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EDITIORIAL

"ALTIORA PETO."

"Altiora Peto: I seek higher things!" What a grand motto we have to live up to! But how many of us really realize it—how many see its true value—that is, see in it the promise of our school to cast aside all that is unworthy, and, steadfastly setting our faces towards the "white road of honour," to strive on towards it no matter what the pitfalls in the way? Day by day we wear our High School bands, with the promise held high so that who runs may read—but how do we uphold and honour that promise? I am afraid some of us are very negligent about it.

Fifteen years ago the students of this school chose the motto; for fifteen years H.S. boys and girls have worn the blue and gold, and the shield with the motto beneath. Perhaps it has never meant so much to any students since as it did to those "pioneers": for to them it was their promise to themselves, and to the world at large, to strive onward and upward all their lives. Those students coming after them have merely accepted it as they accepted the whole routine of High School life. But surely we are not going to see the splendid resolution fade into obscurity, into the blackness of things unknown?

Girls and boys, don't you think we could raise it up once more, bring it into the light of day, and make it our aim, our guiding star? Do you not think, by united effort, we could uplift ourselves and our school to a higher plane than the ordinary? I feel sure we could.

By our attitude to our work, in our sport, by our ambitions and by our ideals of life in general, we could show that the fine spirit which prompted the boys and girls of our school's early days to say "Altiora Peto," is not dead, but alive and flourishing. Fellow-students, we must do it.

There are doubtless many trials, many obstacles in the road; but remember that it is only through hardship that some of these "higher things" are to be won. Also, remember that each one of us must take some part of the work upon his or her own shoulders if our school is to be uplifted. Of course, many will say: "What can I do to help the school? I have no strength."

To such as these I answer:
Retain the will to progress, and
"By the light of our desire
We shall blindly blunder higher."

To a wider, grander kingdom, and a deeper, nobler goal.

And if we "blunder higher," that means that our school also is going to be raised—for the welfare of the school depends on the welfare of the individual.

"Altiora Peto"—yes, it is a splendid, noble promise: one which, if we always lived up to it, would lead us on to the mystic heights of the Olympians. Let us make ready—and go.

J. FERGUSON.
TO A GROUNDLARK.

Sweet songster of the fields!
Thou bird of modest brown,
Whose flight and song
Soar up—and up and up and up
Hover awhile, then down
Into the long
Green wheat, thy nest that shields.

When morning lights the sky
Joyous thou risest high
In air.
Thy song doth straight upstart
In quiv'ring strains
From thy exultant heart.

When through the quiet earth
At eve the soft winds whisper,
Rising—
Falling.
Once more thy hymn hath birth,
A twilight vesper.

EXPLORATION EXTRAORDINARY.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

A. Cantgrow ................................... Ada Muesgrove (Mustgrow)
Eastahere ....................................... H. J. Westaway
Thiers ........................................... A. Ewers (Yours)
Silent the Sahib . French Smith, who has never been silent in his life
Who .............................................. Clare Smith—guide and cook
Paddy the Pathfinder ......................... Nance Smith—guide and philosopher

That the spirit of our forefathers is not lacking in our children
was recently demonstrated by a perilous undertaking, entailing unheard of hardships, and facing dangers of a unique description, involving, among others, combats with wombats. An expedition headed by A. Cantgrow, and including Eastahere, photographer, Thiers, an experienced Alpine climber, Who, guide and cook, Silent the Sahib, scientist, and Paddy the Pathfinder, guide and philosopher, performed incredible feats of mountaineering. After hazardous unparalleled difficulties and scaling precipitous heights, they attained the summit of the hitherto unscaled Mount Ovens.

The intrepid explorers were overtaken by the heaviest snowstorm on record, which added to their already unbearable hardships. The impetus of a down-rushing glacier was not arrested by its attempt to crush the perambulating organs of Thiers. Eastahere was forced to a pugnacious wombat to rapidly ascend a small spiking. A gallant rescue was effected through the combined efforts of Who and Paddy the Pathfinder.

Cantgrow, by a well-directed kick from a bunyip, was precipitated to the bottom of a quagmire, whence he was rescued by two frogs which he afterwards presented to the Bathurst Museum in memory of his membraneous feet.

Silent the Sahib, who has very hypocritically tendencies, after vainly endeavouring to attract the optics of his comrades by spasmodic gestures, broke his silence and fell down a waterfall several thousand feet high. However, he very fortunately broke nothing else. Who rushed to the spot, and in essaying to extricate Silent the Sahib, tore his shirt. Silent, rescued by an obliging snake, rejoined his companions, much to their sorrow.

Paddy the Pathfinder, after philandering foolishly, found a filial specimen of a fieldmouse, and finally triumphantly led the party to the summit of the mountain.

The return journey was beset by innumerable perils, and an uncouth bandicoot pursued Cantgrow. The expeditionary forces reached home in a famishing condition, and were met at the door by the order of the boot.

Numerous notes were taken of the flora and fauna, and of the geological aspects, and it is expected that numerous calaminen will arise shortly.

