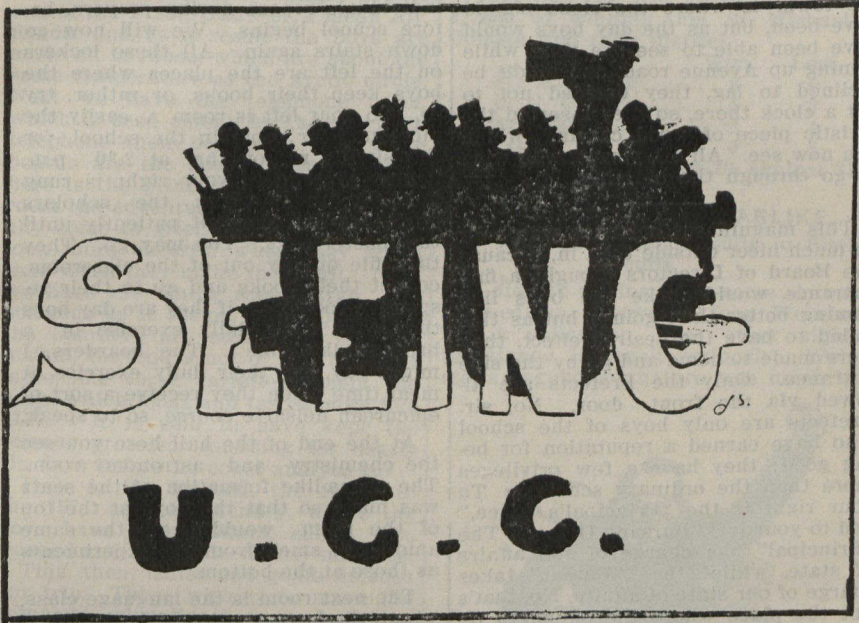


# THE RIVAL

VOL. II No 1.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 14, 1907.

PRICE 5 CENTS.



## SEEING U. C. C. THROUGH A MEGAPHONE

(With Apologies to the Ladies' Home Journal.)

Here y'are ladies and gents. These are th' gates of Upper Canada College. They were built by the Old Boys of the College, who didn't know whether to build these or to put new desks throughout the school. It was, however, finally decided to build the gates, as it seemed more for the money. On the left is the letter box where the pupils post their letters to their parents four times a week. Farther to the left is the Preparatory School, commonly called the "Incubator," on account of his ability to raise young 'uns. The young hopefuls here learn how to play cricket and also how to escape in case of fire. This is, so it's advertised, the finest school of its kind in Canada. The boys are fed four times a day with breakfast food, the sawdust of which is manufactured by the kids cutting

the desks during study hours. Now, look to your left, and right here you see the magnificent play grounds. The ground on the oval shaped portion was imported from Italy at an enormous cost, and is at present used most in the college circulars as an advertisement. To the right is the flagstaff, the former one was of wood, but it fell down, as there weren't enough half-holidays to make it worth while to ever use it to fly the flag on. Last year, however, the directors, decided to build the present steel one, as when there wasn't any it spoiled the artistic effect. Inside the ball on the top there are the names of most of the boys of the college.

No, madam, the boys didn't climb up. You see, they merely stuck their names in before the structure was erected.

Before you, ladies and gents, is the magnificent pile of Upper Canada College. It is fully covered by insurance, also by the roof. The circular hole in the tower is where the clock should have been, but as the day boys would have been able to see the time while coming up Avenue road, and might be inclined to lag, they decided not to put a clock there, so they inserted the artistic piece of wood carving, which you now see. All off, please, who wish to go through the building.

This magnificent entrance was built so much nicer outside than in, because the Board of Directors thought a fine entrance would make the boys like coming better than going; but as this failed to have the desired effect, they were made to come and go by the side entrance. Only the Prefects are allowed via the front door. No, sir. Prefects are only boys of the school who have earned a reputation for being good; they have a few privileges more than the ordinary scholars. To your right is the "Principal's Office," and to your left "Bursar's Office." The "Principal" has charge of the affairs of state, while the "Bursar" takes charge of our state of affairs. No, that's not the place where the offenders receive chastisement, we will come there later.

Here is a relief portrait of Henry Scadding, the first boy who went to this school; also the school clock. In the history of U. C. C. there is a picture of the clock with hundreds of names cut into it; but that was evidently more imaginary than real, for if you will look you will not see one.

