
We must learn to concentrate, to use our time; this is the only way we shall ever accomplish anything. We are the future citizens and we are building now the foundations; let them be the very best. Our minds must be well stored with the choicest literature; we must know something of mathematics, classics, science, history.

The High School course has been carefully planned for us. In it has been placed everything that we were capable of absorbing in the required time. Let us grasp it.

“Who uses minutes has hours to use;
Who loses minutes whole years must lose.”

Girls' Basket Ball Team

On every side the question is going around, “Can’t the girls get up a basketball team?” Well, why can’t they? Surely it is up to the girls; this is one thing they can’t expect the boys to do for them.

Most likely we could get the Armoury one day a week if we used a good amount of persuasion and “said it with smiles.” Maybe Mr. Miller or Mr. Cass would be willing to coach; who knows?

With this much “settled” the only thing we require is the gea-together-spirit. The girls in Woodstock have a fine team. We don’t want them to beat us. Let us make some effort toward it during the coming week.

Snow-Flame

A NORTHERN FAIRY TALE

—by—

DOROTHY G. ROBERTS

A fleet of black fishing smacks lay in the ice’s grip with crusted snow high along their sides, their booms creaking in frost, their sheets armoured in green ice. Far out the sea moved in black swells and darkened the edges of naked ice.

A sudden rising and unevenness of the snow’s surface showed where the shore rocks had stood out of the sea.

Behind the rocks on the seaward edge of a bleak plain lay the City of Har. She stretched along the white coast always hugging the sea, for it was the sea not the plain that mothered her.