as once I was,
And looking for a mate,
I would not choose a careless girl,
But one that was sedate.

One that has a head of hair
That never is in trim,—
She'll be a thriftless, careless wife,
A good-for-nothing limb.

A girl that keeps her hair in trim
And tidy on the whole,
I would rather have her any day,
If she'd only half a sole.

ON RECEIPT OF A BUNCH OF VIOLETS

May they never lack for friends in need,
Oh, the Violet, the Violet,
 There's a sweetness in thy name;
The tiny little violet,
 Be it wild or be it tame.

I got a bunch of violets
 When I was in distress;
They cheered me and soothed me
 And drew forth a caress.

It was not alone the violets,
 But the thought they did convey
Of the sweet and thoughtful maiden
 That remembered me that day.

I always liked the little girls,
 Since e'er they came to school,
But since they gave me violets
 My thoughts of them are full.

The Lord will bless the little hearts
 That devised the gift so sweet;
May they never lack for friends in need
 And nought but kindness meet.

I am in a queer dilemmna
 And have been for quite a while,
For I got a photo group
 Of young ladies all in style.

I knew all about the group,
 But who sent it to me?
I can't tell who's the donor,
 Who to thank, I am at sea.

I would have sent this soon,
But fate so did decree,
That now is the first chance I got
To acknowledge such to thee.

Twice laid low with cold or grip,
And now with broken ribs;
A damaged leg 'twould make you think
I'd been fighting with his Nibs.

* * *

WRITTEN BY REQUEST

We are only girls attending school,
But that's no reason why
We should not work and do our best
For the Belgians as they cry.

It is but little we can do,
But we're doing what we can;
And the best can do no better
On whatever they do plan.

We thank you for your patronage
This night in coming here;
Your help have been a stimulus,
And the Belgians you will cheer.

Chorus—

G's for the good work we're doing,
R's for the right—not the rong,
O's not for stop, but just onward.
W's for work with a song.

SCOTLAND

O Scotia dear! my native land,
I never shall behold thee more;
By dire necessity impelled
I've landed on a foreign shore.
A shore where peace and plenty reign,
Where freedom does her vigil keep,
Yet on that shore full many a time
Shall I remember thee and weep.
For there my friends and kindred dwell,
The ashes of my parent rest;
In thee I spent my morning hours—
No wonder if I loved thee best!
Thy Sabbath! Oh, it was a day
So pure, so tranquil and so sweet,
How happy in the house of God
I used my dearest friends to greet.
United all in thought sincere,
Creation's Author to adore,
Grateful to celebrate his praise
And our unworthiness to deplore.
O Scotia! Thy pastors dear,
Who in thy land resplendent shine,
Fit guardians of thy moral truth,
No church did ever equal thine.
So long as patriotis have a place
In history's delightful page,
So long thy Wallace shall appear,
The pride and glory of his age.
And who have Britain's battles fought?
And who have Britain's trophies gained?
And who has Britain's mighty power
In either hemisphere maintained?

She ne'er has been as now she is,
The mighty mistress of the sea,
Without the firm, united strength
Of injured Erin and of thee.
Hast thou a son to feeling lost,
Stranger to honor and to shame,
Who spurns the spot that gave him birth,
And speak irreverent of thy name?
Degenerate wretch! Oblivion shades
Of deepest hue shall be his doom;
May child or widow never shed
The tear of sorrow on his tomb.
O Scotland, I could talk of thee
The live-long day and never tire;
The fond remembrance of thy worth
Shall every generous thought inspire;
And when in sleep my eyelids close,
And fancy all creative teems,
Whatever distance interpose,
My soul shall visit thee in dreams.
Where'er I turn my wearied feet,
Howe'er dejected and forlorn,
It will a tender joy impart
That I in Scotia fair was born.