Extract from the diary of PADDY THE PATHFINDER.

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PETER PAN COMING SOON

Watch local papers for special school matinees.
MY CHOICE.

My tastes are very simple
And unpretentious things!
A rippling stream, a singing lark,
Great joy to me each brings.

Tall pines that wave at midnight,
All bending to the moon.
A valley bathed in dewdrops
Whose radiance fades too soon.

The green-blue sea-waves foam-tipped,
The breakers' roll and hiss,
And treeless plains, far-spreading,
Give me unending bliss.

And so you see that on this earth
Simplicity appeals,
And lives are judged by thoughts expressed
And soul that one reveals.

JESS TYDEMAN, 1R.

ON DIT.

That future first years will have to be wheeled to school in prams.
That iced water will be laid on to all class-rooms during Summer months.
That 4th Year have joined the S.P.C.A. and have established a home for stray rats and mice. (Birds of a feather—?)

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SCHOOL NOTES.

During the year 1925 several radical changes have taken place in the B.H.S. staff. At the beginning of the year Miss Mackaness, Miss Connolly, and Miss Best came to the school in place of Miss Butler and Mr. Gallagher.

Later in the year Mr. Craigston came. In June Mr. Cameron was removed to Lithgow, whereby every boy and girl in the school lost a good friend, but only to gain another in Mr. Hammond, our new headmaster. About the same time Mr. Peterson left us. He has been greatly missed, especially in the musical side of school life.

For many years Mr. Peterson had been at B.H.S., and during those years he organized and conducted a High School Choir, which for competition between the three High Schools, Orange, Dubbo, and Bathurst. The High School students have often wished for a trophy, and on many occasions brought honour not only to its school, but also to its town. At the Manufacturers' Exhibition in 1922, and at the Drummoyne Elstaddel in 1923, the choir particularly distinguished itself.

During 1925 a cup was presented by Mr. Astley, of Dubbo, for competition between the three High Schools, Orange, Dubbo, and Bathurst. The High School students have often wished for a trophy. The cup is never to be won outright, but the school gaining highest points in the inter-school sports during each year, will hold the trophy for that year.

Another suggestion which is now being acted upon is the idea of having school stationery. Thanks to Mr. Matheson we will soon have this in use in the school.

The opening of 1926 has brought us three new teachers—Miss Brown, Miss de Putrin, and Mr. Barnard. Miss Best and Miss Connolly have both been removed to Dubbo High School.

While regretting the departure of these well-liked mistresses, we extend our heartfelt welcome to new members of the staff, and hope that throughout their sojourn at Bathurst High School they will enjoy every happiness and prosperity.

Bathurst High School made its debut into social life during 1925. Formerly, the only dances held by the school were the one when either Orange or Dubbo teams visited us, and the farewell to Fifth Year. Between June and our breaking up we had three dances, one of which was something new for us, being a fancy dress dance, and a school concert, in which Fourth Year students acted a play entitled “Ici on parle francais.”

Perhaps the most important change in our school routine during the past six months of school is the responsibility attached to the prefectship. Formerly the prefects had very little to do with regard to the welfare of the whole school, but now they have been given a certain amount of authority which they are expected to exercise whenever necessary. It is a good thing both for the prefects and other pupils that this change has been effected, as it gives a new sense of honour to the holders of these positions, and as the whole school can benefit from the fact that the prefects are able to see and remedy more defects in various branches of school-life than the teachers could discover.
Another great innovation will be the speech day, which it is expected, will take place just before the Easter vacation. This will mean a great deal in the upholding of school spirit, which it is to be hoped, will continue to increase throughout the school.

It is very pleasing to see the great number of girls who always wear uniform. We can safely say that there is a great improvement in the general appearance of the girls, and it is to be hoped that 1926 will see every girl in full uniform, and every boy wearing a hatband or badge.

THE CALL OF WINTER.

A wind one day came wailing across the countryside.
"Winter is here, it is desolate, desolate," it cried.
"For Summer birds are silent, and Summer fruits are stored;
The earth has grown dull and weary, for Winter is here, my lord."

A little voice came whispering, whispering sweet and clear:
"Back to your lord, King Winter,—back, little cavalier.
Tell him that Robin Red-Breast still sings amongst the snow,
Tell him that briars and hawthorns in festive garments glow."

V. ORRELL, 1A.

HIGH SCHOOL SPORTS MEETING.

Our sports meeting, the first for a couple of years, took place on September 4th, and was a most successful one. For once the weather favoured us wonderfully, so that by 10 o'clock on the great morning events were well under way.

Each class had chosen special class colours for the occasion, and the members of the various classes could be very easily picked out by their distinctive head-bands, or by the streamers which fluttered gaily in all directions. The Sports Ground, where we held our sports, as usual, presented a bright spectacle, and school students seemed to be everywhere. The teachers were kept very busy all day, superintending the various events; and as there were, altogether, over seventy events, there was a great deal of work for all. However, everything went off without a hitch, which fact certainly speaks wonders for the organization.

A very pleasing thing to see was the splendid way in which the students entered into the spirit of the day by participating in great numbers in the various events. There were very few indeed who did not compete in at least one event, and the majority entered for more than one. Both boys and girls turned up trumps in this respect.

In the afternoon a fair number of parents and friends arrived to watch proceedings, and seemed to take a great interest in all events.

The obstacle and potato races, and above all the bun race, excited
much mirth from all the spectators. Several new competitions, in the shape of a dribbling the hockey ball race, a hopping race, and class tunnel ball competition, added new sources of interest to the sports day. The tunnel ball was very exciting, and every class in the school entered a team. In the final heat Second Year came out on top, with Fifth Year second.

Both Fifth and Third year improvised a form war-cry for the occasion; Fifth Year also had a class flag of their colours, light and dark blue.

The "star" competitors of the day were Madge Wallace and Bill Bratton, with several lesser lights in the background. These two gained highest total marks.

Besides individual champions there was also a champion class. The points gained by all the members of a class were added, and the class gaining the highest aggregate was hailed champion. Third Year was the victorious class, with Second Year second, and Fifth Year third.

The prizes for the various winners of competitions are to be presented at the Speech Day. Third Year's trophy will be a picture for their class-room.

The success of the sports day was greatly owing to the combined efforts of Miss Connolly, then our sports mistress, and of Mr. Matheson, sports master, and it is to them that we owe our thanks for the day, which was certainly one of the most pleasant ever spent in connection with B.H.S.

**TENNIS NOTES.**

**GIRLS.**

Much enthusiasm was shown in tennis in the earlier part of the year, but we are sorry to say it did not continue throughout. This was largely due to the fact that there were an insufficient number of courts to accommodate those wishing to play.

Only one town court was at our disposal, and in addition to this, we only had one or two private courts to play on, and these were always well-patronised by the younger players, who could not play on the town court. Moreover, we lost the use of the Presbyterian courts.

The A team consisted of Nancy Smith (captain), Edith Hill, Jean Morrow, and Phyllis Horrest.

At Dubbo our team was rather badly defeated; Dubbo girls were very much better than a match for us. During the Orange visit we were prevented by rain from making good against our visitors. We were to have played the matches later in the season, but arrangements were never made, and so we can only think, not of what we did, but of what we might have done.

**BOYS.**

The boys' tennis team this year was captained by Joe Kander. The other players were Norman Forrest, Reg Road, and Jack Percival. At Dubbo we met with a crushing defeat, and when Orange players
visited R.H.S., we were prevented by the weather from playing more than one or two sets.

Not very much interest has been shown in tennis during 1925; the smaller boys preferring another sport. Also, the advent of hockey for boys drew many, who would otherwise have taken tennis up, away from it. Another point against the game was the lack of courts, from which girls and boys alike suffered.

HOKEY NOTES.

Our enthusiasm in this branch of sport has not, this year, outweighed our success, and the spirit displayed throughout the season speaks well for hockey teams of the future.

We are very grateful to Miss Connelly, who, as our hockey coach, helped us so splendidly, and the fact that we secured one victory and one tie this year reflects great credit on her coaching.

It is the first time for a number of years that we have not been defeated by either Dubbo or Orange, or both. But this season we acquitted ourselves very creditably by gaining a well-earned victory against Dubbo, with the scores 5-3 in our favour. Against Orange we played equally well, but only managed to secure a draw of two all. The whole team played well, and with good combination, and we hope to repeat this pleasing and meritorious performance again next year.

Many of our younger players show undoubted promise, which is just as well, as the Leaving Certificate Examination will rob us of several of our star players, such as Marjorie Munday, Carrie White, and Jean Morrow.

Throughout the season we played various matches against the Old Girls' Hockey team, and were very successful throughout, the closest game being a draw of two all. These matches were always very exciting and gave us good practice.

We played at the Ordinance Ground instead of at the Show Ground this season, and found it quite a big change. Moreover, the former field is much handler for afternoon practice.

In spite of the fact that the boys of the school have been heard often to refer to hockey as "the old women's game," we find that they have now overcome their prejudices, and derive much pleasure from this noble sport. We have played several matches against them, and have found them more than formidable opponents. Also we have sometimes divided the two teams, playing the girls backs and boys forwards against the girls forwards and boys backs, and we have found this an excellent scheme, advantageous to both.

In conclusion, we wish to thank Mr. Matheson for his interest in securing new material and "implements of warfare" for the team, and for his enthusiasm with regard to our various matches.
FOOTBALL NOTES.

At the beginning of the season the football team did not seem to be a very formidable one, but as the season progressed, by dint of diligent practice, we became rather a fast combination. Though somewhat light the players acquitted themselves well, and, in spite of our defeat by Dubbo, and several matches against All Saints, which were disastrous, the losses were by no means due to bad play on the part of the High School team.

We gained a victory over Orange, beating them 15-6. This was due, to a large extent, to Bratton, who, playing on the wing, would get possession of the ball and, breaking through the opponents, score before they fully realized what had taken place.

