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College



Times.



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No. 6.

MR. KINGDON.

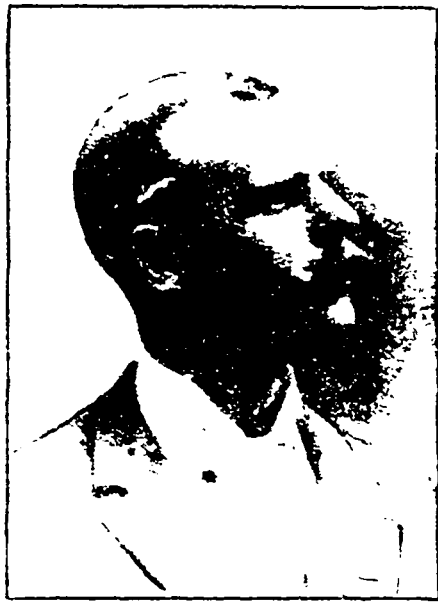
Mr. Kingdon, who for the past fourteen years filled so efficiently and satisfactorily the position of head Steward of the Residence is about to leave us to occupy a similar post in the Reform Club of this city. Hence we think this an appropriate opportunity to present to our readers Mr. "Alfie" Kingdon's 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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his stomach, taking some twelve hours to do it. He reached a clearing where he received help and had his injuries attended to by a medical student and the little finger of his right hand amputated. This laid him up for six months and then he returned to Canada about the year 1878.

He again got a position in the old College and stayed till the following June. Just then the Steward, Mr. Wood, left and Mr. Kingdon received the position and has held it since that time. "Alfie" leaves with the best wishes of all the boys and we sincerely wish him a most successful future.

CASUALLY ENCOUNTERED.

As we labored through the great drifts of snow which must be encountered on the way south from our dearly beloved College, and pressed our freezing hands to our frozen ears, and then again blew desperately into our icy gloves that if possible the warmth of our breath might preserve our hands till we arrived at home, we had time to think of many things.

But first and foremost—at least, as far as importance for the time being was concerned—came a great longing to get on the hockey team; but there was that "crack" in goal, and that "point;" isn't he a "daisy"? As for the cover-point, he's from Morrisburg. No chance there, and we can't play forward. "Quid faciamus?"

Scarcely had this mighty quotation passed through our frozen lips when an old gentleman overtook us, and even as he caught up with us he slackened his pace and seemed to wish to keep us company. He was tall and thin, with shaggy gray hair and a slight stoop of the shoulders, so that if we had been an artist or a camera-friend we should have had him sit for the "Ancient Mariner." We happened to turn west along Bloor. He turned with us. We walked along in silence until we were opposite the "Baptist College." Then he began:—

"You're late getting home from school."

"Just getting down from *College*," we corrected indignantly. "McMaster Hall, I suppose," said he, waving his hand in the direction of the Hall. "Yes," we answered laconically, supposing that he meant to inquire the name of the build-

ing, for it never entered our innocent head that after accompanying us down Avenue Road he should ask if we came from McMaster Hall. "Preparing for the ministry, I suppose," he went on. Again we answered "Yes," thinking that he referred to the chief end which the Baptist College has in view. Our companion now grew more loquacious. "I should imagine," he said, "that a large number of your fellow-students are yearly preparing themselves for the mission-field." Suddenly the light burst on us, we saw at once that all our answers had been taken as referring to ourself, so that our interrogator now thought that we were preparing for the ministry and that our fellow students were preparing to be missionaries. "Wouldn't they be 'pets,'" thought we. But not to make the old gentleman feel uncomfortable we went on as though we had been what he thought, and answered, "Yes, indeed, a very large number." "Do you know," he said, "I think there is one point greatly neglected in your studies." "What is that?" "I think you ought all to know something about medicine. How do you feel about that yourself?" We said that we thought it would be a very great advantage particularly for those going to the mission-field. He then led on to speak of some points of doctrine of which we knew nothing. But by agreeing with whatever he said, he was quite content to talk straight ahead and leave us to our melancholy thoughts *re* the hockey team.

But this would not be a true account if we did not tell that we were almost floored before parting by the question "who took Professor So-and-So's place after his death?" Now as we were ignorant of the fact that there had ever been a Professor So-and-So at the Hall, this was difficult to answer and how we did so we may not tell, for it might destroy our reputation and injure the morals of the reader.

