

Acta Rideiana.

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Acta Rideiana.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:

MR. H. G. WILLIAMS, *Chairman.*
A. J. HILLS, H. L. HOYLES,
L. PRICE, S. C. NORSWORTHY, J. L. STREET.
G. M. MAIR, *Advertising Dept.*

THE ACTA.

It has been impossible to make the Midsummer number the great attraction we hoped this time to present. Outdoor sports and examinations claim every minute of our time, and the ACTA has to suffer. The dainty cover was designed specially for this number by J. L. Street, (IV.) and is a very fine specimen of his work.

Last Easter many complainrs were received from subscribers in the College that there were not enough spicy personals in the number, and as it is our desire, within the limits of our high aim, to gratify our patrons, we have endeavored this time to supply the required roasts. If some of those who were loudest in their complaints have been done brown, they must not wonder. We naturally gave them front seats at the fire, and they got a little scorched. Let not such be too critical of our first efforts at satire. Though each member of the Committee, in the anger of his heart, took for his motto: "Let there be gall enough in thy ink," he moderated considerably after a while and put in several lumps of sugar that at first were not intended.

The criticism of the Old Boys was of a much more appreciative kind. This shows that our magazine appeals to older and more thoughtful heads. Some fellows want a toy book with nursery rhymes and colored pictures of Puss in Boots.

Our subscription list has grown largely, a generous response having been made by Old Boys to the Easter appeal.

Rev. F. J. Steen, M. A., has been appointed to Professor of Church History at the Montreal Diocesan College, and Rev. F. B. Hodgins, B. A., has accepted the editorship of the *Evangelical Churchman*, and will reside in Toronto.

We congratulate Dr. E. M. Hooper, Courtney Kingstone, B. A., and C. C. Riordon, B. A., on their new titles.

The Sports.

For the second time in the history of the College, the day of the Athletic Sports was beautiful and fine—really fine. There were no rain showers and thunder storms as of old. This of course brought a large crowd from the town and many college friends over from Toronto; in fact the display of spring bonnets and gowns was the largest and most gorgeous we have yet seen at Fairvale. Altogether, we had a most pleasant day.

The races as a whole were not made in very quick time, no college records being broken and but one tied. This was partly due to the lack of competitors, and we hope that next year we shall see an improvement in this respect, especially in the senior events. If boys such as Miller, Street and Hills were to compete, perhaps matters might turn out differently. Howitt had exceedingly hard luck, as he came third in a number of races and second in one or two, but never managed to get a prize.

The 100 yards open was the best race of the day as regards time, Mitchell doing it in 10 $\frac{3}{5}$ seconds, while Harmer and Davis were close behind.

As usual, great interest was centred in the bicycle race. Walker, Steele and Gooderham, all on scratch, made a very pretty race among themselves, but were utterly unable to overcome the handicap given to the juniors, and Harry Gooderham won, Walker being second.

All the junior events were well contested. Baldwin, Bourne and Williams all ran well and made exciting races. The junior quarter mile, especially, was well contested, being decidedly the prettiest race of the day.

The sack and egg-and-spoon races afforded great amusement to the spectators. In the former Hatfield again showed his fine pluck and endurance, and won by a good margin. "Jim Crow" Nicholls had a good lead in the egg-and-spoon event, but unfortunately the egg jumped out of the spoon and he only came in third.

Mr. W. G. and Mr. George Gooderham again most kindly presented the Senior and Junior Championship Cups respectively. Both are beautiful ones and were greatly admired, as was also the one presented by Mr. Boyd.

At the conclusion of the races, Mrs. Gooderham gracefully presented the Championship Cups, and Mrs. Milner the other prizes.

Much credit for the success of the sports is

due to the Chairman, Mr. Michell, and Secretary Hills.

The following are the events and names of winners:

Kicking football, open—Harmer 1, Steele 2.

Throwing cricket ball, sen.—Mackenzie 1, 101 yds.; Maclaren ma 2, 96 yds.

Throwing cricket ball, jun.—Baldwin 1, Bourne 2.

High jump, sen.—Mitchell 1, Mackenzie 2.

High jump, jun.—Baldwin and Bourne 1, Williams 2.

Putting shot, open—Mackenzie 1, Maclaren ma 2.

Running broad jump, sen.—Mitchell 1, Gander ma 2.

Running broad jump, jun.—Baldwin 1, Gooderham ma 2.

Running hop, step and jump, open—Mackenzie 1, Wade 2.

100 yards race, sen.—Mitchell 1, 10 3/5 sec.; Harmer 2.

100 yards race, jun.—Baldwin 1, 12 2/5 sec.; Williams 2.

Sack race, open—Hatfield 1, Ingersoll 2.

100 yards race, under 13—Hoyles mi 1, Trimmer 2.

220 yards, sen.—Mitchell 1, Davis 2.

220 yards, jun.—Baldwin 1, Williams 2.

Egg race, open—Wade 1, Gooderham ma 2.

Three-legged race, jun.—Morton and Hoyles 1, Suckling and Mackenzie 2.

Quarter mile, sen.—Mitchell 1, Harmer 2.

Quarter mile, jun.—Baldwin 1, Bourne 2.

Obstacle race, open—Hoyles mi 1, Patterson 2.

Half mile race, open—Davis 1, Wade 2.

Handicap bicycle race, open—Gooderham ma 1, 150 yards; Walker 2.

Hurdle race, sen.—Mitchell 1, Wade 2.

Hurdle race, jun.—Baldwin 1, Bourne 2.

100 yards race, under 14—Hoyles mi 1, Trimmer 2.

One mile race, open—Harmer 1, Gander 2.

Consolation race, sen.—Doolittle 1, Howitt 2.

Consolation race, jun.—Gooderham mi and Nicholls max 1.

"Did you hear how Tommy worked Gordon for a sucker?" "No; how was it?" "Got a straw in his milk shake!"

Why are a certain master's funny stories different from a tack? Because a tack usually has a point.

Lines on Crossing Lake Ontario.

