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NEWCASTLE

SCENE II.

A Prison Cell. Sunrise.

(Enter Warders.)

First Warder: Come, Truvio, your bitter hour has come.

'Tis known, we must, at all events, fulfil
Our noble King's command.

Truvio: I die as doth become a worthy man,
Not as a cringing coward, asking pity.

That which the gods may send, I do receive,
With manly spirit, be it for good or ill.

Therefore, mine honest friends, I yield myself
Unto the wishes of my lord, the King.

(Enter the King's son, Perdio.)

Perdio: What means this crowd around the prison bars?
A man to die! What, friends, a moment, stay!

First Warder: If I were such a weakling I'd believe
This man were Perdio's ghost.

Perdio: No ghost, my friend, but Perdio, flesh and blood.
'Tis strange, that when I come among you here,
I find a man upon the point of death.

Truvio: I die this morning for the treacherous murder
Of young Prince Perdio.

Perdio: You! Cousin Truvio! 'Tis some mistake,
For here he stands before you.

(Enter Demetrius.)

Demetrius: The gods have cast kind glances on you, Truvio,
For I have come to rescue you from death.

A tale I must unfold to you, which seems
More strange than true; but it is both, my lord.

Some days ago, riding on Vala's Plain,
A treacherous band of brigands captured me;

With me, my faithful servant Lesbian.
In order to enforce our swift escape,

Lesbian said he was Prince Perdio,
And I, his friend, Truvio, of noble blood.

We were outnumbered, yet our courage bade
That we should fight, and in the sad affray

Poor Lesbian lost his life. The brigands then
Became afraid at having killed Prince Perdio,

Wherewith the shrewdest man among them planned
A scheme, a treacherous scheme, to escape the blame.

He wrote a missive, confessing guilt of murder.
Then, O! ye gods! they signed it "Truvio,"

And dropped it on the highway of the town.
The body of my faithful Lesbian

They buried on the top of Vala's Mount
The while I was in careful capture held;

But yesternight I chanced to make escape,
And hastened here to rescue you from death.

Thanks be to Jove, I did not come too late.
So, Truvio, my lord, I ask your pardon.

Unwittingly committed I this fault.
Truvio: With all my heart I pardon you, Demetrius,

And offer you my thanks for my escape.
Perdio: We'll bear the good news to my worthy sire,

And offer sacrifice at Vesta's fire.

—MARJORIE SMITH.

DAVE'S ELEGY.

(Written in a Woop Woop Barnyard.)

The rooster tells me it is time fer work.—
 We rises with the rooster 'ere, yer see,—
 Lars Sat'd'y Dad went orf away to Bourke,
 An' left the cows ter Sarah, Mum, an' me.
 Now, when I torks er cows, it makes me think
 Er times I useter 'ave with young Bill Gow;
 A champeen milker wuz young Bill, square dink,
 Until 'e 'ad a row with uncle's cow.
 And Bill's big brother, Charlie, useter be
 A benzer bullocky, when I knoo' im,
 An' 'e could use 'is voice, yes, believe me.
 'E croaked at Sink or Swim. 'E couldn't swim.
 An' young Tom Jones could ride on any 'orse;
 'E broke in tons er 'orses in 'is day;
 'E tried a pretty wild un, and er course
 The devil threw 'im. That was Tom's lars day.
 Well, they wuz jest a couple er the sort
 Wot, as the poet sez, is plucked orf young.
 They wuz a bit too reckless, it is thort.
 And young Joe's lorst 'is dorg, a bonzer mong.
 I think I'll git some whacks wen I git up,
 Corse Sarah hawls fer me, an' so does Ted;
 Their temper's rotten, wen it's real stirred up,
 So if they kills me, write this o'er me 'ead:—
 " 'Ere lies the bones of Master David Tate,
 Oo's sister Sarah knocked a bit too 'ard;
 Cut off from fame, an' im jest headin' straight,
 For pomes he writ in 'is old dad's barn-yard."

—PHILIP OAKLEY.

IN THE CAVES.

Caverns vast and chasms deep,
 Misty pools where spirits sleep,
 Walls which curve up to a dome,
 Gloomy dens, whose lords have gone,
 These are what one sees.
 Jewels, jewels, everywhere,
 Softly tinted, wondrous fair;
 Sparkling gems and crystal shapes,
 Placid pools and fairy lakes,
 These are what one sees.
 Countless pillars, large and small,
 Stand outlined against the wall;
 Mysteries and furze bush fine,
 Spangled fringes, so sublime,
 These are what one sees.
 Flower shapes and butterflies,
 Show-rooms where Dame Fancy buys,
 Waterfalls and snow-drifts white,
 Fragile crystal pendants bright,
 These are what one sees.

—NETTIE TRUSCOTT.

THE EXECUTION.

He was lying under the shade of a tree half asleep, when he heard a noise. Looking up, he saw three of his enemies approaching. Jumping to his feet, he fled; but, overtaking him, they seized and led him to the execution block. The gleaming blade was raised above his head, and even as it was about to descend he cried aloud for mercy. The blade remained suspended in mid-air. Then, as an urgent voice cried out, "You had better be quick, and get that white rooster's head off!" the axe descended with a crash.

—EDWIN LOWERY.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

How quickly the hours had slipped by! It seemed but a few moments since I had aroused myself from a restless sleep, and here I was now within ten minutes of the awesome exam. Sinister and foreboding, it had hovered in my mind for days past, gradually assuming larger and more dreadful proportions, and now it was about to be encountered in reality. With nervous fingers I gave my pen, pencil, and the few minor accessories that were entirely unnecessary a final overhauling, but failed to find anything amiss. Everything was in good order, except myself. If only, I mused sadly, the pen would write without my guidance.

Then suddenly the resounding clang of the bell broke forth, warning us to our places to prepare for the ordeal. In a half bewildered manner I filed into the room with my fellow-unfortunates, and approached my allotted desk with steps that were at least meant to be firm and deliberate. How strange and cold the room seemed. How unfriendly and unsympathetic. Stript of all its familiar wall adornments, and made more desolate by the bare, frowning blackboards, it seemed in keeping with the occasion.

The first subject was English—a nice, interesting subject, and all that, but not exactly to my liking; and, while the others were arranging their writing paper and testing to see if they remembered their number by writing all over the desk and on their wrists, I seized the opportunity of collecting my scattered wits. The plots and characters in the different texts were so intermingled in my memory that they became a hopeless maze, from which nothing could be disentangled. I tried to guess what the questions would be, but whatever question I invented I always found that I hadn't the slightest idea of how to answer it.