MORAL.

If you find suddenly that you've been innocently telling howling "crams," *don't* go on, but hasten to explain.

"The singing of the Lonelyville choir reminds me of an experience I had the other night returning from the Club." "What was it?" "It took me about half an hour to strike the right key."

The College Times.

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Some of our readers thinking that our last issue of the COLLEGE TIMES was not quite up to its usual form, we wish to make a few explanations. In the first place nothing of any importance happened, either in the last few days of last term or in the first week of this, and as our matter had all to be in by the end of the week what could we do? We might have made it a little later, perhaps, but that would have necessitated crowding our other five issues too much. Then, in the next place as it was so soon after the holidays, and as some of the staff did not come back for two or three days after school began, it was hard to get sufficient matter. And our printers made two or three bad mistakes, omitting some matter that was meant to go in, and inserting some that was not; this was because they had engaged new men, all the old men being out on strike. We trust that these explanations will satisfy such of our readers who grumbled at the last issue and we will do our best hereafter to prevent the recurrence of any such mistakes.

We cannot understand the reason or reasons for the rule which ordains that all boarders must return to the college on Sunday night at 9.30.

We fail to see why this hour should not be changed to 10, or even 10.30, for the boys certainly get no harm by being allowed out till that hour on Saturday. As it is, it is impossible to go to any down-town church on Sunday evening unless one does not object to leaving the church before the conclusion of the service. Hence, those who cannot get invitations for Saturday night are absolutely prohibited from attending any of the city churches. Until Sunday-street-cars are run in the City of Toronto it will be impossible to get up from King street to the college between a quarter to and half-past nine, and consequently to attend evening service in the former locality. We are unable to find any objections to putting off the time of return till ten, which would just allow one to come up from a service in the farthest part of the city, and we are sure that this extension would be greatly appreciated by a majority of the boys and parents. Unfortunately the policy of the faculty seems just now to tend not towards the extension of leave, but the reverse.

This College has always had a good name for the interest taken in and the enthusiasm shown for its sports and athletics by the great bulk of its students, and it is this, and this only, that has enabled us to take so high a position among the schools of the province with regard to these important branches. But it would seem that the present generation much prefer to go and shout and blow horns at the College matches to subscribing the small sum of one dollar towards the support of the College institutions. The stewards are a newly created body, whose functions are perhaps not yet clearly understood, and the system upon which the games are now being managed is also a novelty, which facts may possibly account, in some measure, for the disgracefully inadequate response to the appeal for funds; but surely it must be clearly understood by everybody that money, and a good deal of it, is imperatively necessary for carrying on everything, even school games; and, moreover, the investment is not an unremunerative one, for it purchases entire freedom to all the grounds and athletic appliances of the College. Will not the boys work themselves up

to their old enthusiasm and patriotism, and do their share towards making the College famous as it has been in the past! Funds must be forthcoming, and soon! Had it not been for the low state of the finances the price of the "At Home" tickets would not have been raised; and, if a generous and general response is not made, other economies will be necessary, so it is in every way to your advantage to so respond.

We know of no large school, either in Canada or the Mother Country, where the members of upper forms have so few special advantages, or enjoy so few extra privileges, as the senior classes of Upper Canada College. It is a curious and interesting fact that upon careful examination into this important subject, it will be found that the boarders of the sixth form have not one single stated privilege more than those of the first, with the exception of the use of the reception room, and their exemption from the law compelling the use of the much-detested invitation tickets, which latter advantage is rather of a negative character. And what renders these circumstances peculiarly aggravating is, that such has not always been the case. In the good old days of yore, and not so very long ago either, the amount of leave was carefully graded for each form, and it was granted with a far more lavish hand than it now is. At the present time the goings out and the comings in of the just-joined first form boy are watched over and controlled in precisely the same way, and with exactly the same regulations, as are the movements of the senior, who will within a year matriculate and go out into the world, or into a University, where tickets-of-leave are unknown, and the students are looked upon as intelligent human beings, possessing an average share of truth and honor. And what sort of preparation is it for the sudden freedom from restraint which will thereby be conferred upon him, to make him feel that he is not yet able to look after himself, or to judge for himself in the smallest matters? How is such treatment calculated to breed manliness, self-respect or independence, or to gradually fit a young man for the duties of life? The present regulations of the College concerning leave are almost universally considered too strict. It is true that a few persons for their