I.

A wet deck and a rolling sea
And a wind that follows fast,
And blows the black and heavy smoke
About the forward mast.
About the forward mast, my boys'
While like the eagle free,
The rolling "Lakeside's" bounds and leaves
The Port upon her lee.
(And also contributions small from mortals to the sea).

II.

"Oh, for a soft and gent e breeze,"
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me no breeze at all,
But terra-firma dry.
But terra-firma dry, my boys,
If Providence doth please;
And there I'll stay and nevermore
Will monkey with the seas.

J. L. STREET (IV)

Ink Antics.

What could have been the matter with the ink? It would not write! Mr. Barker rushed madly round the room, trying every separate ink well, and saying that here was the writing hour almost gone all to no purpose.

The only result produced, on trying to use the ink, was yellow smudges and black blots, which spread over the paper as soon as the pen touched it.

Some more ink was sent for, but when it was portioned out, it was found to be no better than the first.

The hour had nearly gone when Captain brought in the mail. "Can you tell me Mr. Thairs what is the matter with this ink? The miserable stuff won't write; you ought to see the English ink, etc."

There the second bell rang, and Mr. Barker dismissed the class.

For fear Mr. Barker might be kept awake at night, pondering over the erratic behavior of the ink, it has been decided to explain the mystery.

An enthusiastic wheelman, having his oil can in class, was suddenly afflicted with an overwhelming desire to misbehave. Consequently, he circulated the can about the room, each boy putting some oil in with his ink. This was also done the second time when fresh ink was brought.

The probabilities are that Mr. Barker will know what is the matter next time the ink will not write.

G. A. G. MACKENZIE (11.)

In Reality.

I don't think I remember
 The house where I was born,
 Nor the little window, where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn;
 But always I'll remember,
 I can't forget it quite,
 The window in the Prayer Hall,
 Where we "hooked out" at night.

I remember, I remember,
 No roses, red and white,
 No violets, no lilycups,
 No flowers made of light;
 But I will never quite forget
 How, round the door we'd hover,
 Then rush into the dining-room
 And say we were "first over"

I don't think I remember
 Where I was used to swing,
 And thought the air might rush as fresh
 To swallows on the wing;
 But I can just remember
 How mad I used to be,
 When I got a detention
 And already had had three.

I remember, I remember
 No fir trees dark and high,
 Whose slender tops I used to think
 Were close against the sky;
 But one scrape I will not forget,
 For which I was to blame,
 How my room mate was caught when he
 Yelled "adsum" to my name.

S. C. NORSWORTHY (IV.)

The Cricket Season

The present season, 1896, will go down on record as the best, thus far, in the history of the College. The success of this season is not seen so much in the number of victories won, as the record this year is no better than last in this respect, but with two exceptions the matches have either been won, or have resulted in close finishes.

With two games still to play, five have been won and six lost. Last year six games were won, four lost, one drawn. This year for the first time Ridley meets the Toronto Club, and the boys are quite ready to stay over a day or two after school closes in order to have the honor of playing against what is undoubtedly the first club in Canada.

For the first time, Rosedale brought over an XI, and though the defeat we received was rather a heavy one, yet we saw some good cricket, and hope to profit by it.

Against Trinity College School we did better than ever before, and in spite of the innings defeat we were not much cast down. Remarks were heard on all sides on the improved form shown by our XI, and our opponents most generously recognized this. The time is coming soon when T.C.S. and Ridley will play a well contested game. The cricket reputation of T. C. S. has hitherto

prevented our fellows from even showing their best form, but now that their confidence is growing, the two elevens will meet on more even terms.

The other feature of the season is the first meeting of Ridley and Upper Canada College on the cricket field, and the triumph of the new school over the old. This was perhaps the most exciting match ever played by the College, and will furnish something to talk about for a long while to come. On the Saturday before the match the Secretary and one or two other members of the Toronto club gave it as their opinion that U. C. C. would beat T. C. S. easily. As we were returning from a severe scrubbing by T. C. S., this did not raise our spirits, but the game was most pluckily played, and owes much to the good generalship of our captain.

The general improvement noticeable this year has been due entirely to hard practice, the attendance at which has been most regular. There is one particular, however, in which there is rather a falling off than otherwise, and that is in the important department of fielding. In nearly every case in which large scores have been made against us, more than one chance of disposing of the best bats has been missed in the field. This should not be so. Had all catches been taken, there would probably have been but two defeats to record. Let this be thought over.

Among the juniors, although fewer matches have been played than usual, there has been more interest taken in the game than ever before, and there are several promising young players who will give a good account of themselves next year.

Hills—Has proved himself a very good captain. He is a careful, steady bat, and has set an excellent example to his men by going in first and generally making a stand. He has a good style and improves steadily. As a bowler he has improved much during the season. He is very fast when he likes, and can bowl a good medium pace ball. He keeps a good length, but is occasionally erratic. His bowling is, as a rule, difficult to score from. He is a splendid field in any position.

Mackenzie—Is a hard hitter who has not improved as much as was expected. With more patience, and better judgment in selecting the ball to hit, he would be a most valuable run-getter. As a bowler he has been very successful. He is quite fast, with a good length, but with little change of pace. There is no better fielder on the team.

Griffith—A patient bat, with good powers of hitting a real leg ball, but weak on the leg stump, and liable to get l. b. w. or be bowled off his pads. He is a very fine fielder, a useful lob bowler, and plays the game for all he is worth.

Cooke—A hard hitter; plays better in practice than in matches. He has, however, a good eye, and is perhaps the surest run getter on the Eleven. He is a good change bowler, but an uncertain fielder. Cooke with Doolittle have been curators for the season and the cricket material has certainly been looked after better than ever before. This has added much to the pleasure of playing, and Doolittle and Cooke deserve our very best thanks.

Greenhill—Is gradually improving as a bat; needs to play with his body more over his bat. He has done excellent work in the field and may be considered a sure catch.

