

**UPPER CANADA HOCKEY SEVEN, 1901**

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# THE COLLEGE TIMES

DEER PARK, ONT.

A Magazine devoted to the interests of all Upper  
Canada College Boys, Past and Present

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**EASTER, 1901.**

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## Notes and Comments

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A committee of the Board of Trustees has been carrying on negotiations during the last few weeks with a view to the purchase of a considerable block of additional land for the purposes of the College. The playgrounds are none too large at present to accommodate all the pupils during the cricket or football season, and the anticipated growth of numbers through the addition of the Preparatory School makes the acquisition of more space imperative. Expansion westward seemed difficult on account of the Forest Hill road, which runs along our western boundary. But a petition has gone in to the Municipal Council asking leave for the Forest Hill road to be straightened from a point a short distance back of the College, so that it may run directly through to St. Clair avenue on a line parallel with its present position, but at least a hundred yards further west. If this leave is granted, it seems likely that the College will soon get possession of ten or eleven acres of land to the westward of our present grounds.

This will give abundance of space on which to lay out the surroundings of the Preparatory School, at the south-west corner of the grounds; for another master's house at the north-west corner; and between these for a new and spacious playground. We hope that some of the many Old Boys who from time to time visit the College will look over this bit of middle ground, notice the opportunity which it offers for laying out an ideal cricket field, and then be inspired to give or collect the few hundred dollars which will be required to translate this pleasant dream into an actual fact. The man who does it will earn the gratitude of all the coming generations of Upper Canada College boys.

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The winter term always seems a trying one, and that which has just come to an end is no exception. There has been a good deal of illness, especially among the day boys; the proportion being about two to one as compared with house boys. Fortunately the attacks have in no case been serious, and the facility which the Infirmary gives for im-

mediate isolation has prevented the spread of anything infectious. We hear of more than one large boarding school which has been compelled to break up during the past term, and when both divisions of our own infirmary have at times been fully occupied we have wondered how the College ever got along in the past without this necessary appendage.

The change from winter to spring—with its weeks of damp weather—when out-of-door sports are practically impossible, always emphasizes the necessity for a larger and more thoroughly equipped gymnasium than we now have. This is an improvement which must be kept steadily in view, but as yet the necessary funds have not been found.

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### THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

As foreshadowed in the Christmas number of *THE TIMES*, the plans and arrangements for building the new school are being pushed forward vigorously. The intention is to put the new building in the south-west corner of the grounds, facing eastward, towards the present main driveway. The added land will give plenty of space for playing fields and leave some over for the extension of the present grounds. Mr. Eden Smith, the architect, has his plans pretty well in shape now, and ground will probably be broken before the Easter holidays are over. To Mr. Peacock was assigned the duty of advising with the architect in the formation of plans, and he has been aided with the best thought of all connected with the College. The plans have been carefully considered at every stage, and frequently amended, so that they seem now to be as near perfection as we can get them. They call for a large, handsome building of brick and stone, in a simple yet very effective style. The structure will have three stories, and a large well-lighted basement. In fact, light and air have been made salient features throughout. In the basement will be commodious dressing-rooms, with lockers, and shower-baths; so that there will be no keeping of football clothes in any other part of the building. There are also bicycle stalls, a large play-room or simple gymnasium, a splendid workshop, and a dark-room for photography, in addition to the boiler and trunk rooms, cellars, and so forth. A lift will run from the basement to the top storey, so that no trunks or heavy articles need be carried upstairs.

On the first floor will be three large class-rooms, with accommodation for one hundred boys; a fine dining hall with great stone fire-place, a library and office, as well as the head-master's drawing-room,

dining-room and hall. The kitchens, servants' hall, and serving pantry will also be on this storey. Each of the upper floors will contain two large dormitories with cubicles, reading-room, recreation room, music rooms, and masters' quarters, in addition to the matron's apartments, sick rooms and the head master's suite. Everything will be as nearly fire-proof as may be, and the school will be built with a view to comfort and health, primarily, but with an eye to the beautiful as well. One of the most carefully studied features of the building will be the plumbing arrangements. These are in accord with the best ideas of sanitary science as applied to hospitals and other public edifices where great attention is paid to such questions. In the wash-rooms on each flat will be a stationary bowl and tap for every boy, and a locker for his sleeping garments. A separate building, connected with the main structure by ventilated passages, will contain the plumbing. In this, on each flat, will be bath-rooms, shower baths, etc. Thus it will be impossible for any sewer gas to find its way through the pipes into the school.

The dormitories are built to accommodate sixty boys, and there will be class-room space for forty day boys in addition. This will add very materially to the accommodation of the college, and in addition to relieving somewhat the present pressure on the main school, will enable us to add considerably to our numbers. It is hoped that the new school will be ready for occupation next September, and every effort will be put forth to realize this hope.

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## Harold Bindloss

In this age of cheap printing, street car advertising and Collier canvassers, almost anyone can publish a book, and for many there are fair pecuniary rewards. So the reviewer's table groans under books by new authors, the publishers' critics are continually discovering writers who "will go far," while the jaded reader of "the latest literary sensation" skips on with feverish haste, lest she should miss anything that one ought to have read. If one stands however on the edge of this literary whirlpool until he has become somewhat accustomed to the roar and the tossing, yellow foam, he will see that most of the authors there struggling go down ere one revolution has been completed, while those who survive are for the most part clinging desperately to some new book when they re-appear. But there are exceptions—Mr. Barrie comes quietly with his "Window in Thrums," and it bears him on for many a long day; after ten years it is still his chief support. Charles Whibley or Augustine Birrel gives us a brilliant essay, we wait patiently for another and in the meantime re-read the last. Stephen Phillips writes a play that has somewhat of real poetry and a touch of the old master's insight—we hope great things from him and our only fear is lest he should go too fast.

At intervals during the last two years, Harold Bindloss has written short stories for various British magazines. At first his name meant nothing, but the stories of the West African coast were so good that one soon watched for it eagerly. Of late, our own North West has been his subject and here he shows the same power, the same intimate knowledge of the life he seeks to picture.

The name of Harold Bindloss does not appear in "Who's Who," and I have been able to find out nothing as to his present movements. Probably he is still on the West African coast, whither he seems to have gone from Vancouver some years ago. Shortly after the Canadian Pacific Railway was built, he came to Canada from England to take a third share in a section of land in Assiniboia. He and his two partners worked hard at breaking up the land for the wheat on which they had staked everything. The crop came on well; already they saw themselves independent and pictured many a future triumph. But a wandering hailstorm dashed all their hopes and left them nothing but the land and the shack. Bindloss and one of the partners, renouncing all claim to the farm, started on foot for the distant railway line, hoping to get work with the construction gangs. But work was hard to find and lasted only a few days at a time, so they pushed

ever westward towards British Columbia, the land of promise. They suffered many hardships as they tramped it and often went hungry, while a bed was looked on as a luxury they could seldom afford. In British Columbia they tried many things—chopping, packing fish gold-digging, but all failed, and finally they came near losing their lives in a desperate attempt at finding their way across the Cascade Mountains.