As time passed, and nothing happened, my hopes began to rise. What if the papers had been lost, or what if— But my thoughts were cut short by the dignified entrance of a grave-looking official, bearing an ominous bundle under his arm, and I then knew that the period of grace had terminated.

Anxiously following the movements of the distributor of those "scraps of paper," I could not fail to notice the varied expressions that appeared on the faces of my companions as they first glanced down the list of questions. Some looked as if they would dearly have liked to meet the examiner on equal terms with swords or pistols; some gazed in amazement with astonished, unbelieving eyes, while a few showed traces of a faint smile of satisfaction.

Some viciously grasped their papers in a grip of desperation; others held them loosely and carelessly, as if they were mere concert programmes.

Already pens were being set to work on their non-stop three hours' journey, and their businesslike action awoke me to the fact that it was time I made a start. Then, seized with the "now or never" spirit, I soon had my pen racing along in a frantic endeavour to make up the few precious moments I had lost.

—EDGAR ROXBY.

WILLIE AND HIS PANTS.

I'll sing to you a little song of Willie and his pants.
He had an invitation to attend a swagger prance;
When he got home that evening, getting ready for the dance,
He found his coat and waistcoat, but he couldn't find his pants.
He went off to the pawn-shop, a pair of breeks to buy,
But all he found were very long, or else were very high;
The pair he bought were lengthy, but he said, "I'll take my chance.
I'll get ma to cut two inches off the bottom of my pants."

He took them to his mother, and she said that she would try;
But as soon as she had started she got something in her eye.
So she said to Willie's sister, "Willie's going to the dance;
Will you go and cut two inches off the bottom of his pants?"
One sister cut two inches off; his auntie made it four;
Another sister and the maid each cut two inches more.
When Willie put his trousers on, he fell into a trance,
For he found they'd cut eight inches off the bottom of his pants.

—WILLIAM PATERSON.

THE BROKEN BAT.

SCENE.—A School Playground.

(Enter Johnson, Croft, and other School Boys. Johnson carries a broken bat.)

Johnson: Look here, I don't buy bats for you to slog half-bricks about the landscape with. This will cost you the price of a new one.

Croft: You call that a bat! Made it yourself, I suppose, or bought it at the pawn-shop.

Johnson: Don't be funny, or you won't be worth twopence at a pawn-shop when I am finished with you.

Croft: Well, now, the owner of this valuable bat wants fight. I've no objection to obliging him right now.

The Mob: (A general clamour.) Get the gloves; I'll be your second! Who'll referee? Etc., etc.

(They prepare for the fight as if it were a contest for the light-weight championship.)

Referee: Now, then, boys. Make a ring. All ready.

(The fight begins. There is much excitement, and the owner of the bat is faring badly and hitting blindly.)

Onlooker: Nit! Here comes the Head!

Referee: Smuggle those gloves, there. Look sharp!

(There is a general hurry. Enter Mr. Daniels.)

Mr. Daniels: Hello, young men; you are just what I want. You with your coats off, come along with me.

Johnson: Just my luck. It's your fault. Why were you in such a hurry to fight?

Croft: You were the one who wanted fight.
Exeunt.

SCENE II.—At the Door of a Science Room. A number of large packing cases piled up.

(Enter Mr. Daniels, followed by Johnson and Croft, both looking rather uneasy.)

Mr. Daniels: Well, boys, here we are. I want you to unpack these science supplies. I thought you looked like work, with your coats off. Now, set to work.

Exit.

Johnson: Well, now, he did not see us fighting, after all. I thought it meant six of the best for each of us. This will take a good hour or more, too, and we'll miss Latin, for sure. That's fine. I have not done my Latin exercise.

(Enter several boys, one carrying a cricket bat in perfect order.)

Boy: Well, you two chaps are fools. Here is your bat, Johnno. It was a school bat Croft broke.

Croft: Well, to think that that was all we fought over!

Johnson: So my bat's not broken! Shake hands on this, Croft. I'm glad the Head came on the scene.

Mr. Daniels (from within): Ha! I've been listening to you lads. (Entering): You have been fighting. I'll see you don't miss your Latin now. Somebody else can take over this little task when the bell goes.

Exit.

Johnson: Why couldn't you keep a still tongue in your head, you ass!

Mob: That's right, Johnno. Blame someone else again.

Curtain.

—JAMES HALL.

IN THE BEST CIRCLES.

Crash! Bang! Thunder! 'Ullo, 'Ector! Done your French homework?—*Where's my automatic Cicero translator?"—"Oh, Aspro, how do you describe the co-relation of strata in the prevailing—"
Bang! Another little inkwell won't do us any harm—on the roof! A budding actress rushes frantically about reciting her lines in a dilapidated old hat with a chicken feather dangling in the breeze. (Romeo's favourite Stetson.) A fervent Latin fag struts up and down, arrayed in a glaring orange skirt and a yellow blouse, patiently chewing Aspros to reduce (?) his voice to the female stage of elocution. Ah! How these gentle students sacrifice their own unassuming personalities in the pursuit of the famous art of play-acting! Ah! Yes! Fourth Year has its Oscar Asches and its Mamie Watsons. But onward, Maggie, onward, as the owner said to the winner of Mr. Petitchien's cup.

Aha! What is't we see, gentle maiden? A jovial singing enthusiast is demonstrating "A Midnight Sonata in one flat and a bathtub" to some members of the fair sex. Poor dears! All the martyrs do not abide in stained-glass windows. Apparently the delightful song is disturbing our ardent authoress scribbling on the back of her exam. papers. She is deeply buried in the third chapter of her thrilling romance, "The Cracked Test Tube and the Missing Banana Skin," in twelve kidnappings and four murders.

Crash! Another dainty damsel's dinky chapeau reposes without on the hard, cold ground. An irresponsible youth is grinning happily on his cruel work. The strain of the recent exam. has turned his overworked brain.

Play-acting, singing, writing, sketching, and fooling! The merry Fourths include many arts and devices in their make-up. Their hearts are overflowing with love and reverence for their teachers, who all adore their silly antics. Juniors, little darlings—Watch us!

—MARGARET DICKINSON.

THE ROOF OF AUSTRALIA.

I had made arrangements to travel (with four other girls of the school) to Mt. Kosciusko, under the scheme of the Tourist Bureau, whereby parties of 160 school students may stay at the hotel for a week.

The week was packed with excitement and fun, the train journey to Cooma being the only dull time in the whole week. And it may not have been dull to others, but playing cards with the windows down did not amuse me. Four of the five cars that conveyed us the sixty miles from Cooma to the hotel looked all that could be desired, but the car that I was in was a wreck. I am sure half the machinery was missing. It broke down three times, and when it did manage to move it rattled so much that we wondered if it would hold together till we arrived there. We spent an hour (in intervals) on the bleak hillside while the car was being coaxed to move.

