

A Visit To Our Sister School.

Last vacation, while in Toronto, I received an invitation to visit Havergal Hall.

When I reached the imposing edifice on Jarvis street, it took me some time to summon sufficient courage to enter. Finally I pulled the bell and the door was immediately flung open by a servant in a gorgeous livery of white cotton and green checks. I was kindly welcomed by the Principal, but was informed to my great sorrow that most of the young ladies had departed to their respective homes that morning, what specially grieved me, was that Miss D—was in W—? but I have no doubt that George Moncrieff's joy far out-weighed my disappointment. However, four veritable gems remained and I was perfectly happy when I received an introduction.

During luncheon I was the object of many interested glances; and awe-struck whispers circulated about that I was "one of those Ridley Boys."

I was besieged with questions about the last number of the ACTA, for the girls wanted to have a paper of their own, too; but the Principal objected and said some very complimentary (!) things about the relations of Ridley and Havergal.

After luncheon I was shown through the building by Miss G—, who very kindly explained all the points of interest.

This in reality took up some time, for the building is extremely large and roomy; but, when in the delightful company of Miss — no thought was given to the flying moments, and it was some time e'er we appeared amongst the rest.

I was then conducted in state to the drawing room, where a very fine exhibition of music and singing was given.

I then regretfully took my leave amid showers of good-byes, and perhaps something a great deal sweeter, when the Principal was looking another way.

It is needless to say that during the remainder of the holidays, I often found *pressing business* in the neighborhood of Jarvis street.

It is said that when L. R. P. wished to borrow fifty cents from a friend, lately he was politely, but flatly refused. When he enquired the reason, he was referred to a certain familiar psalm, which opened with the fatal words "Put not your trust in Princes!"

In Days Of Yore.

Three or four years ago when a new boy came he was at once persecuted with all the ingenuity of the "old boys." His trunk was searched for eatables and at his expense was enjoyed a fine time, which left him hungry and desolate.

He would console himself with the thought of a good sleep, but after preparing for bed he would be seized, his prayers for mercy stopped by a gag of College soap, followed by a cold bath from the water jug. After turning in and actually getting to sleep, a dream of falling over a precipice would rouse him to discover, much to his alarm and surprise, that he was on the floor, covered only by the stillness of the night. After getting comfortably asleep again, the dormitory would hear a piercing scream, the poor new boy again being the culprit, horribly frightened now by cold, clammy things crawling over him in bed. On investigating, the old boys would in assured terror, bring forth a fish, a frog and a small grass snake, and at once place the new boy before a secret tribunal, charged with being a wisard. He would be condemned and sentenced to be mesmerised the next day.

After school on the day appointed, he is led into an open place and handed a warm soap dish, and commanded to look straight into the eyes of the executioner, and to imitate the motions of this person. As he only has to move his hands over the bottom of the dish and then over his face he soon plucks up courage and smiles blandly, which seems to increase the mirth of the spectators. This mirth is soon explained, for suddenly a mirror is placed before him in which is reflected his own poor face covered with the most awful devices in black.

The boys now take a rise out of him, they elevate him to the highest available point, and there force him to dance, sing and whistle to the accompaniment of laughter, hoots and jeers.

This is a specimen of the new boy's life in "times of yore," at the present day the new boy has a fine time, he no longer has to run gauntlets, shine boots, carry water or to endure mysterious bumps and knocks for disobedience to old boys. This gives a faint idea of what the new boys in the "good old days" had to endure, and of the delightful time they now have at "Ridley."

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