Right up these stairs, please! Here you see the magnificent prayer hall in which the school yells are practiced. They originally intended to have real electric light fixtures over these pipes, but somehow the fixtures have been misplaced in the express office. On all sides you see the boards on which the names of the most learned boys of the school are inscribed. You also see the portraits of the head masters, and the school shields. In the centre of the back platform is the organ, and to the left is the piano, on which the boys practice "Cheyenne," "Why Don't

You Try," and other popular pieces. At the other end of the hall you will see the "Seats of the Mighty," or rather, of the masters, in which those individuals repose during prayers, before school begins. We will now go down stairs again. All these lockers on the left are the places where the boys keep their books, or rather, try to. To your left is room A, easily the most popular room in the school, for the simple reason that at 2.30 p.m. the large gong to your right is rung for that room. When the scholars hear that bell they sit patiently until the master says, "You may go." They then file quietly out of the classroom, collect their books and go to their respective rooms, or, if they are day boys they take their daily exercise in a brisk walk home. The boarders, I might say, get their daily exercise at meal time when they receive a sort of epicurean *delsarte* course, so to speak.

At the end of the hall here you see the chemistry and astronomy room. The arena-like formation of the seats was made so that the boys at the top of the room would get the same amount of smell from the experiments as those at the bottom.

The next room is the language class, where the boys are taught Latin. Next is the mathematical room, where the boys are enabled to solve pathetic little sums about poor newsboys, etc.

The notices on the billboard to your left are for books or fountain pens which have been lost or stolen, mostly stolen. Next is the modern form. This class, I might add, is one of the best in the school. No'm, I'm not joking. Here we have the supply office where the bursar hands out delicacies in the form of scribblers, pens, pencils, and such like. To our right is the room where boys are taught to speak and read properly; it is the class room of the literary master.

We will now go back to the front hall. From these rear windows we have an excellent view. The undulating hills and valleys in the distance and the water tank which is being rebuilt. In the foreground we have the closed rink, the gymnasium, and the hospital, which is used extensively during the football season. Below we

have the engine room and boilers, which are used to light and heat the school. The engineer, I might add, is one of the Fresh Hair—er, I mean Air, fiends, and as a result the boys are made sit in rooms which are about the same temperature as the Arctic circle. Next we have the telephone room, which is used chiefly by the sports to telephone their best girls. All these boards are the sports' records. And here is the principal's study. In this room the adventuresome spirits generally come to grief, and they generally look more cheerful when they go in than when they make their exit. Next we have the dining room, large and spacious as it seems, the appetites of the boarders are still more so. No ma'am, the food is not of the "57," it is more like three varieties except the hash, which looks and tastes more like "157." It is said to have kept the science professor guessing for nearly six days before he could analyze it.

Here is the kitchen, the Home of the "57," and the laundry, where the boys have their collars, shirts, etc., washed and mangled—mostly mangled. This, then, ladies and gents finishes our trip. Those wishing to make the complete educational tour, including the girls' school over in Rosedale, may do so on payment of 25c. As that place is not so important as this, we will only take half as long reviewing it.

**HOCKEY.**

**Upper Canada College, 1906—07.**

- 1st game, Wednesday, Jan. 17—U. C. C. defeated Trinity University, 12—3. Half-time, score 9—1 in favor of U. C. C.
- 2nd game, Friday, Jan. 19—St. Michael's College defeated U. C. C., 8—4. Half-time score 3—1 in favor of U. C. C.
- 3rd game, Tuesday, Jan. 22—U. C. C. defeated Argonaut III's 5—4. Half-time score 4—3 in favor of U. C. C.
- 4th game, Friday, Jan. 25—U. C. C. won from Trinity University by default.
- 5th game, Tuesday, Jan. 29—U. C. C. defeated Argonaut III's 12—7. Half-time score 5—5.
- 6th game, Friday, Feb. 1—St. Michael's

College defeated U. C. C. 9—6. Half-time score 4—4.

This was the last game of District 3, and by winning this, St. Michael's College won their district.

	Won.	Lost.
St. Michael's .....	6	0
U. C. College .....	4	2
Argonaut III's .....	2	4
Trinity .....	0	6

U. C. C.'s score:—For 39, against 31.

**WEBSTER WAXES WARLIKE.**

**Tiff With Policeman Results in Fisticuffs.**

A dispute arising from some riotous proceedings, between John Webster and a policeman the other night, threatened to result seriously. Webster's pugnacious nature was much in



evidence, and the brave P. C. sustained "severe coups de combat" which he will carry for many moons. When brought before the magistrate Webster pleaded so eloquently that the judge was reminded of his famous namesake and let him off with a warning. "All boys," said the magistrate, in dismissing him, "have a tendency to midnight rioting, but it must be suppressed early or else they become slaves to it. For myself I can only say that such outbreaks on the part of U. C. C. students only suggest the presence of animal spirits, which can never be totally eliminated in youth."

Paper, paper, everywhere,  
The first thing that one sights on,  
Is paper, paper, everywhere,  
And not a bit to write on.