Harmer—Was late in getting into form owing to preparing for examinations. His batting has much improved, and he would be a good wicket keeper with more practice.

Doolittle—Considering his short acquaintance with the game has made wonderful progress in batting. He plays a good straight bat and is very promising. As a fielder he is good, but has proved disappointing at several critical moments. He should practice wicket-keeping.

Kerr—One of our most promising bats. He has the elements of a good style, hitting powers and good judgement. As a fielder at point he is excellent, and has done some very good work in that position.

Price—Plays with a very straight bat, and can often defend his wicket for a long time. He plays very late on the ball, and consequently rarely gets it away. Lately, however, he has improved in this respect. He is a fair fielder, but cannot throw in straight.

Miller—Has a style in batting which is all his own. It is sometimes effective, however. He can hit very strongly, and has more than once helped the Eleven out of a tight hole. He is a very poor fielder, and uncertain catch.

Mair—Got his blazer for the T. C. S. match. Both on that occasion and in the U. C. C. match he thoroughly justified his selection. He was not out four times in the two matches. He went in last in each case and was at the wicket whilst 56 runs were put on. He is a splendid fielder, and was chosen for that reason only. Baldwin, Hoyles ma, and Dalton ran Mair very closely

for the eleventh place, and the Committee had great difficulty in making their selection.

Mr. Miller and Mr. Williams—Have not done much batting to speak of during the season. Mr. Miller's 15 not out against Rosedale, and Mr. Williams 33 against Buffalo being their only noteworthy performances.

Besides the first Eleven it is only just to mention a few of the most promising juniors. Baldwin, Hoyles ma, Dalton, Cross should be heard from next season, whilst among the youngsters, Suckling, Charles, Mackenzie, Jones and Patterson promise well.

THE MATCHES.

May 16th, Buffalo at Home—Buffalo 63 and 94. Ridley 60 and 65 for 3 wickets. College fielding loose; many catches missed. Match should have been won. Doolittle 24 (not out) and Hills 23. Lost by 3 runs.

May 20th, Welland at Home—Welland 28. Ridley 93. Hills, 36, Cooke 25. Won by 65 runs.

May 25th, Grimsby—Grimsby 37 and 40 for 6 wickets. Ridley 49 and 46. Hills 15 and 20. A very slow wicket and runs hard to get. Won by 12 runs.

May 30, Buffalo at Buffalo—Buffalo 38, Ridley 56. This game was chiefly noticeable for Mr. Michell's patient innings. He was in three-quarters of an hour for 8, enabling Mr. Williams to make 33.

June 3, Grimsby at Home—Grimsby 71 and 96, Ridley 55 and 60 for 3 wickets. Grimsby brought a much stronger eleven, Cobbold, Stone and Andrews being in evidence this time. Grimsby were cheaply disposed of for 71, and the College should have won on the first innings, but only Cooke and Greenhill reached double figures. In the second innings, when time would not allow a victory, scoring was going on at a furious rate, and in another half hour the match might have been won. Lost by 16 runs.

June 6th, Old Boys—Old Boys 51, Ridley 153. Anderson made 23 in fine style for the Old Boys, whilst Hills 24, Mackenzie 25, Griffith 25, were the chief scorers for the College. Won by 102 runs.

June 10, Parkdale at Home—Parkdale 32 and 75, Ridley 54 and 50. This match should have been won. In their first innings the College had 8 wickets down for 25, when Harmer and Greenhill for the ninth wicket ran the score up to 54. In the second innings the College required 54 to win. Six wickets were down for 45, and the remaining four only added 5 runs, thus losing the match by 3 runs.

(Continued on 9th Page)

A Brief Sketch of a Medical Student's Existence.

By an Old Ridleian.

The late pleasing and successful "meet" on the Cricket field, when the Old Boys were politely defeated by the Present, has awakened within me the dormant spirit of olden times. I say 'olden' for it is just four years to-day since I bade farewell to dear old Ridley, my first College Home. Since then I have often been with her in spirit, though absent in the body, and have come to be a firm believer in the lines "tho' lost to sight, to memory dear thou ever will remain."

When I left Ridley, the Sixth Form was composed of four boys, and I remember the ACTA RIDLEIANA of those days getting off a rather good joke at our expense. One of us was rather appropriately called Pussy; and the College paper said that the Sixth Form might be likened to that well known book "Three men in a boat to say nothing of the *Cat*." The four who comprised the form were G. P. Macdonald, known as Quartus, who is now in California; A. C. Kingstone, who has just finished his Arts course at the Toronto University; W. R. Wadsworth, who has passed a most successful term at Trinity University; and myself. My three companions of those days chose the legal profession as their ultimate goal, while I, like a stray sheep, left the fold and entered upon the great field of Medicine. And, therefore, since I believe that my friend Mr. Anderson has already written an able account of a student's career under the supervision of an Arts faculty, I purpose giving a brief sketch of the existence of a student in the faculty of Medicine.

The first year of a Medical student is, practically, that of a student in any other faculty. He enters with an average class of about sixty on the study of Anatomy, and here for the first time is brought face to face with a huge, active dissecting room. There are but few freshmen who enter this room for the first time without some nervous forebodings. And here it is that the more ambitious freshmen are compelled to "hide their light under a bushel," the sophomores—the "gentlemen of the second year," as they style themselves—reigning supreme. Many an unfortunate freshman has here received his first hustling or had his head placed under the water pipe.

It is also in the first year that one is initiated into the Annual Elevation. This usually occurs about two weeks after the winter session opens. Two or three gentlemen are

sent from the senior years to invite the freshmen class to what is known as the "Old School." This building was the original medical college of the University, but within the last six or seven years the junior students have taken all their lectures at the University proper, while the two senior years are still taught at the "Old School," which is opposite the general hospital. So it is that the freshmen are captivated with the idea of seeing this old building which, for the last fifty years has been sending forth medical men to all parts of the world. Consequently they march down in a body to the mock reception. They are warmly welcomed. I say warmly for it is a most appropriate term. For no sooner are the visitors comfortably seated in the large theatre lecture room, than the sophomores are at them; nor do they stop till every freshman has been thrown or carried out of the building. It is called an "elevation," but in truth it is just the opposite, for as every freshman is bound to take a back seat, as all the others are occupied by the senior years before he arrives at the building, the freshmen find themselves huddled together at the top of the theatre; so that, to remove them, the sophomores are compelled to *elevate them downwards*.

