

University of Toronto.
Victoria College.

1918-1919

ADMIT TO LECTURES

Leslie B. Pearson
In IV Year of mod. Hist Course

A. L. Daegood,

College Registrar

(OVER)

Announcements

Reception by Chancellor and Mrs.
Bowles, Dr. and Mrs. Edgar
in Main Hall at 7.50 p.m.

Concert in the Chapel at eight p.m.

Refreshments will be served
(1) Main Floor
(2) Main Floor
(3) Second Floor

Music by College Orchestra

Senior Reception Committee

CHAIRMAN—L. B. Pearson, '19
SECRETARY—Miss H. Coatsworth, '20
TREASURER—F. LeDrew, '19

Programme

Miss L. Brown, '19, Convener
Miss M. A. Everson, '22
W. H. Bouck, '19

Refreshments

W. R. Patterson, '21, Convener
Miss A. F. Dunlop, '19
H. MacGowan, '19

Decorating

R. M. Geiger, '20, Convener
Miss M. Marshall, '21
E. L. Bushnell, '22

1919

Senior Reception

Victoria College



Friday Evening, March 21st
at 7.30 o'clock

Class 1919 Honor Roll

Arts

(FALLEN)

W. F. Annis
C. J. Dickinson
O. D. Haist
A. H. Henry
F. A. Huycke

(RETURNED and DISCHARGED)

P. C. Allan
R. O. Allen
N. S. Clark
E. J. L. Coles
J. B. M. Effrick
C. F. Hames
O. G. Lawson

A. M. Marshall
C. W. Mooney
W. A. D. Sutterby
E. A. Webb

(Returned and discharged—formerly in other years,
graduating this year)

Miss Gladys Burns, '15
R. C. Calder, '17
P. K. Heywood, '17
L. B. Pearson, '17

R. G. Thompson, '17
R. M. Geiger, '18
F. C. Jennings, '18
W. W. Lang, '18

(STILL OVERSEAS)

G. E. Atkinson
P. Banbury
W. R. Binch
H. O. Bull
L. B. Calnan
R. M. Daly
A. V. Davis
J. A. Eyres
F. W. Fredenburg
A. E. T. Gilroy
J. R. Hamilton
G. F. Hanmer
L. C. Irvine
W. L. Keeling
L. S. Locke

R. K. Logan
T. P. Manning
H. E. Mason
W. G. Milligan
H. W. Price
W. J. Petty
N. Rawson
H. F. Sanders
R. P. Stewart
C. E. Scarrow
W. L. Swanson
S. M. Sweetman
R. L. Wilson
W. J. A. Wright

Graduating Classes

Arts

Miss E. D. Bowden
W. H. Bouck
Miss I. L. Brown
Miss M. A. Brown
Miss H. E. Carthy
Miss M. L. Conover
Miss F. H. Cross
G. C. Denton
Miss E. L. Dewson
Miss A. F. Dunlop
Miss N. M. S. Evans
Miss G. M. Fife
Miss E. Gibbard
Miss I. B. Giles
Miss A. M. Graham
Miss M. K. Gundy
L. C. Harvey
Miss H. H. Hunt
Miss B. Hunter
Miss G. A. Jones
Miss C. E. Kilborn
F. LeDrew
Miss M. V. McCulloch
A. MacGowan
Miss J. M. McGugan
Miss M. G. Magwood
Miss F. F. Millsap

S. A. Moote
Miss M. R. Myers
Miss J. G. Odell
Miss M. A. Percival
Miss F. E. Ribey
Miss I. L. Roberts
Miss M. E. L. Robinson
W. G. Scott
Miss B. L. Shannon
W. W. Shaver
Miss E. P. Shepherd
Miss M. W. Slater
Miss F. A. Smith
Miss F. M. Smith
Miss J. O. Smith
W. J. H. Smyth
Miss A. H. Snider
Miss B. H. Stewart
D. M. Stinson
Miss K. L. St. John
Miss T. Symons
Miss D. A. Thompson
Miss F. J. Tufford
Miss A. B. Wilson
Miss L. Wilson
H. C. Wolfram

Theology

J. N. Scovour D. G. Ridout J. Stoodley

Programme

Chairman—Dr. Edgar

Address of Welcome

The Chairman

Solo

Mr. A. P. C. White

Class History

Miss F. A. Smith

Presentation of Athletic Sticks

Miss M. J. K. Edgington

W. M. Gordon

Violin Solo

Miss Helen Hunt

Presentation of Senior Sticks

Miss A. M. Brown

J. D. Bush

Presentation of "V's."

Class Prophecy

Miss N. M. S. Evans

D. M. Stinson

Promenades

"A hundred thousand welcomes"

1. Programme

2.

3.

4. Refreshments.....

"Lay on, MacDuff,
And damn'd be he, who first cries, hold enough!"

5.

6.

7.

"What! gone, without a word."



**Victoria College
Senior Dinner
Class of 1919**

Burwash Hall, March twenty-eighth,
Nineteen hundred and nineteen.

MENU

□ ☒ □

Cream of Tomato Soup

ψ ψ

Roast Turkey

Dressing

ψ ψ

Brown Potatoes

Peas

ψ ψ

Ice Cream and Peaches

Cakes

Olives

ψ ψ

Cheese

Wafers

ψ ψ

Cream Mints

Salted Nuts

ψ ψ

Coffee.

PROGRAMME

The President of the College in the Chair.

□ ☒ □

TOASTS

THE CHAIR

The King.

ψ ψ

The Class

PROFESSOR EDGAR

MR. L. B. PEARSON

MISS I. L. BROWN

ψ ψ

SONGS

La Serenata - - - - - Tosti

Selected - - - - -

MISS MARJORIE SYPER.

Accompanist—MISS COONE.

ψ ψ

PIANO SELECTIONS

Berceuse - - - - - Chopin

Maiden's Wish - - - - - Chopin-Liszt

Danse Créole - - - - - Chaminade

MRS. DE WITT.

ψ ψ

The Piano used on this occasion is kindly loaned by Messrs.
Heintzman & Co.

This notice should be kept for future reference.

FOURTH YEAR.

MAY, 1919.

University of Toronto
FACULTY OF ARTS

L. P. Pearson

The following is an official statement of the result of your Examination in May, 1919, for the Fourth Year. When marks are given they are approximately those which you received.

GENERAL COURSE SUBJECTS.	PASSED.	FAILED.	SPECIAL COURSE.	HONOURS.	RANK IN HONOURS.
	A: 75-100 B: 60-74 C: 40-59 S: Supplemental examination must be passed.	TERM MARK (not given if satisfactory)	EXAMINATION MARK	I: 75-100 II: 66-74 III: 60-65 B.L.: 50-59	
Standing.....			Mod. History	II	2.
English.....			SPECIAL SUBJECTS.		
Greek.....			English.....	II	
Latin.....			Mod. History.....	"	
Hebrew.....			Economics.....	III	
German.....			Internal Law.....	"	
French.....					
Italian.....					
Spanish.....					
Roman History.....					
Modern History.....					
Economics.....					
History of Philosophy.....					
Ethics.....					
Religious Knowledge.....					
Astronomy.....					
Biochemistry.....					
Biology.....					
Physics.....					
Geology.....					
Chemistry.....					
Household Science.....					
World History.....					
Third Year.....					
History Essays.....	B				

You have failed completely in this examination.

You are required to repeat the complete work in English Composition and in Practical

"P.D." indicates that you have been granted a pass degree. "Def." indicates the withholding of Honour standing in subjects and course until all Supplements have been passed. "Æg." indicates ægrogat standing. † indicates that you presented an equivalent certificate.

The Supplemental Examination in September in General Course subjects are open to candidates (1) who have failed outright in the General Course, (2) who have General Course subjects standing against them, (3) who having failed outright in a Special Course have permission of Council to write at this examination. Application for this examination on the enclosed form must be received by the Registrar on or before August 1st.

James Brebner

Registrar.



BACCALAUREATE SERMON

VICTORIA COLLEGE

11 o'clock

Sunday, April 27th, 1919

COLLEGE CHAPEL

ORDER OF SERVICE

DOXOLOGY

INVOCATION

HYMN

PRAYER

The Dean of the Faculty of Arts

SCRIPTURE READING

The Dean of the Faculty of Theology

HYMN

SERMON

Text I. Cor. XIII., 8-13.

Rev. Professor Reynar, M.A., LL.D.

ADDRESS TO GRADUATES

The Chancellor

HYMN

BENEDICTION

FIRST HYMN

O Thou who camest from above
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for Thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up Thy gift in me.

Ready for all Thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death Thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.—*Amen.*

SECOND HYMN

Immortal Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away!
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
How wide and far we stray!

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps
For Him no depths can drown.

And warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

The letter fails, the systems fall,
And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit over-brooding all—
Eternal Love remains.—*Amen.*

THIRD HYMN

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.—*Amen.*

FACULTY OF ARTS

MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS

Elizabeth Donalda Bawden
William Henry Bouck
Ida Louise Brown
Mabel Annie Brown
Roy Crooker Calder
Helen Elizabeth Carthy
Mary Lucilla Conover
Florence Hope Cross
George Clingan Denton
Edith Letitia Dowson
Alice Frances Dunlop
Nellie Marie Sherlock Evans
Gladys Maye Fife
Roy M. Geiger
Enid Gibbard
Ila Beatrice Giles
Annie Margaret Graham
Muriel Kathleen Gundy
Charles Wilbur Harris
Linden Clarke Harvey
Percy Killbourne Heywood
Hope Hilary Hunt
Frederick Cecil Jennings
Gertrude Marguerite Adelaide Jones
Constance Ellen Kilborn
William Warner Lang
Frederick LeDrew
Alexander MacGowan
Martha Griffin Magwood
Myrtle Victoria McCulloch
Jeanne McGugan
Flossie Frances Millsap
Stanley Alanson Moote
Marjorie Ruth Myers
Jean Greaves Odell
Lester Bowles Pearson
Marion Adelaide Percival
Florence Elizabeth Ribey
Ina Louise Roberts
May Emma Lucyl Robinson
Wilfrid George Scott
Beulah Leon Shannon
William Walker Shaver
Eva Pearl Shepherd
Myrtle Wilhelmina Slater
Florence Alice Smith
Florence Myra Smith
Jean Olivia Smith
William John Hamilton Smyth
Ada Helena Snider
Beatrice Helen Stewart
Dewey McBride Stinson
Katherine Isabel St. John
Tena Symons
Dorothy Avery Thompson
Robert Garner Thompson
Frances Jane Tufford
Lewis Calvin Walmsley
Annie Beatrice Wilson
Lorenia May Wilson
Hamlet Clayton Wolfram

HONOUR ROLL OF THE CLASS

Pro patria mortui

Wilbur Fawcett Annis
Clisson John Dickenson
Orville Dwight Haist
Alfred Hall Henry
Frederick Arthur Huycke
Aubrey Milton Marshall
Charles Wesley Deeprose
Mooney
William Alexander Denison
Sutterby
Edward Alfred Webb

FACULTY OF THEOLOGY

MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS

B.D.

Erasmus Milton Carter, B.A.
Solomon Wye Hann, M.A.
William Andrew Irwin, M.A., D.B.
Star Floyd Maine, B.A.
John Gladstone McKee, B.A.

CERTIFICATES

Burdge Freeman Green, B.A.
Allen Egbert Hopper
William Jackson Little, B.A.
John Nelson Sceviour
Frederick Smith
Harold Stainton, B.A.
James Stoodley
Earle H. Walker
John Archibald Walker, B.A.

University of Toronto

COMMENCEMENT

FRIDAY, JUNE THE SIXTH
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND
NINETEEN

Admission to Degrees.

Doctor of Philosophy.

Presented by Professor Coleman.

Raymond Compton Dearle, B.A., 1914, M.A., 1915
Ellis Ingham Fulmer, B.A., Wesleyan, M.A., Nebraska
Archibald Bruce Macallum, B.A., 1907, M.B., 1909, M.D.,
1910

Mossie May Waddington, B.A., 1911, M.A., 1913
James Herbert White, B.A., 1904, M.A. 1907, B.Sc.F. 1909

Doctor of Medicine.

Presented by the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine.

William Ray Hodge, M.B., 1915

Doctor of Pedagogy.

Presented by the Dean of the Faculty of Education.

James Brown MacDougall, B.A., Queen's
Clarence Ellsworth Mark, B.A.

Master of Arts.

Presented by Professor Brett.