own ends are endeavouring to give the school a reputation (never deserved) for laxity and negligence, but that is no reason for flying to the opposite extreme. We do not want extraordinary concessions, but privileges proportionate to our seniority and duties (for the College has never lost sight of the fact that the duties of its scholars to the institution increase with their rising position therein), and we think that three days' leave a week for the sixth, and a proportional amount for the other forms would not be in any way too much, nor would be likely to be abused; neither would it be more than it is customary to grant boys of the senior year in other schools of the size and social status of the College.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

Most of our exchanges have come to hand again. The *Ottawa Owl* has not turned up. The *Red and Blue* is interesting as ever and expresses itself openly on the injustice done to its University by the Football Convention at New York. The *Trinity Review* has come with its interesting college news and editorials. *Varsity* appears regularly and is always welcome. *The Medical Adviser* will keep off all sickness for some time to come. *St. John's College Magazine* is well supplied with good and instructive editorials, while in *Printer's Ink* we regularly find practical and useful hints in advertising combined with interesting reading matter.

"TICKETS \$1"

The "At Home" we're up on,
 What will befall me?
 They'll all want a coupon,
 All my friends the whole throng;
 They're all coming along.
 It's enough to appall me.
 The "At Home" were up on,
 What will befall me?

THE CHOIR.

Great Caesar! that choir!
 How they howl and they groan!
 Their sounds don't inspire,
 They just raise my great ire
 The bass two notes higher;
 The sopranos alone
 Makes a very sweet tone;
 How they howl and they groan!

Sports.

HOCKEY.

On Saturday, the 28th of January, our boys played their second hockey match on the Victoria Rink and again came out victorious, defeating the second Victoria team by 4 goals to 3. The game was close and exciting throughout. Capt. McLennan won the toss and decided to defend the western goal. Waldie got the puck from the draw and passed to Badenach, who, after coming within fifteen yards of the opponents' goal, passed it to McLennan, who passed to Waldie and the latter scored by an excellent shot. This game was the result of a splendid bit of combination. The next game was also shot by Waldie after a very neat piece of team play. From this out the Victorias braced up and played a much harder and faster game. Patterson especially played a very hard and rough game. The Vic's won the next game by a fine piece of play, assisted chiefly by Cosby, who played a splendid game throughout. They also won the next two games despite the splendid work of Rayside and Fitzgibbon, and the brilliant goal-keeping of McMaster, who did his part exceptionally well. The second half the College had a little of the advantage, and chiefly through the efforts of McLennan succeeded in scoring. The score stood 3 to 3 within five minutes of time, when Badenach, assisted by McLennan and Waldie, succeeded in scoring just half a minute before the whistle blew. Thus the game ended with a score of 4-3 in favor of College.

Immediately after the match the hockeyists were invited in to have dinner at the Victoria Club by Mr. Martland. A most enjoyable time was spent and a very sumptuous repast was partaken of. The following sat down to dinner: Mr. Martland, Capt. McLennan, Capt. Morrison, L. Cosby, F. Waldie, E. Badenach, D. J. Rayside, R. G. Fitzgibbons, T. McMaster, J. L. Counsell, A. R. Robertson and H. Kelso.

On Saturday last the College team met and defeated the Victoria Colts in the semi-final match by a score of 11 to 4. The following teams lined up on the Victoria ice at 5 o'clock :

U. C. C.		VICTORIA,	
McMaster T.....	Goal.....	Holland J. B.	
Rayside D.....	Point.....	Llwyd H.	
Fitzgibbons R.....	Cover Point.....	Brunnell H.	
Kelso H.....	} Forwards {	Winans B	
Badenach S.....		Temple R.	
Waldie F.....		Walker C.	
Maclennan F. capt)		Momson W. cap.	

Waldie faced off and in the draw secured the puck and passed to Badenach, who carried the puck down the ice and Waldie scored. The Vics. secured the next game by a splendid rush and a good shot by Temple. Maclennan then rushed the puck down to the Victoria's goal and by a clever shot scored. Then Momson and Temple, by a neat combination, scored for the Victorias. Our boys got the next game by a splendid bit of team play by Kelso, Badenach and Waldie. From this out the college boys had the best of the game, Badenach and Maclennan again scoring before the whistle blew. At the end of the first half the score stood 5-2 in favor of College.