After the second year the students change quarters and enter the "Old School" proper, where they receive their laboratory and theoretical instruction, while the hospital receives them for their clinical work. The third and fourth years are the finest years of the course, and every student, though naturally glad, is, at the same time, decidedly sorry when they are done.

The average medical student is a jovial, good-hearted fellow. He is also an exceedingly hard worker. It is by all odds the hardest course in the University and the term is the shortest. The medical student, however, believes that man was intended to enjoy life, and truly he does enjoy it. He may be noisy, he may even be uproarious at times, but he commits no crime, unless, as some people think, an extensive use of the weed be such. And lastly, he loves his profession and believes in it, feeling every day more and more assured that Pope was correct when he said:

"The true study of mankind is man."

At the cricket match with Grimsby when a difficult catch was coming his way, a sweet female voice among the spectators was heard to ejaculate "Oh, my I, look out!"

A Dinner Party in the Year 1943.

The dinner lamp cast a rich light over the table, setting off the magnificent service and costly floral decorations against the spotless linen, and illumining the glistening shirt-fronts of some dozen or so elderly gentlemen, whose faces and noses reflected various shades of pink, yellow, purple and strawberry, according to each one's style of living. The occasion was a dinner party given by that cheerful looking, ruby faced old fellow who could never have seen his knees for years, and whose name was Mr. John Smallman. The dinner was given in Mr. Smallman's bachelor apartments in Toronto in honor of a distinguished Ridleian, General Sir Thomas Morton, who was then on his way from England to the United States, of which British possession he had, after a most distinguished career in the army, been appointed Governor. He had been in command of the British troops at the capture of Berlin and subsequent conquest of Germany and Russia. Whilst he was a young lieutenant he had gained the Victoria Cross for carrying off on his back at one time three of his wounded men amid a storm of shot and shell. Honors had been showered thick upon him and now a party of Old Ridleians were met to add their contribution to the praise that was in every mouth. The only difference was, they all called him "Tommy."

When the cheerful glow which follows a good dinner had pervaded all this comfortable looking company, the host rose from his seat at the head of the long table and smilingly addressed his friends with that fluency and careful choice of words which had made him famous as the best after-dinner speaker in Canada.

"We are very fortunate," said he, "to have such an opportunity of seeing again the old friend and schoolmate whom we are here to meet this evening, and whom we have not seen for many years. But we have heard of his deeds of valor, his extraordinary military skill, his devotion to king and country, which have put England where she is to-day, and we are here to do him honor. Here, therefore, is a health to General Sir Thomas Morton, our old school-fellow, once better known to us as 'Tommy'."

The mention of the old college name of the handsome gray haired veteran, who arose to respond to the toast to his name and fame, seemed to strike a tender chord throughout the room, and several ominous chokings were heard.

"This is a pleasure which I had hardly dared hope should ever be mine again," said he; "and as I look about and see the Old Ridleians, now great men, fighting the battles of life, oh, how proud I am of my alma mater!"

As Tommy said "great men" his twinkling eye travelled towards his host's ample waistcoat and he smiled. Everyone recognized the smile, and cheers and shouts went up all around the table. "It's our Tommy, right enough!" they yelled delightedly. When the uproar subsided Sir Thomas began again:

"Boys, how we've all changed; and oh, 'Mike, to think——"

But here the venerable campaigner broke down and sat choking in his chair.

"Yea verily," blubbered portly Bishop Mitchell, (whom the Old Ridleians addressed as "Mike") his bald head shining in the lamp light; "it has been many a long day since I have heard one of my beloved brethren utter my old nickname—'Mike'—borne so long ago in my youth's bright days at Ridley. Alas! I had even sometimes feared that it would pass into oblivion—a thing forgotten——"

"Not by a jug full, old man," broke in Henry Howitt, ("Madame," as they called him still) the well known sporting authority and owner of the Guelph Stables, "you can stake your mitre we wouldn't forget the old name. It'll be a good while yet, I hope, before any of us shuffle off, but until our dying days you'll always be 'Mike.'"

The Bishop, though somewhat horrified, looked reassured, but was prevented from replying by a toast to H. C. Griffith, Esq., M. P., ("Harry" of old) one of Ridley's most popular sons.

In reply, the brilliant orator arose, and after telling how pleased he was to be there, advanced views as to whether Canada, in annexing the United States, should find that country a useless encumbrance.

After this the great composer, Joseph W. Greenhill, whistled his now famous melody in L flat entitled "Memory, a Reminiscence of Liberty Flat," which he had written for the occasion and which brought tears to the eyes of all.

Next G. Moncrieff Mair, the greatest living humorist, who wore upon his spacious breast medals given him by five reigning sovereigns, entertained the company with laughable impersonations of each one in his school days, showing that the lapse of years had not in the least dimmed his memory.

He brought blushes to the cheeks, and sickly smiles to the lips of all, as he applied the gentle sarcasm for which he had always been famous, even at school.

"Mike, do you remember how you poked that town fellow's phiz in after the match?" said he, clapping the Bishop upon the shoulder.

"Alas, yes!" replied the Bishop, blushing scarlet and twisting uncomfortably in his chair; "and it grieves me sorely to reflect that I smote a fellow being."

"That was in ninety-six, wasn't it?" pursued the ruthless Mair. "You remember, don't you, Alec?"

"Y-y-yes, it w-was in ninety-six," answered the ever bashful Alec Mackenzie, and then shutting his mouth he relapsed into his usual silence.