Frederick Charles, B.A., 1913
Norman Ashwell Clark, B.S.A., Alta.
Walter Raymond Fetzer, B.A., Nebraska Wesleyan
Olive Mary Gale, B.A., 1918
Archibald Ferrier Jamieson, B.A., 1918
Hubert Richmond Kemp, B.A., 1915
Ross Stanley Lang, B.A., 1918
Lilian Pearl McCarthy, B.A., 1917
James Burns McGeachy, B.A., Sask.
Dorothy Ross MacMillan, B.A., 1918
Agnes Isabel Muldrew, B.A., 1917
Otto Nieuwejaar, B.Sc.F., 1917
Aileen Noonan, B.A., 1914
Ernest Robert Isaac Pratt, B.A., 1918
Grace Hamilton Smith, B.A., 1917
Maurice Edward Smith, B.A., New Brunswick
Marion Rose Squair, B.A., 1918
James Carl Thompson, B.A., 1918
Fred Wilbert Ward, B.A.Sc., 1916

Honorary Degrees

Conferred at a Special Convocation, Thursday, June 5th, 1919.

Doctor of Laws (*Honoris Causâ*)

ALEXANDER FRASER, LL.D., Litt.D., F.S.A. Scot. (Edin.)
JOHN GRIER HIBBEN, A.M., Ph.D., LL.D.
THOMAS ALISON KIRKCONNELL, B.A.
JOHN DAVISON LAWSON, LL.D. (*in absentiâ*)
DONALD MCGILLIVRAY, M.A., D.D.
ALEXANDER MCPHEDRAN, M.B.

Doctor of Science (*Honoris Causâ*)

ROBERT RUSSELL BENSLEY, B.A., M.B.
FRANK RATTRAY LILLIE, B.A., Ph.D.

Doctor of Veterinary Science (*Honoris Causâ*)

JOHN GUNION RUTHERFORD, C.M.G.

Bachelor of Laws.

Presented by Mr. J. D. Falconbridge.
Norman Alexander Keys, B.A.

Diploma of Public Health.

Presented by Professor Amyot.

Kenneth Grant Mahabir, B.A., B.Sc., M.D., C.M., Dalhousie

Bachelor of Medicine.

Presented by Professor McPhedran.

Walter Pennington	John Alexander	Norman Found
Douglas Bray Avison		Fred deFurlong Free
John Charles Sinclair Battley		Frederick William Graef
Frederic Judson Bell		James Colville Hill
Helen Young Bell		Celia Irlma Mildred Kennedy
Lionel George Brayley		Marian Grant Kerr
Munford Harold Bunt		Elizabeth Lynd Kiteley
Edmund Allan Carleton		William Douglas Logie
Thomas Pilsworth Carter		William Sinclair McClinton
William Duncan Cornwall		Norman Dobson McLeod
Mary Logan Cowan		Beetha Vivien Marvin
Hamilton Chalmers Cruikshank		John Russel Miller
Clifford John Devins		Helen Maude Muir
Hebert Victor Dobson		Lucy Grace Neelands
Vernon Booth Dowler		Russell Stephen Paterson
David Esser		Leon Amiable Pequegnat
Stephen Jemmott Evelyn		Edward Lovell Stoll
		Charles Bowen Stover
		Cecil Oswald Young

Bachelor of Arts.

GROUP I.

Presented by the Provost of Trinity College.

Classics.

With First Class Honours.

Evangeline Harris
Florence Elizabeth Ribey

Stanley Alanson Moote

Oriental Languages.

With First Class Honours.

Isadore Keyfitz

English and History (Classical Option).

Grace Elston
Ada Garrow

Marion Eleanor Wilder

English and History (Modern Option).

With First Class Honours.

Jean Greaves Odell

Mary Paton Anderson
Ida Louise Brown
Marjorie Burgess
Clare Grace Chaffe
Willena Rose Crawford
Helen Gertrude Day
George Clingan Denton
Janet Strang Hanna

Frederick Cecil Jennings
Constance Ellen Kilborn
Ralph Ludgate Lovell
Marjorie Ruth Myers
Jean Constance Rowan
Florence Myra Smith
Helen Irvine Smith

GROUP II.

Presented by the Superior of St. Michael's College.

Modern Languages.

With First Class Honours.

Hedwig Herta Hoffmann
Margaret Ferguson McCrimmon
Madeline Elizabeth Smyth

Marion St. Clair Leitch
Baxter
Jessie Erminie Black
Alice Frances Dunlop
Alfreda Charlotte Elliott
Marjorie Campbell Fry
Freya Constance Hahn
Martha Griffin Magwood
Alberni Vida Hampt Peene

Marie Curtis Peterkin
Johnana Janke Potvliet
Mary Wallace Smart
Mary Constance Smith
Katherine Isabel St. John
Major Gordon Tolmie
Mary Louise Underwood
Iva Verne Wright

GROUP III.

Presented by the President of Victoria College.

Modern History.

With First Class Honours.

Alexander Brady
Florence Alice Smith

Grace Alexandria Brodie
Nellie Marie Sherlock Evans
Margaret Home

Marion Loretta James
Nina Lenora Millen
Lester Bowles Pearson

Political Science.

With First Class Honours.

William Henry Bouck

Wilfred Berry Anderson
Harold Storey Backus
Archibald Wilfred Blue
Roy Crooker Calder
Clarence Cedric Downey
Abraham Greenbaum
Thomas Byron Holmes
Charles Maxwell Luke

Vernon Osborne Matchett
John Gowans Middleton
Donald Campbell Munro
Charles Rotenberg
Meyer Rotstein
Herbert Gordon Stapells
Chalmers Harper Weir

Philosophy.

With First Class Honours.

Linden Clarke Harvey
Wilfrid George Scott
Albert Simpson
Benjamin Iberson Webster

Helen Elizabeth Carthy
Frederick LeDrew
Ian McEown

William John Hamilton
Smyth
Dewey McBride Stinson
Robert Garner Thompson

GROUP IV.

Presented by the Dean of the Faculty of Arts.

Mathematics and Physics (Mathematics Division).

With First Class Honours.

Everett Orlon Hall
William Walker Shaver

Lily Margaret Floody
Franklin Bailie Keachie

Robert William McDonald
Mary Madeleine Stephens

Mathematics and Physics (Physics Division).

Ila Beatrice Giles

Mary Isabel Mackey

Biology.

With First Class Honours.

Elizabeth Donalda Bawden
Marjorie Cook
Alexander Henry Leim

Myrtle Victoria McCulloch

Biological and Physical Sciences.

With First Class Honours.

Robert Spencer Stone

Physiological and Biochemical Sciences.

With First Class Honours.

D'Arcy Jerome Prendergast
Orland Patrick Sullivan
Mary Isabel Tom

Charles Wilbur Harris

Dorothy Jean McCullough

Chemistry and Mineralogy.

With First Class Honours.

James Short Wilson

Daniel Fred McNain
Franklin Malcolm MacNiven

William Henry Shaw
James Alexander Wales

Geology and Mineralogy.

With First Class Honours.

Beatrice Helen Stewart

Thomas Lloyd Gledhill

Household Science.

With First Class Honours.

Frances Jane Tufford

Jennie Mae McGugan

Ina Louise Roberts

GROUP V.

Presented by the Dean of Victoria College.

General Course and Household Science (General Course)

With First Class Standing.

Gordon Herbert Boggs

Isabel Marion Anderson
Geraldine Eliza Brown
Grace Helena Brown
Mabel Annie Brown
Mary Gladys Burns
Maude Alice Clayton
Gladys Edythe Cockburn
Mary Lucilla Conover
Marjorie Eleanor Cook
Marjorie McKenzie Cooper
Florence Hope Cross

Florence Marie Daley
Mertis Magdalene Donnelly
Helen Mary Duggan
Paul Michael Dwyer
Louise Elliott
Bertha Ferguson
Gladys Maye Fife
Emily Camilla Foy
Myrtle Squair Fraser
Sadie Gairns
Roy M. Geiger

Enid Gibbard
Jean Goldstick
Annie Margaret Graham
Jean Carlyle Graham
Elsie Myrtle Grierson
John Reginald Gundy
Muriel Kathleen Gundy
Mary Lawrence Harvey
Allison Bessie Harvie
Marian Keith Harvie
Blanche Victoria Margaret Hunter
Hope Hilary Hunt

Emilie Frances Dudley Martin
Flossie Frances Millsap
Vera Irene Mowry
Thomas Martin Mungovan
Nora Theresa Murphy
William Arlington Murray
Geraldine Patricia O'Connor
Daphne Leone Parsons
Gertrude Violet Denny Prisley

Jean Olivia Smith
Ada Helen Snider
Alexandria Spence
Georgina Hazel Stobie
Ruth Main Strong
Marjorie Tennant
Dorothy Avery Thompson
Wilma Isabel Thompson
Beatrice Mary Scott Turner

Annie Colbeck Irving
Ada Hectorine Irwin
Elizabeth Cutler Irwin
Gertrude Marguerite Adel-aide Jones
Cleveland Keys (ob.)
Jessie Florence Lennard
Margaret Helen McCoy
Gertrude McGill
Alexander MacGowan
Annette Doris McHenry
Godfrey Edwards Macnab
Caroline Jane Martin

Aubrey Dyson Purcell
Millicent Fountain Ramsay
May Emma Lucille Robinson
Aileen Cunningham Scherk
Harold Burt Scudamore
Eva Pearl Shepherd
Myrtle Wilhelmina Slater
Angus Charles Stewart Smith
Dorothy Edith Smith

Freda Farrell Waldon
Margaret Edna Walls
Doris Elida Whittier
Errick French Willis
Lorna Genevieve Wilson
Lorenia May Wilson
Margaret Helen Winter
Hamlet Clayton Wolfram
Mathilde Teresa Ziehr

Civil Engineer.

Presented by the Dean of the Faculty of Applied Science.

Guy Cameron Parker
Leonard H. Robinson

John James Traill
Roderick Bearce Young

Mechanical Engineer.

John Hamilton Parkin

Bachelor of Applied Science.

With Honours.

William Joseph Browne
John Murphy Harkins
John Elgin Hess
Norman Kearns
Nicol MacNicol
William Albert Molland
Hugh Rose

Ray Ellerton Binns
Benjamin Brown
Wilfrid Delorma Brown
Henry James Caldwell
Thomas William Campbell
James Everett Clark
Arthur Reesor Clarry
Edgar Clarence Cowan
Harry Lawson Dowling
Robert Durand
Charles William Edmonds
John Herbert Forman
Garnet Henry Hopper
Samuel Hudson Johnston

Leo Joseph Lesperance
John Rome McColl
W. Bryce MacIntyre
Fred James Matthews
Harry Ben Norwich
Robert Tomlinson Park
William Bruce Paterson
William Marshall Reid
Gerald Bradley Snow
David Karl Crawford Strathearn
Aylmer Abberfrau Swinner-ton
Alfred Learoyd Tennyson

Bachelor of the Science of Forestry.

Presented by the Dean of the Faculty of Forestry.

James Kay
George Meredith Linton

William Murdock Robertson

Bachelor of Music.

Presented by the Dean of the Faculty of Music.

George Lyne Winterbottom

Bachelor of Agriculture.

Presented by the President of the Ontario Agricultural College.

Roy Douglas Allan
David Fraser Aylsworth
Robert Ewing Begg
Royal Alexander Brink
William Clarence Caldwell
James Douglas Edgar

Gerald Smith Grant
Wallace Roy Gunn
Cyril Henneker Henry
Edward Cyril Hessel
John Ross Higgins
Hugh Cyril Huckett

Frederick Gordon Hunter
Thomas Hammill Jones
Campbell Lamont
Clarence Farewell Luckham
Charles Frederick MacKenzie

George Whittet McCall
Duncan James Matheson
John Bunyan Munro
John Melville Shales
Erwin Coverdale Stillwell
Cecil Tice

Bachelor of Veterinary Science.

Presented by Dr. E. E. A. Grange.

Edwin Blake Beals
Herbert James Davis
Donald Gwatkin
LeRoy Louis Herman
Leslie Charles McAlpine

Giovanni Martinaglia
Charles Hawthorne Richardson
Wilfred Watson

Bachelor of Pharmacy.

Presented by the Dean of the Ontario College of Pharmacy.

Florence York Boyce
Luther Martin Budd
Mervyn Archibald Dowd
Charles Roy Eaid
Robert Percival Engisch
Frank Gordon Greatrix
Jack Braithwaite Haslam
Grover Cleveland Henry
Joseph Samuel Johnston
Norman Douglas Keller

Peter Alfred Lambertus
Cecil Peter L'Heureux
Edward Percy McCool
Gerald Clark Martin
William Mark Mounfield
John Henry Prudham
Charles Rose Reid
Allen Pritchard Roberts
Gordon Schaefer

Doctor of Dental Surgery.

