

# THE RIVAL

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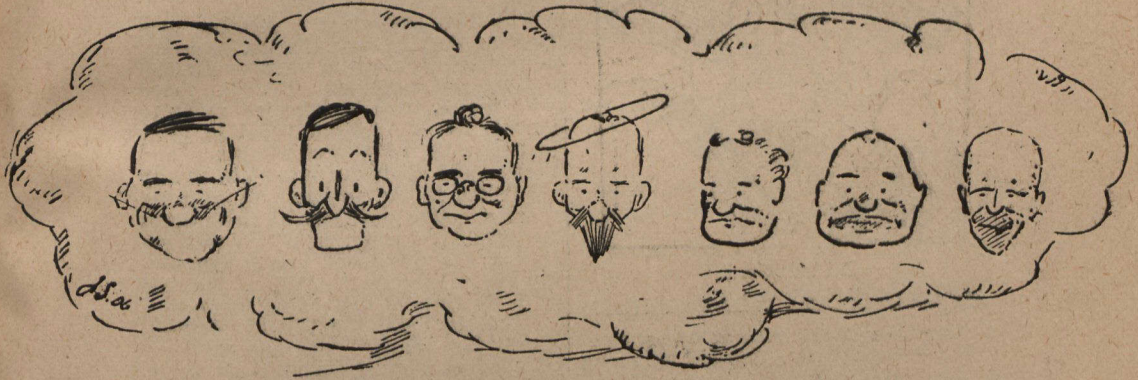
## THE STAFF.

Manager—S. F. Robertson.  
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Sub-Editor—W. G. Bell.  
Publisher—G. T. Beardmore.

The Rival will, after this, be completely a college paper, with accounts of all college matches, etc.

The subscription will be 25c from now till Christmas.

Published every two weeks.



## AN OPENING-DAY PSALM.

(With Profound Apologies.)

"And once again, those angel faces smile  
Which we have loved long since and lost awhile."

### HEBREW WIT.

Ike—"I say, Goldstein, will you have a cigar?"

Goldstein—"Vy, vot iss the matter with it?"

A Hebrew falls into the river, and is swimming ashore, when an Irishman shouts at him: "Don't you know there is a \$50 fine for swimming here?" The Hebrew says: "I won't pay it." Puts up his hands and sinks.

Ikey (with newspaper in his hand)—"Give a look, give a look."

Abe—"Vat's the matter, Ikey?"

Ikey—"Medicine is advertised for half price and I ain't sick.

"Who was dat lady I saw with you to-day?"

"Dat vas no lady; dat vas my wife."

Captain—"All is lost. We cannot save the ship."

Moses—"Do you hear vat he say? Ikey, the ship is going to sink."

Ikey—"Vell, let it sink; it don't belong to us,"

Isaac Sosinski went to Europe last summer. He had a gold watch worth \$200. The ship commences to sink, and he tried to sell it for \$1.85.