In the next half the Vics. went to pieces playing only on the defensive. Once or twice they braced up and made an attempt at scoring but were unable to pass our brilliant defence. Twice only were the Vics. able to score in the second, once through Brunnel and once through Llwyd, while our boys got six goals. The following is a list of the goals as they were put in:—

1st.....	U. C. C.....	Waldie
2nd.....	Victoria.....	Temple
3rd.....	U. C. C.....	Maclennan
4th.....	Victoria.....	Momson
5th.....	U. C. C.....	Waldie
6th.....	U. C. C.....	Badenach
7th.....	U. C. C.....	Maclennan
8th.....	Victoria.....	Brunnell
9th.....	U. C. C.....	Maclennan
10th.....	Victoria.....	Llwyd
11th.....	U. C. C.....	Waldie
12th.....	U. C. C.....	Kelso
13th.....	U. C. C.....	Waldie
14th.....	U. C. C.....	Badenach
15th.....	U. C. C.....	Kelso

CONSOLATION.—Flora Wall: Oh, dear! there's a spot on the back of my gown. How can I ever go to the dance to-nig'ht? Minnie Ball: It won't be noticed, my dear, if you go early.

Rifle Company Notes.

DE COHORTE.

Our brief account of the old Rifle Company given in the Christmas number, has called forth a truer statement of the case, from the most reliable source that we could expect.

Major Draper has written a short letter in which he states the following: In the year 1866 the Company as it then existed, was taken as No. 6 Company on the strength of the Queens' Own Rifles and under the command of Captain Draper (Major Draper himself). His subalterns were Lieutenants Valency, Fuller and Ensign Max. Wilson, and all three were College boys.

The company was drilled regularly at the College and taken to the drill shed every week to fill its place amongst the other companies of the Regiment.

When the Fenian Raid occurred in 1866, the Captain *alone* was sent to the front in charge of a Company from Whitby, whilst the College Rifles under Lieutenant Fuller's command remained in Toronto and did guard duty at the Armoury during the excitement. Mr. Fuller acted as Captain, Mr. Wilson as Lieutenant, and a Mr. Tully Murray as provisional Ensign.

In 1867 Captain Draper left the limits of the Military Division, and so severed his connection with the Company and with the regiment. The Major has always taken a great interest in the College affairs, and was one of Canada's best cricketers in his younger years. His name may be seen in the Prayer Hall as one of the exhibitors of 1851. In 1883 he was chief constable of Toronto having held the position some fifteen years. We take this opportunity to thank him for his information and his interest in our affairs and at the same time invite the same from any other gentlemen who have any knowledge of any ancient lore connected with this College.

NOTES.

We have not yet got that other lamp down in the orderly room and we think that the engineer must either have forgotten about it or is under the impression that it is near summer and we will soon have no need for it, as the evenings

will be light enough without. However, it is not summer yet; there are many dark afternoons and evenings before us, before that will come, so we would suggest that the engineer reconsider the matter and give us more light.

Rifle Company leave is now obtained by getting a most formidable printed pass from Capt. Hunter and presenting it to the Dean, whereupon leave will immediately be given. We might here announce, that there may be no mistake in the matter, that leave is obtainable on Wednesdays and Fridays.

Time has rolled on and once more the annual Athletic "At Home," the great social event of the College session, is at hand. It was to be regretted last year that so few of the Company wore uniform on the great occasion, and it is to be hoped that this year the same will not be the case and that every officer, non-commissioned officer and man will be present in uniform. The "At Home" is an old College institution and surely the rifle corps, one of the oldest of College institutions, should honor it by wearing uniform and thus assisting to make the affair a grand success.

GALL.

It was night. Silence brooded over the dimly-lighted dining-room. The only inhabitants were a solitary and ferocious-looking master, the girls, and three forlorn figures at the upper end of the senior table. The latter were just thinking of finishing. Suddenly one of the party called for an extra. It came, but the others were still hungry, and attempted to buy it in. "One breakfast milk," said one of them. "Two." The bids were running up. "Three." The vendor smiled. "Four breakfast milks." And with a chuckle of satisfaction he handed over the pudding. For the second time, but with small hope, he requested an "extra." It was there, and immediately after went to the unsuccessful bidder for two milks, to the disgust of the first. Without the smallest expectation of getting it, the unsatisfied one called once more. The others rose a minute after, and left him to his fate, gloating over two heaped plates of the "stuff which kills."