Presented by the Dean of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons.

George Levesque
William Morton MacKay
James Graham Montgomery

Charles Edward Moyer
Edward Joseph O'Leary

Admitted to the Degree on May 16th, 1919.

Elmer Smith Aiken
Walter George Alston
Waldo Keith Barkley,
Alexander Ernest Barnby
Harvey George Bean
Milton Clarence Gunn Bebee
Francis Joseph Beckley
William Russel Bishop
Murray Howard Blandin
John Douglas Brown
Eldon Thompson Carrothers
Arthur Edward Chegwin
Thomas Carlyle Clemence
Aime Couture
Stanley Stuart Crouch
Chauncey Daryaw
Raoul L. Des Rosiers
John Harrison Dickson
Stanley Rodgers Dickson
Gordon Dodge
Lawrence Drew Drew-Brook
Duncan James Ferguson
Donald Muir Flett
Claude James Foley
Vivian Stephen Fournier
Albert Victor Gardner
Lucien Gravel
Ralph Watson Hall
Robert Alexander Hart
Harold Anthony Hartford
William Norbert Hayes
Harold William Hoag
Edward West Holmes
Alvin Merwyn Hord
Richard Ivan Hotham
Wilson La Verne Hugill
Frank Spurr Jarman
Wallace Milbert Johnson
Harold Edward Johnston
Alun Wynne Jones
Charles Lloyd Jones
Hubert Fred Klopp
Alfred Nelson Laidlaw
Martin Patrick Lamey
Julius Judah Lavine

Herbert John McCann
Edmund Stanley McGowan
John Laurence McGowan
Eldon Clifford McKee
John Chisholm MacLaurin
Samuel Murdo McLeod
Alexander Archibald MacPhee
Moore Fred McRae
John Lawson Mackle
Rupert Paul Millan
James Allan Milne
George Fleming Mitchell
Stephen Alva Moore
Gordon Sutherland Murray
William Murray
Alban Lawrence Norton
Charles Rayward Oke
Benjamin Myril Ott
Jack Whitton Pickard
Arthur Reginald Poag
Arthur Poyntz
Norman Joseph Quigley
James Henry Reid
Samuel Marsh Richardson
Herbert Charles Roach
Earl John Robinson
Colin Taylor Russell
Harold Ault Saunders
Walter Lindsay Sawyers
George Lugsdin Shannon
Roy Dawson Shortreed
George Armond Sirrs
Abram Slone
Earl Phillips Smith
William Harry Smith
Wilson Dunn Smyth
Louis William Staples
Charles Elmer Stewart
Herbert Russell Stewart
James Lloyd Stewart
Robert Davidson Wallace
Raymond Melville Watson
Arthur Dobson Wood
Roy Arthur Wright.

THE FALLEN.

From information received during the
present session.

1916-1917

David Edgar Pye

1917-1918

Fred Everest Banbury
John Lawrence Cleary
Charles Cranston Corbett
Grant Douglas
Oliver Cecil Drew
Alexander Mitchell Dunbar
Walter Harvey Russell Gould
James Burness Grange
Harold Leander Hanna
William Huston
Kenneth William Junor
Nelson Clarke Kenny
Cleveland Keyes
Vernon King
Gordon Franklin Leslie
Robert William McBrady
John Dewar McMurrich
Robert Jamieson Marion
Wilson Porter
James Edward Potvin
Frederick Newton Read
George Beattie Gordon Scott
Ivan John Warren

1918-1919

Eric Montague Abendana
John Oliver Allison
William George Amsden
William Lind Argo
Robert Stanley Armour
Thomas Andrew Arthurs
Alexander Watson Baird
Frederic Allen Ballachey
Joseph Claude Anthony Barker
Wilfred Robert Bauer
Grover Cleveland Beaton
Thomas Harold Hill Bevan
Norman Creighton Bilton
Percy Vere Binns
Montagu Herbert Bird
Ewart Arthur Blatchford
James Gordon Bole
Felix Olivier Bolte
Walter Osler Boswell
George Gilbert Bricker
Stanley Howson Brocklebank
Walter James Brooks

Walter Everard Alway Brown
Jeffrey Harper Bull
Sidney Smith Burnham
William James Gordon Burns
Oliver Lorne Cameron
Frederick Alfred Cash
James Pomeroy Cavers
Francis Nicholas Cluff
Ogden Dunlap Cochrane
William Willis Code
James Drue Cook
Douglas Johnstone Coulter
Ernest Herbert Cox
John Wilbur Crane
James Philip Crawford
Hubert Anthony Culham
Herbert William Mackarsie Cumming
Robert Alexander Cunningham
Oswald Gilbert Darling
Gustavus Mitchell Davis
Melville Allen Duff Davis
Irvin Harrison Dawson
Clesson John Dickinson
John Duncan Doherty
Evelyn Percy Dorrell
Arthur Jackson Duncan
Thomas Wilfrid Duncan
George Dundas
Wilfrid Ellis Durant
Claude Elsden Elliott
Remy Bazil Elmsley
Winfield Faulds
Archibald MacKenzie Fergusson
Gordon Oliver Forsyth
Roy A. Forsyth
George Matthew Fretwell
Minor Almin Froom
James Alexander Garvie
John D. Gear
Donald Patski Gibson
Franklin Reginald Gibson
Stanley Hill Glendinning
Ambrose Harold Goodman
Hedley John Goodyear
Henry Andrew Gordon
Ralph Vyvian Gordon
Thomas Fleck Graham
Frederick Norman Grandy
James Burness Grange
Angus Douglas Gray
Robert Murray McCheyne Gray
Ivan Tremayne Green
Arnold Grisdale
Edmond Alan Gunn
William Thomas Hackett
John Playford Hales
Douglas Kipp Hamilton
William Neil Hanna

Roy Andrew Hartry
Geoffrey Heighington
Thomas Herman Heintzman
Alfred Hall Henry
Leonard John Hextall
John Eastwood Hodgson
Andrew Allison Horton
George Edwy Caldwell Howard
John Turner Howard
David Edwin Howes
Hugh Lewis Hoyles
Frederick Arthur Huycke
Alfred William Hyder
Thomas Barclay Jack
James Harvey Jackson
Leonard Foster Jamieson
Eric Franklin Johnston
Albert Caton Jourdan
John Kay
Gordon Jackson Kean
Lily Denton Keys
John Richard Kirby
Sidney Albert Lang
John Graham Larmour
Harold Oakley Leach
Arthur Vincent Leonard
John Leonard
William Brown Leslie
Neville Hall Little
Hugh D'Alton Livingston
Loudon Brian Melville Loudon
Robert Edward MacBeth
Douglas Sherwood McCarter
Alexander Gilmour Macdonald
George Arthur McEwen
George Allan McGiffin
Douglas Fraser MacKenzie
Gordon Davis McLean
William John Ogilvie Malloch
Frederick John Strange Martin
Gordon McMichael Matheson
John Freele Meek
Gerald James Wallace Megan
Reuben DeLemme Millyard
Charles Wesley Deeprose Mooney
Donald Whitcombe Morrison
Heber Havelock Moshier
Armine Frank Gibson Norris
Herbert Braid Northwood
Balfour Malcolm Palmer
Arthur Allan Parker
Henry Martyn Peck
Harold Brant Preston
John Alexander Proctor
John Stanley Reaume
Laurence Henry Rehder
James Gershom Roberts
Frank Bruce Robertson

Charles Emmanuel Rochereau [de la
Sabliere
Clifford Ellis Rogers
Andrew Ross
Malcolm Douglas Schell
Walter Frederick Scott
Percy Roy Shannon
Samuel Simpson Sharpe
Joseph Gore Shepley
Morley Roy Shier
Alexander McGregor Simpson
Joseph Donaldson Simpson
Robert Blackburn Sinclair
Harry Roy Smith
James Campbell Sorley
Ivan Edward Soule
Charles Ashbury Sparling
James Arthur Stanley
Lyall Arnold Stokes
John Herbert Adams Stoneman
Alfred Livingstone Taylor
Merrill Samuel Taylor
Henry Purdon Thompson
James Harvey Todd
William Gordon Tough
John Archibald Trebilcock
William Francis Twohey
Royland Allin Walter
Henry Glassford Ward
Charles Harold Watson
Wilfred John Watts
Douglas Weir
Reginald Princep Wilkins
Philip Edward Williams
Arthur Patrick Wilson
Matthew Maurice Wilson
Philip Hamilton Wilson
Lowell Wallace Wood
Norman Clarke Wood
Roy Cecil Woodward
Arthur Warren Youell

MISSING.

Van Renssler Schuyler Van Tassel Irvine
Edward Basil Gowan Morton
George Alfred Whately.

MEDALS AND SCHOLARSHIPS.

AWARDED BY THE SENATE OF THE UNIVERSITY.

FACULTY OF ARTS

Medals.

Governor-General's Gold Medal (Fourth
Year)..... Miss F. A. Smith
L. C. Harvey
(*proxime accessit*)

The Glashan Gold Medal in Mathe-
matics..... E. O. Hall

The Mrs. Hart A. Massey Gold Medal in
Household Science..... Miss F. J. Tufford

Prizes.

The Quebec Bonne Entente Prize..... Miss H. H. Hoffmann
The Anna Howe Reeve Prize in House-
hold Science..... Miss E. F. Deadman

Scholarships.

THIRD YEAR.

The Alexander Mackenzie Scholarships 1. M. L. Stokes
in Political Science..... 2. H. D. Lang
The A.A.A.S. Scholarship in Mathema-
tics and Physics..... P. Lowe

AWARDED BY THE COUNCIL OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

Medals.

Governor-General's Medal in Modern
Languages..... Miss H. H. Hoffmann
McCaul Gold Medal in Classics..... Miss E. Harris

Prizes.

The Squair French Prose Prize..... Miss M. Underwood
The Julius Rossin, for Moderns (Third
Year)..... Miss M. F. McCrimmon

AWARDED BY THE SENATE OF VICTORIA COLLEGE.

FOURTH YEAR.

The Governor-General's Silver Medal...	L. C. Harvey
The Edward Wilson Gold Medal (Classics).....	Miss F. E. Ribey
The J. J. Maclarens Gold Medal (English and History Moderns).....	Miss J. G. Odell
The S. H. Janes Silver Medal (Modern History).....	Miss F. A. Smith
The J. Reginald Adams Gold Medal (Political Science).....	W. H. Bouck
The E. J. Sanford Gold Medal (Phi- losophy).....	L. C. Harvey
The S. H. Janes Silver Medal (Phi- losophy).....	W. G. Scott
The Silver Medal (Mathematics).....	W. W. Shaver
The Geo. A. Cox Gold Medal (Natural Science).....	Miss R. H. Stewart
The S. H. Janes Silver Medal (Natural Science).....	Miss E. D. Bawden
The W. J. Robertson Prize (Can. Const. Hist.).....	Miss F. A. Smith

THIRD YEAR.

The George John Blewett Scholarship (Philosophy).....	R. G. Thompson
The Hamilton Fisk Biggar Scholarship (Classics).....	J. D. N. Bush
The Hodgins Prize (1st in Pass English).....	R. G. Thompson

AWARDED BY TRINITY COLLEGE.

FOURTH YEAR.

H. E. the Governor - General's Silver Medal for the Best Degree.....	Miss M. I. Tom
H. E. the Governor - General's Bronze Medal for the Headship of St. Hilda's College.....	Miss M. I. Tom
Jubilee Scholarship.....	G. H. Boggs
The Prize for the Highest First-Class Honours in Science.....	Miss M. I. Tom
Prize for Highest Standing in General Course.....	G. H. Boggs

THIRD YEAR.

The Wellington Scholarship in Mathe- matics.....	P. Lowe
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AWARDED BY ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE.

FOURTH YEAR.

M. J. O'Brien Prize in Philosophy.....	B. I. Webster
Prize for First Class Honours in Science.....	O. P. Sullivan
Dockeray Prize in General Course Eng- lish.....	Miss N. T. Murphy

THIRD YEAR.

The Gregory Kernahan Prize in Phi- losophy.....	J. G. L. Keogh
Dockeray Prize in General Course Eng- lish.....	A. J. Kelly

PRESENTATION OF PORTRAITS.

