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MR. KINGDON.

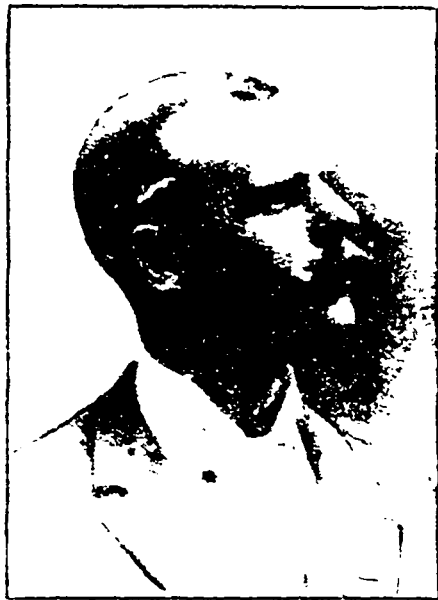
Mr. Kingdon, who for the past fourteen years filled so efficiently and satisfactorily the position of head Steward of the Residence is about to leave us to occupy a similar post in the Reform Club of this city. Hence we think this an appropriate opportunity to present to our readers Mr. "Alfie" Kingdon's portrait and a brief sketch of his life, the material for which he was kind enough to give to the Times interviewer.

Mr. Kingdon was born in England in the year 1853. At the age of sixteen he left home and went to the town of Lowestow, on the east coast of England, where he joined a fishing smack as cabin boy. After nine months he shipped before the mast in a large tea clipper, plying between Liverpool and Hong Kong. In the six or seven voyages which he made between those ports he had a couple of very close calls. Once in the Red Sea he was working over the side of the ship sitting upon a plank, when suddenly a larger wave than usual swept him and his plank away. The cry "man overboard" went up and after a little delay a boat was lowered and he was taken in, having been in the water about twenty minutes. He had barely got to the dressing room when he was called up to see a whole shoal of sharks swimming just off the ship. Another time, on a pitch dark night, the order "all hands shorten sail" was given, and he with some mates climbed to the top of one of the masts to stow the sail. Here they found that the weather sheet, a chain had broken and was flying about wildly. He had just stepped out upon the yard and another man was shinning up the top gallant

mast when the wind caught the sail and threw it right over the yard, at the same time knocking the other man from his hold. He fell upon Alfie's shoulders and it was by the merest chance that he held on and saved them both. If he had missed they would both have fallen into the sea and would never have been found in the darkness. During these trips he was able to visit Calcutta, Singapore and other eastern ports and passed through the Suez Canal. Three years of sea life was enough for him and he returned to England. Here his father complimented him on his one virtue, namely

independence, as he had supported himself since he had set out from home. At his father's suggestion he set sail for Canada with the intention of farming.

We next see him in Toronto and then on a farm, where for \$20 and Sunday meals he worked during the two hardest months of the summer. Later on, through the Y. M. C. A. he got a position in the old Upper Canada College. The following summer he again went in for farming and this time fell in with a jovial Scotchman who said he was the best green



MR. KINGDON.

horn he had ever had. When he had been eighteen months in Canada he was offered a position in New Zealand by his brother and setting out to England visited his family there and then worked his passage to New Zealand. There he engaged in sheep farming and later joined his brother in buying a bush farm on which he worked for a time. One day while felling a tree it fell upon him, crushing his right hand and leg rendering him insensible. He lay on his back perfectly conscious but helpless till the next morning and then had to drag himself in a drizzling rain about half a mile upon

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