## THE REAL ACCOUNT OF THE "FLYING DUTCHMAN."

### CHAPTER I.

"Where are we now?" roared the skipper, as he rubbed his sleepy eyes. He had been on deck for the last forty hours and could scarce keep awake, for had not the Flying Dutchman been driven far south of the Cape by a terrific gale? By this time, however, the gale had moderated, and the captain, who always had looked up to the mate as being a man of letters, left him to sail the ship on the same course which she was now holding.

Having sailed in this direction for nearly a day, they came in sight of a strange island, and the mate immediately went down below and woke up the skipper. The island, however, continued to be a mystery, until it dawned on the mate that he had read of that island somewhere. Oh, yes, of course. Why, he remembered that island was the one which overlooked the "Sea of Sleep," 60 degrees latitude west 80 degrees longitude. But this was too much for the worthy Koepeck (for such was the skipper's name) "Do you mean to tell me," he roared, after the mate had been explaining the qualities of the mysterious sea to him, "that if I and my crew were to drink some of that water that we would go to sleep and not wake up for four hundred years?" "Yes, sir." "Well, then, just for the sake of argument, you shall drink some of it, and see if it puts you to sleep."

So saying, he ordered a couple of men to seize and bind the mate, and then when this had been done they drew a bucket of water from the sea, and made the mate drink it by holding his nose. Then all stood around and watched, but the water had evidently not had time to work, and the mate sat there just as much awake as the rest. So Herr Koepeck ordered that all the water tanks should be filled, as this water was very pleasant to the taste.

Now, as the crew were all ravenously thirsty, as they had not had water for days, they at once pitched into, or rather, commenced to drink their fill; everybody, even to the cap-

tain and the ship's cat had a drink of it, and, as the crew were worn out with their hard battle with the storm, the skipper ordered that they cast anchor in a little bay, the opening to which they could just see in the rocky shore of the island of Sleep. Having cast anchor and made everything shipshape, one by one the crew fell asleep at their posts, and not even the thundering roars of the skipper could arouse them. Gradually his commands to wake up, which had almost, I might say, been hurled at the crew, diminished, and he, too, fell asleep. Even the cat was snoring so loudly as to make a light sleeper tremble. Whilst, save for the dull rumbling roar which proceeded from the ship, all was as still as death.

### CHAPTER II.

Now, this had all happened during the year fifteen hundred and fifty, on the 32nd day of August. And by a strange coincidence on the 32nd of August in the year nineteen hundred and fifty (just 400 years after the crew of the good ship "Flying Dutchman" had gone to sleep), the sub-marine boat No. 23 belonging to Admiral Skydough's fleet had gone astray, and having been carried by an undercurrent far from the rest had come up to the surface to make an observation, when, to the commander's great surprise, the very first thing which greeted his eyes as he came out of the conning tower was the same island which Captain Koepeck had put into about 400 years before.

But what surprised the skipper of No. 23 the most was that this island should be volcanic and yet not have any signs of volcano, or even hill, from which the rumble, which he heard so distinctly, could proceed.

But even as he listened the rumble grew less and less, and in about ten minutes it had become so faint as to be unnoticeable.

You must remember that just about this time the crew of the "Dutchman" were due to wake up, and when the so-called volcanic eruption grew steadily less it was only the different members of the crew who ceased their snores.

The worthy skipper now awoke and commenced to bawl his orders just as

lustily as ever, and the crew, who by this time were all awake, sprang to obey them. Soon the good ship had passed out of the small harbor which had sheltered her for so long, out into the open sea, and into the sight of the commander of 23 there majestically sailed this vision.

### CHAPTER III.

Captain Koepeck was stalking his quarterdeck and conversing to the mate about having had such a refreshing sleep, when, of a sudden, from out of the ocean depths it seemed there roared a voice: "Ahoy, there! Ahoy! What ship is that?" But the crew and officers of the "Dutchman" were so surprised that they could not say a word in reply.

Suddenly the mate found his voice. "There, sir, there it is; that little speck there to port, sir."

Immediately all eyes were turned to the spot directed, and Koepeck mumbled. "It can't be that, surely." But, strange to say, again the voice hailed them: "Ahoy! Ahoy! Heave too while I come aboard." But now the skipper found his voice, and full of wrath, bawled back: "Come aboard o' me, you little tin kettle, not much—any more o' your sauce and I'll sling a broadside o' shot aboard ye." "I am coming aboard," replied the voice, and the little shining speck commenced to move towards the "Flying Dutchman."

"Gadzooks!" roared Koepeck, "give him the whole of the port broadside." The crew sprang to their places, and at the word "fire!" the ancient broadside of 20 guns burst from the "Flying Dutchman." One hit the tiny speck, but just made a noise like a pea against a tin pot, and they bounced off into the sea. The speck stopped, and a sharp report burst from the top of it, at the same time the bowsprit of the "Dutchman" broke off short as the shell found a mark. The angry skipper turned to his chief gunner and demanded why he had shot off the bowsprit. In vain did the gunner protest that he was innocent, but the captain would not listen. If he had not shot off the bowsprit, who had?