The Late Professor William Oldright, M.A., M.D.,
Professor of Hygiene in the University of Toronto, 1887-1910.

Painted by E. Wyley Grier, Esq., R.C.A.
Presented by Lieutenant-Colonel I. H. Cameron.

Professor James Mavor, Ph.D.,

Professor of Political Economy in the University of Toronto.

Painted by Horatio Walker, Esq., LL.D., R.C.A.
Presented by the Principal of University College.

President's Office.



September 14th, 1923

Mr. Lester B. Pearson,
93 Lincoln Road,
Walkerville, Ont.

Dear Mr. Pearson:

I am glad to inform you that yesterday at a meeting of the Board of Governors you were appointed Lecturer in History for the forthcoming academic year, your duties to begin at the opening of the session. Wishing you every success in your work, I am,

Yours sincerely,

Rohr Valence.

President.

*Just arrived.
You might
wish to retain.*

WOMEN GIVEN IMPRESSIONS FROM EUROPE

Prof. Lester Pearson De-livers Able Address to Canadian Club.

England Confronts Most Serious Situation of Any Nation.

That no man could speak with authority on the present European situation, that one could only state impressions, was the statement made by Lester Pearson, professor of History at Toronto University in his talk before the Women's Canadian club on Saturday afternoon. He went on to say that while at Oxford he had travelled on the continent and been resident for brief periods in the Ruhr district, in Munich and in Heidelberg and had been completely disillusioned as to the optimistic reports of the future. It was the speaker's opinion that Germany would break up into small states again. The federation having been founded on despotism with no individualism must fall back into chaos. The downfall, however, had destroyed many class distinctions and turned the ordinary folks' activities towards games and athletic sport.

The Spirit of Hatred.

The spirit of hatred between Germany and France was still the most dominant spirit and, until the people could forget the past, and destroy past history, there was little hope for a better feeling. The European Student Relief might be a means towards accomplishing good by educating the rising generations of all countries along lines of peace and good fellowship. To see the conditions of life prevailing on the continent now, made one very proud and thankful to be a Canadian.

Impressions of Oxford.

Mr. Pearson's impressions of Ox-

ford were in a much happier mood and his pleasant, whimsical way of relating them made them delightfully interesting to his listeners. He spoke of the lovely old town of Oxford, so absolutely quiet and away from all the hustle and unpleasant things of devastated England. For that England has a devastated area just as pathetic as any in France was made evident by the speaker's description of the silent factories of Lancashire and the tremendous masses of the unemployed. There are twenty six colleges at Oxford, some of them dating back to the time of Alfred. St. John's, the speaker's college was quite new having been founded in 1472. The tutoring system prevailed, where every student received individual instruction for one or two or three hours a day. This was much superior to our system of attending lectures in large classes. Then too, every student at Oxford lived right in his college, and the service there was such as to make it very hard to come back to an unvaleted, servantless Canada. A poor boy had just as good a chance at Oxford as a peer of the realm. Only he must be clever enough to win a scholarship to enter. But once there, he was a student and there was no snobbishness. The good feeling that existed was the real type of democracy.

The Old Ideal

At Oxford, education was not to fit a man for a special job, as going to college so definitely meant in this country; rather was it the old ideal of cultivating the intellect. Seventy five percent of the students studied philosophy, politics and history, subjects almost dead on this continent. The Oxford Union was really a small house of parliament. To be its president was the highest honor to be obtained. The position had been held by England's greatest statesmen; and to the training received at this preparatory parliament, did the speaker attribute the very high level of intelligence found in the British House. Of great interest were stories of the old college customs and traditions which, dating back hundreds of years, were still part of everyday life at Oxford and will be for hundreds of years to come. "Such is England!"

Conditions in England.

Speaking of conditions in England, Mr. Pearson said that the country was facing nobly the most

difficult situation that ever confronted any nation. The unemployment, the socialism, the demoralization of those who were living on "doles," presented tremendous problems. The Labor government was to be welcomed since the leaders were men of splendid intellect who when faced with the difficulties of government would lose their radical opinions and tend towards Conservatism.

There was a splendid audience to hear Mr. Pearson. Many who wished to renew their acquaintance with him, and hear something of his father and mother who Mrs. Anderson, said were remembered in Chatham with affection and respect.

Mrs. Anderson presided for the President Mrs. Westman, who had been indisposed all week with an attack of grippe.

The club had been asked to vote on which version of "O Canada," was favored; and after hearing Mrs. W. G. Ross sing the new version submitted for approval and the version already used in the club and the schools, decided on retaining the old setting. Greetings were read from the Canadian Clubs of Winnipeg and Vancouver.

The Methodist Church
TWENTIETH CENTURY FUND
THANKSGIVING
1901



HIS CERTIFIES THAT THE NAME OF

Rev. E. A. Pearson. B.A.

OF

Davieville

HAS BEEN INSCRIBED UPON THE HISTORIC ROLL
OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY THANKSGIVING FUND
DEPOSITED IN THE LIBRARY OF VICTORIA COLLEGE
TORONTO.

No. 42.399.6

"The
LORD
HATH
DONE
GREAT
THINGS
FOR
US
WHEREFORE
WE
ARE
GLAD"
+
PSALMS
CXXVI. 3

"THE
BEST
OF
ALL
IS
GOD
IS
WITH
US"

John
Wesley

John B. H. C. Lammie
Gen. Secy. Gen. Sup't

THE
**FEARFUL
GAUNTLET**



S.S. Finch.





ROBERT BEARE

Forty-third Annual Bob “The Fearful Gauntlet”

Presented by

The Victoria College Bob Committee of 1915
and dedicated to

The Freshman Year

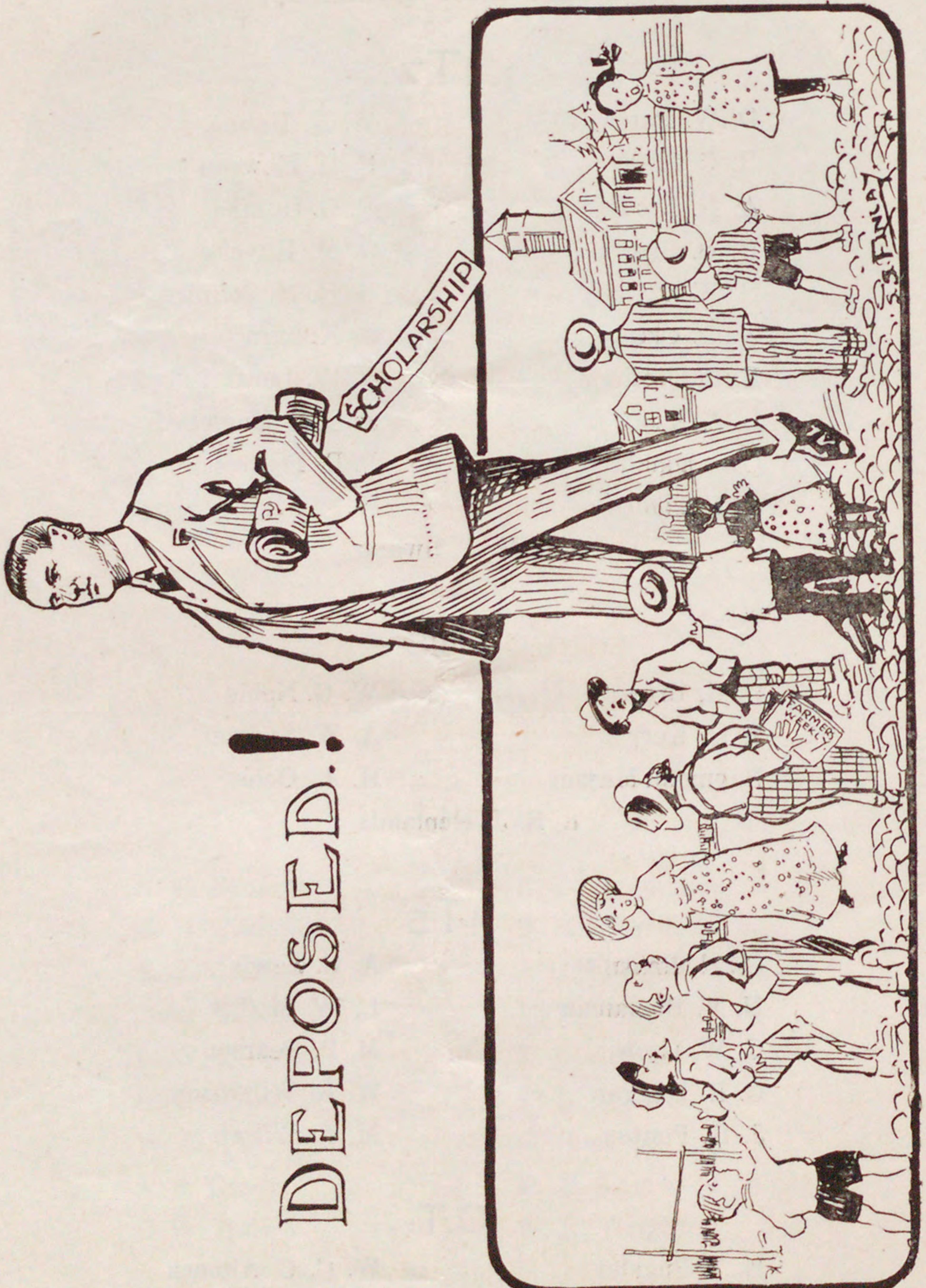
“At first they used me rather roughly,
As I the fearful gauntlet ran;
They tossed me so about that they turned me inside out,
On the old Ontario Strand.”

Burwash Hall

October the Fifteenth, Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen
Chairman - Dr. N. W. DeWitt.



In memory of
 James Maxwell Aylward



"Deposed"

Last year at High School he was great,
A chesty mental heavyweight.
He construed Horace with disdain,
To him all Xenophon was plain.
He looked with cheerful happy face
Upon the tricky Dative Case,
And compassed with the greatest ease
The Verb's Irregularities.

Oh, how the little boys would stare
To see his fine scholastic air.
His port was high, his face was grave,
Some said he was compelled to shave.
He wore a nifty suit of clothes,
His tie was like the blushing rose.
Without him life was sad and tame,
The school was honored when he came.

A most accomplished cuss was he
In "Scholarship" Geometry.
He measured angles neat and trim.
Deductions were a cinch to him.
Through all his Algebra he went
With happy pride and sweet content,
No one our hero's soul could vex.
By asking things "in terms of X."

He shone upon the football field,
His native kindness was congealed
When, in a manner wondrous grim
He bucked the savage foeman's scrim
So he could vault and jump and run,
Great deeds athletic had he done.
When entered in the High School games,
His was the first of glorious names.

But now he's meek as any lamb,
And silent as a closed-up clam.
No little lads his prowess praise
He walks in new and stranger ways.
He gets no greeting any more,
Save from a scowling Sophomore.
He is a Freshman glad and gay,
Of 1T9 Victoria.

"The Fearful Gauntlet"



Act 1

"Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy forever reigns ! Hail, horrors, hail,
Infernal world ! "

Act 2

SCENE 1

"The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat."