The team was captained by the school captain, Reg Findlay.

All the success gained by both the senior and junior teams of 1926 is due to the untiring efforts of our sports master, Mr. Matheson, who encouraged the younger players to persevere in their endeavours to gain admission to the team, thus procuring the very best players.

BASKET-BALL NOTES.

The game was at its height. Several of the players were stretched across the field in various attitudes, some, albeit by no means elegant, made no attempt to rise. (Perhaps they could not.) Once again the ball flew past. One girl with a superhuman effort succeeded in attaining a semi-upright position, but was almost immediately dashed to the ground without the slightest warning, and to crown this unexpected joy (!) her opponent glided and fell across her.

You see this was our first appearance in public on skates, but owing to some delay the skates had not arrived, so we had to meet the O.H.S. girls in sand shoes. When it was perceived that the ground was becoming all too treacherous, it was much feared that unless something was done there would be need for the ambulance, a man who had been standing rather to the fore gathered up all the surrounding courage and, together with a small quantity of sawdust, decided to brave the elements. By dint of good balancing he succeeded in threading his way backwards and forwards across the field many times, airdly sprinkling the precious dust over the rich black mud. This was intended as a means of prevention against slipping and would most probably have effected worthy results. But the goddess of the earth, believing this to be an offering, hungrily consumed every grain. But the defied one made a horrible mistake, instead of causing victory to the Bathurstians (for it was a Bathurst man who had performed the noble action) she showed not the slightest signs of perturbation when the Orange girls walked, or rather slid, off the field with victory attending them.

At Dubbo the game was not half so exciting, that is to say, the ground being perfectly dry there were no additional stunts afforded by skating. There was a hard battle, but once again, without any
SWIMMING NOTES.

This year has been very productive in the fact that many girls have been initiated into the noble art of swimming.

Unfortunately there has been no carnival for the last two or three years, but we are hoping that this will be remedied in the near future.

Another unfortunate fact is that the baths are emptied on Friday afternoon, which is our sports afternoon, thus necessitating our leaving the baths at 3.30 p.m., which leaves us only an hour to enjoy our swim.

The sports master made several expeditions to the river, in hopes of finding a good swimming hole there, but was not very successful.

This season the boys have developed an idea which slightly resembles an Hawaiian double kick, thinking thereby to do the length in something under 20 seconds. This kick, which is a straight "scissors kick," with the legs kept stiff, is done with two kicks with each leg for every stroke of each arm. Amateurs, however, are not advised to try this too much all at once, as they will probably strain the muscles of their calves.

Several girls were successful in gaining the Bronze Medallion of the Royal Life Saving Society this year, after making themselves quite thin by practice.

A new record for the 33 yards of the baths (15 25 seconds) has been established this year.

THE BITTER END.

The jovial ha! ha! of a kookaburra rudely dragged me from the arms of Morpheus. I opened my eyes, and beheld the kindly face of Old Sol snipping an invitation to rise. On that beautiful February morning Nature was adorned with all her most dazzling splendour.

But alas! my spirit was not in accordance with the gaiety of life. I felt morbid and fatigued. Dull despair had laid his icy hand on my heart, and sullenly I buried my head in the pillow.

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A SKETCH.

Soft breaths the breeze upon the languid leaves,
Dreamily wanders through the dreamy pines,
Midway the sun, 'twixt zenith and the west,
Hangs like a brilliant ball of fire, and shines
With mellow light upon the world, at rest
In Sabbath stillness wrapt.

On far-stretched fields
Of new-sprung wheat, all green; on brown and red
Of paddocks ploughed, on many a spreading mead
All clothed with grass grown grey 'neath Autumn's tread;
Fields rolling over hillsides that recede
Till lost in distance, where the earth doth wed
With softened skies:

And over these uplifts
A floating bridal veil, a silvery shawl
That heaven with opalescent radiance fills;
The clouds that cast the tender shades that fall
And slumber on the far-off, folded hills.

A FOOTBALL MATCH.

AFTER THE STYLE OF MALORY.

Then was let cry a great match, and thereto gathered all the
great footsellers of the realm Hight Bathurst. And the teams were
there gathered to the passing great number of two. Then they de-
parted either from other, and then either party made them ready on
the morn for to do battle, and great purveyance was made on both
sides. And all the passing fair damsels of the realm were seated
round to watch the match.

Then they ran so fast together that either smote other in the
midst of the field,—and so it was begun.

Right with that there came a dwarf with passing dirty hands and
shining white teeth, and the whistle blew unto the field. I wot you
THE BURR  
March 1, 1926.

well it was offside. Therewith Sir Dudley got the ball and ran at a
great wallopp down the field, and so scored a passing fair try. And
anon the whistle blew unto the field for overtime. In the interim
they got them wind, and therewith unto the field again they heighed.