At last, Bindloss got steady employment as a freight handler on the C.P.R. docks at Vancouver, a place of which he seems to cherish the happiest memories. His only book—"A Great Dominion"—tells the story of his experiences in Canada, and gives his ideas of the western country. The style is simple and possesses the naive charm of reality. His comments on men and conditions are keen, his criticisms sharp but reasonable, his advice homely and practical. Into the thread of the narrative are woven many fine descriptive passages, and adventures not a few. He draws a graphic picture of the younger son, sent to the Colonies to make his way or die, and shows with telling force, the risks, the dangers, the disappointments, the joys and possibilities and charm of the pioneer's life. He has been through it all himself and tells his story with a straightforward earnestness which carries conviction. The man writes not simply because he has seen, but because he has endured. He sees not only the pomp of a great Empire but also the price at which it was bought. There is a touch of the Puritan in him, a stern sense of justice which forces him forward to demand that in our laudation of "the Captains and the Kings" of Empire we forget not the lonely soldiers of fortune who went down alone and uncheered to lay the foundations of our greatness. Two extracts from the book will show best the subjects of which this man writes and his attitude towards his work.

"Still, having seen them engaged in it, he ventures to point out again the business of the real Colonists. Some take up the task because the love of free air and space is born in them, and others perhaps because through the fevered restlessness which first impels them, they dimly recognize it as their mission. So in spite of rampant commercialism, and what the author of 'Alton Locke' calls the devil's cry of getting on in the world, there are many British—highly-trained official and nameless adventurer—who, though often blindly, suffer manifold evils and occasionally perish for the good of the race alone, all the way from the deadly steam of the tropics to the snow fields of the North, neither seeking nor receiving any rich reward. And in various regions the writer has watched these, the true Empire builders, at their work, as well as the spurious kind—the fortune-makers. The work of the latter is mostly evil—cities whose sole industry is mining—share gambling, where the vile of every nation are gathered together, and half-naked native harlots sit openly in the street. These are the

modern prototypes of Sodom and Gomorrah, as Judas Iscariot was, in the old days, of the land jobber, but one cannot fully appreciate the genius of the latter without having seen him swindle half a life-time's savings from some unfortunate settler."

"And some day when older England is turned into one huge mart and workshop, when cities and mines and railroads have blotted the last meadow out, and there is dearth of air and space for the swarming multitudes, future generations will bless the foresight of Statesmen, and the restless energy of free prospector and axe-man pioneer, which has provided for them a still richer heritage. Many men have died for this, wandering in the old days through the snows to Caribou when there was neither road nor mule track through the spray-filled canyons. Even now the bones of others lie but half rotted in the glacier barred desolation between the Albertan foot hills and the Dominica and there is scarcely a thundering pool in the Fraser gorges, sunk down, it may be, two thousand feet between awful walls of rock, which has not in time past also claimed its toll of adventurous Englishmen. It is the same old story whose truth is somewhere hidden in the heart of the race, for without the shedding of blood there is no dominion, and it is well for the nation that the Viking spirit has probably never burned fiercer than it does to-day. Also, more than any government, the broken, the hopeless, and the outcast, are doing a great work for us, while if any of their number had the power to tell it well, having seen them thrashing the rotten schooners through unchartered, reef-sprinkled seas, starving, as in the dog's traces they haul the heavy sledges through the ice-bound wilderness, or dying like flies of a pestilence, to open a road for the palm-oil trade in the sweltering tropic swamps, he could write a story that would fill Englishmen's hearts with flame. I have seen a very little, heard somewhat more, while cholera, malaria, blizzard, yellow Jack, and whirring snow-slide have each accounted for some comrade's life, but with feeble skill one dare but hint at a task which requires a master's hand."

The master's hand, if we mistake not, is in the making, and turns out many a picture meanwhile which will not shame its more mature efforts. Bindloss copies no one in his style—his stories have none of the studied surprises by which Kipling spurs us forward; they lack alike Gilbert Parker's laborious ease and the little turns of phrase and the happy abruptness by which our own Mr. Fraser reveals his admiration for some of his friends. Bindloss' stories are narratives of facts—usually tragic, always more or less sombre but lit up by flashes of humour and glorified by the spirit of determination and loyalty to duty. Yet, they are not wanting in art; they are told with delightful verve. But there is no apparent effort after the graces of style—the style is there simply because the writer is so full of his subject that he forgets himself in telling of it. He draws aside the curtain of mist which overhangs the West African Coast, and lays bare to our view the reeking swamps, the oozing river, the turbulent blacks, and the



patient, determined men who are doing their work there heedless of fever and loneliness and death itself. We meet the constabulary officer patrolling the rivers in his launch and learn to admire him, as, careless of lurking foe and hidden snag, he risks everything in a race against time and his enemies for a trader's life. We see the missionary in the small-pox camp striving for a footing among the savage people by ministering to their desperate condition, and as we watch him, worn out but sternly sleepless, fight for two nights and a day to snatch a fellow-countryman from the grasp of the terrible swamp-fever, we are fain to cry with the faithful Haussa, the hater of missionaries, "There are many infidel teachers and some are doubtless of the white bushmen; I, Amadu, have seen them—but this is a leader of men." More often we are introduced to the lonely trading factory and its occupants—the company's agents. Let us glance for a moment at the conditions under which they live.

"One night when the sluicing rains had ceased, three white men sat on the verandah of an isolated factory hidden among the cottonwoods and oil palms, stretching between Calabor and Forcados, in the Niger Protectorate. Behind them the pile-raised room, which was lighted by a smoky lamp, reeked of mildew and paraffin. Moisture trickled down the wainscot, and a damp and musty odor drifted through the casement to meet the heat outside. Beneath, in the sodden compound, a group of heathen Krooboys crouched round a smouldering fire, crooning a dismal chanty to the tapping of a drum, and beyond that the forest rose like a wall, steam hung in fleecy wreaths half-way up the great cottonwood trunks, while above it, sombre foliage and bare, withered limbs were outlined dimly against liquid indigo."

It is of such men and such conditions that Harold Bindloss writes. He is the apostle of the pioneer—of the man who goes down alone in the fight, far beyond the outer fringe of civilization, working for those whom he has never seen, preparing a heritage which his children shall not inherit. He tells their story quietly, but with compelling power. Through it runs the determination to hold out against all odds, the sense of duty which never dreams of desertion, the love of mankind which breaks down even the hatred of the savage. This is the warp of his stories; the woof is woven in many colours—dainty description, thrilling tale of hairbreadth escape, or desperate conflict, pathetic story of loneliness and failure. There is humour, too, but of the grim, searching kind, such as that of the Scotch engineer, who thought the loin-cloth worn by some of the Krooboys "a healthy and very economical garment," and remarked quietly after felling one of them with a murderous blow from a heavy steel spanner, "A wee bit firmness gangs a lang way, an' I'm thinkin' its a gey hard skull he has onyway; the bit tap wull no trouble him lang."