SCENE 2

"My ducats ! O my ducats ! "

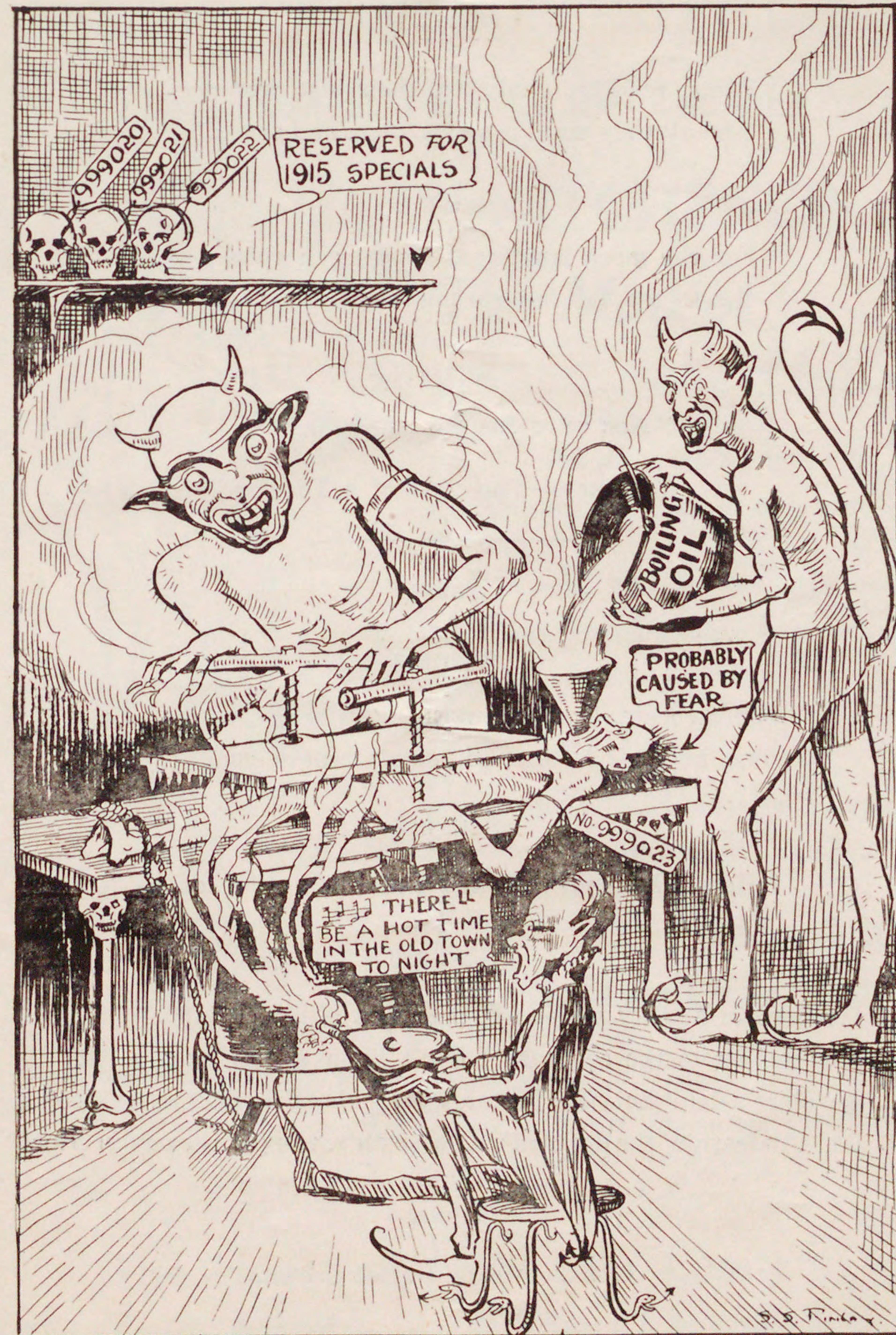
SCENE 3

"Fire in each eye and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite and madden round the land."

SCENE 4

"He is an Englishman !
For he himself has said it,
And it's greatly to his credit
That he is an Englishman !

But in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman ! "



SCENE 5

"Pains, reading, study are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste and sense."

SCENE 6

"For the more languages a man can speak,
His talent has but sprung the greater leak."

SCENE 7

"Nec scire fas est omnia."

Entr'acte—Thoughts of a Theolog.

Act 3

SCENE 1

"The Hebrew, Chaldee and the Syriac
Do, like their letters, set men's reason back."

SCENE 2

"Here where men sit and hear each other groan."

SCENE 3

"I'm 'ere in a ticky ulster an' a broken billycock 'at,
A-layin' on to the sergeant I don't know a gun from a bat.
My shirt's doin' duty for jacket, my sock's stickin out o' my boots,
An' I'm learnin' the damned old goose-step, along o' the new recruits"

SCENE 4

"Resolved"—Buster Brown.

God Save the King.

LBP

Letters home
Sept. 5, 1915

Rev. Mr. Pearson, pastor of the Park Street Methodist Church, has received the following interesting letter from his son Lester, who is serving with the Canadians in England:

Shorncliffe, Sept. 5, 1915.

Dear Mother, Father and Vaughan—Well, I didn't write you twice last week, but I certainly have a good excuse. I think I will start right at the beginning of our trip without any further words, as I suppose you are anxious to hear how I spent my leave.

Pierce and I left here on the five o'clock train and got in to Charing Cross about 7.30. We took a taxi to King's Cross Station, and after having supper at Lyons' Restaurant, boarded the Scottish Express. We had a very comfortable journey, as by tipping the guard six pence apiece we got a compartment to ourselves most of the way, so you see we had a good sleep. The train travelled faster than any I was ever on before, about 72 miles an hour, up to Newcastle. We got into Edinburgh about seven a.m. and changed for the Glasgow train, getting into Glasgow after a delightful trip across Scotland, about 8.30. We changed here for the train to Wemyss Bay, travelling along the Clyde Bank; we saw Laird's and other famous shipbuilding concerns, and they were busy on battleships so it seemed. Thousands of men could be seen swarming around half-built warships. At last we arrived at our destination, a beautiful rose-covered station such as we never see over in Canada, and were walking down the Pier to the boat when we saw Gord. Cameron, one of our boys, ahead of us. He was going to Islay Isle, but we persuaded him to come with us. He is a fine chap and one of my best friends, in spite of the fact that he played on Meds Rugby team which put us out of the Mulock cup series.

So the three of us got on board the Iona, a beautiful and fast steamer, which was to take us up the straits and lakes as far as Ardrishaig. We had a beautiful breakfast on board, it was

(Continued on Page Three)

LESTER PEARSON TELLS OF AN INTERESTING TRIP TO THE LAND OF THE HEATHER

LESTER PEARSON

(Continued From Page One.)

still only about 10 o'clock. So you see we had gone from Shorncliffe Camp on the channel up to the Highlands of Scotland in something like 17 hours. The boat trip was a dream up through narrow channels between high hills, steering right straight into the shore, so you think when suddenly a sharp turn, and you are in another lake. We were right in the Highlands now, and the villages and summer resorts on the banks were very picturesque. On either side of us were the heather hills of Scotland, rocky, wild and beautiful, somewhat I should imagine like our Muskoka scenery. We landed about 12.30 or 1 o'clock and found a bus waiting to convey us to Oban. We had one grand old ride and aroused quite a bit of interest, as Canadians are not so common up here. Up through valleys, with steep hills on either side alongside of clear Lochs, one of which we were informed was called Loch Pearson, beside rushing mountain streams, we made our way till at last we came to a most picturesque ivy-covered little inn between two large hills, miles away from the noise and tumult of the city and out of sight or hearing of railways. Here we had a lovely dinner, and our interest in the place was quickened when we were told that Sir James Barrie, the novelist, was at that time staying there, resting before the commencement of a new book. I saw one man who seemed capable of being a great author so we will take it for granted that that was Sir James.

We reached the end of our forty mile ride about six o'clock, and prepared to stop at Oban for the night. This is a most charming seaside resort surrounded by hills on one side and water and islands on the other.

Chatham Boy Serving In England Writes To His Parents Here

Fund Of Interesting Information Contained In His Description

After supper we went for a walk along the shore to an old castle where the ancient Gaelic parliaments used to be held. We got back early enough to buy a few post cards and souvenirs. Pierce and Gord being very particular not to buy anything without the Cameron tartan plaid on it as they considered themselves members of that clan. All the neighborhood around here has some historical interest. Here the MacGregors' exterminated the MacDonnels', only five men escaping from the battle here the Campbells' "beat up" the Camerons or the MacDouglas' "licked" the Gordons. The highlanders seemed to have been a blood thirsty lot and if they had done a little less extermination there is little doubt that the Scottish people would have been about the strongest race today. For they are great big strong looking fellows, quite different from the typical Englishman.

We slept at the Queen's Hotel and had breakfast there. The landlady, seeing we were Canadians, reduced the price, for which we were truly thankful. She told us that all of Oban's young men were at the front, or I

LBP letters home - Sept. 5, 1915

should say "were" at the front, because she said, they were practically all killed at the Dardanelles.

We took a train here the next morning for Crianlairch, a little highland village. We had two hours here before the bus left for Ardlui, so we spent it in wandering around the country, inspecting an old castle, and picking heather on a hill. After dinner at another fine inn. Inns seem to abound around here—comfortable places, too, where you can get a good meal. We took a bus for Ardlui at the head of Loch Lomond. It was like one of those old country democrats and this one was driven by horses, not a motor. The driver, an old Scotchman, with the traditional canniness of his race, would persist in putting on the brake at the least incline. It was very amusing. As soon as we would come to the least slope on would go the brake and the horses would start and drag the cart along. Here, the weather, which had till now been delightful, turned rainy. Notwithstanding the rain was great and the scenery the most beautiful we had yet encountered. The road led down a valley with great big hills on either side the tops of which were obscured by clouds. On one side of us was a mountain torrent and here and there a waterfall.

We got on the boat at Ardlui and sailed down famous Loch Lomond. All around us was the country immortalized by the Lady of the Lake and others of Scott's novels, Rob Roy's Cave, Ellen's Isle, etc.

We had supper on board, a good one, as usual; all the meals we had were

(A missing?)
Segment.)

In passing, I might say that Edinburgh is, I think, the finest city I ever was in. It is certainly most wonderfully situated, with the big castle. The Scotch people are great, quick to attend to you, obliging, always enquiring if they can do anything for you, undemonstrative but right there, so to speak, while the country is simply grand. Me for Scotland every time, and henceforth whenever I get leave I pass through England every time to the country beyond the Tweed. We went to the Zoological Gardens during our day in London and it was a wonderful place, but nothing in England can touch Scotland.

The Scotch certainly take the war seriously, and there are thousands of Highlanders wherever you go. They are beginning to get discouraged over the Dardanelles fighting, for they have lost thousands of men there. I don't think Winston Churchill is very popular in Scotland.

We got home Thursday night, tired, but happy, after spending the four most enjoyable days of my life, and it all cost me only £5. I am down to work again now and feeling fine. Yesterday Duke and I were together all afternoon and tomorrow I am going to see him. Our colonel is in London now arranging our departure for France. We were offered the chance to go to the Dardanelles two months ago so it came out today, but the colonel decided to wait and go to France. second division leave this week they should certainly make good diers.

LEST

GIBRALTAR GRIM AND MAJESTIC

SOLDIER SAYS IT APPEARS CAPABLE OF GUARDING THE MEDITERRANEAN ENTRANCE; IMPRESSIONS NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN; TROOPS ON WAY TO EUROPEAN POST.

A very interesting letter has just been received by Rev. and Mrs. Pearson, from their son Lester, who is with No. 4 Stationary Hospital, which body landed this week at Saloniki.

The soldier tells something of the trip from England and gives a good word picture of Gibraltar.

In part he says

S. S. ? Oct. 22, 1915.

Dear Mother, Father and Vaughan,—
I am writing you again as it is likely there will be another chance to post this tomorrow and I don't want to miss any opportunity. I have just read again your last letters for a little inspiration. I keep them all and love to read them over and over again. I suppose you keep mine. I wish you would as I have discontinued my diary and am relying on my letters to recall impressions, etc. It is almost impossible to keep a diary now so most of the boys use their letters home in lieu of one.

I believe when I wrote last we were nearing Gibraltar. It was about 5.30 that we first saw land on our starboard (nautical for right). It was my first view of Africa, the dark continent and it immediately called to my mind the Gulf of St. Lawrence with lofty hilly shores, rising gloomily in the twilight, bare and rocky. It was the coast of Morocco. Continuing for some distance we saw a light on the other side, and then we know we were entering the straits of Gibraltar. By this time it was quite dark, as the night falls very rapidly in these climes, but a new moon showed us quite distinctly the land on both sides. Soon we noticed lights on the African coast, and, recalling my geographical

knowledge, I very learnedly announced to the boys around me that it was Tangiers, Morocco's chief city. Sgt. McTaggart said it was right, and he ought to know.

The channel then became narrower, so we knew we were getting near the famous rock. Pierce and I got right up in the prow and had a great view. After a lot of zigzagging and turning, quite suddenly the giant cliff loomed up before us in the moonlight. Its top was covered by clouds but nevertheless it showed up majestically in the moonlight. At the base many lights showed where the city straggled up the hill.

We anchored in the harbor for about a half an hour only, but it gave us time to examine the rock to our heart's content. It certainly seems quite capable of guarding the entrance to the Mediterranean and I wouldn't want to be on the German ship that tried to get through. It left a picture in our mind that will not soon be forgotten. The next morning we awoke to find ourselves on the waters of the Mediterranean.

So far the journey has been glorious, the weather, in particular, has been ideal. One sailor told me he never remembered such weather for October. It is still lovely though of course it is getting warmer.

Yesterday we were within sight of land all day, the coast of Algeria. The country looks barren enough and seems nearly uninhabited though of course we can't tell from on board ship. Here and there you can see little white huts on the hills. We passed the capital, Algiers, last night.

