
"C"

Without waiting for exams, we "C Kids" can say that, during our wonderful and uneventful first year at "High," we have progressed wonderfully. We are exceptionally bright in Mathematics.

Not long ago we received a good sound lecture on the spirit that pervaded all High School. Now we would like to know if we deserved this, or whether it should have been gracefully delivered to our beloved elders, A and B classes respectfully, for whom we take as our example.

DOLORES

My lover went off to the wars one day
With a bended head and nothing to say;
With a hole in his shoe
For the stones to come through,
With a pack on his back and a penny or two.

Oh then did I weep for I loved him well,
And I couldn't stop for the tears that fell;
And I never could play
For the time I did pray;
So that prayerful and tearful was many a day.

My lover came home from the wars one day
With a waggish manner and French to say;
With a buskin boot
And a scarlet suit;
With money to blow and a tuneful flute.

Then restless my bed and bitter my meat!
And cold my place in the chimney seat!
And woe, and woe is me!
And cold thinks John of me
And he's brought him home a wife from that far country.

—*Donalda Kam.*

FACTORY DAYS

(Diary of a "Hand")

In 1843 I started to work in a factory. I was only seven years old, and my feelings were terribly hurt at having to work.

I entered the factory at Lanark, which was in a very insanitary condi-