Bindloss has written good stories of the Canadian Northwest, as well as of West Africa. He has ventured also once or twice into the Arctic regions, and has touched on the Cuban struggle. But in every case it is the pioneer who claims his skill, or the man who risks his life for his fellows, thinking nothing of it, even though he lose. It is the Monica's chief engineer who puts back to the sinking ship and goes down into the engine-room for a wounded "greaser," but remarks when complimented, "Things might be waur—an' the ither business was all in the day's work." It is stern old Nicholson who steered his open boat two hundred miles through the Arctic cold to find relief for his ice-bound comrades, and as he lay dying from the terrible frost, summed up the whole thing thus: "It was a good voyage—two hundred miles in an open boat, in spite of the bitter frost—an' we done it, an' sent relief." Or it is the young trader—a mere boy—who after weeks of fever, watched alone for three nights and days, on guard over the company's factory against a horde of savages, while his companion tramped off through the dread swamps for aid, and when reminded by the leader of the relief force that he was not paid for fighting, answered simply, "No, we're not Protectorate officers; but when you come to look at it, what else was there we could do." The officer's comment will perhaps most fittingly close this review: "We are bound in honour to risk the utmost in our respective service. Those lads have been taught little, and have no prestige to maintain, and yet they waited—because as one of them said, there was nothing else he could do—with the forest open behind him to bolt for the settlements. Well, that is perhaps the reason why, so few in numbers, we rule in Africa."

Such is Harold Bindloss, a man whose work is well worth reading, and one who has much still to do for us, his readers, and for the men of whom he writes. Let us hope that ere long his stories will be collected into a book, and that growing success will not draw him from his appointed task to that alluring siren—the novel.

E. R. PEACOCK.

## Some Fifty Years Ago

BY ONE OF THE CLASS OF '52.

It is all very well for an old classmate of mine to compliment me upon my "majestic memory" and throw bouquets of eloquence at me in an endeavour to extract from my mind recollections of the foreground of my college life in the days of long ago.

Not that now or ever again will I wear the roses of youth, for beyond a doubt I am wearing for all time to come the yellow leaf. But it does make one feel old—yes, very old, to be plied with queries, and to be asked to recall incidents that were thrown forty years ago into the garret of oblivion. Again to turn over, even for a friend, the leaves of memory is not an easy task after one has faced business life with its up and downs for forty years. And yet it is pleasant to go back occasionally to the past, recalling even the little things that aggregate so much in the college life of bygone days. But last week I saw the old buildings on King Street West, the first permanent home of the College. I had a look through the halls and rooms that are yet to the fore, and then I thought of the thousands of Canadians who had travelled over its floors, so long ago as seventy years.

It almost broke my heart to see the fire-chased, charred ruin on King street west, with what was left by fire carted away to the dumping ground of old bricks and ancient timber. Soon will all be gone and then, as we walk over the levelled ground, we may truly say that the hallowed spot of youth is now a barren waste. Well, as one who tramped from room to room at the end of every hour of the college day in the old red pile, it may be reasonable that I should respond to my enquirer and recall incidents that present themselves as I think of college days.

### THE OLD PRAYER ROOM.

I am writing of the old prayer or hall room where the masters sat at the north end, with the 7th, 5th, 3rd and Commercial and 1st Forms on the west side of the room, and the 6th, 4th, 2nd and Preparatory Forms on the east side. Here the boys assembled at nine o'clock in the morning. There were six or seven boys who acted as monitors. Of these two walked up and down the entire length of the room until the Principal entered. One monitor then called the roll and another wrote on a slate the names of all absentees. While this was being done, if a master entered, he would touch his mortar board to the Principal. All the masters were supposed to be in by the end of roll

call. After prayers the two monitors would go down to the centre of the room, one would remain there and the other stood at the door to preserve order as the boys retired, form by form.

\* \* \* \*

The Rev. Dr. Scadding, the first classical master, Mr. Maynard, the mathematical master, and the Rev. Mr. Stennett, the second classical master, read the prayers week about. Dr. Scadding was noted for his distinct intonation, Mr. Stennett for his sharp solemnity and Mr. Maynard for his extraordinary rapidity of delivery, with a due regard, however, to every propriety. He could deliver the Lord's Prayer at greater speed than any man alive.

All notices were given out by Principal Barron. On one occasion he remarked on the un-English practice of boys wearing rings, when suddenly observing his own signet ring, he deemed a special apology necessary for its existence, by stating that he required it to seal his official documents. Those were the days of red sealing wax and not of gummed envelopes.

Dr. Scadding, when acting principal after Dr. Barron left, never trusted himself to give out a notice in the Prayer Hall without having it in writing. On one occasion, he was extempore, and stated that "next Tuesday and Wednesday will be holidays, being Ash Tuesday and Ash Wednesday."

In the Prayer Room Mr. Barron sat in the centre behind a reading desk, having Scadding, Stennett, De la Haye and Thompson on his right, and on his left Maynard, Wedd, Barrett and Dodd.

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#### ONE WAY OF HOLIDAY GETTING.

When the regular troops of the British Army were in Canada, and were reviewed by the Governor-General, we always asked for a holiday. The day and boarding-house boys joined in the memorial. The Sixth fellows generally prepared the address, which was not to the Principal and masters but to the Governor-General. His private secretary used to live in a brick cottage on the corner of King and Simcoe streets in the Government House grounds. The small delegation of boys would go over in the morning and hand the secretary the document. The secretary would then go upstairs and tap at the bedroom door of the Governor.

"What's that?"

"The college boys, your Excellency, want a holiday to see the review."

"Oh, I suppose so. Yes—ask Barron."

And in about an hour the Sergeant Orderly would come over, bringing a large letter with a big seal, and Mr. Barron would smile and grant the request.

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#### SOMETHING ABOUT THE MASTERS.

Dr. Barrett, who occupied the room under the centre of the original staircase, always in winter left his door open for five minutes before prayers in the morning so that the boys could enter and warm themselves. Mr. De la Haye also used to let the boys in until he found that they partially burned the mantel by too large a fire. Then he discontinued the favour. Mr. Thompson, the writing master, and Mr. Stennett kept the boys out. A favourite spot for the boys to huddle in winter was around the stove at Barrett's door. Mr. Wedd always complained of the heat of the stove, and Dr. Barrett said he must have a room with an open fireplace and so he got the centre room. Mr. Howard and Mr. Bull, both drawing masters, had a room between them.

\* \* \* \*

Dr. Barrett and Mr. De la Haye, the French master, were close friends. In the five minute intervals at the hour periods between the classes they would pace up and down the corridor, speaking French very vociferously, Barrett occasionally giving a good hearty laugh.

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A feature in Barrett's day was map-drawing and inspection of slates, rather than black-boards. Barrett saw that every boy worked out his problem. The meetings of the debating club were held in his room and the President and Vice-President of the club tried to fill Barrett's chair. Barrett taught arithmetic and geography. He was fond of reading historical stories and was a fine French scholar.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. De la Haye in speaking to a pupil once said: "The Commercial Form is the worst form in the College, and you are the worst boy in the Commercial Form."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Maynard would say: "You boy with the chequered trousers, down one place—that obstinate boy with the chequered pants, that won't go down one place—foot—that most obstinate boy must come this way—must punish."

\* \* \* \*

In Mr. Maynard's room all the excuses had to be put on a long

table in front of his desk. Mr. Maynard would take his cane and rake them in. Other boys handed their excuses in but Mr. Maynard always insisted on having them placed on his table. A boy would often go up and ask for his excuse next day. Of course the excuse would be lost.

“Why didn't you take it?”

“I did not like to before you looked at it.”