The view of the hotel when we first saw it from the car was very lovely. It was surrounded by peaks of dazzling purity, and its roof and window ledges were covered with thick snow from a recent fall. Inside there are warm crackling log fires and miniature shops, where everything from chocolates to gloves can be bought.

My two friends and I had an exaggerated idea of its coldness, and the first night at "Kosci," determined not to be frozen, we all slept together in a single bed, and I must say we were nearly roasted instead.

We spent all the day on the snow, ski-ing and tobogganing. I like the tobogganing best. The feeling of exhilaration one experiences whizzing down a snowy slope cannot be described. But my efforts to guide one led to disaster. My friends and I fell out in all directions on the snow, and although I do not yet know how it happened, I think I must have guided it straight for a rut.

It takes a good while to become accustomed to skis—they feel so awkward and slippery, and the slightest movement sometimes will result in a resounding bump on the cold snow—but one gets used to this after a while.

One day we went for an excursion to the Plains of Heaven on our skis. Arriving there about 12 o'clock, we had lunch sitting on a fallen tree near a frozen stream, with peak of Kosciusko in the distance. A slight snowstorm caused us to hurry back to the hotel, and slight as the storm was, it caused icicles to form on our scarves and hats. But this was a new experience to most of us, and we rather enjoyed it.

The variety of ways in which I managed to fall on the snow (coming back) was simply wonderful, but I was an unwilling acrobat, as indeed were all of my friends. My favourite method of "ski-ing" down a hill was suddenly to lose my balance, sway about any way, and then sit down on the back of my skis and slide down in that position. Of course I became proficient later, but all the fun was in trying.

Every night we danced, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, and for those who did not want to dance there was a library from which to choose a book, and a cosy chair by the fire. The fancy dress ball we had was a great success. Our costumes were mostly impromptu, but that added to the fun. Prizes were rather scarce, so we gave three cheers each to those who were judged to be wearing the most original costumes.

I was very sorry to leave for home, and I am quite determined I shall visit "Kosci" again some day.

—DULCIE THURLOW.

THE CALL OF NATURE.

It is an everlasting whisper—a never ceasing call from nowhere, yet everywhere.

That voice, tiny, frail, but piercing, comes fluttering, to wind its gentle way to hearts. Ah! to hearts! Those hearts are only of a happy, blessed few. Many of us hear it and turn it away. Others, O! unfortunate ones, do not even hear the unspoken message. Those about whom it spreads its silvery fantastic web joyfully and unresistingly surrender themselves to its magic charms.

It comes tranquilly with the tiny bush flowers, and stormily with the raging tempest. And never has its magic compelling force failed. The spell, once woven, remains for ever, and one never wishes to remove it.

Borne along on the breeze of Spring, it weaves its magic net through all the air. That breeze from the bush is not, as many declare, laden with the perfume of many flowers. It is not really perfumed, and it contains merely the message of Nature; it is part of the bush. Exultation in youth, pride in age and beauty, and joy in living and in all things, compose this message—never spoken.

Thus Nature calls, but she calls in vain! The world is too busy! Ah! too busy to answer the most wonderful message. Do we realize what we do?

—ETHEL HEERY.

THE SNOW-DROP.

I gazed upon a gem of spring,
And, O, 'twas sweet and fair;
A flower, a tiny oval thing,
And yet of beauty rare.

Its snow-white petals, every one,
 Bathed in the dews of morn,
 Had slowly oped to greet the sun.
 And, lo, a flower was born.

Its face was turned toward the sky,
 Its tears were kissed away;
 'Twas good to see how joyously
 It met the rising day.

And though I'm one of that great throng
 To whom few things appeal,
 Yet gladly did I linger long
 That simple joy to feel.

—BESSIE O'DONNELL.

SAILING.

Swiftly skimming, swiftly gliding,
 O'er the broad expanse it slips;
 Gently dipping, gently rising,
 As the heaving swell it tips.

Trim and ordered, all is neatness
 Every rope is firmly tied;
 Calm and silent in its fleetness,
 As the shadow by its side.

Graceful in its poise and motion,
 Gleaming in the sun's bright rays.
 Like the seagull on the ocean,
 Beautiful in myriad ways.

Taut and straining is each white wing,
 Rigid is its every board;
 'Tis a throbbing, animate thing,
 Though fashioned of but wood and cord.

Taxing every inch of canvas,
 When before the storm it flees;
 Testing every inch of cedar,
 Racing home to rest and ease.

Now the sails are limply flapping
 'Gainst the sturdy mast of pine,
 And the placid water's lapping
 'Gainst the hull, all wet with brine.

Ever thrilling and entrancing,
 Ever bright in every way,
 Ever o'er the waters dancing,
 Sailing on a Summer's day.

—EDGAR ROXBLY.

DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

SCENE I.—A Mining Camp in California. Hargraves is seen digging
 and shovelling the earth.

Hargraves: I think that I have seen the soil like this somewhere,
 but I cannot remember the place.

(Enter a Miner.)

The Miner: It is time we commenced to cradle the heap of precious
 earth, Edward.

Hargraves: All right, my friend, this may be my last month here. I
 wish to return to my old home across the sea.

Miner: O! would you leave this splendid soil to go back to hard
 rocks and hot open plains?

Hargraves: But 'tis not as you think in my country. Indeed,
 the soil very much resembles this, and I think that if gold can
 be found here it should also be there.

Miner: You are always fretting about moving to another place. You
 like to wander, but I should stay here if I were you.

Hargraves: No, I will not stay here any longer. I will get my
 share of dust and leave you the mine. Farewell! (Exit.)

Miner: Ah, well, good luck to him. He ought to succeed. But this
 talking won't make my fortune. (Exit.)

SCENE II.—A dried-up river bed in New South Wales.

(Enter Hargraves and Lister on horseback.)

Hargraves: I knew when I saw the soil in California that I had
 seen something like it before. See, there are all the signs of
 gold. I think we shall camp here on this grassy patch.
 (They dismount and unpack their tent. Lister lights a fire and
 cooks some eatables.)

Lister: Do you think that this sort of soil contains gold? I am
 not experienced in this work, but it seems to be hopeless to
 look here.

Hargraves: You speak as if you were disheartened. But I shall
 go and dig a panful out of that pool. (He washes the panful.)
 Ha! (he shouts.) I knew it! I knew it! Here is gold, my boy!

Lister: What is the matter with you? Are you ill?