"Heave to or I'll sink you," the voice again cried. But Koepeck ordered that the "Dutchman" be swung around

and the starboard broadside fired at the "tin kettle." Again the guns were fired, and two shots struck the submarine, for such the "little tin kettle" was.

By this time the commander of 23 was furious. "A case of pure piracy on the high seas," he cried. "Give the ancient piece of furniture the starboard centre torpedo." Soon the lively missile was speeding towards the foe.

### CHAPTER IV.

About this time our old friend, Capt. Koepeck, of the "Flying Dutchman," having been hit on the ankle by a piece of the bowsprit's wreckage, was, by the aid of two assistants, limping around down below in the cabin. Suddenly the whole floor under him shook, and the ship heeled over till her gunwale was high under. Immediately the skipper limped down through the hold, followed by several of the crew. "Get a light," he bawled. As soon as this had been done, in the dusky glare they perceived what looked to be a long, slim, silver, metal tube. It was the torpedo.

"What the deuce," began Koepeck, "can it be?" For the thing was sizzling, and at one end of it two small wheels buzzed merrily round.

Finally, one of the crew bolder than the rest, ventured to touch it. "It's hot," he exclaimed, drawing back his hand. "Maybe it's some kind of canned soup," remarked another. "Nothing of the sort," replied the mate. "I bet it's some kind of cannon ball." "Cannon ball?" said the skipper incredulously. "What are you thinking of, anyway?"

"Well," replied the mate, "when I was in Italy last they were building a round tin thing to put powder in, for to blow up a government with, and it looked just like that."

"Maybe you're right," said the skipper, "and I guess it had better go overboard. Here, you louts, lay a hold o' this to heave it up on deck."

Ten or twelve men immediately laid hold of it . . . . . But just then the thing exploded

And that is why the good ship "Flying Dutchman" never makes her usual trips around Cape Horn as was her custom in the early years.

**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:

## A FABLE.

Lunch was over, the boys were pouring down the main hall towards the lockers. A group of boys were strolling down towards a paper parcel in the centre of the hall. They were boarders. "Ha, ha!" remarked one, "some day boy forgotten his lunch." Immediately there was a scramble for the lunch in question, eager hands grabbed for it, whilst minds still more eager thought of the feast in store. "Bags I three sandwiches," said one. "I want the cake, if there is any," said another, "The hard boiled egg for mine," said a third; whilst others named the different articles they would have. "Let McFoolish open it," said one hungry-looking individual, Galagher by name. "Yes," said Magee, quietly, "and then we will toss up for

the cake." So McFoolish carefully cut the string whilst the hungry ones crowded 'round. Just then he tore off the heavy wrapping papers and then he tore aside the tissue papers and disclosed—a brick.

We wish to remark that the poor mut who sent the remark around that the Rival had failed, evidently had a cavity in the top of his crust which might be filed in with sawdust or some other like substance.

If it takes a man a week to eat a ham, how long will it take him to eat a hammer?

It all depends whether he is a professional or an amateur ('ammer chewr).

# BEARDMORE CO.

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WAREHOUSES

Acton, Bracebridge,

Toronto, Montreal.

**BRIEFS**

Not to be outdone by us, the little fellows from S. A. C. are going to turn out to their shindy in skirts and socks, or rather, we should say, in dress uniform. It may be all right when they haven't anything better, but goodness me! Surely they can afford to sport stockings with \$900,000 to back them up with.

The account of the riot in the street car was greatly exaggerated. The newspaper has to fill up space just the same as we do, and the reporter who wrote up the two large columns in the World must have been a star to have been able to make "so much ado about nothing."

After a long term of hard study, Frankel, thinking of joyous summer, in an idle moment, was sufficiently inspired to write the following lines, which he kindly forwarded to us:—

"Ven I tink ouf der Summer Holidays,  
Und to study hard I've tried,  
I feel youst like eim sausage hot,  
All bursted out inside."

Apropos of the Argonaut return match, we think that the time has passed when you can coop a crowd of college boys in a car and gently lead them into dock as submissive as sheep. No doubt the motorman was of a most strategical and wily turn of mind, but just the same he should remember that Sherlock Holmeses and Foxy Quillers are not made in an hour. With a little careful practice, and a more thorough knowledge of the ways of college boys we think that he may some day have the honor of pinching a few of our promiscuous midnight rioters.

During a recent match between a flat team and "another," a youthful prodigy was heard to remark that he "could not skate on this slush after the bawd Winnipeg ice." He did not, however, have to make this remark, as the onlookers were quite able to see for themselves.

Get busy—it's no use thinking  
Of the things you'd like to do  
To the chap who springs the query,  
"Is it cold enough for you?"

# The Conger Lumber Co.

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