Last evening we had an impromptu concert on deck. It was quite an affair with the men as performers. At first, of course, the fellows were quite diffident but grew more confident as the evening progressed. Some of the numbers were very funny. One of our men mounted the platform for a song and immediately pulled out a roll of music. It was quite dark but he refused to be balked by a little matter like this, so he got another fellow to hold a torchlight over the music. What do you think he sang? The famous death song from Il Trovatore. Regular grand opera stuff and he put all the frills into it too.

The next performer, an imperial man, thought he would continue in grand opera but after getting through about two lines he gave up in disgust and started something more common. It sounded like "Solomon Levi." You know Tommy is very sympathetic and he gives everyone a chance. I really thinks he applauds the inferior performers more than the more successful ones.

LBP
letter home

Oct. 22, 1915

This morning we had a funeral at sea. One of the A. S. C. men contracted pneumonia the first day out and though everything possible was done to save him, he passed away this morning. A sea funeral service is certainly a very sad and impressive sight. But one seems to soon forget sad things so a half an hour later the solemnity of a funeral quite forgotten, everybody was yelling and hooting at the preliminary contests in the boxing tournament which is to be held his afternoon. Our unit is going to win everything just to show them we're from Canada. About half an hour ago we passed a big four-funneler either the Mauretania or Aquitania, and that brings me up to the time of writing.

So you see we are having a very fine trip. I have felt perfectly great ever since the first day and am thoroughly enjoying things. It is much nicer than coming across the Atlantic, as we have three or four stops and are always near, often in sight of land. Every day we get lectures on diseases etc., that we will have to combat. You needn't worry about me as we are alright. All one needs is to use care. Half of the deaths from dysentery, etc., are caused by needless actions, so I am going to be careful as I think too much of you dear people at home and I want to see you again too much to run any chance. I suppose you are lonely but still you have us all with you in spirit and soon you will have us in person too.

Lovingly,

LESTER.

AN EGYPTIAN CITY CLEARING HOUSE OF ALL NATIONS AND A PLACE OF STRIKING CONTRASTS

HERE THE EAST MEETS THE WEST
AND ANCIENT CUSTOMS VIE
WITH MODERN CIVILIZATION;
PTE. LESTER PEARSON GIVES
A VERY VIVID DESCRIPTION OF
VISIT TO SUCH A CITY.

The following letter is descriptive of conditions in an Egyptian city, is written by Lester Pearson, son of Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Pearson, Dufferin Ave., who is a member of the No. 4 General Hospital corps. He went with the unit from the University in Toronto.

Though this letter was written from Egypt, it is believed that the unit is now at or near Saloniki and may possibly be in close contact with the Balkan activities.

Pte. Pearson says:

Somewhere in Egypt,

Nov. 4th, 1915.

Dear Father, Mother and Vaughan.
I haven't written you for some days but really time has passed so quickly that it only seems a little while. It will be a little harder to write regularly now as our movements are so uncertain but I will write just whenever I can. However, I will confine my letters to you and possibly aunt Lillian. Vaughan can pass it on to uncle Harold's, etc. I hope they won't feel offended because my letters to you are also for them. I wish I could write to everyone separately but that would be nearly impossible.

I think when I finished my last letter we were nearing Egypt. It was a beautiful evening when we first saw the land of palms, a real Mediterranean sunset, and they are certainly glorious in this country. We sailed into harbor during that evening, I suppose you know what harbor, thereby saving me the trouble of mentioning names and possibly incurring the wrath of that dreadful person, the Censor.

I had never before seen so much shipping in one harbor. Every na-

tionⁿ was represented, though of course the Union Jack was predominant. Why we even saw a freighter with the stars and stripes painted conspicuously on her side. Well we anchored out in the harbor that night and I slept out on the deck in the open, with the stars above and the city's lights around me. Next morning we moved in and docked. Here we parted with the other troops on board. Our own unit did not disembark as we had to move our freight from the boat, no little job.

Of course you can imagine we were all just dying to get ashore but for a few days anyway this was impossible as we were confined to the boat. However, our officers took us out on a route march through the city, incidentally losing us on the way. After such a long time on board ship you can imagine we welcomed the chance to stretch our legs. We were all very tired after the march and slept soundly that night.

This was my first chance to see the place so I suppose I had better tell you of my first impressions.

Geographically, there is nothing striking about the city. The country seems quite flat, a wide expanse of sand with little vegetation and here and there a grove of palm trees. We first marched through the native quarter and believe me I have never seen anything like it before. I suppose conditions there are much the same as they were hundreds of years ago.

The streets are narrow, dark alleys with dingy looking houses on either side. They are tolerably clean but of all the evil smelling places they must be the worst. So far as I can make out the most outstanding features are easily the smells. The dress of the people is, to us, very funny. The letter class, of course, have adopted European dress with the red fez, but the others use a long robe of light cotton material and sandals. They seem to live on the streets outside their homes. Almost everything is in the open here, restaurants, native stores, etc. I suppose it is owing to the intense heat.

We soon left this part of the city, reaching the better section. This is more like our own cities. The stores and buildings are really very fine and everything is clean and well lit. As far as I can see practically all the business is conducted by the French and their language seems to be used most. The centre of this section reminded me of Hamilton as it had a park down the middle of the street resembling the Gore. It all seemed unreal to me I could hardly realize that we were a bunch of Canadians marching down the main street of an Egyptian city singing "O Canada" and "The Maple Leaf." Could you have prophesied it a year ago.

LBP - Letter re
Egypt - Nov. 4/15

The next couple of days we stayed on board ship and then moved here, Camp A. Gabbari. We are at present quartered in tents, conditions are on the whole good, but the eternal dust and sand makes it hard to keep clean. I am working with Purce in the orderly room temporarily, though there is practically nothing to do. The weather is hot of course, but not oppressively so. We have been issued with big cork helmets so we do not feel the heat so much, and, again, every day we can cool ourselves by a dip into the Mediterranean as we are only a few hundred yards from shore. But though we can easily stand the heat, I must say the flies do goe on one's nerves. They are everywhere and are far bolder and more pestiferous than Canadian flies. At times they are almost unbearable. Besides our unit, there are Australians, New Zealanders and English in this camp. This place is full of the former as this is a kind of base for them. They seem a fine bunch physically but according to reports they have torn things loose here. They have somewhat the same kind of a reputation as the Canadians had in Folkestone. Every Australian or New Zealander I have spoken to has asked when the Canadians are coming here. They seem to expect them and also seem to wish for it, but I guess there isn't much chance of it happening.

I have been down town twice now so have had a pretty good chance to look around. The first thing you notice is the multitude of beggars, hawkers of souvenirs and shoe shine boys on the street. Its the biggest nuisance imaginable. They follow you in crowds and are the most obstinate and persistent set, you can't get rid of them without killing a few. The next thing that struck me was the cosmopolitanism of the place. Truly, it is a clearing house of all nations, Arabs, Soudanese, Egyptians, French Greeks, Italian, English, Australians and many others. You would also notice the striking contrasts in the matter of time. This is the place where east meets west, and where the primitive customs of the old Testament compete with the best of our modern civilization. In one street you may see an old native dressed in

the dress of his earliest ancestors grinding on a stone, then you may whistle for a taxi and drive to the theatre to see the Johnston-Willard fight, or go to some of the finest I have ever seen and buy the best of merchandise of England or America. Truly it is a place of contrasts.

But if there is anything that impressed me, it is this, how fortunate we are to have a country like ours. My but I have appreciated Canada since I left it and I think we are easily the best as well as the most civilized. This is one of the worst places in the world and you can imagine a bunch of soldiers doesn't improve it. I don't really think the word morality is known. But is is no temptation to me who has been brought up in as good a home as I have. All it serves is to make one hate evil and to appreciate everything that is good, especially a good mother and father and brothers and friends like I have.

Last night I sent home three little things to you for Christmas. Mother's was a silk shawl from Malta. Father's a souvenir pencil and watch charm here, and Vaughan's a watch fob. I hope you get them safe. - But I have something else to send you for Christmas and that is all my love and good wishes. Next Christmas I will be with you, I hope, in body, now I am with you in spirit. I am feeling fine and the climate seems to suit my catarrh as I have no trouble now. Well, I must close now. Love to all in Toronto.

LESTER.

LBB - letter from Egypt; cont'd.

Feb. 4/15

LESTER PEARSON SENDS ANOTHER LETTER HOME

HE COMPLETES THE DESCRIPT
OF HIS TRIP FROM
EGYPT.

Rev. Edwin A. Pearson, of this city, has received the following letter from his son Lester, who has been serving with the British forces in Egypt. The letter is a supplement to the one published in The Planet a few days ago, and completes the story of the journey he made when he left Egypt. It will be found very interesting to the many friends of the soldier in this city:

H.M.S. (?),

Nov. 8, 1915.

Dear Mother and Father:—It was only a few days ago that I wrote, but I am going to commence another one and add to it, if possible, before it is posted.

Well, we have left Egypt behind us, with its dust and dirt, its heat and its flies, and we are again on the ocean. I certainly didn't go crazy over Alexandria. Parts of the city are very beautiful, the main street is exceedingly so, but on the whole it cannot be

compared with our own cities. It is too much a place of contrasts. The utter hideousness and filth of the native and slum part take away the faculty for appreciating the really fine business and commercial sections and magnificent residences. Too much cosmopolitanism. Walking down the streets, you might imagine you were in a modern Tower of Babel, nearly everybody jabbering away in his own tongue, and these eastern places seem to be full of restaurants, and how they all exist I don't know. The streets are just full of them and the parks are crowded with refreshment tables. For the number of bars and cafes there seemed surprisingly little drunkenness.

We left camp on short notice. About five o'clock Friday evening on our return from bathing parade we were told we should embark the next morning. That night, of course, we all had one grand time down town. The next morning we marched to the boat and spent all day and far on into the night loading our stuff in the hold. I worked all day down in the forward hold, amid

the dust and grime; it reminded me of working in the mow at a threshing, without the dinner and supper, of course.

Our third ship is far and away the best of all, at least so far as we men are concerned. It belongs to the — line and in peace time travels between London and Cape Town. It is a hospital ship, one of the first, and has been carrying wounded from Gallipoli since the commencement of operations there. Though 20 years old, the boat is seaworthy and fast enough.

We have great quarters, real cabins, with clean sheets—a great luxury, as you can imagine. Everything is beautiful and clean on board, and the meals simply great, at least, in comparison with what we have been having. We may consider ourselves very lucky to be on a hospital boat, and not a dirty old transport.

The boat is managed just like a hospital would be on land. It has its doctors, nurses and men with all the available space, salons, lounges, etc., made into wards. The work is easier, of course, than on land, as they are not on duty all the time, only when a convoy is to be taken back from the base.

Yesterday (Sunday) was our first day at sea, and a very beautiful day it was, warm and fine, with only a little swell on the ocean. In the evening we had a song service on deck and I played the piano, my first try for some

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time. It was great to get back to the piano again, even if my fingers were stiff.

This morning we woke up with land on both sides of us—high, rocky islands. We are evidently in an archipelago. Of course, by now we have a very good idea where we are going, but I can't mention any names. Perhaps you already know.

I had to stop here as our unit was inspected on deck by General Baptie, V. C., of the R. A. M. C., who is on board. Then it was time for dinner, and a very good dinner it was, consisting of potatoes, hash, beans and plum duff.

The journey has been delightful with land all around us. You would think we were in the Thousand Islands or some such place instead of the sea.

I am enclosing a couple of picture post cards of myself which I had taken at a little shop at Alexandria. They are not very elaborate, but will show you how well I look. You can keep one and send one to Vaughan at Burwash Hall. I have ten more and will send them to others.

Well, I guess this will be all for now. I will write again when we land. Best love to all of you and best wishes for a Merry 'Xmas and Happy New Year.

P. S.—Have just reached our destination and will land soon. Well, at last we are there.

Letter from LBP Nov 15/15

HOSPITAL CAMP IS ON SITE OF GREAT BATTLE BETWEEN THE GREEKS AND TURKS

PRIVATE LESTER PEARSON WRITES HOME FROM LAND FULL OF HISTORICAL INTEREST; TURKISH FORCES WERE DESTROYED BY GREEK GUNS IN HILLS WHICH SURROUND PLACE WHERE HOSPITAL IS LOCATED; NEARBY CITY IS FAMOUS IN ANCIENT HISTORY AND ALSO IN HISTORY OF THREE SHORT YEARS AGO; HOSPITAL NOW A CLEARING STATION.