Stories.

LOVE VS. BARONET.

CHAPTER II.

A RETROSPECT.

Sir James Francis Ashley, Bart., and William Fairbank Esq., of Fairbank Towers, Surrey, had been fast friends ever since the baronet could remember. The two families had been on intimate terms for generations, and were slightly connected by blood. Since the death of Sir James' father, the late Sir Lionel Ashley, third of the title, William Fairbank had acted to him almost in the capacity of a parent. Of late, however, the youthful baronet had been drifting by degrees into somewhat loose habits, and had come to be on familiar terms with some persons who would hardly have been received in good society. Among other things he had begun to speculate in stocks, but, as is usually the case with inexperienced investors, he lost heavily on his first ventures. As far as superficial appearance went he was not at all bad-looking, but in spite of his faultless dress and aristocratic mien, there was something cold and calculating in his look which gave the beholder an unfavourable impression. Although his morals were not as high as they might have been, still he was far from dissolute, and was considered an excellent matrimonial catch by the match-making mammas of the country, who accordingly baited their hooks for him with many a fair and well-dowered maiden.

William Fairbank was a country gentleman, of a family which had for a long time possessed great landed property in Surrey, but the present, and, besides his son, a youth of sixteen, the only representative of the line, had sold the greater portion of the estate, which had been fast depreciating in value during the extensive agricultural depression of the year 18—. A man of impulsive and generous nature, highly sensitive and strictly honorable in all his dealings, intensely proud of his name and ancient family, his chief characteristic was the passionate love he bore his son. When selling out his land he had clung tenaciously to the old country seat, with its broad expanse of verdant lawn, its exquisite old-fashioned gardens, and its spreading park, with

many a tame deer grazing through the dark shade of the lofty oaks; the historic and almost baronial castle whose walls had echoed to the tread and voices of generations of Fairbanks.

One bright, clear day in June, the baronet was driving in great haste and a stylish yellow dog-cart up the long and shaded avenue which led to the massive stone portico of the Towers. All around, the birds were raising their paeon of joy, the butterflies were flitting from flower to flower, the summer sun was streaming through the branches, and the ground was everywhere bespangled with daisies and cowslips, and all the other flora which an English spring brings forth in such luxuriant abundance. But the baronet was not in a mood to appreciate the beauties of Nature; for he was busily engaged in estimating the probabilities of his latest speculation in Turkish Loan, into which he had sunk nearly ten thousand pounds, turning out successfully. Despite his previous losses, he seemed confident that this time he was bound to recoup himself fully, and it was in a gay and cheerful tone that he saluted the grey-headed old gentleman who came out to meet him.

"Well my dear boy, how are you this morning? What has happened to make you so jubilant?"

"Nothing in particular, my dear uncle! Only I've been buying up a lot of stock that I think will pay me back nearly all my losses."

"You must have got a pretty sure thing there. What have you been investing in now? John, take Sir James' horse round to the stables and have him seen to. Come in, baronet, and let's talk it over."

"Yes, Uncle," answered the baronet, as the two walked into the old man's "sanctum." "You see it's this way. You know the Turkish Loan has been going up slowly of late. Well; I've been informed by someone who ought to know (young De Koven, you've met him, haven't you? He's supposed to be a high authority on Turkish affairs,) he told me privately, that these loans were bound to rise; that the Government was never more secure, and all that sort of thing. So I put £10,000 into it, when it was going at a song, and it's risen half a point already."

Here the baronet produced a letter of a foreign and business-like appearance, which he carefully

unfolded and handed to Mr. Fairbank, after which a vigorous discussion ensued, lasting for half an hour. At its conclusion the latter remarked, "Well really, I almost think I'll take some myself. It looks like a pretty good investment, and I have some money lying idle. But we'll talk it over later. Good-bye for the present."

And the baronet got into his dog cart, and drove off down the avenue.

* * * * *

Some days later, as the baronet was sitting at breakfast in the dark and heavily wainscotted morning room of Ashley Hall, sipping his coffee and skimming the columns of the daily papers, he heard a knock at the door.

