

GONE FROM AMONGST US.**Mark of Appreciation From Boys of Upper School.**

In the departure of Mr. Crowdy from the school we have lost a master whose place it will be difficult to fill.

A natural humorist, he possessed a knack of always keeping the classes in Room J in a jocular frame of mind, at times bordering on the uproarious. Besides this, he was an efficient French instructor, and one whose loss will be deplored in a very material way by the '07 would-be matriculants.

Before leaving for the Civil Service, Ottawa, Mr. Crowdy was presented with a handsome shield and pipes, an appreciation from the upper school boys.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE. — We have a few copies of the Xmas number left over. Persons desiring same may obtain them by sending 10c to the office; we will then mail them one copy postage free.

One of our many admirers writes:—

Toronto, Jan. 8, 1907

The Rival Publishing Company, St. George St., Toronto.

Dear Sirs,—We received the copy of your paper yesterday, and wish to thank you for the excellent formation of our ad.

The paper itself does you great credit, and as we ourselves have had some experience in that line, we are sure that it must involve a considerable amount of your time, not to mention money.

It is without doubt the best paper of its kind, that is to say, published by boys, which has ever come under our notice.

There was, by the way, an omission in our ad., which the stenographer evidently neglected to rectify; after the "Co." there should be a "Limited" inserted.

Again thanking you and hoping you will have every success with the Rival for 1907, we remain, yours sincerely,
THE — CO., LIMITED.

We wish to tender our most sincere thanks to Mr. C. E. Delbos for his excellent cover design for our last issue.

St. Andrew's have a new yell to the tune of "God Save the King," which goes something like this.—

O', wa ta na siam,

O', wa ta na siam,

A na siam!

It sounds all right, and certainly suits them down to the ground.

SEE THE POINT?

There once was a chap in the school,
Who was caned by a master quite
cruel.

Said the master, "'Tis true
This hurts me more than you."

Said the boy, "Then you must be an
idiot!"

Master (Walking about the class room, in geometry period)—"Now, I'm going to argue and arrive at an absurdity," and then he stops at Walker's desk.

The Tiny Tads.

Benjamin, Gibson, Macdonald, Berkinshaw.

The Rival had better be careful or St. Andrew's will be squashing them with some witty little remark by means of their little school magazine.

'UMOR.

"What's your name?"

"Mabee."

"Are you going to tell me your name or not?"

"Mabee."

"WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"

"MABEE."

"Oh!"

GUESS.

(With apologies.)

A newsboy invests his all by buying papers for 5 cents. What per cent. would he gain if he wore a green tie and blue spectacles?

(The answer is "Donghnuts.")

Don't get cross, gentle reader, we pray,
At our seemingly careless delay—

There's a proverb quite clever—

"Better late out than never,"

And that's just what the editors say: