

THE THIRD ANNUAL CROSS-COUNTRY.

The "cross-country" is a long-distance race. It usually takes place after the football season, when there is nothing going on, and the practice for it is very valuable for keeping up the boys' health.

There is generally a series of races, but this year, owing to the delay of starting the first race, there was time for only one.

December the 8th was decided on by the committee.

The morning was very showery, and this made ploughed fields, slippery hillsides, etc., much more difficult to race over.

Twenty-three seniors started at three o'clock from the College on a circular course of about five miles. The competition for first place was remarkably keen; so were the barbs on the fences, Walker thinks. Carter came in first, with Harmer only a few yards behind, both spurting finely at the finish, their time being 50½ minutes.

The names of the first five were: 1, W. H. Carter; 2, H. R. Harmer; 3, H. G. Nicholls; 4, W. Doolittle; 5, L. Price.

The juniors left the College at half-past two. They then walked for an hour along the towpath to the starting point at Lock 11 on the old Welland canal, by which time they were all pretty tired. From this point they ran straight back to the College.

Some of the smallest of the twenty-seven starters were given three minutes' lead. This added much to the excitement, as no one wished to be beaten by the "kids."

The winner, Hoyles, had all his work cut out, as Wade, Mair, and several others pushed him very hard. His time was 17½ minutes.

The order of the first five was: 1, H. L. Hoyles; 2, G. M. Mair; 3, H. Dymont; 4, J. W. Greenhill; 5, R. Burkholder.

THE CROSS-COUNTRY SUPPER.

Oysters! What charm has that word that it should act in such a magic way? And yet the success of Ridley's annual cross-country run was due in no small measure to the announcement that the competitors would be entertained, in the evening, to an oyster supper. Those previously indifferent at once became among the most enthusiastic; and many a weak-kneed, short-winded pale-face might be seen diligently at work in the gymnasium, or taking a spin along the tow-path, that he, too, might, at least, be "in at the death."

To say that the gathering in the dining hall on the evening of the run was a merry one is putting it mildly. Every one was in the best of spirits, the unsuccessful ready to congratulate and applaud his

successful rival. Books, class rooms, study—all were, for the moment, forgotten, and even the approaching Christmas exams. failed to dampen the enthusiasm.

The oysters disposed of, Principal Miller began the toast list by proposing the health of Her Majesty the Queen. Then followed a long list of toasts proposed and responded to by the boys, for most of whom it was the first attempt at after-dinner speaking. Lack of space forbids a detailed account of these, but we have evidently some embryo Chauncey M. Depews of after-dinner oratory among us. Songs by Maclaren Max., Matthews, Griffith, and Mr. Graham, and banjo and mouth-organ selections by Prince and Wilkes, gave variety to the entertainment. We append the toast list:

Proposed by	TOAST LIST.	Replied to by
	<i>The Queen.</i>	
	<i>The College.</i>	
Prince.		Carter.
	<i>Athletics.</i>	
Nichols, Maj.		Benson.
	<i>Cross-Country Winners.</i>	
Matthews.		Carter and Hoyles.
	<i>The Sixth Form.</i>	
Maclaren, Max.		Griffith.
	<i>The Fifth Form.</i>	
Miller.		Price, Mi.
	<i>The Fourth Form.</i>	
Maclaren, Maj.		Hill's.
	<i>The Third Form.</i>	
Smallman.		Kerr.
	<i>The Juniors.</i>	
Gzowski.		Maclaren, Mi.
	<i>The Ladies.</i>	
McKenzie, Pri.		Wilkes.

THE P.F.C.

A new society has been formed in the College under the supervision of the masters, and is meeting with great success. It is popularly known as the Pale-Face Club, but its official name is the Exercise Association. So successfully have the objects of the members been accomplished that they should no longer go under the name of Pale-Faces, but might well be called the Pink-Faces, and this would involve no change in the club monogram. Stalwart and chubby scoffers have suggested that P.F. may also stand for Pie-Face, Pudding-Face, or Putty-Face, as well as Pale-Face.

The club has about twenty members, and it may be said that some of these thought the invitation to join the club a trifle pressing. They go for runs or into the gymnasium in the afternoons, chaperoned by a master. Besides developing ruddy complexions,