Russell Cooke, the motorman-author, read extracts from his latest book, "The Trolley and How She is Shoved," but was interrupted at ninthly by a well aimed egg from the hand of C. O. W. McWilliams, Esq., which became entangled with his vocabulary and obliged him to resume his seat—a touching reminder of his school days.

Hot words followed, and Llewellyn Price, the racetrack reporter, rose and said it was a shame.

The impending quarrel was averted, however, for at this moment the great scientist, Norman F. Kerr, Esq., F. R. S., who had been eating as if for dear life throughout the excitement, choked violently over a bone from one of Jamie McLaren's fish stories.

When the excitement had calmed down Mr. Kerr addressed those present for half an hour upon the subject of his recent researches. He said he had proved beyond doubt now the existence of a fish in Jamie McLaren's stories, and after the most careful consideration and consultation with his brother scientists, he had come to the conclusion that the fish were of the variety *Minnow Maclarensis* and measured from 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches to 2 $\frac{5}{8}$ inches in length.

A jingle at the door bell stopped the harangue, and at a summons from his butler Mr. Smallman left the room.

The host almost instantly returned, however, followed by a stranger.

The man was in tatters, and his long locks and unshaven face bespoke the tramp.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I wish one of you'd lend a poor cove money enough to get to Hamilton." He then gave a long story of misery, etc., such as every tramp has on tap.

Surely this was a strange addition to the party!

What could it mean?

Suddenly S. Counter Norsworthy (known as the "Chesterfield Brummel of the 20th century") rose; his monocle dropped from his eye and his usually placid face showed signs of great agitation.

"Bah Jove! it's Willie Green!" gasped he.

Sobs were the only reply to this announcement, and, scratching his head, the round-shouldered tramp slowly and sorrowfully turned and left the room.

"I have a bad headache," he said as he reached the door, "and I burned my foot on a sunbeam," he called from the outside; "I shan't be back next term."

His mind was evidently wandering back to his school days.

The pall of silence was finally broken by ex-President Doolittle of the United States (a follower in the footsteps of his ancestor, John Quincey Adams) who burst into a violent fit of laughter.

Looking up, all saw the cause. George McLaren, not satisfied with the soup on his own plate, had forcibly taken the tureen from the butler and was busily engaged in emptying it.

"Perhaps we haven't changed as much as we thought," said someone, but the remark fell flat.

"I had to tell my wife I must do some extra work in the editorial rooms," said Arthur John Hills, the able editor of the *Evening Despatch*. "What would she say if she could see me, I wonder?"

Poor Hills; he was a henpecked husband.

"I suppose you got your first newspaper training on the old ACTA?" said H. L. Hoyles, the stock broker.

"Yes," replied Hills, "and my son now occupies my old place on the editorial staff of that now great monthly. But it's getting late, and I don't know what Maria'll say when I get home," continued Mr. Hills, "so I really must break away."

"But surely not till Professor Greening, our old 'Judy,' has modulated from C into F upon my new Ambrose L. P. Smith & Co.'s grand piano?" said Mr. Smallman reproachfully.

"Well, no; I can hardly miss that," said Hills, resuming his seat, as the long haired musician, whose face was so well known to all, seated himself at the beautiful instrument and, after a few preliminary chords, went through his modulation. Then came

the grand finale, for all gathered about the piano and with one accord sang "God Save the King."

This over, Hills said a hasty good-bye and hurried out, putting on his coat and hat as he left the house.

About fifteen minutes later all were gone. The Bishop had carried off Sir Thomas to his Palace for just another cigar. Mr. H. C. Griffith, with Ery Walker, member for Poverty Flat, caught the train for Ottawa, where an important division was expected next day. Hugh Hoyles, of Hoyles, Baldwin & Hatfield, went to bring his wife and daughters from evening party.

Harry Howitt and Llewellyn Price set out together for the telegraph office, saying they were bound to hear the reports of the races in San Francisco before going to bed. After Mr. Smallman had shaken hands with the last departing guest, he made for his smoking room, and throwing himself into an easy chair, lit a cigar and fell into a deep reverie.

"This sporting life isn't what it's cracked up to be," said he to himself, stroking his well rounded stomach, musingly. "Look at 'Madame' Howitt and 'I' Price, and me too; we all show the traces of good times; I wish I were back at Ridley, a good boy once more! Still, take us all through, we're a good lot—a good lot."

He was roused by the hot ash of his cigar falling upon his hand.

"Well, I must be turning in," said he to himself; "it's getting late." And ringing for his valet, he walked yawning into his bedroom and shut the door.

Half an hour later he was in his dreams, jumping from the spring-board at the bathing crib into the briny depths of the Welland canal.

J. L. STREET (IV)

Some Wonders at Ridley.

A square Bail.
 A Ker that doesn't howl.
 A Street you can't walk over.
 A Mason that can't lift a brick.
 Two Ganders that can't swim.
 A Mair that will eat only cake.
 A Sturgeon that is afraid of the water.
 A Miller that can't tell oats from corn.
 Three Nicholls worth more than five cents apiece.
 A Smallman who will soon weigh about 180 lbs.
 A Greenhill who is always green, and a Hills who is not so green as he looks.

Cricket—B. R. C. vs. Buffalo.

One afternoon in May, boys,
 What date I cannot say,
 The Buffalos came to play, boys,
 The Ridley College team.

'Twas the first match we played, boys,
 And we were quite dismayed,
 At the big score they made, boys,
 Against the College team.

"To lose would be a sin, boys,
 Fine has Wraight's batting been,
 We need some runs to win, boys,"
 Said "Lily" to the team.

"But we need not mind that, boys;
 We'll give them tit for tat,
 There's *Angus* yet to bat, boys,
 And all the College team."

Then *Angus* had a try, boys.
 Ere he "got in his eye,"
 His bails flew up on high, boys,
 Dismay fell on the team.

You'll not hear *Angus* speak, boys,
 From that unlucky freak,
 Of cricket for a week, boys,
 Nor blow about the team.

When we had all been told, boys,
 That *Angus* had been bowled,
 We felt we had been sold, boys,
 Unto that Buffalo team.