"Come in!"

A pompous and gorgeously liveried servant entered, bearing an official document on a silver tray. The Baronet cast a hasty glance at it, seized it with a nervous hand, and tore it open. It was in cipher. Locking the door after the retreating butler, he extracted the key from an escritoire, and hastily sat down to translate the message. It was brief, and evidently to the point.

Letter by letter he spelt out the first few words. "Turkish Loan"; his look of anxiety deepened, and he shifted about uneasily in his chair; "i-s t-o b-e"; his nervousness showed itself in the way in which he clutched the paper before him; "R-E-P-U-I—": with a groan he got up and staggered across the room.

"Ruined! Ruined!"

For half an hour he paced the room in a frenzy of desperation. Then, as his brain grew cooler, he sank into a chair and began to cast about for some possible loop-hole of escape from the appalling loss which lay before him.

The stock must be sold; but to whom? The news of the repudiation would be all over London before twenty-four hours had passed. What could be done? For a time he resigned himself to the inevitable. After all, he would still be solvent, would still have quite a little to begin afresh on, even if he lost the whole of his £10,000. Wild and impossible schemes crowded his mind, but all gave way to that one idea. He must get rid of the stock. After a time he bethought himself of the words which Mr. Fair-

bank had addressed to him three days before, after he had been expatiating on the advantages of this same Turkish Loan, which had proved such a deception. Could he? Could he destroy the man to whom he owed more than to any other living being, the man who had been to him a second father, who had watched over his out-goings and his in-comings until he had grown into manhood? Cheat and ruin this man? Never! Again he rose and paced the floor, his better nature struggling against this devilish suggestion. But his conscience, blunted by the evil associations and loose ways into which he had lately fallen, was unequal to the task of battling with the fearful temptation.

At eleven that morning the baronet called for his horse, and with a look of dogged determination mounted and rode off in the direction of Fairbank Towers. After a brisk ride of a quarter of an hour he arrived at his destination, and was received by the butler, who informed him that his master was just then engaged, and ushered him into the library, a pleasant and sunny apartment, whose lofty and deeply-recessed windows opened upon a vast expanse of hilly and forest-clad country, in the midst of which peeped up the spire of the church of the neighbouring town of G—. The Baronet walked to the window and looked out, but the exquisite scenery made no impression upon him, and he stared into vacancy. Before his mind rose visions of an old man going out almost beggared into the world, and his conscience made a last effort to turn him from the course upon which he was entering; but his baser nature was stronger, and prevailed, and he steeled his heart to carry out his villanous design. But he had a difficult part to act, and was apprehensive of the result.

A step was heard approaching, and the Baronet drew himself together for the coming crisis. Mr. Fairbank entered.

"Well, here I am again, uncle, you see. What an age it is since I was last around these diggings!"

"Yes it is," responded the elder man, "almost three days since I have seen you. What have you been doing all the while, and what brings you here?"

"Well, I have just received another letter from De Koven, who is now in London, about that same Turkish Loan we were talking of the other day, and he says he can get me ten thousand more at the old price, although, as you know, they have gone up a point since I invested; but it must be cash down and before this time tomorrow. As I can't afford any more myself, knowing you had expressed an interest in the stock, I dropped over to see if you would like to take some."

"Well my dear boy, I have been thinking over the matter, but I do not wish to plunge blindly into any speculations, so just tell me candidly what is your opinion of the thing."

Here then was the baronet's opportunity, and he launched forth into a glowing diatribe on the advantages of loans in general and Turkish Loans in particular. Mr. Fairbank, however, was a cautious old gentleman, and it took quite a deal to persuade him, but in the end it was decided that Sir James should go up to London that afternoon to procure the stock, to the amount of ten thousand pounds, taking with him the money, and, returning as soon as he had secured it, to hand it over to Mr. Fairbank.