The consequence was that Mr. Maynard would have to write out another excuse for the boy.

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Smallwood was a coloured boy who was never caned. When he would do anything wrong Mr. Maynard would say: “Don't make the boys laugh.” Smallwood was only fair at mathematics, but he could write and speak French like a native.

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Mr. Maynard wore a large shirt front, velvet waistcoat, and a long gold chain, joined with a slide. It was the envy of all the boys. He also had a small clock on his table. His first move was to open his desk and place the clock on the ledge. He always spoke of the boys as strangers, never recognizing them or his sons. He was a proficient mathematician, excelling in mental arithmetic—sharpening a boy's wits, fond of making “the sum of the digits” conclude a mental problem. He was particularly hard on the consumption of hardwood. His grate was always piled up to the top, and he insisted upon the head boy sitting as near it as possible, and sometimes he would purposely make a mistake in answering questions in order to be clear of the roasting of the fire. Mr. Maynard encouraged the boys to make progress. He could lead his scholars into the mysteries of mathematics with considerable ease.

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There were two drawing masters, Mr. Bull, the ordinary drawing master, and Mr. Howard, the geometrical drawing master. Mr. Bull was a Russian, and when Sebastopol fell the boys had the usual half-holiday. In order to properly celebrate the event, they had a bonfire in the playground. As there was not enough wood to be obtained in the neighbourhood of the playground they sought for it in Mr. Bull's yard, and consequently the bonfire prospered. Mr. Bull had full, round features, rather pleasing expression, and an unlimited stock of patience with his younger pupils in drawing and shading trees. He was proficient with his pencil and crayon, and very entertaining in his fund of anecdotes. Mr. Howard's classes in geometrical drawing were well attended, and he was deservedly popular.

Every master had a garden on the east side of the playground except Mr. De la Haye and Principal Barron, both of whom had gardens at their own houses. These gardens were usually the home of potatoes, carrots, and other household vegetables. As a general rule the boys respected these gardens, not from any particular regard for the owners, but because there was no fruit to be found there. The fruit garden which interested them most was on the north side of Adelaide street, facing the boarding-house.

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The original Toronto Model School was in the building on the south side of King street, nearly opposite the east side of the college playground. The old building was originally connected with the Government House buildings from the fact that it had been built for and used as a coach house. Afterwards it was enlarged and transformed into a school, known as the Model. During the winter the pupils of the two institutions were much interested in each other, and frequently indulged in the pleasures of a fight. Dr. Barrett, who was the head master of the boarding house, was so indignant because of the constant fights, that he used every effort to put an end to them, and, partially, he succeeded. By the way, the old Model was at one time a guard house, used by the military guard in attendance on the Governor-General, and, in the Forties, this same building was one of the pioneer theatres of Toronto.

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The "Ups and Downs," as the boys who lived east and west of the Adelaide street gate were called, also had their snowball fights, and on one occasion they combined forces and walked down to Knox Academy, now the "Queen's" Hotel, on Front street west, and there had a prolonged discussion, illustrated with well-placed shots, with the pupils of that flourishing institution.

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In the summer the favourite place for camping was the Island. Many of the boys owned boats, which were kept at two different places. One boat-keeper was Mrs. Masterson, who lived in a little cottage at the foot of Bay street. Mrs. Masterson still lives in Toronto. Her husband was a knife and scissors grinder and was for a long time a runner for the mail boats when there was active competition between the boats which ran to Hamilton and to Niagara in the fifties. Masterson was known as "Fisty," because he had only one arm. The other he lost when firing a salute at Kingston on the late Queen's birthday. Fisty was also a bit of a smuggler,

and about fifty years ago, when Mr. Caffrae, the Collector of Customs of Toronto, ventured to put a broad arrow on the deck of the schooner which he owned, the one-armed man quietly jumped overboard with the Collector, and it was with some difficulty that their lives were saved.

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Another boat-keeper was Finch, better known as "Darby." His boat-house was at the foot of Simcoe street, at the north end and west of Rees' Wharf, now part of the Esplanade, just where the Grand Trunk freight offices stand. Finch was a large, dark-whiskered man, of swarthy complexion and a large nose. He was very excitable. In summer he kept skiffs for hire, in winter ice boats. He was like some Englishmen, always complaining. Once some of his boats were stolen, and he wasn't satisfied until the police had hunted the bay front and found the boats near some timber rafts which were being made up, near the Queen's Wharf, for shipment down the St. Lawrence. Mrs. Finch was a little bit of a thing, with reddish hair and a sharp nose, not at all a bad looking woman. There was another old man, named Pye, who also rented boats at a place on the bay shore west of Finch's. At a later date there was a Mr. Williard who had a very fine yacht, which was rented to the boys for \$1 per hour. There was still another boat-keeper, Dearborn, an American, who came to Toronto with a gang of mechanics at the time the Esplanade was built. Twelve and a half cents, an English sixpence, was the rate per hour for boys who hired skiffs.

In the early Fifties when there was no Esplanade, the college boys in the afternoon would take long and heavy planks and paddle out into the bay. As their clothing was always of the lightest material they did not mind the risk of falling in. The principal amusement in the afternoon was swimming from Rees' Wharf, Simcoe street, to Tinning's Wharf, York street, and back again.

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The master of the Commercial Form was John Dodd, and on the very day when this paragraph is written he was placed in his grave in Eglinton, near Toronto. He left the college nearly forty years ago and was in the Custom House at Montreal. He died at the age of eighty-six. He was an intelligent man, well posted in commercial work, and rather well liked by the boys who took an interest in that subject.

Although the teaching of the Commercial Form was Mr. Dodd's special occupation, some of the junior classical forms learned from him the elements of physical science. His methods were clear and distinct, and, doubtless, were duly appreciated. He was tall of stature



and peculiar in his gait. He and Mr. Thompson were the only permanent masters who wore silk hats in preference to the prevalent mortar board.

\* \* \* \*

On one occasion the authorities who had control of the college playground determined that the lots facing on King street should be sold to the highest bidder. A surveyor was procured, the southern part of the ground laid out for sale, the posts showing the size of each lot were put in, and the proposal was all ready for publication, when the boys determined to make an effort to stop the sale. Accordingly one afternoon after four o'clock a public meeting was held in the Prayer Room, and it was decided that Sir Edmund W. Head, who was a friend of the College, should be appealed to. I remember that K. L. Jones, David Bogart, Fred Head, T. S. Reid, and J. Ross Robertson organized and managed the meeting. The boys assembled and, after the matter had been debated for over an hour and all sorts of proposals made, Robertson suggested that they should appeal to the fountain head, the Governor-General, who lived across the street. Tom Reid, a Scotch boy from Halifax, backed up the proposition, and subsequently a delegation of the boys presented a petition to Sir Edmund Head. He sympathized with the boys, and much to the vexation of some of the authorities, an end was put to the sale, whereupon the boys made a huge bonfire of the posts, and that ended the incident.