From then our wickets flew, boys,
 What could a mortal do,
 That we would lose, we knew, boys,
 So did that Buffalo team.

One more there chanced to be, boys,
 But bowled too soon was he,
 We lacked a score of three, boys,
 To tie the Buffalo team.

Once more we took the field, boys,
 We felt our fate was sealed,
 But yet we'll never yield, boys,
 Tho' they've a splendid team.

Thanks to their "Doc" and "Wraight," boys,
 Their score was seventy-eight,
 In truth 'twas getting late, boys,
 To beat the Buffalo team.

We went to bat once more, boys,
 And runs we made galore,
 Doolittle, twenty-four, boys,
 Against the Buffalo team.

Then Wraight began to fear, boys,
 He'd come out in the rear,
 When six o'clock drew near, boys,
 He took away his team.

Said one: "If they would stay, boys,
 And to the end would play,
 I think that we could say, boys,
 We beat the Buffalo team."

S. C. NORSWORTHY (IV.)

It was on the sham-battle field
 She nearly made me wilt;
 She said, "The Highlanders are dead,
 Because I see their kilt!"

Torontonian—It's a big bluff, that Hamilton so-called
 "mountain."

Hamiltonian—What are the Rockies but a big bluff, I'd
 like to know?

Answer of Torontonian not recorded.

(Continued from 4th Page)

June 13. Trinity College School at Rose-dale—T. C. S. 170, Ridley 78 and 81. A splendid wicket had been got ready. Ridley won the toss and batted first. Hills made a good start, and was getting well set when he was caught by the bowler, from a very hard drive, for 20. The scoring after this was low but consistent, all scoring except Price. Kerr made one fine drive into the grand stand, and the innings closed for 78. T. C. S. opened badly, losing two wickets for 10, but the third fell with the score at 62; 4 for 87, 5 for 125. The chief scorers for T. C. S. were Chadwick 24, DuMoulin 49, McGregor 19, Baldwin 52. Mackenzie had an off day and was very wild, being hit to the boundary freely. At one time 22 runs were scored off 12 consecutive balls, only 2 of which were not scored on. Hills committed a great mistake in not changing the bowling sooner. Cooke bowled three overs for 5 runs but was taken off, and the more expensive bowler substituted. The College required 92 runs to avert an innings defeat, and only succeeded in getting together 81, 24 of which were added by the las: 2 wickets. The College fielding was not up to the mark, several catches being dropped and some wild throwing being indulged in. Kerr's fielding at point was generally admired.

June 14, Parkdale at Parkdale—Parkdale 86 and 76, Ridley 74 and 23 for 1 wicket. Match lost by bad fielding, Leigh, who made 31, being missed twice. Mackenzie's bowling was very fine, in direct contrast to that of the day before. Cooke made 24 and Harmer 20. Lost by 12 runs.

June 17, Rosedale at Home—Rosedale 102 and 16 for 2 wickets, Ridley 46 and 71. No one could do anything with the bowling of Howard and Lyon except Mr. Miller, who made 15 not out. In the 2nd innings 27 runs were put on by the last 2 wickets. Lost by 8 wickets.

June 20, U. C. C. in Toronto—Was the most exciting match we have ever had. U. C. C. went first to bat, and aided by our poor fielding put together 92, Ryerson 21, Brown 22, the latter being missed several times. The College made 86, and the excitement was intense as the score progressed from 5 for 25, 6 for 49, 7 and 8 for 52, 9 for 73, 10 for 86, only 6 runs behind. U. C. C. began their second inning at 5.45, and very reasonably expected that victory was assured; but disaster awaited them. Hills and Mackenzie bowled magnificently. Every man was on his mettle,

and the fielding was perfection. Hills took 2 wickets in his first over and Mackenzie 1 in his first, and soon 7 of the best wickets were down for 8 runs. Then came J. J. Wright, U. C. C.'s smart little wicket keeper; he made a most plucky stand, and was not out when the innings closed for 35. Ridley went in at 7 o'clock to get 42 runs, but such was the excitement that these runs cost 7 wickets. Thus ended this extraordinary game with a win for Ridley by 3 wickets.

The true sportsman spirit shown by the U. C. C. Captain in consenting to play until 7.50 is most highly appreciated here, and will not soon be forgotten.

BATTING AVERAGES UP TO JUNE 20.

	Times at Bat.	Times Not Out.	Most in an Innings.	Total Score.	Average
Mair, G. M.	6	4	9	27	13.5
Hills, A. J.	18	0	36	215	11.94
Cooke, J. R. N. ...	19	1	25	177	9.83
Mackenzie, A. W.	19	2	25	128	7.52
Miller, A. K.	10	3	16	52	7.42
Mr. Williams	13	2	33	76	6.90
Greenhill, J. W. ...	16	2	16	89	6.33
Harmer, H. R.	13	1	19	76	6.33
Doolittle, W. C. J.	18	3	24*	94	6.26
Kerr, N. F.	14	0	11	70	5.00
Mr. Miller	11	1	15*	48	4.80
Griffith, H. C.	16	3	25	62	4.76
Price, L.	10	1	12	42	4.66

*Signifies not out.

BOWLING AVERAGES UP TO JUNE 20.

	Overs.	Runs.	Wkts.	Mdns.	Wds N. B.	Av
Mr. Miller	77.8	143	26	16	0	5.26
Mackenzie, A.W.	248.5	380	63	89	2	1 6.03
Mr. Williams	30.4	61	8	8	0	0 7.62
Hills, A. J.	217.6	361	39	65	3	0 9.25
Cooke, J. R. N. ...	76.8	145	15	20	0	0 9.66

Some Encouragement From Old Boys.

Frank Denison writes: It was with the keenest interest that I read the Easter copy of the ACTA. I should, indeed, be lacking in patriotism as well as enegy did I turn my back on old Ridley.

W. R. Wadsworth writes: It beats anything ever turned out in my time. . . I may mention, by the way, the high position that Ridley holds in the estimation of men at the Universities—at Trinity at least. This is due to the success she has had this year at sports.