Hargraves: . . .! It is gold I have found. Now we shall both be
 rich. I shall be a baronet, and you will be knighted, and we
 shall live in comfort all the rest of our days.

Lister (somewhat amazed): But is it really gold you have found?
 Why, I shall pay all my debts and buy a mansion and horses
 and have servants and . . . and . . .

Hargraves: Here, that is enough. Don't get so excited. We had
 best get some samples and pack up our goods and return to
 Sydney without delay.

Lister: Had we not better stake our claim, because as soon as it
 is made known the place will be overrun by gold-seekers.

Hargraves: Yes, lad, that is good of you. I would have gone, and
 gained practically nothing from this discovery.
 (They happily stake a claim, and pack up their tent and pre-
 pare to depart.)

Lister: I am sure I had no faith in your theory, but I have learnt
 that experience tells.

Hargraves: Well, this is a happy ending to our journey. We shall
 get another mate and begin in earnest. Come along.
 (Exeunt.)

A BUSH SCENE.

It was Spring in the bush. The birds were carolling gaily, and the buds were beginning to fold back their brightly coloured petals.

The dew, still trembling on the fine blades of grass, was sparkling like diamonds as the slight breeze rocked the blades to and fro in the slanting beams of the sun as they penetrated through the foliage of the trees and fell upon the flowers and grass of the bush.

There were purple violets peeping out from under their shelter of leaves at the foot of a giant wattle and yellow buttercups standing out against their green background of grass.

The moss carpet was spotted with little gold patches of sunlight, and in the shade a few red flowers still bloomed. In the fragile fork of a gum sapling a willie wagtail had built its little cup-like nest "in the shade, upon a limb."

The little creek near by rippled merrily as it flowed over the tiny pebbles, and it dimpled for joy as the very faintest sigh, born of the very silence, ruffled its limpid surface. These little waves were made red by the roses of dawn.

Above the mossy carpet of emerald green was the vault of the azure sky. The clouds, as pure and white as new-shorn flocks, "slept sweetly on the blue fields of Heaven." Down the creek's wandering way the graceful wattle showered her yellow flowers o'er the stream.

"The sweet buds

Had not yet lost their starry diadems,

Caught from the early sobbing of the morn."

As the bush gradually awoke to life, the feathery denizens of the forest flitted and sang, calling to their mates. The young breeze strayed through the leaves of the saplings like a minstrel "who cares but to pour out a measure of song and begone."

The long and level beams of the sun, as it rose higher above the horizon, shot their spears into the forest, breaking through its shield of shadows, where "dripping rocks gleamed and leafy pools glistened." Then—

"Soffer than slumber, and sweeter than singing,

The notes of the bell-bird were running and ringing."

The busy spiders were on their thread and spinning in the dew above the creek, strewn with moss-covered boulders. A lizard scuttled under a rock, from the ferns near the bank, and the merry chirp of insects and the songs of the birds filled the air.

"The wild flowers are showing their pinks and their purples,

Their golds and their silver, and over and under

The grey rocks, the bracken is arching its frondage;

Showers over and thunder,

Gold wattle to plunder—

Gold wattle, rain freshened and perfumed—what wonder

That Spring holds our hearts in a beautiful bondage."

—DOREEN BAILE.

DREAM HOURS.

The light that's in darkness is pleasing to me,

The depth of it, wealth of it, sets fancies free,

Fills all the soul with ecstasy sweet,

With thoughts that are value, and scenes that are fleet.

Oh, come, let us dream of dear, infinite things,
The glories in colours, the grace in birds' wings,
The wind's gentle laughter echoing near,
Tossing white spray, or drying some tear.

These are revealed in the silence of night,
Flooding our lives with sunshine and light,
Creating a world of loveliness, where
Content rides supreme o'er all earthly care.

—MARGARET DICKINSON.

A NIGHT AT THE PICTURE SHOW.

A few youths loiter in front of the suburban picture show. After looking at the posters for a few seconds, you buy a ticket and stroll in. A sea of faces greets you as you walk down the aisle. After a little consideration you decide that a chair in the middle of the row on your left is in a good position. As you make your way along the row of chairs, you accidentally stand on a lady's toe, and that injured person remarks on the clumsiness of some people.

You take your seat, and glance around the assembly. Youngsters, youths, young girls, middle-aged people, older people, and still older people—all are at the picture show.

A stout lady on the left is busily telling her neighbour of Mrs. Green's new hat, while she jumps the baby up and down on her knee. In front a girl sits devouring the contents of a "penny horrible," incessantly chewing a piece of gum. She only raises her head to admire the callow youth, with his cap pulled down well over his eyes, who walks past her. To her this youth has the charm of Rudolph Valentino and the physique of George Walsh.

On the right a number of children, who really should be at home in bed, are reading comics, cracking and munching peanuts.

You wonder when the pictures are going to commence. The boy with the white coat passes up and down the aisle, irritates you by yelling out at the top of his voice, "Peanuts, lolleez an' choclits." Then much to your relief the bell tinkles, and the lights go out. You either hear the electric fans buzzing or see the radiators glowing in the darkness like wonderful fire-flies, while the audience settles down for a good night's entertainment.

—SYLVIA GWYNNE.

NOISES.

Consider! It was a noise that must have aroused our dear friend Robert the Bruce, and guided his sorrowing eyes towards that famous spider! It was a noise that told the society hostess her dear guest, the Hon. Algernon de Neetfoote, had new snakeskin covers for his tootsies—what? It was a noise that led Samuel Niagara to his famous falls! It was a noise that told the unsuspecting housewife that her sweet son, Percy, had dropped the tin of dynamite in her kitchen stove! And so on, as our Latin master would, sadly sighing, say, "Till the sands of the desert grow cold."

Friends! Fellow-diggers in the golden soil of knowledge! (N.B.—Note, my modesty! I didn't say "Romans, Countrymen," proving the genteel spirit of hiding the fact that I have diligently

perused that little flutter of verse composed by Shakespeare on hearing the noise of beetles wrangling on his window-sill.)

Friends! Consider, I say, the importance of the inevitable noise! A noise will inspire our poet to sweetest song, and drive our sanest politician to insanity! Ah! 'Tis true! Alas! Only the other day that distinguished and loving-hearted countryman of ours, the Duke of Vampshire, having partaken of his usual mid-day meal, stalked into the drawing-room and announced with the deepest solemnity to his highborn family that he was the North Pole. And why? What was the reason for this sudden outburst of brotherly frankness on the part of our dear friend? Ah! The pity of it! 'Twas the aggravating noise of his gardener clipping the unruly lawn without, and a "clip! clip! clip!" issuing forth from the cool mosses of a palace garden drove a famous aristocrat to insanity!