\* \* \* \*

Thirteen years after the retirement of Mr. Barron from the position of Principal, the post naturally reverted to Dr. Scadding, as Senior master, but he declined to accept it. When his term as acting principal drew to an end he candidly stated that his experience of the duties of the position had only confirmed his original desire when he refused the appointment. On the contrary, Mr. Stennett, whose term of promotion followed that of Scadding, was fully impressed with his perfect fitness for the position of principal, but many thought that his severity and inelasticity of manner counteracted several important requisites which he undoubtedly possessed.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Cockburn, succeeding Stennett, introduced a new form and order of things more in keeping with the advanced methods of modern system, and the term of his office marks a new departure in the history of the College by enlarged class rooms, etc.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Wedd was a great favourite with all the boys. With un-

wearied diligence he tried to interest, especially the younger pupils, in the subject-matter under study, and he seldom failed to impress even an idler that the matter was well worth studying. Wedd would invariably question the boys next day, after repetition, as to how the principal had treated this or that point. If they happened to be in harmony he would remark: "Well, boys, it only shows that two sensible men, thinking of the same thing, will come to a similar conclusion."

\* \* \* \*

At one Christmas time the boys of the 1st and 4th Forms, as a testimonial of regard, presented Wedd with a lamp and a Bible. This curious coincidence drew from Wedd the remark that it was a practical exemplification of the truth of the Psalmist's exclamation, "Thy word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path."

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Thompson, the writing master, to whom I have already referred, used to write excuses for the boys at the boarding-house, to the effect that So-and-so was prevented by "indisposition." As a specimen of penmanship, and also as a notice to parents each pupil was required to write, once a quarter, a letter addressed to his parent or guardian, as follows: "I am directed to inform you that the collector will be at the College to receive the fees for the ensuing quarter on——." Cards were sent to the parents, on which the receipt was written. Specially prepared copy-books for the annual exhibit of pupils' writing in Mr. Thompson's class were carefully filled up in the last quarter preceding the summer examination and formed quite an interesting exhibit, on the merits of which the writing prizes were adjudged. Mr. Thompson had an accurate knowledge of book-keeping, and thoroughly impressed on all his pupils the difference between debit and credit. Not a few of his pupils are free to confess to-day how much they owe to his careful instruction for their success in commercial life. Mr. Thompson was possessed of much good sense, abounded in good nature, and, without being lax in discipline, was indulgent to all his pupils, to an extent that made him deservedly popular.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. C. W. Connon, LL.D., a graduate of Aberdeen University, Master of Liverpool College and Lower School of Greenwich Hospital, edited several educational works issued by Hughes, the Master of the schools at Greenwich Hospital, published a system of English grammar and imitation of the four books of Milton's "Paradise Lost."

Mr. Connon had quite a wide acquaintance with English literature and had a pleasant manner of imparting information, and occasionally he would interest his pupils in relating anecdotes of his career. He strongly approved of the system of public school education which had been inaugurated in Canada. On more than one occasion he stated that Canadian boys possessed educational advantages, at little or no cost, superior to those then obtainable in the mother country.

\* \* \* \*

I remember an old engraving that used to hang on the wall of Principal Barron's room. It was a quaint piece of lithography representing the occasion of the visit of Lord and Lady Elgin to the College. The masters sat as shown in this picture—Principal Barron in the centre, Dr. Scadding, Mr. Ripley and Mr. De la Hay on his right, and Messrs. Stennett, Barrett and Howard on his left. Lord Elgin sat in front of the Principal, and, by his side, his aide, Lord Mark Ker. To the right sat Lady Elgin, and the boy kneeling to receive his prize was Richard Nash, son of Mr. Nash, a brewer on Front street, while the lady on the left was Lady Alice Lambton, after whose family Lambton county is named. The scholar by her side, the late W. J. Baines, broker, of Toronto, is a son of Mr. Baines of William street, and brother of Dr. Baines of Simcoe street. Near the door of the Prayer Room stood the first janitor of the College, old Samuel Alderdice, the father of Davey Alderdice of later days. Old Samuel was the man who unlocked the college door on the morning of its opening, January 8th, 1830.

\* \* \* \*

On one occasion when I was conversing with a Toronto friend in England a gentleman sitting near, apologizing for interrupting, said :

“I heard you speak of Toronto. I know Toronto very well.”

A stranger in a strange land, I did not feel in the mood for cultivating chance acquaintances. But the stranger continued :

“I was born in Toronto.”

“Indeed,” I replied, feeling that I must say something. “On what street were you born?”

“On Graves street,” was the reply.

“Indeed!” I again remarked, with a little more interest. “What is the name of that street now?”

The answer came without a moment's hesitation, “Simcoe.”

Then I asked, “Whereabouts on Graves street were you born?”

“Why, at Government House.”

I remarked that he could not have chosen a prettier spot, and determined to learn if my new friend's story was correct, I suggested

that the land about Government House was as smooth as a billiard table, but he immediately called my attention to the fact that, on the contrary, it was rather hilly, and that at one time a creek ran through the grounds. I was at last convinced, and none too soon, for the gentleman with whom I was conversing was one of the sons of Sir John Colborne, the founder of Upper Canada College.

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## Fortunes of a Free Lance

Among the deluge of matter that has been poured out by writers who compare the state of the world at the opening of this century with that at the like period of the preceding one, one conviction is everywhere apparent—life has lost in picturesqueness, in colour. This is an age of concentration and of levelling, and what we have gained in security and comfort of life we have lost in variety and richness. This is no doubt true to a great extent, for “masters of industry” are surely less romantic figures than masters of armies, and even war has lost its pomp and circumstance. The practical control of the world by five or six great powers has wofully restricted the field open to that interesting scamp, the “gentleman adventurer,” and the wight who would attempt to carve out for himself a kingdom from any present “sphere of influence” would soon find himself languishing in a St. Helena or Cayenne. Gordon was the last, as he was the best, of the true soldiers of fortune.

But while yet George the Third was king the military adventurer or free lance need set no bounds to his ambition. The old order had broken down and a new one had not yet taken definite form. The scandalized world saw hostlers become dukes, a common swordsman slash his way to the throne of Sweden. It is a far cry from a Tipperary shealing to an Indian throne, but George Thomas, with nothing but his Irish wit and a strong sword arm in his favour, became a prince in Hindustan with a standing army and a coinage of his own.

When Captain Flinders and Dr. Bass explored the south and east coasts of Australia they had in their company one of the most remarkable characters of that remarkable time. His name was Jorgenson, and he, too, was destined to be a king, though his realm was only bleak Iceland and his reign was of the shortest.

Jorgenson was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, about the year 1780, and, like many other Danish boys, developed a strong love for the sea. As an antidote for this affection, he was shipped as an apprentice on board an English collier, which he deserted to join a

whaling vessel bound for the Cape of Good Hope. Here he joined a British man-of-war and took part in some hot engagements with French vessels. From the Cape he sailed in the "Lady Nelson," and spent several years in this vessel, which was engaged in a survey of the coasts of Australia and Tasmania. During these voyages he assisted at the founding of Hobart Town and Newcastle, N.S.W.

Quitting the royal service, Jorgenson became in quick succession the captain of a sealer, chief mate of a whaler, and finally, after cruising about for some time in a rather profitless manner, found himself in London at the end of the year 1806. Thence he made his way to Copenhagen, where, being a man of good address with a store of tales of strange lands, he soon became a prominent figure.