The next morning the baronet sent over the scrip, accompanied by a brief message to the effect that he was going away for a few days, but expected to return shortly, and left for the continent via Dover by the next train. Two days later the announcement was made that the government of Turkey was in serious financial difficulties, and had repudiated all its liabilities. Save for the hereditary mansion, with its lands and treasures, William Fairbank was penniless. When he recovered from the shock which his loss, aided by the fact that he had been betrayed by one whom he had loved and trusted next to his own son, had occasioned, he immediately sold all his possessions, his family heirlooms and other treasures the parting with which cost him many a pang, and retired to a modest little villa in the suburbs of Caseyville, one of the large watering places in the county of Dampshire. After a year, at great inconvenience to himself, he sent his son Percy into the army, where he took the rank of second lieutenant in the 4th Dampshire Light Infantry. At the time when

our story opens, six years later, Mr. Fairbank was still living in Caseyville, and the Dampshire regiment, in which Percival had risen to the rank of First Lieutenant, had been for a little over a year doing service in India.

To be continued.

Local and Personal.

Bricker's successor—Fitz.

It is rumored that Pud, "the jock," is going to leave.

Philly says his room is getting cold because "Reddy's" hair is turning black.

There's someone in this school who steals compositions. Who is he, Badenach?

The College grub is evidently improving, as one of the boys paid ten cents for a bun at lunch.

The Sargeant has been absent for the last two weeks on account of illness, but is now looking his old self again.

Our honored principal was ill-disposed for a day or so last week, but we are glad to say that it resulted in: nothing serious.

The boys are getting themselves in trim for the "At Home" by having some exciting dances in the reception room after dinner.

Bloss Corey, '88, is working in an Insurance office at Petrolia. He was in the city during the holidays looking up old friends.

We would advise Room 59 to leave their windows open during the week before the "At Home" if they intend to receive visitors.

We think that the hair restorer that Andy uses on his upper lip is quite the proper thing for infants (?) who are ambitious in that line.

We think it deplorable that more attention is not paid to the rinks, and grievously lament that more interest is not taken in hockey by some of the masters.

Mr. Sparling had the misfortune to hurt his leg again last week and was absent a couple of days on account of it, but apparently he is quite recovered as his smiling countenance is with us again.

Mr. Carpenter, our popular master, was suddenly taken ill in the prayer hall the other morning, but we are glad to say that he is quite himself again.

The hockey club wishes us to acknowledge gratefully Mr. Macdonald's kind donation to them and sincerely thank him for helping them in their adversity.

If Cap't MacLennan doesn't take care the second hockey team will be sent out to represent the first in their matches, as they easily defeated them the other afternoon.

Hobby evidently outdid himself at the "taffy" the other afternoon as he dropped something on coming over the stile and then seemed to find the path rather hard walking.

We can't help noticing the marvellous staying powers (in the dining room) of two infants who arrived at Christmas, without their nurses. They seem to be rather at sea without them.

Mr. Neilson was unfortunately taken ill last week with the "Quinsy," and was laid up in bed for a week. He is quite well again, however, and is doing work at his old stand in room F.

We are sorry to announce that Alfie Kingdon, our much esteemed steward, is going to leave us, and sincerely hope that his successor will fill the position as efficiently and generously as he has done.

We think that it is rather childish not to allow the boys to use the telephone row, and would like to know what the telephone is here for? We're sure it's not to look at and don't see what can induce anyone to play dog in the manger with it.

All the boys are eagerly looking forward to the "At Home," which annual event is coming off on Feb. 10th; and if our fair friends are practising as hard as the boys up here, there is no reason why everything should not pass off smoothly.

VI Form Boy,—"See my *touch down*."

Other VI Form Boy,—"*Your rouge* you mean. (The touch-downs and the rouges win the fame.)

VI Form Boy,—"*Yes, it is very beruhm*," (stroking his apology for a mustache.)

Other VI F. B.—"*What, do you lay rum* that thing?"

F.G.L.

FUN AND FROLIC.

A LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.—"Ask papa."

A WEDDING-RING.—Match-making mamas.

A SWEAR-OFF.—"I thought you were very fond of conundrums." "Oh, no; I gave them up long ago."

"Who is the greatest man alive?" asks an inquisitive subscriber. We really can't answer definitely. There are several of us.

The editor wrote "An Evening With Saturn," and it came out "An Evening With Satan." It was mighty rough, but the foreman explained it was the work of the "devil."

Judge: Prisoner, how many reams of paper did you say you stole? Prisoner: Seven, your honour; three yesterday and two to-day. Judge: Well, but that's only five. Prisoner: Och, shure, I'm going for the other two when I get out of this.

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(To be Continued.)

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