Then was Sir William sore smit betwixt the mid-riff, and anon on
the breeze that he gave a marvulous grizzly groan, and his blood
brast forth night a pity at once, and he was passing sore sick. And
when the dwarf beheld the field so bloodied with blood he was sore
dismayed.

Then Sir Mackey, of the team Bight Stannies, got the ball, and
was anon beset. And there came Sir Charles. "I pray you, let me
have it." "Take it, in God's name," said Sir Mackey, and he ran at
a marvulous quick wallopp and scored a try. Then the damsels all
around made great dole. But of that loss reck they naught. For
again Sir Wallace tak the ball and came in at the thickest of the
press, and through it he hove and all unharmed.

"O mercy," cried Sir Mackey. "What knight is yonder that doth
such wonderful deeds with the ball in that thick field? I wot he is
a passing fair knight, that it were ware and wise to stop him.
And there began a strong battle with many great strokes, and so smite
they with their hands that cautels flew in the field. And much
blood they bled both, and all around was be-bled. Then the whistle
blew once more unto the field, for Sir Wallace was passing sick.
Right with that came the dwarf, and gat him wind, and so he arise
again, and forth unto the goal he sped and again he scored a passing
fair goal. And forthwith the game was won.

Then did the victors, Bight H.I.S., off the field begone. And
with many damsels clothed in white smite, mystic, wonderful, did
they heigh them off to a great feast. And anon when the feast was
complete, they fell on sleep, and slept wondrously all that night.

A.J.C., V. Year.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

HUMOROUS OR OTHERWISE.

"Well, Tommy," said the teacher, "what commenced the fall of
Greece?"

"Piece of fat on the floor, sir!"

A youth's good-wishes to the Inter, to his Belladonna:

"I hope you will agglomerate a bigger amplification of a passes
than you ever expected to adduce."

Why not "anticipated adorning?"

"I say," cried the sweet girl to the madly-chushing youth, "have
you a minute to spare?"

"Certainly!" he replied gallantly, pulling up. "Why?"

"O you look as if it hadn't," was the sweet reply.

If you went in amongst lions unarmed you would not return un
armed, though perhaps unarmed.

Seven-year-old: "Say, dad, how do bees lay honey?"

THE BURR  
March 1, 1926.

ROME AND JULIET.

(A Modern Version.)

It was in ancient Italy a deadly hatred grew,
Between old Silas Capulet and Moses Montague.
Now Moses had an only son, a stunner dapper beau,
The pet of all the pretty girls—by name young Romeo.
And Capulet swore a lass, just home from Hilda's boarding school,
Miss Juliet was her Christian name, for short they called her Jule.
To bring the lady out, he gave a ball at his plantation,
And thither went young Romeo—without an invitation.
One Tybalt, kinsman of the host, began to growl and pour,
And watched an opportunity to fire the fellow out.
But Silas saw the joke, and said, "Now cousin, don't be cross.
Behave yourself, or else vanoose: are you or I the boss?"

When Juliet saw Romeo, his beauty did enchant her,
And Romeo, he fell in love with Juliet instant.

Now, lest their dads should spoil the fun, but little time they tarried.
Away to Parson Obo sped, and secretly were married.
O cruel fate! That day the groom met Tybalt on the square.

And Tybalt, being tres boozed, at Romeo did swear.
Then Romeo his weapon drew—a knife of seven blades,
And made a gap in Tybalt's ribs that sent him to the shades.
The watchmen cam': he took to flight down alley, street and square.
The copper took his man, and took him straightway 'fore the mayor.
Then spoke that worthy magistrate (and wisely did frown):
"You know you'll have to lose your head, or else vanoose the town."
He chose the last, and left his bride in solitude to pine:
"Ah me!" he sighed, "our honeymoon is nothing but moonshine.

And then, to make the matter worse, her father did embarrass
By saying she must give her hand to noble county Paris.

"This suitor is a goodly youth, today he comes to woo,
If you refuse the gentleman, I'll soundly wallopp you."

She went to Parson Obo's cell, to know what could be done:

He bade her go to bed, and whiff some F2 Spol.

"Tis made by fourth year in the lab, thus canst thou dodge the blow.
A humbugged man your pa will be, a blest one Romeo."

She whiffed, she slept: waxed white and cold. They buried her next
day.

That she had sniffed her lord got wind, far off in Mantua.
Quoth he: "Of life I've had enough; I'll hire Matheson's ford,
Lay in a pint of bald-face rum, and see my Jule, by lord!"

Then rode he to the sepulchre, 'mong dead folk, bats, and creepers,
And swallowed down a burning dose as Julie oped her peepers.
"Are you alive? Or is't your ghost? Speak quick before I go!"

"Alive," she cried, "and kicking too. Art thou my Romeo?"

"In faith, it is your Romeo, my faded little blossom,
O Julie, is it possible that you were playing possum?"

"I was indeed. Now let us home: pa's spite will have abated:
What ails you, love, you stagger so—are you intoxicated?"

"No, no, my dear, I took some stuff that caused a little fit."

Poor Romeo was just as stiff as any roasted hen.