An interesting description of a part of the world which is now occupying the centre of the war stage is given in letters from Private Lester Pearson to his parents Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Pearson.

Letters from Private Pearson have been eagerly anticipated as he is a descriptive writer of more than ordinary ability. He is with No. 1 Hospital with the British Forces in Greece and in a letter dated Nov. 15, tells of the arrival at Saloniki.

In part he says:

British Force in Greece,
Nov. 15, 1915.

Dear Mother, Father and Vaughan:

You must really pardon me not writing sooner but we have been working night and day for the last week.

It was last Tuesday morning that we drew to the end of a most pleasant, almost delightful voyage on the hospital ship. That morning on both sides of us we sighted land, the fertile hilly shores of Greece. We were entering into a long gulf, at the end of which ensconced in a fine harbor, lay our destination, the port where all the allied troops had landed.

The city seemed quite busy. The waterfront, with its docks and quays, presented a scene of varied activity. Troops, some in the blue uniform of France, others in khaki were disembarking with feverish activity. Farther up lay the older portion of the town, with its old minarets, and spires clambering up the hills, which formed the background for the whole city. This was the old town, famous in ancient history, a bone of contention between Athens and Sparta and later between Philip of Macedon and Athens. All around us lay hills, from which three years before the Greek guns had poured destruction into the doomed Turkish forts. The harbor itself was full of shipping, war vessels and transports.

That night we lay at anchor but the next morning we slipped into deck next to other ships, unloading, like ourselves, equipment and men to fight Germany in this quarter. At this time I got my first view of the soldiers of France, and I certainly was taken with them. There is a certain quiet dignity and soldierly bearing about them; they look as if they know what they are up against and are going to see it through.

The docks are very good, having been built since the Grecian occupation. At present, the Greeks don't seem to have much to say in the managing of them. That morning we started to unload our ship and then the fun started. I walked all that night in a drizzling rain, walked for about six miles with kit the next morning through mud about a foot deep, worked all of the next day and part of the next night without any sleep, and with nothing to eat but bully beef and hard biscuits. We surely worked.

The site of our hospital is not in the city but in the surrounding country, near the railroad and not very far from the firing line. We are on a vast, rolling plain with mountains all around us, an ideal spot for a camp. On one side of us Olympus, the fabled site of Zeus and his companions, towers into the sky. We are a real field hospital and at present everything is under canvas.

Well, we weren't long getting to work. I certainly think we made a record. Two days after we started to set up our hospital, we admitted our first patients. Now, Monday, we have three hundred. We get them in ambulances from the front and are really a casualty clearing station, sending them on to the hospital ships. Nearly all our cases are medical, mostly dysentery, which is quite prevalent here.

I am back at my old job in the stores and like my work as well as ever. Pearce has been in hospital for four or five days suffering from pleurisy but will be out in a day or two now.

My own health is excellent; couldn't be better.

This section is rich in historical interest. Our own camp is the site of the great battle between the Turks and Greeks in 1912 and has numerous trenches running through it. A few yards away are the remains of what was once, evidently, a fine Turkish residence, destroyed by shell fire. While making a drain the other day one of the fellows found an old Turkish bayonet.

We get up in pitch dark, 5:30, and work till dark. The days are very short here and also very warm but the nights are very cold and we need all our blankets. I always am thinking of you and am waiting anxiously for some mail. However, I feel quite happy for I couldn't choose a better place to spend the war, as I said before, it is an ideal camp, and believe me, we are on real active service now; field rations, field ambulance, etc. I am glad of that too, as I did want to get to work. I felt I wasn't doing much at Shorncliffe.

As I was writing this I just witnessed an inspiring scene in front of the tent. Down the road came a long line of English cavalry trotting two abreast when suddenly an endless stream of motor lorries shot by, going in the opposite direction, the headlights of each car showing up the silhouettes of the cavalrymen in sharp relief against the surrounding gloom. It was a picture that one will long remember. I hear a convoy of ambulances just coming in; that means more Tommies to feed tomorrow.

Love again
LESTER

New address:

No. 4. Can. Gen. Hospital,
British Force in Greece.

GERMANS HAVE VERY FEW MEN IN FIRST LINE

CHAPLAIN DID NOT SEE ONE GERMAN IN THREE MONTHS IN THE TRENCHES IN FRANCE; PRIVATE PEARSON TELLS OF HOSPITAL WORK.

Writing under date of November 20 from near Saloniki Private Lester Pearson gives some idea of the work which is being done by the Hospital unit to which he is attached, as well as an idea of the conditions in general in that part of the world. He tells of meeting the chaplain of a British regiment and relates funny incident told by the chaplain.

In part the soldier says:

"Don't worry about my comfort. I am in fine circumstances as I sleep and eat in our stores tent where we have a nice little stove. I am very comfortable all around. Our work is progressing as usual, and every one is busy from morning to night. Most of our patients are sick, dysentery being especially prevalent. I never drink anything but boiled water."

"Near us is situated an English division. Their chaplain is a Wesleyan, and he was over this morning. Our chaplain introduced us. His battalion had been in the trenches in France for three months and he had some very interesting stories. The most inique fact was that in all the three months he never saw a German. Once, he said, he tried lifting his head over the trench behind a bush but three bullets hit the parapet so close to him that he hastily dropped. He says it is remarkable the very few men the Germans have in their first line."

"Well Christmas will soon be upon us. It will be a lonely one for you and perhaps just as lonely for me away from you. But though Duke is in England, in another and you three at home still distance cannot keep us apart. I am very lucky to have such loving parents and brothers. When I think of some of the boys I realize how lucky I am. A lot of the boys here have not got any people at home thinking of them. Young Sidwell, who lost his father on the Lusitania and who is now one of my best friends, must feel lonely this Christmas."

"I have just been out of our tent door. It is a beautiful starlit night. The moon, new and bright, makes things almost as light as day. It is a pretty picture, the black hills in the background, the silvery water in front and all around us tents, hundreds of tents. This time next year I hope we may all be around our own stove."

Writing again under date of Nov. 23, Private Pearson says in part:

"We are down to real work now and rapidly getting settled. We cannot buy stores here like in England so things come in large wholesale quantities and we certainly have some store to run. Believe me feeding 1050 is no joke. Practically everythink is tinned I do not know how armies could exist nowadays without canned goods. We have canned soups, bovril, milk, jam, and even tinned butter. We are working pretty hard as the following resume of a day's work will show: Reveille at 5.30, prepare food for patients breakfasts until 6 then have our breakfast. Taking in stores, opening cases and issuing stuff to the wards etc., keep us going all morning while book-keeping and getting materials for the kitchen for puddings, etc., fill up the afternoon and we generally have some more work to do till 8 p. m. when we usually spread ourselves on the hard ground and go to sleep to dream of home."

"We are continually getting patients from the trenches and sending them on. They have to be fed so we are continually on the alert as these convoys come at all hours. We do not do base work as it is generally understood, where we would get a batch of patients and keep them till they are convalescent. We are more of a clearing station. It is more like field service and though the work is hard we are glad to be doing something that really counts."

"I cannot tell you anything about movements of troops, etc., but we have certainly seen things in the last few

days. We are on the main military thoroughfare and not very far from the front. If half happens what people say is to happen there will be plenty of excitement."

"We are getting 'Greekized' now. A few weeks ago everything was Egyptian and we were bargaining in plasters and now everything is Greek and we reckon our wealth in drachmas."

The soldier reports that he is well, and is now beginning to feel settled. His many friends in Chatham will be delighted to know that he is in perfect health.

LBP No. 20, 1915
No 23, 1915

letter from Duke

The eldest son of Mr. Pearson, Pte. Marmaduke Pearson, with the 25th Battery as a signaller, is still in England, and will be in action as soon as needed. When he wrote last to his parents he was in a Convalescent Home, about 35 miles along the coast from Folkestone, and near Deal. Some 23 soldiers had contracted colds, owing to the wet weather and muddy roads about their camp and were sent here for treatment. He writes to say: "There are several here invalidated from the front. The English people couldn't be kinder. Men come in in the evenings to shows us lantern pictures. We each got a small kit from the Red Cross, and asking us to inform them of anything we desired and they would forward it. There are gramaphones, recreation rooms, wonderful meals, besides private doctors. You see, our camp doctor has just one antidote for everything and that is pills. If you had a broken limb, or concussion of the brain he would merely advise pills. We wear blue uniforms, and if we only had a limp or a cane they would certainly believe we had returned from the front. Capt. Gordon (Ralph Connor) is a Chaplin here. One of the soldiers here was injured by an accident in London and he says Capt. Gordon was down three times from Shorncliffe to see him. He is very popular with the men over here."

LBP. letters home

Dec 27, 1915

and Jan 1, 1916

not start very well. Today has been rainy and cold and I guess it is the end of our fine weather. We were issued waterproof capes so we are well prepared. Handkerchiefs, underwear and socks are always appreciated, however, and also other little handy things chewing gum is very welcome for those of us who do not smoke.

"The last few days I have had a chance to inflict some of my French. However, the French have stood a lot in war and doubtless they can stand a little more. They are certainly a jolly and amiable people but withal seem to fully realize the seriousness of this business."

Under date of January 5, the soldier says in part. "Things are going as per usual. The hospital is decreasing in numbers and now we have only about 700 patients. You see there is practically nothing doing in this district so almost all our patients are either sick or have met with some accident. However, there will probably be plenty of fighting before long and then we will have lots of work.

"The weather has turned colder and last night we had a regular hurricane. It blew down our recreation tent which necessitated a postponement of our Bible class, which we were to have held last night.

"The other day I had a chance to leave camp for the first time since arriving here. Five of us, all Varsity men, got an afternoon off and went for a long tramp. We walked over a rolling plain for some time till we came to the hills, where we had lunch. You see many things of interest in a tramp around here. First we came upon a line of trenches used, I suppose, by the Turks in the last war. Then in a valley we saw an old shepherd with a large flock of sheep and goats. He reminded one of the story of the Shepherd and the Sheep, which we read in the bible. The impression was heightened by his sheepcote, a square of ground fenced by rushes and divided in the middle, one part for the sheep and one for the goats. There are two gates and a little hut on the outside where the shepherd could watch the sheep. It brought to my mind that phrase about separating the sheep from the goats.

"Then we came to a sleepy little native village, half ruined by shells from the bombardment by the Greeks in 1913. About the only buildings in use were an inn and a Greek church. We saw the Greek priest, a most sombre looking individual, with a long black cloak and sort of black plug hat. You must not imagine from reading this that all this country is as lonely as you might think from this description. There are thousands and thousands of Tommies all about and not a few Indians. Of course, Tommy, with his notable adaptability, has made himself right at home with everybody. Quite the most interesting part of our walk was our own military preparations and defences of which, however, I am as silent as the grave.

"I am enclosing a little clipping from a local paper which I want mother to read when she feels like worrying about Duke or myself. Of course, father being an honorable private in the Royal West Fusiliers (Citizens' company of the 24th regiment) I know he would never think of worrying about anybody in the security of a base hospital or in the dugouts of the artillery."

The clipping referred to is as follows: "He was all I had, sir, yet I let him go. Many a time I've prayed that he was with me yet, but it seems so foolish. I know that he would not have gone if I had said 'No,' but he'd have fretted all the time and I'd have been miserable. Do you know?—and she turned to me with a look in her eyes that showed her brave spirit shining through—'when I've thought I'd made a mistake in letting him go when I could have kept him, I turn to my Book and read of that other Son whose life was given for us. Then I get down on my knees and thank Him for my own dear lad.'

LBP - Letter home Jan. 20, 1916

Visited Camp Met Aviators Saw Machines

CHATHAM SOLDIER TELLS OF EXPERIENCES; SAT IN BIG AIR SHIP AND HAD PICTURE TAKEN; REPORTS THAT HE IS WELL

The following interesting letter has just been received by Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Pearson from their son Private Lester, who is now near Saloniki with an hospital corps.

In part the soldier says:

Macedonia,
Jan. 20, 1916

Dear Mother, Father and Vaughan:

I am also happy as well as you when I receive your letters, so you can imagine how happy I am today when I received two, the first for some time. It is hard work writing you twice a week these days as there is so little to write about. Last Monday I had an afternoon off so went out for a walk along the road with two other boys. We went through several French camps. They are very ingeniously contrived, the men living in little dwellings, a cross between a hut and a dug-out. The French soldiers are very friendly to us, especially so, as we are Canadians. They are surely a polite bunch, and seem to bear with the greatest equanimity my attempts to speak to them in their native tongue. Believe me, it is great fun talking French to Frenchmen, especially when your own comrades do not know whether your French is good, bad, or indifferent.