Copenhagen, as every school-boy knows, was bombarded in 1807 by Lord Cathcart, who not only battered down a large part of the town about the citizens' heads, but sailed away with the whole Danish fleet. Burning with patriotism and a desire for revenge, the merchants of the city fitted out and presented to the Crown a small vessel of twenty-eight guns, and in this Captain Jorgenson was despatched with eighty-three men, to avenge the wounded honour of Denmark.

At first all went well. After laboriously cutting a passage through the ice, a month before the usual opening of navigation, he appeared among the English trading vessels, as a hawk swoops upon a barnyard, and captured several prizes. Emboldened by success he turned his prow toward the English coasts, with intent to emulate the deeds of Paul Jones, and sack the fat coast towns. Such small obstacles as the English fleet do not seem to have been considered in his plans. But off Flamborough Head he found two sloops of war, and having no other course open, showed fight; and the fight was worthy of Denmark. Though outnumbered two to one he held off his assailants for three-quarters of an hour, and it was only after his powder was spent and his masts, rigging, and sails shot to pieces, that he surrendered and was towed into Yarmouth.

But Jorgenson was not a citizen of Denmark only. His sympathies were world-wide, and his superiority to small local prejudices led him to accept a secret service post under the English Government. We soon find him in London full of a scheme which was to combine philanthropy with profit.

The Danish island of Iceland was in evil case. With its northern point touching the Arctic Circle it cannot grow foodstuffs. The war had cut off its export trade of wool and fish; the rumor of a blockade held English corn ships in their own ports, and Iceland was on the

verge of a famine. The tender-hearted Jorgenson proposed to run the blockade, and for a consideration supply food to the famishing inhabitants.

In December, 1808, he found himself master of a ship freighted with corn by English merchants, and on the 29th of that month set sail from Liverpool. The long Arctic night then brooded over the northern regions, and disaster to the enterprise was freely predicted. But Jorgenson, with the luck that waits upon the fearless, found the northern lights doing duty for the sun, found the blockade a myth, landed his cargo and returned to England for more.

A second time making Reikjavik harbour, this time with two ship loads, he met with an unexpected rebuff. The governor, Count von Tramp, with paternal care for the welfare of his subjects, was now supplying them with Danish rye at five cents per pound, and wishing to monopolize this good work, ordered Jorgenson to depart as he had come. With much show of haste he feigned to obey.

But the next day was Sunday and the good people of Reikjavik, in spite of the price of rye, went to church as usual almost to a man. So did not Jorgenson. Landing with twelve sailors he marched direct to the governor's house, stationed half his party behind it, half in front, with orders to fire on any relieving force, then, a pistol in each hand, walked boldly to von Tramp's chamber. Though caught napping on a sofa the governor made a stout resistance, but was overpowered, carried helpless to the beach, and placed under hatches in Jorgenson's ship to moralize at leisure over his fallen greatness.

His successor lost no time in securing the iron chest which represented the treasury, and when the townspeople returned from church the revolution was complete. The next day he issued a manifesto, declaring that he had been called to free the island from Danish tyranny, and, as nobody seemed to object, he proceed to organize his government. The taxes were cut down by half, and to supply the deficit thus caused import duties were levied on the British goods which the king himself had brought to Iceland. By a single sweep of the pen all debts due to the Crown of Denmark were cancelled, and trial by jury and manhood suffrage introduced in place of the outworn institutions of the island. A liberal grant was made for the endowment of schools, and a heavy bonus on their catch lightened the burdens of the fishermen. Then the disinterested king turned the light of the royal favour upon the clergy, a class at that time passing rich at sixty dollars a year. In gratitude for an increase of salary one and all preached from their pulpits on the following Sunday resignation to the new king and submission to constituted authority.

To impress the popular mind he next built a fort of six guns and flew above it the ancient flag of Iceland. Then, with an escort of newly-enrolled cavalry, he proceeded to make a tour of his dominions. In one township alone did he lack an enthusiastic greeting. Here a conservative old magistrate, disgruntled by the swift march of events, refused to do homage or surrender the revenues of the district. But Jorgenson, resourceful as ever, piled up brushwood against the rebel's front door and fired it, whereupon he soon gained another loyal subject and some increase of cash.

Domestic affairs thus settled, he had time to consider foreign relations. As an ally Great Britain seemed to promise most, and as his diplomatic service was yet unorganized, he decided to visit that country in person and secure an amicable treaty for mutual defence and trade.

Von Tramp had in the harbour a brig under sailing orders for Denmark with a cargo of wool, feathers and tar. With this vessel and one of his own Jorgenson set out on his embassy. But on the first day out the Danish ship was burned, and meeting H.M.S. "Talbot" en route for Reikjavik the king entrusted to her the crew of the lost vessel, and held on his way to England.

But this encounter was his undoing. He had barely landed in England when the commander of the "Talbot" was at his heels, urged on by a righteous anger. Jorgenson, he said, had set up a kingdom in Iceland to be a centre for all the malcontents of Europe. The man, too, was quite unfit to be a king, having been an apprentice on a collier and a midshipman on an English man-of-war.

Thus stigmatized as the climax of incapacity, Jorgenson took cover, but was apprehended and sent to the hulks with the other Danish prisoners, and from that hour his kingdom of Iceland saw him no more. Though his subsequent adventures were manifold he never again rose to such an exalted position.

But ungrateful England was still to profit by his services. We find him serving as a seaman on a British gunboat off the coast of Portugal, as a spy at the court of Warsaw, as adviser of the government in its operations against the French in the South Seas, and, finally, alas for fallen greatness! a prisoner in Newgate for pawning his landlady's bed linen. In November, 1825, he bade adieu to the cruel country of his adoption as a convict on a prison ship bound for Tasmania.

But the instinct towards kingship would not down. By his intelligence and suavity of manner he escaped the worst horrors of the voyage out. He had been hardly a year in Van Dieman's Land when

he was placed at the head of a party sent to explore the unknown interior. In the native wars of 1830 he had under his command large bodies of troops, and it was owing in great measure to his skill that the savages were at last subdued. He became the terror of the wandering bushranger, and when, very late in life, the death of his mother left him with a comfortable fortune, he settled down to spend his remaining days in Hobart Town.

The story of his life, written by himself, has been rescued from oblivion by the Australian novelist, Marcus Clarke.

A. W. PLAYFAIR.

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## The Great Ruby

There were four of us, Dr. Hertz, Barton and myself, who had collected together to help eat one of young Willion's dinners, and to see the great Willion ruby.

Willion was the man of the hour. He was the only man known who possessed a reddish-green ruby. His name was known everywhere and his portrait had appeared in not a few magazines. His fame was so far spread that every burglar in Hamilton was asking for his address.

Just how this ruby came into his possession is not known. Sufficient to say that the Kaffir who found it was shot by a Boer who had seen him swallow it. After this incident the travels of the ruby are not known. Willion had purchased it at the exceedingly low price of 250,000 dollars from a widow, and his friends had advised him to insure his life.

The dinner was, of course, a great success, although we did not appease our appetites very much, all waiting eagerly to get a glimpse at the ruby.

Willion was in great spirits. He told us how an American ambassador had called on him a few days before and offered him the insignificant sum of \$350,000 for it. "When I told him that I would not sell it," said Willion, "he became quite violent, and threatened war on Canada and on myself, until I had to send for a policeman." Many other anecdotes did Willion relate to us during the progress of that memorable dinner.