Then Juliet seized that awful knife, and in her bosom stuck it,
Let out a most terrific yell, fell down, and—killed the bucket.

J.P., V. Year.
THE SLAVE.

A crack of the whip! A groan of agony! The great stone god on its heavy platform moves slowly forward, drawn by its human horses.

The king, in all his costly robes of ceremony, sits there on his golden throne between the mighty forefeet of the massive god. The procession comes to a rising in the ground. The slaves falter, hesitate, sinken speed. Surely no one with a spark of humanity can expect them to ascend this mountain, as it appears to them.

The king glances down, a scowl on his face, then makes a sign to his driver.

The iraxenger whips crack and flash; the staggering slaves take up the load once more.

One, strong, black-browed, fierce, turns and looks at the king.

"Heaven helping me," he mutters savagely, "you will suffer worse torment than this."

The cruel whip strikes him across the mouth. He drops back to his task; rebellion appears to be quenched.

Outwardly, perhaps. But inwardly! As night falls, who is this who comes creeping silently through the palace gardens? On his wrists are fragments of the slave chains which he has torn asunder.

"That room with all its lighted windows. That is it!" he whispers.

Catching hold of the creepers he climbs slowly up. How hard it is to keep his body from rasping on the wall; but he must do it! His teeth clenched tighter on the knife between them.

The window at last! He slips through and tynder the huge canopy of the royal bed. His knife pierces the king's breast through and through.

"Revenge!" whispers the slave.
He falls dead across the lifeless body of the king.

LILY ALISON, 1A.

1A.

At the commencement of school this year 1A gave promise of being a strong class, both in study and sports, and it is even so. In school work Margaret Hazelwood carries off the laurels, with Phil White and Harper running her close second. Our girl star's prowess was shown to advantage in the recent examinations, when she gained an average well up near the nineties. 1A scored first, second and third place in the exam. (That is, out of both first years), and consequently we are very proud of ourselves.

At the annual High School sports, held in September, 1A again stood to the fore. Glen English and Phil White being the two leading lights among the boys. English ran first in the hundred yards junior championship, and in the obstacle race, while White won the potato race and did well in the obstacle race, in which he was nearly drowned in attempting to get a bite of apple. We are thankful to say, however, that that calamity did not eventuate, for through it we would have lost our one ray of sunshine.
The girls also won several events during the course of the sports, so altogether you can see that IA quite deserves all the praise it gets.

**OUR TEACHERS**

Our Latin mistress is Miss Best.
Of teaching she is fond;
She often gets the best of us
(Just ask old Harold Bond).

For French we have dear Madame—
Don't leave the dear part out;
I'm sure our loving hearts would break
If she were knocked about.

For English we've Miss Mackaness.
At grammar she is good;
I'm sure, when teaching us, she thinks
Our heads are made of wood.

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IB.

For the first time in history, we, the first year of 1925, have the honour of putting in an appearance in the pages of our school magazine, the "Burr."

We have gradually grown accustomed to school ways and school sports, and are looking forward to taking a prominent place in R.H.S. activities during the coming year.

Having once experienced a very enjoyable and—to those of the other classes who were fortunate enough to hear our sweet voices—a most instructive period of French singing—(or noise?—Ed.)—under Mr. Suleau's supervision, we are hoping to have him again sometime.

IA, our neighbours, are pleased to consider themselves our superiors. To give them their due, we must certainly admit that they excel at le francois, at which delightful subject we of 1B do not shine.

By this time of the year we are preparing to settle down in earnest; also we anticipate watching the settling down process of future first years with the eyes of students who consider themselves quite well-established in the High School: and if the said future first years are as generally presentable as the present 1B, then we can safely say—they'll do.

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2A.

We of 2A are well liked by our teachers; so well that one puts off our departure until five o'clock every afternoon. We are an ex-

---

2B SECOND YEAR CLASS NOTES.

"Second Year, oh that tiresome Second Year," Miss Mackaness will say. But before we were combined with 2A, we were quite a respectable class. We have found out that 2B boys must be weak between periods. All the squeaking and squawking caused our

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worthy professor severe headaches, which we believe led to his sad departure.

Ink fights, duster fights and chalk fights reign supreme at such intervals when the teacher is absent. These combats often lead to ruler fights, which cause quite as much excitement as a sword fight would have done in Louis XVI's reign.

Second Year's progress has always been noticed by the teachers, and by the results of the past examination it is plainly seen that we will get no less than eight A's each in the Intermediate.

The school is expecting some of our second year boys to become antiquaries judging by the way in which they recover ancient relics from the man-hole.

We know that in the future when the Second Year's have grown out of their boyhood, they will doubtless make great investments, because of their love of stocks and shares.

Had Shakespeare visited our class a few weeks ago, he would have made a hasty retreat at hearing his comedy, "The Midsummer Night's Dream," being translated into a nightmare.

The girls being naturally gifted with dancing, partake in a dainty skip every Monday morning in the weather-shed, while the boys cultivate their intelligent brains in French. Driven to distraction Madame repeats, "All objective pronouns, come before the verb."