—MARGARET DICKINSON.

SCHOOL DAYS.

What a sweet memory, when we have taken our role on the Stage of Life, and are launching out into the world—our school days! And yet, how many of us are inclined to make such a mistake, and only think of this fact when our troubles of life have begun!

Perhaps some of us will remember our dear school days by a single fact—a victorious game of hockey or football, or an excellent pass at an examination. However, these slight reminiscences may bring many a happy hour and recall to us the whole of our school life.

And now, not to think of the memories we may have, but of our present school life. Who are happier than those who are working for some fixed goal? And even if some of us are not quite so enthusiastic in our work, we are still happy except when the "yearly" steals like a huge monster upon us, and intrudes upon our quiet life.

Then, on the sports field, merry rings of laughter float through the air as a goal is scored or a race is won.

When gladsome voices are once more heard as we return home by those who have seen life with all its disasters, I am sure they will recall their happy days at school.

"Yes, when we're gone in the years far ahead,
When the last game is played, and the last lesson said,
The name of the school will awake from the dead,
The memory of many a morning."

—MARY MIDDLETON.

SPORTING WEATHER—WHAT?

Dawns the day; not brightly, as our hopes
Have oft predicted for our blithesome sport;
But dark and overcast with sullen clouds,
Seeming to level every hope to nought.

When further in the day a sunny ray
Peeps through a break in that dark fearsome pall,
Our hopes are raised, alas, too soon to ebb,
The sun is gone, and rain begins to fall.

So on throughout the day it changes oft;
Apollo frees himself, but all in vain;
He's soon recaptured and brought back once more
To stay, and then again down comes the rain.

And thus the day drags to its weary close,
Our bodies and our spirits likewise damp;
In future years we'll run in bathing togs,
Or, if it's cold, in overcoat and gamp.

—JACK ALLISON.

THE WAVES.

Hardly a sound does the ocean make
When the day is calm and serene;
But when the easterly winds awake,
What a change comes o'er the scene.

Then the waves arise in all their might,
And sweep o'er the sun-burnt sands,
Putting the pleasure-seekers to flight,
And the sailing boats back to land.

Dashing against the rugged rocks,
Which like great sentinels stand,
Where screaming sea-gulls wheel and flock,
A wild and restless band.

But surfers love the milder mood,
When the waves in breakers roll;
The sun and sea are their daily food,
Though the sharks oft claim their toll.

—DORIS MANNING.

CHARACTER ALONE ABIDES.

Yes, we know that nothing is ever at rest for one moment. There is always some change going on, no matter how minute. In nature, we see the gradual weathering of the rocks on the sea-shore. Just so in our lives do we undergo change, a change either for good or for bad. We must, therefore, welcome all those changes which tend to make for good points in our characters, and fight tenaciously against those which make for evil.

A person to-morrow may not be the same person he is to-day. He may change for the worse, or, as is more usual, for the better. "Well, how do you account for the change? Is it the school, or the home, or influenza?"

Now, environment counts, although many say it does not, and argue with the example that if you put a pig in a palace you do not change the pig, but you change the palace. But with rational beings, things are different, and it is through environment, coupled with the reaction of mind, that character will realise itself. And so character is moulded to a great extent by environment. Hence it behoves us to see that we have no sinister environment that we can possibly remove. Above all, we must take care never to cultivate a sinister environment.

Again, character is the result of choices. We can easily see that we are making choices, great or small, every day and every

hour, and these choices repeated from our habits. But how do we change? The old saying is worth remembering: "Thoughts make actions, actions make habits, habits make character, character makes destiny."

To be brief, we are daily moulding our characters and making the only thing that is you or me, the only true self that one may carry into eternity. So we should be thankful for good inspirations which we inherit from helpful environment, for man must make use of and conquer environment, since he is not a creature of environment. One may leave one's school a little better and purer for the time one has spent in it. And at home, too, one may be an inspiration after leaving school.

Good habits, good citizenship, and loyalty to comrades are the things which will make a character worthy of example. If we strive after those ends we shall change, and the change will be for the better, and though happiness must not be our aim, we shall certainly find happiness and contentment on life's way if we live our lives for others.

—THOMAS CLACK.

THE STORM.

The sky was grey and overcast,
The wind was moaning, a howling blast,
The sea-birds were clinging to cliffs like leeches,
While the waves were pounding upon the beaches.

A squally blast and a roar of rain,
A sprinkle of hail, and the rain again;
The beach was strewn with shells and stones,
And the sea moaned on in rumbling tones.

The clouds passed by, the sun came out,
The children ran with laughter and shout;
But the sea still sobbed and the wind still howled,
And far to the west the thunder growled.

—NANCY TINGLE.

THE BASE HOSPITAL.

Adapted from "Realities of War."—Gibbs.

SCENE.—A Ward in a Base Hospital.

Doctor (coming up to No. 1 Officer in bed second from end of wall):
Trench fever. (Examines card given by Nurse.)

Orderly (taking Officer's temperature and pulse): You're all right.
You're going to die. Take me, for instance. I was torpedoed in the Dardanelles, while I was suffering from dysentery. You see, they couldn't kill me. But you're going to die. Some bug has bitten you up in the fields, where lie the unburied dead.

Nurse (to patient, as she hangs card up, which the Doctor has been examining): You look in need of a rest. My word, how white you are. Had a hard time, like the rest of them.

(Enter Night Nurse.)

Night Nurse: Good-night, everybody.

All: Good-night, Sister.

Orderly: Good! As you are coming to relieve us, I suppose I can get rid of some of this grime—(looks at his hands)—and then "une bouteille de champagne."

(Exit Doctor, Nurse, Orderly.)

Night Nurse (proceeds to 2nd Officer's bed. Kneels beside it): How are you to-night?

2nd Officer: Oh, don't go yet, Sister. You've only given me one minute, and I want at least ten. You know, I am passionately in love with you. You know, I have been waiting all day for your beauty.

(A gust of loud laughter from the rest of the ward.)

3rd Officer: The child is at it again.

Night Nurse: When are you going to write another sonnet? The last one was much admired.

2nd Officer: The last one was rotten. I have written a real corker this time. Read it—to yourself, and don't throw its pearls before these swine.

Night Nurse: Well, you must be a good boy, or I won't read it at all.

(2nd Officer springs up and sits on edge of his bed.)

2nd Officer (passionately): I'm fed up with everything! That's war! I don't want to be a hero! I don't want to die! I'm a glutton for love!

Night Nurse (coaxing him back to bed): Now, be a good boy. Don't spoil yourself, and I will be round again to-morrow night.