At last, leaning back in his chair, he slowly slid his hand into his coat pocket. We turned eagerly towards our host, who as slowly drew forth from his pocket a red morocco case, and as slowly and deliberately pressed the spring.



The lid flew open, and an exclamation burst from us as we beheld for the first time the only red-green ruby in the world, mounted on a soft pad of white velvet.

"I have refused a kingdom for it!" said Willion, as he took it out and dropped it into my hand. "How perfect!" was all that I could mutter, so astonished was I at the almost vicious rays of reddish green it threw off under the electric lamps. I sighed and handed it to the doctor, who did likewise and turning it over once or twice in his palm, he handed it to Barton.

Barton took it and I thought smiled. "Very pretty, indeed," he remarked coolly and handed it back to Willion.

Then a terrible thing happened. The ruby seemed to topple over the edge of the case. There was a greenish flash—the ruby had disappeared.

In a second we four men were on our hands and knees, bumping against one another in eager search under the table. We turned up dishes and plates, looked into glasses, and scattered the table decorations in every direction.

We searched for an hour. The hour wore away, and an hour and a half, then two hours. Dr. Hertz even went as far as to pull off his boots, and we all felt more or less guilty. When three hours had passed, Willion said, with a very pale face: "I'm awfully sorry, you fellows, but would it be asking too much if I asked you to turn out your pockets, if I turn out mine at the same time?"

"Not a bit!" replied the doctor and I, unloading the contents of every pocket. What an ordeal we went through! I, who had refused 50 cents when the doctor had asked me, on the ground of not having even a car fare, turned out change enough for a summer's holiday. Willion produced a dog license, a latchkey and a photograph of some young person who bore but small likeness to his wife. Barton produced nothing. He stood with his hands in his pockets, pale and haggard, with the perspiration in great drops on his forehead.

"Well, Barton?" said Willion, anxiously.

"Well, Willion?" said Barton.

There was a silence. "Will you follow our example?"

"I refuse to empty my pockets!" said Barton in a low voice.

"We have known each other for thirty years, Barton," said Willion.

"Thirty years—yes, thirty-five," replied Barton.

"And you will not empty your pockets?"

"I will not."

"Still, John Edward Barton, if you do not turn out your pockets

in five minutes, I shall be obliged to send for the police and have you arrested on the charge of stealing my ruby."

"It is impossible," groaned Barton, tottering to a chair and burying his face with his hands.

Tick, tick. The clock was telling off the seconds with great precision.

"You have one more minute," said Willion, in voice of iron. Barton made no answer.

Tick, tick. The five minutes had flown.

Willion rang the bell. The butler appeared.

"Send for a policeman, Jones," said Willion.

In a few minutes a policeman was ushered in.

The charge was explained to him. He was not surprised. He drew his note-book from his pocket.

"I see you have your trousers turned up, sir," he said, looking at Willion.

"But what has that to do with the charge," cried Willion.

"Gents sometimes sets their trousers afire by dropping their cigarette ends into the turn-up," suggested the policeman.

"Why, I never thought of that," said Willion, "I turned them up just before dinner, when I walked down to the gate."

"Why, here it—is!"

He picked it out of his turned-up trouser.

"It often happens," said the policeman.

"Good heavens, Barton," cried I, "why didn't you turn out your pockets, and save us this scene?"

Barton stood up and fumbled in his waist-coat pocket.

"Because," he replied, as a reddish-green flash showed between his finger tips, "there are two reddish-green rubies in the world. One was in the turn-up of Willion's trousers, and the other in my pocket."

R. BUCHANAN.

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## Scripture Examinations

Much has been said and written recently as to the lamentable ignorance of the Bible which prevails among the people, and more especially among the rising generation of Canada. As one who for three years has had a share in correcting the semi-annual papers set at U.C.C. it gives me much pleasure to bear testimony that the reli-

gious knowledge possessed by the present generation of pupils is not too great that they are in danger of being puffed up with a pride in their superior attainments which might render them apt to look down upon their fellows. Here are a few answers culled at random from the papers of the last eighteen months.

"Pilate was the chief of the Apostles."

"St. Paul was the first King of Israel. He lived in the time of Christ. While persecuting the Christians at Antioch he was baptized by the prophet Samuel." If any reader doubts the *bona fides* of this last answer I may say that it was handed in by a boy of sixteen, of whose perfect good faith and simplicity there could not be the slightest doubt.

Asked to give a list of the books of the Bible one genius replied that they were "Genesis, Obadiah, and Resolutions." "A Pharisee and a Republican went up into the Temple to pray," was a common rendering of the parable. The antecedents and relations of Moses were a source of much confusion. "Moses was an old prophet who was about the best of his time," said a fourth form boy. "Moses was a kind of a King of the children of Israel," suggested another. "Moses was related to the children of Israel and to many others," is a pleasing but rather vague generality. "His relations were his mother, who was his nurse, his mother's sister, and an Egyptian woman." The youth must have been infected with the Higher Criticism who said that "the mother of Moses was Pharaoh's daughter; others suppose that she was an unknown Hebrew woman." The third form boy must have been visiting the conjurer who said that the prophet "performed several plagues." Practical wisdom as a politician, if not exactly correct knowledge of the Psalms, was shown by the boy who quoted, "He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour, shall never be saved."

The following is the complete paper of a boy of fourteen, sent in in reply to seven questions on the chief facts of Bible History, both Old and New Testament. "Moses was an Israelite. He was buried by his mother in the bulrushes. If she had not buried him there the law would have killed him."

All essays written by a teacher for a school magazine should end with a moral. In this case it is so obvious that it need not be drawn explicitly.

W. L. GRANT.

## Three Scholarships

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### MARTLAND SCHOLARSHIP FUND.

The Honorary Secretary of this fund requests us to state that this fund was started with the intention of commemorating Mr. Martland's seventieth birthday and his connection for some thirty years with Upper Canada College, and that the capital sum may be increased at any time by any contributions that may be sent in.

The whole sum collected with interest, less necessary expenses, has been vested in the Board of Governors of Upper Canada College for the establishment of a scholarship to be open to boys under seventeen years of age who intend to enter upon commercial or agricultural pursuits, this arrangement being in accordance with Mr. Martland's express desire. The subjects of competition will therefore be those of an ordinary English education as taught in the 3rd Form grade together with writing, bookkeeping, and one foreign modern language, and the holder of the scholarship must attend school during the year following his winning the same. To meet another of Mr. Martland's wishes, it has been decided to present successive winners of the scholarship, whether they continue in attendance at the school or not, with a bronze medal bearing his effigy, so that they may always have a memento of their scholarship, which has not been the case with most scholarships in the past.

Before the committee was dissolved it passed a hearty vote of thanks to the officers, to Mr. John T. Small for his kindness in drafting the trust deed, to the Toronto General Trusts' Corporation for its courtesy in allowing the committee to hold its meetings in their building, and to Messrs. Gooderham & Worts for a like favour at the outset.

The trust deed is handsomely bound, the binding being the gift of Mr. John T. Small. The document was executed by the Secretary of the Committee, Professor A. H. Young, and by Messrs. T. G. Blackstock and A. D. Langmuir, Chairman and Treasurer respectively of the Committee.