To get back to my subject: we walked several miles along the road, crossing a river which was quite prominent in the fighting some weeks ago. Our destination was the French aerodrome where we saw some very interesting things. There were several machines up and noticing a lieutenant aviator alighting from one, I boldly advanced to him, and with the double purpose of impressing my comrades and also of scraping up an acquaintance I remarked with my finest French accent:

"Bon jour, monsieur, c'est un apres-midi charmante n'est ce pas," (Good-day, sir. It is a charming afternoon.) to which he replied, bowing politely "Oui, mon amis, Canadiens, excusez moi une minuit, s'il vous plait," (yes, my dear Canadian. Excuse me one moment if you please.) and entered his tent to divest himself of his aviation clothing. Returning he took us in tow, showed us all over the camp, made us mount one of the latest machines and explained all the mechanism, with the aid of many signs. He related several stories about experiences he had had over the enemy lines and illustrated them by showing us several bullet holes, etc., the result of the enemy's fire. Of course, I acted as interpreter and made a wonderful impression on the other boys by putting on a wise look, and punctuating the Frenchman's sentences with several "ah ouis" and "est il possible 's." After introducing us to several other officers, he invited us into the officers' mess for refreshments, and sent us away with a mighty fine impression of Frenchmen in general and French aviators in particular.

We held our weekly Bible class Tuesday and seventeen of the boys were there. I believe we may claim the distinction of having the first Canadian Bible-class on Greek soil.

The weather has been beautiful this week and as the hospital is nearly empty (350 patients) you can imagine we are having a pretty good time. I am in the best of health as usual. I am enclosing some poetry concerning life at the front, which I think is very clever. Best love

LESTER.

Composed by one of the patients when he was in the trenches in France.

WE SLEEP E'EN IN WAR TIME.

Sing me to sleep where bullets fall,
Let me forget the war and all,
Damp is my dug-out, cold my feet,
Nothing but bully and biscuits to eat,
Sing me to sleep where bombs explode,
And shrapnel shells are "a la mode,"
Over the sandbags and helmets you
find,

Corpses in front of you, corpses be-
hind,

Far, far from Ypres, I want to be,
Where German snipers won't pot at
me,
Think of my crouching where the
worms creep,
Waiting for something to put me to
sleep,

Sing me to sleep in some old shed,
The rats are running around my head,
Stretched out upon my waterproof,
Dodging the rain drops through the
roof,

Sing me to sleep where camp fires
blow,
Full of French bread and "cafe a l'eau,"
Dreaming of home and nights in the
West.

Somebody's overseas boots on my chest
Far, far from the starlights, I want
to be,
Lights of old London I'd rather see,
Think of me crouching where the
worms creep,
Waiting for something to sing me to
sleep,

Composed by one of the ordnance
fellows in the camp next ours.

MY LITTLE DUG-OUT

IN THE EAST.

When the golden sun shines on the hill
And the toil of the day is begun
Over the top of the peak
Guarding fair Salonique
Comes the air raiding, bomb-dropping

Hun.
Just at hand in a hole in the ground
I shall hide from the bomb-dropping
beast.

Yes, with infinite care
I will shelter me there
In my little dug-out in the East.

There are hands that will welcome me
in,
For some will have got there before
Though my fears may be great
At our shelterless state
There are fellows who fear it far more,
In that corner of dear Mother Earth
Where the chances of shrapnel are
least

At the sight of the Hun
With quick steps I will run
To my little "Dug-out" in the East.

In another short letter he tells of a visiting the aviators' camp and having his picture taken while in a bullet scarred machine and wearing the outfit of an aviator. He also says he weighs 165 pounds, so the climate and work must be agreeing with him.

PLAYED FOOTBALL WHILE XX GUNS FIRED AT AN ENEMY AIRCRAFT NEAR SALONICA

PRIVATE LESTER PEARSON WRITES INTERESTING LETTERS FROM WAR ZONE; SAW CAPTAIN VAN WYCK LAND FROM TRIP IN THE AIR; PAID A VISIT TO OLD TOWN AND DESCRIBES CONDITIONS; BASEBALL GAMES FEATURE HOURS OFF DUTY AND OFFICERS AND MEN PARTICIPATE IN GAMES BETWEEN UNITS; VISIT OF ZEPP. STOPPED FRENCH LESSON AND PROVOKED PROFANITY.

Some very interesting letters have just been received from Private Lester Pearson by his parents, Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Pearson. The soldier is at Saloniki and his letters are always newsy and keenly appreciated.

Writing under date of March 14th, he says in part:

"It is a very glad and grateful Lester that is writing you tonight. Yesterday I was greatly surprised when our postman told me that there was a parcel for me up in the orderly room, so I ran up there and lo and behold there was a great big parcel for me. At once I realized that it was my home parcel. Well I wasn't long in opening it up and believe me what I found was worth having. You could not have made up a better parcel.

"Well as soon as everything was out Jack Penn, who works with me, and I boiled up the tinned chicken and pudding, made some cocoa from your tin and had a real old-time feed, afterwards sampling all the boxes in turn. May I especially commend the peanut butter. I think that was mother's idea. Then all that was left I brought up to the tent and the boys made one grand old clean-up. Believe me there were a lot of complimentary remarks passed about the cake. It was great. Pearce unfortunately was in the hospital for diet so could not indulge as much as he could wish but still the cake and nuts proved of more force than doctor's orders so he had some.

"The sweater is just what I wanted and I am wearing it all the time.

"Last Saturday I went to Salonica, the first time since landing. The city straggles up a hill from the waterfront. We started at the quay along which lie many transports and farther out warships, and worked our way up the hill. The waterfront is a regular scene of business and very interesting. Armed men in trucks run up and down the streets. The institutions of war. English ronmies, French blue-colored regulars, red-trousered Afri-

cans, Greeks and Serbs all brush shoulders. Everybody is busy, rushing to and fro, while the natives of the place, Greeks, Turks and Macedonians, watch the work with interested if not friendly eyes.

"Leaving the waterfront where the work goes on day and night, you come into the modern business section, though I do not think we would dignify it with that name in a Canadian city. The farther up you go the more ancient the place becomes. The old Turkish mosques appear and some of them are really wonderful old places, where the church bells have called the devout Turk to worship for centuries and centuries. Now they are gradually disappearing. I believe the Cross is pushing out the Crescent.

"Still farther up the hill appear the vestiges of the ancient city, the arch of Alexander the Great and the old city wall which is still in a fair state of preservation. This wall is the limit of the city proper so we wended our way down again through the maze of tortuous streets or lanes to give them their real name. Then we decided we would satisfy the inner man so as nothing is too good for a Canadian, we went to a swell hotel and ordered coffee and cakes. There were five of us and guess what it cost us. Fifteen drachmas. A drachma is the equivalent of 20 cents in our money, so you see what we could get for 50 cents or 75 cents at the most in the Star Cafe in Chatham cost us \$3.00 here.

"Things are very quiet here and it is about settled now that the Germans will not attack this place. Perhaps the Allies will take the offensive but they will need 600,000 men at least for it as the country through which they must go is all in favor of the defenders.

"Baseball is in full sway now. We played the officers a game today and

(Continued on page three.)

LBP
Letters home
March 14
March 22
1916

LBB - letters home Mar 14, 22

1916

General Hospital next week. We are getting up some team.

"Yesterday afternoon we had quite a bit of excitement. About two o'clock two aeroplanes appeared and began doing some regular old hair-rising stunts. Finally, to our great surprise, they both landed and out stepped the Colonel and Captain VanWyck. For a while there was a regular garden me those French aviators do some risky stunts. They certainly are amazingly skillful flyers and I am tickled to think I have been up with one of them.

"Please thank those who made up the parcel from the church for me. It was great and the articles were all most useful. Am enclosing the program of a cinema show in Salonica. You ought to have seen the crowd laugh at our old friend Charlie Chaplin. I also enclose my pass to Salonika. Please keep both for me."

Writing under date of March 18th the soldier says in part:

"Supper is over, everything cleared away so here goes for a few lines. It is a beautiful night out, a new moon lights up the plain and the hills, stars stud the heavens in a glory of light. We do have some beautiful weather, and also some very wretched. I gotten more letters the other day and they were as welcome as the flowers in spring, which by the way are beginning to make their appearance on the hill sides, and thus add a touch of color to the otherwise monotonous grey of the landscape.

"Last night I was buried in sleep, stretched out on good old terra firma, which is the best of feather ticks, when several tremendous booms woke me up with a start. Zepps again, but they did not get to the city as the guns drove them back or rather it back for their was only one I believe. All the bombs landed in a field and did no harm to anyone. It was interesting to watch the moveable searchlights trying to follow the marauder with their glittering white streams, but I believe the German got clear away.

"This afternoon we were playing football with _____. I was playing full back for our unit and we were in the midst of an exciting game when an impudent little Taupe butted in, so to speak. The guns started to speak but as the machine was some distance away we did not pay much attention to it. Then a whizz-z- told us that we were more directly concerned. However no explosion resulted so we went on with our game, though I am afraid the spectators found it more interesting to watch the shelling of the little speck high up in the air, than the football game.

It was the first game I had ever played under such conditions and incidentally we lost 2-1.

"I think th Germans have about decided now that aeroplanes and Zepps are apt to get a hot reception when they try to reach Salonica. At any rate their attempts lately have all been unsuccessful as the anti-aircraft fire has driven them back unfailingly. i am still in my usual good health."

Writing on March 22nd, he says in part:

"Things are very quiet this afternoon. Have just finished straightening up the 'shop.' Say I will be able to help you keep house when I get back, at cleaning and sweeping anyway to say nothing of cooking.

"We have only about 100 in hospital and everybody seems to be taking the opportunity to take long tramps up the country. Last Sunday, with several others, I left camp about 11 o'clock with full waterbottle, haversack and field-glasses, for a real tramp and we must have gone about 25 miles before we landed at camp again at 7 p.m.—We certainly saw things, guns heavy and light, field dressing stations, miles and miles of trenches and other evidences of strength of fortifications in this district. My if all the constructive energy and genius literally wasted in the service of war, could be used in peaceful labor and pursuits what a blessing it would be for the world. We would not need any 'good roads committees', irrigation schemes, etc. The wonderful organization and efficiency of armies utilized for the purpose would make an oasis out of the Sahara. But this is philosophy and I take it you prefer news.

"To get back to the prosaic details of our daily life. Yesterday we were to have our French class but the French outposts reported a Zepp heading in our direction—result lights out and less French than profanity. Today we had our bi-weekly quinine parade. It certainly is delicious stuff. Tomorrow our officers play the _____ division officers a game of baseball. I suppose you wonder where English officers learned to play ball. I understand they are mostly Canadians. Their pitcher played rugby and hockey at Queens"

The enclosed bit of poetry is true as to the sentiment expressed.

SALONIQUE.

There's a little place out Ea
Called Salonique,
Where they're sending Britis
mies

Every week.
When you view it from the
It's a fine sight, I'll agree,
And you think you'll have a spree
At Salonique.

When you're dumped upon the quay
At Salonique.
And the smell that meets you there,
Seems to speak,
You begin to feel quite glum,
And to wish you hadn't come,
For there's every kind of hum
At Salonique.

There are nations not a few,
At Salonique.
But at present it belongs to
Mister Greek,
He's a wily sort of Guy,
Doesn't want to fight, for why?
Perhaps he's like the Yankees, shy,
So to speak.

The languages you hear
At Salonique.
Are as many as the hours
In a week,
And if Tommy only knew,
Just the swear words of a few,
The air would soon turn blue
At Salonique.

There are lots of little camps
Round Salonique.
Filled with French and British Tom-
mies

Hard as teak,
And the Kaiser and his pack,
Will find when we attack,
There's a nut he cannot crack
At Salonique.

For the General in Command,
At Salonique.
Is at scrapping on the mountains,
Just Unique.
And with General Sarrail,
In the lead, we cannot fail,
We will twist the Kaiser's tail
At Salonique.

Just a word or two in closing
Mister Greek.
You have treated us as guests
At Salonique.
And if you regret, we came,
And our views are not the same,
Well, it isn't you we blame
Mister Greek.

If you want to stay a Neutral
Mild and meek.
That is your affair, not ours
Mister Greek.
But whatever you're about,
We know you'll help to shout,
When we've wiped the Germans out
At Salonique.