2nd Officer: All right, I'll be good. Only I want a kiss before I go to sleep.

(Sister kisses him. Night has now fallen. The red night-lamps glow round the ward.)

4th Officer: Sister! Don't let me go to sleep. Wake me up if you see me dozing. I see terrible things in my sleep, frightful things. I can't bear it.

Sister: You will sleep better to-night. I am putting something in your milk to stop you dreaming. Now, drink this up, and get a good night's rest.

5th Officer: Oh, my God! Oh, my God! Look at the pools of blood and bits of dead bodies!

(Sister is immediately at his side, calming him.)

Sister (turning to 1st Officer): Can't you sleep?

1st Officer: I'm afraid not. My heart is thumping in a queer way. May I smoke?

(Sister puts cigarette between his lips and lights it.)

Sister: Take a few whiffs, and then try to sleep. You need lots of sleep.

3rd Officer: That isn't a dud, you fool! It will blow us to hell!

4th Officer: Now, then, on with you. Can't you see them coming by the wire?

(Day breaks. Exit Night Nurse. Enter Day Nurse.)

Day Nurse: Time to wake and shave. No malingering!

(Nearly all proceed to shave. Sister dabs 1st Officer's back with iodine.)

1st Officer (laughingly): You're merciless.

Nurse: No mercy in this place. It's kill or cure, and no time to worry.

(General in corner bed wakes up.)

General: You're all devils. You don't care a hang about the patients, as long as you have the beds tidy by the time the doctor comes round. I'm a general, and you can't order me about; and if you think I'm going to shave at this hour of the day, you are jolly well mistaken. I'm down with dysentery, and

don't you forget it. I didn't come through the Dardanelles to be murdered in Amiens.

Nurse (pausing from dabbing 1st Officer's back, with iodine wad in one hand and bottle in the other): That is where you may be mistaken, General. I have to carry out my orders, and if they lead to your death it's not my responsibility. I'm paid a poor wage for this job, but I do my duty, rough or smooth, kill or cure.

General: You're a vampire. That's what you are.

Nurse (indignantly): I'm a nurse!

General (unperturbed): If ever I hear you are going to marry an Australian boy, I'll warn him against you.

Nurse: He'll be too much of a fool to listen to you.

General: I've a good mind to marry you myself, and beat you every morning.

Nurse (doubling up her arm, and with a wink and a knowing nod to General): Modern wives have good muscles. Look at my arm.

(Quick Curtain.)

—T. CLACK.

GIRLS' SPORT

ATHLETIC TRIP TO SYDNEY.

Great excitement was caused by the visit of the girls' athletic team to Sydney to compete in the combined High School sports, last term. The sports were held on the Sydney Cricket Ground on 12th September, and we set out the day before, under the supervision of Miss Turner and Miss Gombert.

We were the guests of the North Sydney girls, who met us at the Central station, and accompanied us across the harbour. We were much disturbed about the weather, for on our arrival in Sydney a light rain was falling, and we were rather dubious about the next day, but we were favoured by fate, for the next day dawned bright and clear, an ideal day for sports, with only a light wind blowing to relieve the heat.

Although Newcastle did not win any of the events, we did quite creditably, and qualified for the finals of most, and in the novelty races Vera Michel and Alice Kellet provided a great deal of excitement to us when they won their heats. But our shouts were quite ineffectual, and absolutely drowned by those of the city schools, who were out in force, and had many supporters.

But we acquitted ourselves quite creditably, although we did not succeed in carrying off the Caro Cup, which was presented amidst rousing cheers to our hostesses, North Sydney.

There was a very friendly rivalry between St. George's and North Sydney, as the final points generally result in either one or other of these two winning the Cup. This year North Sydney won, to our great delight.

We gained experience which we are reserving in the hope that next time we will do better. The relay race and the teams were very exciting, and we were almost hoarse with shouting before the end of the day.

We left on Sunday, filled with regret that we could not stay longer.

Team: P. Beresford, E. Turnbull, A. Kellet, L. Heery, M. Kempster, M. Hindmarsh, E. Tonkin, V. Michel.

BASKET-BALL.

We have just concluded a very successful basket-ball season, which resulted in our winning the Newcastle district basket-ball trophy. The teams competing were Y.W.C.A., Mayfield, and School.

Early in the season the "A" and "B" teams visited Maitland, where the "B's" victory compensated for the unsuccessful attempt of the "A" team. However, in the return match, in which the "A" team competed, we were the winners. On the same day our "B's" played Cook's Hill "A" team, and were defeated by one point.

In the friendly matches against Mayfield we were very unlucky, being defeated by one point.

During the competition we played Y.W.C.A., and the winning of the match against Mayfield at the combined girls' sports secured the trophy for the school.

Our success in the competition was due to the untiring efforts of our girls to uphold the previous high standard of the school teams.

Our "A" team for 1924 consists of the following:—I. Fallon (captain), Doris Knox, M. Matthews, A. Gray, L. Wilkins, O. Hedley, R. Hancock, A. Kellett, E. Turnbull.

"B" team: A. Foot (captain), D. Baile, M. Callen, R. Sharpe, M. Carlisle, I. Short, B. Ralph, D. Manning.

TENNIS.

During the year we have had a very successful season in tennis. Early in term two matches were played against Maitland Girls' High School, both resulting in victories for Newcastle.

A match was played against the boys' team, but in this we were not quite so successful.

Four girls went to Sydney to compete in the combined High Schools' tennis championships, and we were successful in gaining the singles championship. This was won by Hazel Grassick.

In the doubles championship, although we did not win, our girls did very well, Bessie O'Donnell and Eileen O'Brien reaching the semi-finals.

HOCKEY.

During the winter terms hockey was in full swing. We had a very enjoyable though not very exciting season, the teams being:—

"A": E. Robertson (captain), D. Newton, C. Patterson, E. Heery, J. Forrester, A. Layton, A. Coleman, P. Beresford, N. Truscott, L. Anderson, D. McKinnon.

"B": M. Boddy (captain), E. Truscott, F. Bolkenstein, M. Kempster, S. Gwynne, M. Woods, E. Hincks, M. Jenkins, M. Middleton, M. Gammidge.

In our first match we gained a victory over the Old Girls, the score being 3 goals to 1.

We had an enjoyable afternoon at Maitland, and the final score was 1 goal to nil, in favour of Newcastle.

Two matches were played against Y.W.C.A. team. In the first we defeated them, thus retaining the shield won by the school last year. The second match was played at the Commercial Travellers' sports, and resulted in a scoreless draw.

With the last match of the season we suffered our first defeat at the hands of the Maitland girls.

