

### Crossing the Barr.

Sunset and evening star,  
A broken head for me,  
As with the ball I try to cross the Barr,  
And forty stars I see.

Take warning from a poor forsaken wreck,  
Who'll tell you it were wiser far  
To have a millstone hanged about your neck  
Than try to cross the Barr.

As wise to try to stop a train,  
Or a St. Catharines trolley car,  
As thwart the master in the Main,  
And dare to cross the Barr.

The small boy skilled to read his face,  
Sees when the joke has gone too far;  
To the detention room, that ghastly place,  
Go all who cross the Barr.

S. C. NORSWORTHY (VI).

### What is a Gentleman?

It is so hard to please everybody. I only came to Ridley just a year ago, and my sister told me before I left home that she hoped they would make a gentleman of me, for I was a disgrace to the family.

As soon as I came, therefore, I began to take notes which should help me somehow to be a credit to the people at home. After weeks of careful observation I found out each master's idea of a young gentleman.

Mr. Miller's—A boy who wears light grey trousers and a navy blue blazer on the cricket field.

Mr. Williams'—A boy who never chews gum.

Mr. Armitage's—A boy who has all his Divinity notes.

Mr. Hendry's—A boy who does not wear tennis shoes in class.

Mr. Wood's—A boy who doesn't "answer back."

Capt. Thairs'—A boy who doesn't have a sore leg on drill days.

Now, what is a poor fellow to do? I've tried my best, but I find I can't do my algebra unless I have tennis shoes on; my weak ankle always "turns" on Saturday morning; a conversation with Mr. Wood always ends with an hour's detention; somebody is always bagging my Divinity notes; I can't do without a piece of gum in study on Tuesday nights; and whenever there was a cricket match, Mrs. Rothwell always happened to have my grey trousers putting buttons on.

When I went home for the holidays my mother said she didn't see much improvement, and when I called out "first over" at the dinner table, my father laid me first over his knee and then sent me to bed without dinner. But this term I have hopes again. We have two new masters, and perhaps it won't be so hard to suit them.

### The T. C. S. Match.

"I told you so," the wise ones said,  
"Twas always clear to me."  
As through the school the tidings spread  
Of Ridley's victory.

I told you so; it was no dream;  
Strong have their teams all been;  
But we, with Poo Poo on the team,  
Could hardly help but win.

Port Hope were confident, 'tis true;  
Past victories made them so,  
Till on the ground they spied Poo Poo,  
Smiles changed to looks of woe.

Their captain saw him and he cried:  
"Is Poo Poo Bourne to play?"  
And when he heard from Mena Gurd,  
"I guess we're doomed to-day."

'Twas true Port Hope were doomed that day;  
No more will I say here;  
But ere they left I heard one say,  
"Will Poo be back next year?"

Alas! alas! for B. R. C.  
We only wish he would.  
His equal nevermore we'll see,  
He's leaving now for good.

But if a watchword Ridley needs,  
Then let the captain say,  
To urge his men to valiant deeds,  
"Poo Poo looks on to-day."

### Football.

As the ACTA is appearing this time in September instead of June, it is possible to give some sort of forecast for the season.

Everybody feared at first that we would have a much lighter team than last year, and probably not so strong. Both fears have been removed, and the XV will be both heavier and stronger than last year.

Of last year's XV only five members remain; they are Doolittle, Kerr, Hoyles ma, MacLeod and Gander ma. Three spare men, Baldwin, Allan and Dalton, are also back. There are, however, several heavy and active new boys—Bixell, Lumbers ma, Harcourt ma, Alexander ma, who are proving excellent material. Hobbs, brother of Jack Hobbs, 'Varsity's Captain, has played with London in the intermediate league, and promises soon to be as excellent a quarter as his famous brother. Besides these, Norsworthy, Haverson, Erswell, Sewell, Wells and Dugan are working splendidly, and it will not be such an easy matter to settle on the XV.

To fill one of the vacancies on the staff this term there was appointed Mr. A. F. Barr, the Captain of last year's victorious 'Varsity team. He is undoubtedly one of the finest players in the Province, and is taking the very liveliest interest in the training of the boys, who, if they are wise, will show their appreciation by following every word of advice that falls from his lips.