Dr. Ed. Hooper writes: I was greatly pleased to receive the Easter number of the ACTA, and must heartily congratulate the editors on the very successful number. The ACTA has greatly improved since I had the honor of officiating as an editor. Yet I must say that I feel proud, when I see such a praiseworthy college paper, to think that I had the privilege of being one of its originators.

On the Cricket Field and Off.

Jamie Maclaren never saw cricket till he came here, but it is astonishing how quickly he caught on to the correct pronunciation of the word "Ovah."

William Clarkson Johnson Doolittle was a popular boy after he had won the consolation race. The prize was a cake.

Kerr, Cooke and Doolittle, while in Toronto, paid a flying visit to Havergal Hall. They received a warm reception.

Mackenzie and Greenhill, on their way back from Buffalo, say that they got off at St. Catharines station all right, but seeing no signs of life, concluded that they must by mistake have arrived at Hamilton, so they made up their minds to go on to Toronto.

As usual there were a number of adventures at Buffalo. No wonder the boys like going there, when one can give a man five cents to buy a three cent paper and receive 12 cents change, as young "I" did. The only excuse that can be made for the Buffalo newsdealer is that it was Decoration Day.

Madame Howitt had a quarter dollar with a hole through it that a restaurant keeper refused to take. Madame was, however, as usual equal to the occasion. He filled the hole with some of the restaurant keeper's own bread and succeeded in passing it.

Huyler's was, as usual, patronized to some extent. Gurd no doubt missed that part of the expedition more than the match.

To be seen in Alec and Mars' room—a sketch of Greenhill every morning when the last bell rings.

Hoyles is a good scorer. He does not credit the bowler with a wicket when a man is run out, like Madame Howitt.

The Grimsby Captain remarked to the Ridley Captain on the number of left handed players on our team. "Yes," said the Ridley Captain, "our boys come in right and left." "And," added the Grimsby man, "I see that they are coming out right and left, too."

Answers to Correspondence.

Moncrieff Mair asks, "how often should a young man of tender years shave his sideboards? If this young man's whiskers are as tender as his years, we think that a rub down with a rough towel the first Sunday in each month would prove sufficient. If

this treatment does not meet the case, perhaps one of our readers will suggest another method.

Constant Reader was much interested in the Extracts from the Diary of Willy Green, and writes to know if the Diary has been published in book form. We hear that the rest of Willy Green's Diary was stolen and destroyed by a rival literateur, Geo. E. Gooderham, in a fit of jealous rage. Mr. Gooderham is intending to publish his own Diary shortly, Extracts from which will probably appear in our next issue.

Fond Mother writes to ask if she should send her boy in the Third Form a box on his birthday. Yes, certainly, send it along. You had better put in it a pair of roast wild ducks, tomato sauce, cake from Webb's, perhaps two cakes would be better, 2 dozen oranges, 1 gallon ice cream, pineapple and strawberry, 2 jars of marmalade and some biscuits with candies on. Send the box, care of ACTA Committee and they will see that is put in a nice cool place.

Angus Armstrong Miller. 1. Is it possible to be a D. G. S. (Dead Game Sport) with only two kinds of collars? 2. How broad a smile is it proper to wear when being introduced to a young lady?

1. Yes, if they are the correct shape. 2. The smile should be about 1 inch wide at first and gradually expand to not more than 6 inches.

McWilliams. After considerable correspondence with the Herald's College in London, we have discovered for you that the Arms and Motto of Mr. "Delahanty" Dalton are, lilies of the valley on field azure, 2 base balls and cricket bat, Dexter. Motto: Modesty is the best policy.

Have a place for everything, and everything in its place. Well, why isn't Gooderham in the Home for Incurables.

Alas! Greening is going to cease taking music lessons, because he is unable to put enough time on it! How is that for high?

Just as Tommie Morton wears his Sunday-go-to-meeting shoes on every available occasion, so our mighty Angus, the one, only and inimitable, wears his team blazer.

To Strength Personified.

Oh, Angus, thou of might,
Of strength and grace the height,
Hear my weak lay.

Take pity on my state,
Let not on my poor pate
Thy wrath descend.

What can thy power resist?
Who can thy brawny fist
Dare to defy?

Should any cause thee pain,
Soon shall his corpse be lain
On the cold ground.

All those in petticoat
On thee do fondly dote,
Angus, their love.

To thy devoted care
The beautiful and fair
Can testify.

If one these facts dispute,
Angus be pleased to boot
Him from behind.

So let all slanderers fall;
Angus, the fair and tall,
Is lord of all.

H. L. HOYLES (iv.)

The Cricket "At Home."

This year, at the Old Boys' match, Mrs. Miller very kindly decided to give an "At Home" on the cricket ground. A tent was raised on the field, and numerous other preparations were made.

The "At Home" was a great success, and we owe a great deal of gratitude to Mr. Nicholls for importing such a large number of young ladies from Toronto for our (or their) special benefit.

The Old Boys went in first and made the score of fifty-one in very short time, Anderson contributing twenty-three in good style. Then the College went in and made 153. As there was no time for a second innings, the Present won by 102 runs.

During our innings the Havergal Hall girls arrived and gave us a splendid example of an inaudible college call; we should have one. Then they disembarked, and Mr. Miller gave two bench-loads a splendid view of the field from a position right in front of the scorer's table.

The refreshment tent was an object of much exploration, and a great many more seemed to go there than came out, till the end of the day when, the busses having been driven off, it was left almost deserted.

Harry Nichols came over on the Eurydice all alone to act as guide. He seemed to have been very attentive to his work on the way over. How was he on the way back? (An ominous silence.) The only objection to Mr. Nicholls' plan seems to be that our fair visitors left the ground before the game was over. Doolittle went down to see the last of them as soon as he could, but only got there in time to see a Dot on the horizon.