The "B" team played only one match. That was against Cook's Hill "A" team, and Newcastle was successful with a score of 2 goals to nil.

BOYS' SPORT

CRICKET.

The cricket season this year, as far as the school was concerned, did not seem very promising, for most of the boys preferred swimming. However, this difficulty was soon overcome, and everything is now running smoothly. Owing to the efforts of Mr. Ireland, we have secured the use of two turf wickets at the Showground, and the turf wicket at Reid Park. The Newcastle District Cricket Association has granted the services of Mr. O'Brien as coach, and he has done much to improve the play. Owing to examinations, only one match has been played, with M.H.S. first eleven, with whom we were rather lucky to play a draw.

N.H.S. v. M.H.S., at Showground.

M.H.S.—First innings, 6 wickets for 147 (innings declared closed). Peate, Watkins, and Mathieson captured the wickets.

N.H.S.—First innings, 9 wickets for 69 (Riley 19 not out, Patterson 20, Blaxell 10 not out). A feature of this innings was the fine partnership put up by Riley and Patterson.

The Juniors are contesting the King Cup, and if one can judge by the noise they make, they must be very interested in the play. The points scored by the classes in this competition are as follows:—

Class 1A.—No. of points, 16.

Classes 1B and 1C.—No. of points, 8 (each).

Class 1AC.—No. of points, 0.

TENNIS.

The tennis team, consisting of K. Blaxell, J. O'Donnell, C. Israel, E. Jukes, R. Peate, W. Bell, and J. Hall, has been very successful this season. Matches with other schools were arranged, and the boys also played the girls of the school at Reid Park. Results:—

Newcastle High School defeated Cook's Hill Intermediate High School by 7 sets to 2 sets.

A team of boys only up to Intermediate standard went to Hamilton, and they were here successful also, defeating Hamilton School by 7 sets to 2 sets.

The match against the girls was very exciting, the boys eventually winning by 7 sets to 1 set, but the sets were not at all one-sided.

Scores:—

Blaxell and O'Donnell defeated H. Grassick and F. Palmer, 6-2, 6-5.

Jukes and Peate defeated N. Morrison and M. Jones, 6-3, 5-6.

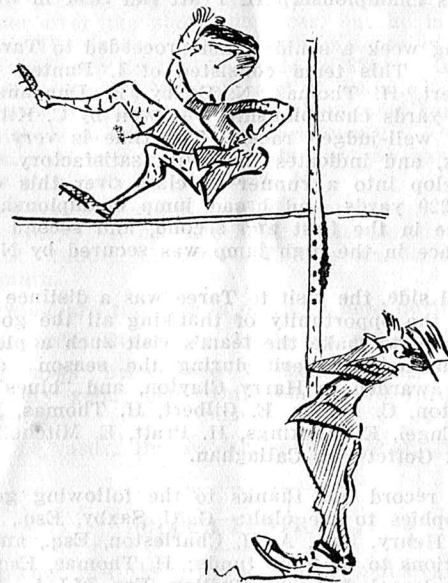
Blaxell and O'Donnell defeated N. Morrison and M. Jones, 6-5, 6-1.

Jukes and Peate defeated H. Grassick and F. Palmer, 6-2, 6-5.

During the year J. O'Donnell and K. Blaxell entered the school-boys' championship of the Newcastle district. J. O'Donnell defeated K. Blaxell in the singles final. These boys entered the doubles championship, and won the final from a pair from Cook's Hill.

ATHLETICS.

The Athletics' committee are pleased to report that the season just ended was a very successful one, both as regards the quality of performances and the numbers actively interested. We feel it our duty, however, to express our regrets that more under 14 boys do not come forward and give their support to the club. For this reason we were unable to send an under 14 team to Sydney this year to participate in the combined High School's championship meeting. If boys will not give a fair indication of their form they must not blame the committee for passing them over when representative selections are being made. We hope that this branch of sport will receive a greater share of attention from the younger boys next season.



RECORD BREAKING IN HIGH LATITUDES

The annual sports meeting was held on 29th August at National Park Sports Ground. In senior and junior events the numbers of competitors was gratifyingly large and competition keen. Disagreeable weather and a heavy track rendered good performances out of the question. In spite of these conditions, however, we note with pleasure that H. Clayton established new figures for the junior high jump (5ft), and equalled the existing record of 14sec for 90 yards hurdles, established by J. Arthur in 1921.

The senior championship was won by I. Punton, C. Kilner being runner-up with 1 point less. In the junior championship these places were filled by H. Clayton and H. Pratt respectively. In the under 14 events, E. McLeod and D. Logan tied for first place. We congratulate all these lads on their success.

For the C.H.S. sports our teams were selected as follows:—Seniors: I. Punton (captain), C. Kilner, E. Gilbert, H. Thomas, E. Hoskings, E. Duncanson, S. Engel, N. Saxby. Juniors: H. Clayton (captain), E. Mitchell, H. Pratt, W. Thornton, F. Rush, H. Carruthers. On the seniors depended the task of defending the P.S.A.A.A. Cup, which the 1923 senior team had won. Our seniors failed to retain possession of the cup, but met with a measure of success individually. Punton succeeded in getting into the finals of the 100 and 220 yards. Thomas was placed in the heats of the 100 yards and 120 yards hurdles. In the 440 relay the senior team was unfortunate in having the second runner knocked down, accidentally, when the team stood in a very favourable position. In the junior events Clayton won the high jump championship, with a fine effort of 5ft 3in, and was just beaten for first place in the 90 yards hurdles. In the 100 yards championship H. Pratt ran first in his heat.

The following week a senior team proceeded to Taree, to defend the Hooke Cup. This team consisted of I. Punton (captain), C. Kilner, E. Gilbert, H. Thomas, N. Saxby, E. Duncanson, E. Hoskings. The 440 yards championship was won by C. Kilner in 57sec, after running a well-judged race. The time is very good for an indifferent track, and indicates that with satisfactory training Kilner should develop into a runner of class over this distance. In the 100 yards, 220 yards, and broad jump championships, Punton filled third place in the first and second, and second place in the third. Third place in the high jump was secured by N. Saxby.

On the social side, the visit to Taree was a distinct success, and we hereby take the opportunity of thanking all the good people of Taree who assisted to make the team's visit such a pleasant one.

For performances of merit during the season an "honours blue" has been awarded to Harry Clayton, and "blues" to the following:—I. Punton, C. Kilner, E. Gilbert, H. Thomas, N. Saxby, E. Duncanson, S. Engel, E. Hoskings, H. Pratt, E. Mitchell, W. Thornton, F. Rush, C. Goffett, M. Callaghan.