We are thinking of bidding some of our noted scholars a sad adieu and hope they will not waste their natural talents by settling down quite so early in life.

It is evident that the bad influence of 2A was spoiling 2B completely and thus the separation had to come.

A cruel evidence was brought up against our worthy class a few days ago, for damaging the school furniture, but since we have been proven not guilty, thanks to our C.I.D. man.

2B should be very proud of being able to boast of a modern "Blue Beard."

2nd Year are "Ye Noble Class."

3A CLASS NOTES.

Who are, who are, who are we?
We are, we are—you will see.
Where do we come from?
Ha! Ha! Ha!
Three A, Three A, Ya! Ya! Ya!

What oh! grey hairs! Do I perceive those dreadful signs of worry on my brethren's curly locks? One would believe so, after the strenuous and hard work of the students, especially on the part of the famous "3A." But, at last, the worry of "The Exam" is over; and we can again breathe sighs of relief, until—

Oh! January! will thou never come?

Judging from the noise which wafts thru' the cracks of our floor,
we have come to the conclusion that 3B must by this time know their "twice times table" quite well, which we hope helped them considerably in their exam.

Of course, it is only natural that our teachers must think we are far superior to 3B, as our geography teacher insists upon impressing on our minds how important "Elevation" is.

But, despite the faults (?) of our "worse" halves, our combination has succeeded in carrying off the honour and glory of the sports.

To show our fellow-students how sorry we feel for them, since they haven't a picture, such as we won, we shall arrange a doorkeeper to collect the pennies from them to come and view "our prize."

This money we intend to donate, very benevolently, to Fourth Year, to help them to study and develop more thoroughly their dramatic talents (h'm, h'm) which they insist the whole school shall admire (heart and) which, with the sample in a few days (groans in general) and which, with the worries of the exams, will, more likely, prove too much for us.

We wish to apply for nurses to keep 1st Year from their worrying squaws all day. (Applicants please apply 3A.)

"The troubles of life are many,
The pleasures of life are few"
(Repeat, 3A is one of the pleasures.)
And so adieu!

3B.

At present there is only one dark speck on 3B girls' bright horizon, and that is the Inter. The dreaded time draws nearer, and we are all nervously to the task of scraping a pass. Of course, we all expect to capture A's in French—in fact we are quite sure, given our ability in connection with that particular branch of the study, and our beloved teacher has a very exacting opinion of us.

Our password lately has become "Done your maths:" It does not have much effect, however, when pronounced at the front door every morning: rather it is met with a vicious onslaught by the broom, which our worthy Head has lately imposed upon us. However, we feel that our attitudes towards our studies are more attractive than do our sister class, to whom we appear more interesting, even for our B's and C's.

On Friday afternoons.

We like our present situation very much. At any rate it is a great improvement on our childhoods' home in ye Lecture Hall. By ascending a few chairs and desks, we are able to obtain an excellent view of the street. Through the windows, sweet strains drift in, view of the street. Still, often so pathetic as to bring tears of sympathy to our eyes. Oh, well, au revoir. The bell has just tinkled forth, and French being next necessitates a rush to complete homework. Yours,

3B.

Having passed through the Intermediate with the good old blue and gold fluttering gaily in the wind, we are taking the troubles of school-life very lightly, in order to save ourselves from nervous breakdown after our brain-fag last year. Just imagine how terrible it would be if some of our renowned Fourth Years succumbed to the fatigues of study.

We would, of course, have led the school in the annual sports had it not been for the fact that the boys were unable to come up to the high standard set by the girls of this class. Therefore we had to content ourselves with being runners-up.

We were very well represented in all the A sports teams this year: football, hockey, tennis, basketball, and athletics—all these profited by gaining the stipends of at least one player from 4th Year. During the latter part of the year we displayed our talents in the field of drama to an admiring and appreciative audience, by enacting a play entitled "Io a parlare francese," at the school's breaking-up concert.

Joe Kauter took the part of the young Frenchman, Victor Dubois, playing it with great gusto. Angelina was "angelicly" represented by Gwen Tymeman. Our producer evidently has a very romantic turn of mind, for during the scene in which all that must remain behind the scenes. Another outstanding figure in the play was Major Regulus Rattan (Les Buck), who behaved in a "regular rotten" fashion to his sweet, misjudged young wife, Julia (Madge Wallace). Other dramatic personalities in the cast were: Mrs. Siggins, very prim, proper and aristocratic—this part was well acted by Phyllis Hervey; Anna Maria (Jean Parle), maid of all work, and Mr. Siggins (R. Forrest), who, in spite of his last few words, is still studying French, but doubtless by a better method. We would like to suggest here that he adopt a cap and apron for ordinary, everyday wear, as they suit his style of beauty to perfection.

Our classes were further enlivened by frequent visits from a mouse, which we often treated to a feast of crumbs. We take this opportunity of entreating the 4th Year of 1926 to treat our furry friend with kindness and consideration.

