

in a few short words, pointing out the progress of the school since the time when the old Ridleians were last here, and he also took this opportunity to say how glad he was to welcome back so many old boys, and he hoped that next year we should have to welcome a much larger number. The Rev. Mr. Armitage added a few words to Mr. Miller's speech, and joined with him in welcoming the boys.

The health of the present staff was then proposed by D. B. Macdonald, to which Mr. Williams replied. He said that one of the old masters had assured him that the time when he had taught at Ridley was one of the most pleasant in his life, for all the hard feelings of boys against masters and other unpleasant duties. Mr. Mitchell then related his experiences since he came here. He said that while at 'Varsity he appeared once before his lady with a black eye, the result of football. She, afraid that he would sooner or later be killed in that awful game, persuaded him not to join in it any more. So, obedient to her word, he played no more until he came here, and then seeing us at it he could not resist the pleasure of joining in. But the fates seemed to be against him, for he emerged from one of the scrimmages in the late game with the same old disfigurement of his face.

The toast to the old Ridleians was proposed by H. Griffith, and at the end of his speech the students made the College ring with their cry of Ridley, Ridley, etc.

Mr. White delivered a short speech, expressing his great pleasure in being here on this occasion.

Frank Perry then said a few words, and when he assured us that he was again attending Ridley he "put" much earnestness in his voice, and Mr. Baldwin joined with Mr. Perry in his wish, and also made a few "remarks" on the advantage of coming to such a fine school as this.

Mr. Arthur Allan asked us to join him in drinking the health of the present Ridley team. In answer to this toast, B. Benson, our captain, said that if the other teams had treated us on the square, for instance, the U. C. C. and Port Hope, and given us a match, we would have had a few more victories to score. Both Mr. Burgess and Mr. Graham told what a pleasure it had been since they came here to look forward every afternoon to a good game of football. As the season progressed, they could see a decided advancement in the powers of our team.

Alex. McKenzie then proposed the health of the ladies, and this was very gallantly replied to by Wilnot Matthews.

We then finished up with "God Save the Queen." Altogether, we had a very enjoyable day, and those who left for home that night assured us that they would not have missed coming for a good deal.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL MATCH.

The Ridley Juniors played a match with a team from Hamilton on the home grounds, October 20. After a good exhibition of football Ridley won by a score of 43-8. Mr. Peterson kindly acted as referee, and "Marse" Greenhill as umpire. Ridley's high score was largely due to constant practice and their superiority in weight, but Hamilton played pluckily against such odds.

MISSING AT RIDLEY

The fellows here are dandies,
The masters are so, too;
The "grub" is good, for college fare
(Perhaps a LITTLE hard to chew).

The beds are wide (?) and easy,
The hours are all right;
And the holidays are plenty,
There's Glee Club Friday night.

We have a field for football,
And tennis courts enough,
A cricket field for summer, and
A skating rink, not rough.

Then what CAN be the trouble?
Great goodness! Can't you SEE?
Why, we haven't any DAMSELS,
And THAT'S what worries ME!

J. L. S.

A JUNIOR'S ACCOUNT OF THE CROSS-COUNTRY.

The ground was rather muddy,
As it rained the night before,
But of this the runners took no heed
Who gathered at the door.

Now up to lock eleven
The racers all did go,
And at that point, three miles from town,
They stood up in a row.

The first half mile was easy,
As over the ground they skimmed,
But when they crossed the first ploughed field
The runners lost their wind.

The farmers got quite angry,
As we carried their soil away,
For, at each step of our gunboats,
We pulled up acres of clay.

The bumpkins gazed in wonder,
When they saw us racing past,
And Lanky Jim, who followed slow,
They took for one of their class.

Now some grew very thirsty,
As they passed the brewery by,
But one and all their thirst forget
As the winning post they spy.

The race was almost over,
But yet it was not won,
So over the ground did Hoyley fly,
Till he heard the cry: "Well done!"