There were also a great many townspeople on the field, who contributed a great deal to the enjoyment of the boys.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls, Miss Knox with her train, Mrs. and Miss Dalton and Miss Fraser. Angus says that Miss A. McD. should be down first of all.

The day wound up with some college calls and cheers for Mr. Nicholls.

H. L. HOYLES (iv.)

The Junior Cricket Season.

The first match of the season was played on May 9th against Welland Juniors at Welland. The home team went in first and were dismissed for the remarkable score of five runs, two of which were byes. Griffith's bowling average at the end of this innings showed three overs, in which were eight wickets for one run. The College then went to bat and made 36. The Welland club made 46 in their second attempt. B. R. C., however, easily defeated them by 8 wickets and 8 runs.

The next game was played on May 30th in St. Catharines against the Grimsby Juniors, who put together 40 and 31 in their two innings. Our boys made 84 in one turn at the bat, thus winning by an innings and 13 runs.

On June 20th the return match was played against Grimsby at that place. Our opponents went in first and made the respectable score of 77. When the College's turn came the ten wickets fell for 27. Grimsby then took their second innings with a lead of 50 runs. In this innings Dalton did some splendid bowling with his underhand cannon balls, obtaining four wickets for 13 runs, thus keeping the score down to 40. In their second venture B. R. C. made a much better showing, but failed to make the 90 runs which were needed, and suffered defeat to the extent of 28 runs.

The Third Team also played on June 20th against the St. Thomas' Church Cricket Club of Toronto. The scores made were 78 and 28 for the St. Thomas' Boys, and 30 and 29 for our youngsters. The visitors, therefore, won the match by 67 runs.

H. L. HOYLES (iv.)

The Blake Medal.

Though the result of the election for the Blake Medal for True Manliness has not yet been officially announced, everybody knows that Harry Griffith is the boys' choice. There has never been a more unanimous vote taken, and the happy winner is all that Mr. Blake would wish him to be.

The Swimming Races.

The Senior Race was won by E. W. Davis, with F. W. Hore second.

The Junior Race fell to F. S. Allan, with Geo. Tuckett second. It is stated that during this race the canal nearly overflowed its banks.

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A Prairie Fire.

In the summer of 1891 I formed one of a party of five, which was to spend the summer in a pass of the Rocky Mountains called "The Crow's Nest." We had a drive of about 40 miles before us, so we set out about seven o'clock in the morning. The night before we had noticed a prairie fire, which seemed to be in the foot-hills of the mountains, and in the morning the smoke was very heavy. We had driven four or five miles when one of the party remarked that the fire appeared to be coming in our direction. No one took any notice of this, however, and we went rolling over the level prairie road for another mile; but as we topped a little knoll a hot current of air blew past us and a lurid glare was visible ahead, so we turned our horses and galloped back over the road we had come.

The fire was about ten miles distant and advancing at a terrific rate, while we had still six miles to travel. Nothing could be seen more than a hundred yards ahead of us for the dense smoke, and it was lucky for us that there were no hills to ascend. A stiff breeze was blowing, created by the fire itself. The line of flames came on, ever gaining on us, and at last when, with the fire a quarter of a mile behind us, we dashed down the steep road (the only one for miles) that led to the river bottom, and across the bridge that spanned the river, the horses were pretty well tired out.

By this time it was twelve o'clock, and we had to go by a road that led us ten miles out of our way, so we gave up the thought of finishing our journey that day, and made for the Indian reservé, where we were sure of hospitality from the missionary, my father. On our new route we had to pass over a high ridge of hills, a spur of the Rockies, and reaching this point at dusk, a grand sight presented itself. For twenty or thirty miles the great line of flame spread out, flanked here and there by lesser lines and still rapidly moving over the prairie.

Of how we reached our journey's end safely, and of all the fun we had; of how we got snowed in in the middle of June and went for two weeks on short rations, and how, after all, we did not stay all summer, is all too long a story to be told here.

C. E. BOURNE (IV)

Why would one think that cricket this season is a very quarrelsome game? Because the score book is just full of scraps.

Words of Wisdom.

[The office boy will be in on Wednesdays from 1.30 to 3 p. m., to explain these jokes to readers of Scotch extraction.]

"A mere empty form"—the Fourth.

"Twice Told Tales"—Mr. ——'s funny stories.

When the Maid of Orleans burned, what sort of light did she make? An arc light.

What's the difference between Gooderham's head and that of a drum? You can get things through the drum's head if they're sharp enough.

The following brilliant piece of composition was on the notice board a few weeks ago: "Lost.—A seal of a watch chain; the stone is a dark green color, and the rest is a horse jumping a fence. Finder please return and oblige." We hate to give him away, but it's a pity not to—C. S. Ball.

Cecil Von Bahl—Why does x usually stand for a kiss?

Algebra Fiend—Because x is used to represent an unknown quantity.

C. Von B.—Oh, no! It's because he'd rather take it that way than sitting down.

A. F.—He? Who?

C. Von B.—Why, Cross, of course.

Quick Wit—What is the difference between Cooke and a philosopher?

Slow Wit—I don't know; out with it.

Quick Wit—The philosopher says little, but thinks volumes; Cooke thinks little, but says volumes.

Slow Wit—That's good. Can you tell me the difference between Jamie Maclaren and a court-fool?

Quick Wit—No; what is it?

Slow Wit—I'm sure I don't know.

It may have been noticed that on the programmes of the Sports, Cooke's name was spelled without the final *e*. Cooke was very much grieved at this degradation of his family name, and though the printer had made a hash of Cooke, it looked for some time as if Cooke would go over and make mincemeat of the printer. Cooke's boiling indignation has now simmered down, though he is still sometimes roasted on the subject. He says, however, that the next man who tampers with his good name will get pounded to a jelly. Nobody minds what Cooke says; they have other fish to fry. If people took Cooke in earnest he would soon find himself in the soup, and too many Cookes (even one) spoil the broth.

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"What's that?"
"Where was I?"
"Why at Poole's?"
"What for?"
"Photos, of course!"
"Nuff said."