One day a huge rat carreered up the wall. Confusion! We would suggest that the future Fourth Year organize a rat-hunt, which should prove most exciting and entertaining after their year of study for the Inter. They would have no difficulty in securing material, as there are plenty more where that one came from. Just apply IV Year girls, and they will be pleased to supply.

5A.

Fifth Year! What a long way we have travelled! Through years of shine and shadow we have passed, meeting new friends, seeing old ones depart, until at last we have reached the land where,
after five years of companionship, we can rest in the garden of companionship, and—eat fruit salad and cream from the one dish and with one spoon in perfect content. That is, content until we begin to think of the stormy seas of the Leaving which will either cast us upon the ruins of failure, or, conquered by our learning, bear us into the quiet harbour of success.

This year, what with school sports and our own private sports, played generally on the landing, and various other diversions from the routine of study (?), we have had enough excitement to keep us from worrying over exams.

It is to be hoped that both our fellow-pupils and members of the staff have marked the general neatness prevalent within Fifth Year precincts—not to mention the taste and skill with which our pictures have been re-arranged on the walls (or occasionally on the floor).

We sincerely hope that the Fifth Year of 1926 will pay all due respect to our memory by endeavouring to keep their room—which was once our room—as clean and tidy as we and Mr. Neave have always done. As a mark of especial favour we bequeath to them several pictures free from the stamp of war, and also the cherished remains of the gas-mantle, happily spared by the basket-ball.

And so we must bid adieu to dear old B.H.S. and fare forth into the world to do our best, we hope, to carve our own and our school's name on the Honour Roll of our nation.

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1924 LEAVING CERTIFICATE.

SUBJECTS.

1. English 10. Physics
2. Latin 11. Chemistry
4. German 13. Geology
6. Maths. II. 15. Art
8. Modern History 17. Technical Drawing
9. Ancient History

BAYLISS, Raymond, 1B 2B 3A 5B 6B 8B 10L 17A
BROWNIE, John, 1B 2B 3A 5B
EVANS, Edgar G., 1A 2B 3B 5A 6B 8A
HARRIS, Ernest E., 1A 5B 5A 16B
JOHNSTON, Percival L., 1A 2B 5A 6B 8B 10B
M itchell, Harry R., 1B 5A 6B 8B 10B
R OGERS, Claude S., 1B 5B 6B 8B
STONE, Eileen E., 1B 2B 3B 12B 16P
W HITLEY, Herbert, 1B 5B 6B 17A

1925 LEAVING CERTIFICATE.

APPLEBY, Kenneth, 1B 4B 5B 6B 8B 24B.
BAILLIE, Adam, 1B 3B 5B 6B 24B.
DUDLEY, Reginald, 1B 2B 3A 5B 6B 8B.
FERGUSON, Josephine, 1B 3A 5B 12B.
M O R R O W, Sybil Jean, 1A 3B 5B 8B 12A 16P.
MUNDAY, Marjorie, 1B 3B 5B 6B 12A.
MUS GROVE, Ada, 1B 3B 5B 8B 8B.
SMITH, Nancy, 1B 2B 3B 5B 12B.
WESTAWAY, Edna, 1A 2B 3B 5B 12B 16P.
WESTAWAY, Harold, 1A 2L 3A 5A 6A 7B 12B 10B.
WHITE, Carrie, 1B 2B 5A 8B 12A 16P.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE.

1. English 12. Botany
2. History 13. Geology
5. Maths. II. 16. Woodwork
7. French 18. Art
8. German 19. Music
11. Physics and Chemistry

BAILEY, Keith J., 1B 2B 5B 16A 21B.
BUCK, Thomas Leslie, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6A 7B 11B
CLINES, May, 1B 2B 3B 4B 6B 7B 12B 20B.
COOPER, Frank R., 1A, 4A 5A 6A 7B 9B 10A.
FORD, William R., 2B 4A 6B 7B.
FORREST, Norman R., 1B 4B 5B 7B.
HERKES, Phyllis D., 1B 2B 3B 7B 12B 20B.
HOUTSON, Joyce, 1B 2B 12B 20B.
KAUTER, Joseph, 1B 2B 6A 7B 11B.
LAMONT, Naomi Jean, 1B 6B 7B 12B.
LUPP, Hector J., 1B 4B 6B 7B 19B.
MACGUINNESS, Mona E., 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
MCLENNON, Lex, 1B 2B 3B 5B 7A.

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The Editor wishes to thank all those students who have contributed to the pages of the "Burr," and hopes that next time the school is called upon to assist in the production of the magazine, the response will be much greater than it has been this time.—Ed.

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TONKIN, John E., 1A 2A 3B 5B 6A 7A 9B 10B.
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WEBB, Neta I., 1B 2B 6A 7B 12A.
WHALAN, Herbert A., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.

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BRIDEKRILL, Percy C., 1B 2B 3B 5B 14B.
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WEBB, Brian N., 1B 2B 3B 4B 6B 7B 11B.
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