

Ridley—goal, F. R. Spence; point, H. R. Harmer; coverpoint, T. B. F. Benson; forwards, J. G. Maclaren, A. W. Mackenzie, (Captain), G. McG. Maclaren, A. J. Hills.

Referee—W. Helliwell, Toronto.

G. McG. Malaren and A. W. Mackenzie played well for Ridley while Bailey and P. Morrison did the best work for the Vics.

Two weeks later the Team again went to Toronto and played Trinity II. The match commenced at 11:30 with Ridley playing East. From the start it might easily be seen that Ridley were the superior team, and before many minutes G. McG. Maclaren succeeded in scoring for Ridley. A few minutes still remained to complete the first half and in this time Ridley again scored.

In the second half Ridley added 6 more to her score while Trinity managed to get 3, Senkler being responsible for Trinity's. During this half the game was faster and some rather rough play was indulged in by Trinity, but Ridley was ready for them and did their share. One notable feature of the match, was Senkler's trick of trying to break his opponents toes. Perhaps he thought he was showing us something new, but I dare say after the match he found his toes as sore as those of any one else.

The score at the close of the game stood, Ridley 8, Trinity 3.

It would be unjust to select any one of the Ridleians as being the star player, as they all played the best game possible.

For Trinity, however, Senkler, Bain and Heaven did the best work.

The teams were:—

Ridley—goal, W. E. H. Carter; point, H. R. Harmer; cover point, T. B. F. Benson; forwards, J. G. Maclaren, A. W. Mackenzie, (Captain), G. McG. Maclaren, Nicholls.

Referee—Donaldson, Wellingtons.

Goal Umpires—E. McMurtry, B. Cowan.

Cricket.

At a meeting of the General Athletic Association Committee, held on March 19th, the following cricket sub-committee was elected. T. B. F. Benson, A. W. MacKenzie, H. G. Griffith, W. L. Matthews, R. D. Gurd and all masters taking a lively interest in the game.

A meeting of this committee was held on March 21st, and Mr. J. Miller elected Chairman.

Mr. H. G. Williams—Hon-Secretary.

R. D. Gurd—Curator.

The appointment of a Captain was left until the committee should be able to judge the qualities of the players better.

This year the prospects for a team are very good, six of last year's team still being with us, while the vacancies can be well filled with the members of last year's junior team. Mr. Miller is striving hard to obtain the services of a good professional for the coming season. Besides this he has got a cocoanut matting so that the bowling qualities may be well developed in the gymnasium. This year, as last, the weak place on the team will be in the bowling. If, however, this difficulty is mastered, there is no reason why the Cricket Team should not hold up its end of the record made by the Football and Hockey Teams.

What Some Fellows in the Third Form Like.

The holidays will soon be here,
The gladdest time of all the year,
When books and canes are left behind,
Purses once more with bills are lined.

E'en of holidays we grow tired,
And lessons are once more desired.
We loathe with dainties to be fed,
We long once more for stony bread.

We want to whoop, and yell and roar,
To feel the stinging strap once more.
We wish to hear the college bell,
And pies and toasts once more to sell.

We like to play the same old games,
And call each other nasty names;
We like to call a fellow "beast"
Then help him eat his dainty feast.

We wink at damsels in the street,
Watch them grow as red as a beet,
Hence, detention from a master;
But we rush them all the faster.—H. L. HOYLES.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

Oh! Tommy's mansion's a beautiful place,
But sorry I am it is there.
So here's to old Tommy! I wish he would move,
But old Mr. Nisbet "don't care."

The estate comprises a stable and barn,
A rickety house and a hay stack;
Now, Tommy, be generous, and leave us more room
For a new tennis court and a race track.

"I shall not," says Tommy, "you know very well
That sometimes I make lots of mon.
For holidays come always four times a year,
And 'tis then I make quite a sum."

He's got hacks, but all broken, they're not worth a cent,
He's got horses, a brown and a dapple,
Now move, my friend Tommy, and leave us some space
For the new tennis court and the chapel.