We wish to record our thanks to the following gentlemen for donations of trophies to the club:—G. C. Saxby, Esq., H. Connell, Esq., M.L.A., L. Henry, Esq., A. H. Charleston, Esq., and to the following for donations to the club funds: H. Thomas, Esq., J. Dunlop, Esq., B.A., D. R. Israel, Esq., W. Skelton, Esq., M.L.A., M. Cromarty, Esq., M.L.A., C. Aicher, Esq.

We also heartily thank Mr. C. R. Wiley for the interest taken in club affairs. His advice in coaching and training was of great value.

In conclusion, we hope that the 1925 athletic season will be more successful than any preceding season, both as regards the numbers taking active part and the quality of performances. We urge those who have given the club support to continue to do so, and to use their influence to induce others to take up this fine sport. The cultivation of the athletic temperament combined with systematic and thoughtful practice will assuredly bring a measure of success.

SWIMMING.

Owing to the unsuitability of the weather, swimming has not been carried on to its full extent this season. Nevertheless, there have been some good times established over the distances, 50 yards, 100 yards, and 50 yards breast stroke.

Unfortunately there have been very few senior swimmers. The most consistent performer of these is R. Evans, who can put up a good time over 50 yards. G. Donaldson has swum well over the 50 yards breast and back strokes.

In the juniors, however, we have the strongest team that has been in the school for a few years. Very good times have been established. The best junior is E. Mitchell, who swam 50 yards in 30sec, 100 yards in 73sec, and 50 yards breast in 41sec. F. Rundle, although small, is of about the same standard as Mitchell, swimming 50 yards in 31sec and 100 yards in 75sec. C. Brown is another good performer over the short distances, but he is better over the 220 yards and 440 yards. The fourth member of the relay team is C. Morris, who can do the 50 yards in 33sec. In the diving the best are R. Grierson, E. Mitchell, and F. Rundle. The best breast stroke swimmers are the Wormuth brothers, who can swim 50 yards in 40sec, which is a very good performance.

In the under 14 section of the swimming we have, unfortunately, no swimmers at all of any standard.

The school has selected a team to represent it at the swimming carnival at Sydney. It consists of G. Donaldson in the seniors and E. Mitchell, F. Rundle, C. Brown, C. Morriss, R. Grierson, and F. and M. Wormuth.

The following are the results of races held during the season:—

Senior, 50 yards: Evans, scr, 1; Parton, scr, 2.

Junior, 50 yards: Brown, 6sec, 1; Rundle, 3sec, 2; Mitchell, scr, 3. This was a very good race. Only about two yards separated the three place-getters.

Under 14, 50 yards: Buttsworth, scr, 1; Logan, 2sec, 2.

SOCCER FOOTBALL.

The following are the results of the matches played by the junior grade Soccer teams in the local school competition, which was concluded last term:—

"A" Grade.—Won 5 games, lost 2, drew 1. The team was very successful, but failed to qualify for the final matches.

"B" Grade.—First team: Won 10 games, lost 1, drew 1. This team qualified for the semi-final, but was defeated by 1-4 goals, after a replay with Central I. Second team: Won 7, lost 2, drew 1. Third team: Won 1, lost 9.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

The Firsts played three games with outside schools during the remainder of the football season—two with Marist Brothers, Maitland, and one with Maitland High School.

The first match against the Marist Brothers was played at Newcastle, and resulted in a win for N.H.S. by 15 to 0. The following scored for the school: Clack two tries, Hoskings, Kilner and Punton one each. In this game the school completely outclassed their opponents.

The second match against the Marist Brothers was played at Maitland, and resulted in another win for the Red and Blues, the scores being 5 to 3. Kilner scored a try for the school, and Thomas kicked a wonderful penalty from well out. The school was unlucky in not having Steve Engel playing with them, otherwise the score probably would have been greater.

The school played the return match with the Maitland High School, at Maitland, and lost, after a hard fought game, by 14 to 12. Punton kicked two penalties, while Kilner and Clack scored one try each.

The juniors only played one match, that being at Maitland, against the Marist Brothers' juniors, when they won by 13 to 11. The match was very well contested, and it showed that there were some juniors that would make very good seniors. The juniors are excellent tacklers, especially Galton, who showed great form in this match. For the school Allison, Hunter, and Griffiths scored a try each, while Hunter kicked two difficult goals. This match was won in the last ten minutes, showing how necessary it is to be in good "nick." The condition that the juniors were in is very creditable, and they are to be complimented, as this was their only big game of the season. Let us hope that they will carry on the good work, and that next season we will see some among the seniors.

— THE —

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Boys.—Eville Gilbert (captain), Harry Thomas, William Hetherington, Noel Saxby, Eric Duncanson, Alex. Peattie.

Class Prefests.

5A.—Harry Thomas.

5B.—Noel Saxby.

4A.—Mary Hindmarsh, Edgar Mitchell.

4B.—Annie Gray, Ivor Punton.

3A.—Eileen Tressider, Howard Cromarty.

3B.—Mary Gammidge, Frank Towler.

3AC.—Dulcie Abel, Henry Osmond.

2A.—Jean McCrae, Jack Williams.

2B.—Peggy Steele, Harold Connolly.

2AC.—Medie Rich, Colin Morris.

1A.—Jean White, George Faulkner.

1B.—Peggy Chard, Ralph Bromley.

1C.—Mollie Connell, Arthur Royall.

1AC.—Agnes Calderwood, Oliver Hogue.

School Union Committee.

Newcastle High School Union.—President, Mr. Saxby; Secretary, William Hetherington; Treasurer, Mr. Brown.

Sports Master: Mr. J. B. Ireland.

Boys' Sports.

Tennis.—Mr. Fraser and C. Israel.

Rugby Football.—Mr. Ireland and S. Engel.

Association Football.—Mr. Pillans and E. Duncanson.

Cricket.—Mr. Coombes and W. Hetherington.

Swimming.—Mr. Nairn and E. Mitchell.

Athletics.—Mr. Gibson and E. Gilbert.

Girls' Sports.

Sports Mistress.—Miss R. Bird.

Hockey.—Miss M. Pollard and E. Robertson.

Tennis.—Miss E. Martin, Miss H. Crisford, and H. Grassick.

Basket-ball.—Miss L. Whiteoak, Miss P. Smith, and I. Fallon.

Circlos.—Miss Z. Lewis and M. Sutton.

Athletics.—Miss R. Gombert and Miss L. Skinner.

Art Committee.

Mr. Piper, Doris Knox, Doreen Baile.

Library:

Mr. A. J. Coombes, Miss Z. Lewis, E. Heery, M. Woods, E. Roxby, E. Mitchell, A. Peattie.