Mr. Martland writes in reference to the scholarship which now bears his name: "Many thanks for your kind letter and enclosure, in which I find so many names of old friends. . . . My heart leaps up with joy to think that my name is to be associated with your old

school in so pleasant a fashion by the efforts and aid of so many of those from whom I 'learned so much whilst teaching.' I can only again thank you all."

TREASURER'S STATEMENT.

TORONTO, January 19, 1901.

THE CHAIRMAN,  
MARTLAND SCHOLARSHIP FUND,  
TORONTO.

*Re MARTLAND SCHOLARSHIP FUND.*

DEAR SIR :—

I beg to submit herewith Statement of Contributions received on behalf of the above Fund :

The total subscriptions, you will observe, amount to the sum of .....	\$1,464 63
To this sum has been added, for bank interest, the sum of	\$84 56
Deducting from this amount exchange on cheques, disbursements for postages and printing, the sum of ..	33 48      51 08
There remains a balance of .....	\$1,515 71
to the credit of the Fund in the bank.	

I also enclose herewith a list of the individual subscribers.

(Signed) Yours truly,

A. D. LANGMUIR,  
Treasurer.

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- FROM PRINCE ALBERT, N.W.T. :—A. A. B. Sproat.
- FROM PETROLEA :—B. P. Corey, G. G. Moncrieff, J. P. McMillan, J. B. Noble, R. D. Noble, S. D. Noble.
- FROM ROSSLAND, B.C. :—The Honourable T. Mayne Daly.
- FROM SARNIA :—Norman Gurd, Major Robert Mackenzie, F. F. Pardee, M.P.P. George Russell.
- FROM STRATFORD :—His Honour Judge Barron.
- FROM ST. CATHARINES :—A. F. Barr.
- FROM TILSONBURG, ONT. :—John Carruthers.
- FROM TORONTO :—Mrs. G. W. Allan (for G. W. Allan, Winnipeg), Louis Bain, H.N. Baird, G. C. Biggar, T. G. Blackstock, K.C., E. F. Blake, Hume Blake, W. M. Boulton, Melfort Boulton, P. E. Boyd, Harry Brock, W. L. Brock, P. H. Bryce, M.D., M. C. Cameron, F. J. Campbell, J. L. Campbell, John Caven, M.D., Gordon Clark, W. W. Copp, Lieut. F. L. Cosby, Lieut. N. W. Cosby, J. L. Counsell, Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison, George T. Denison, Jr., James Denny, E. E. A. DuVernet, J. F. Edgar, W. N. Ferguson, Professor J. Fletcher, W. J. Fleury, J. T. Fotheringham, M.D., H. M. George, A. D. M. Gordon, D. Gilbert Gordon, M.D., J. A. S. Graham, M.D., E. R. Greig, the Reverend Professor Hague, James Henderson, K.C., A. E. Hoskin, J. E. Jones, the Rev. Professor Jones, D. R. Keys, M.A., Angus Kirkland, A. M. M. Kirkpatrick, A. D. Langmuir, J. W. Langmuir, Thomas Langton, K.C., Miller Lash, G. G. S. Lindsey, K.C., W. J. Loudon, M.A., the Rev. T. C. S. Macklem (Provost of Trinity College), W. L. E. Marsh, C. S. Meek, J. B. Miller, Arnold Morphy, C. A. Moss, J. H. Moss, Mr. Sheriff Mowat, G. H. Muntz, A. A. Macdonald, M.A., John Macdonald & Co., G. R. McDonagh, M.D., G. F. Macdonnell, Murray McFarlane, M.D., Leonard McLaughlin, W. B. McMurrich, K.C., W. H. Pepper, M.D., A. E. Plummer, John Y. Reid, Donald Ross, J. Hugo Ross, R. F. Scott, Charles Sheard, M.D., G. Silverthorne, M.D., J. T. Small, Sidney Small, E. Smith, G. L. Smith, Dr. Larratt W. Smith, G. B. Sparling, M.A., D. T. Symons, A. H. S. Vankoughnet, F. J. Waldie, R. S. Waldie, the Reverend Professor Wallace, T. H. Wood, Professor A. H. Young.
- FROM VANCOUVER :—E. V. Brown, John Burns, Jr., G. E. Corbould, E. P. Davis, K.C., A. L. Gartshore, W. A. Gilmour, W. J. McMaster, S. O. Richards, F. M. Robertson, J. H. Senkler, W. I. Senkler, M.D., A. G. Smith, P. W. Thompson, W. E. Thompson, A. E. Todd, H. H. Watson, J. G. Woods.
- FROM WINNIPEG :—J. A. M. Aikins, K.C., J. S. Aikins, the Rev. Professor Baird, A. M. Campbell, J. C. Gillespie, the Rev. C. W. Gordon, Alex. Harvey, F. W. Jones, the Reverend Professor Kenrick, R. Kerr, G. A. Muttelbury, E. C. Pardee, A. E. Richards, C. S. Richardson, R. D. Richardson, W. J. Tupper, C. C. McCaul (Calgary), Norman Mackenzie (Regina).

### THE LEONARD McLAUGHLIN SCHOLARSHIP.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael McLaughlin, of Toronto, have established, by an endowment of \$2,000, a scholarship for College boys who are matriculating into Trinity University, being a memorial of their son Leonard, who was here from 1890 to 1896, and who at the time of his death in 1899 was taking the honour course in classics at Trinity University. The scholarship is to be given for classics, or, failing a candidate in classics, for modern languages. The trustees of the fund, Mr. McLaughlin, the Provost of Trinity College, and the Principal of Upper Canada College, will see to it that the holder of the scholarship is selected not because of scholarship only, but for character also. The present money value of the scholarship is \$100. Holders of the scholarship will be obliged to live in residence, thus continuing the same sort of training they have been receiving at Upper Canada College. The College owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin for choosing such a good means of perpetuating the memory of their son, who is well remembered by all who knew him here.

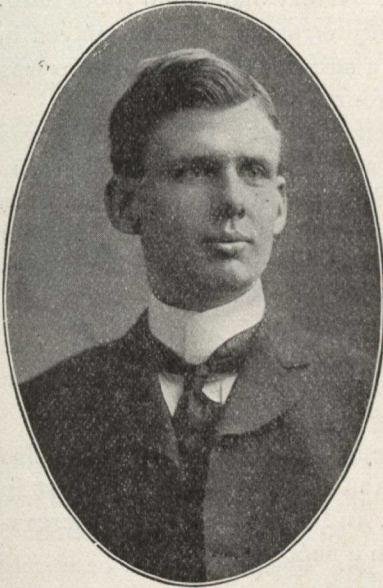
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### THE U.C.C. TRINITY SCHOLARSHIP.

This scholarship has been subscribed by "Old Boys" who are members of Trinity University, and is to be offered for competition at matriculation in 1901 and subsequent years to College boys matriculating at Trinity. It is likewise worth \$100, and carries with it free tuition for the three years of the course. In this case also the successful candidate has to reside. The subscribers are: The Provost; Rev. Dr. Jones; Canon Cayley; J. Allan Ballard, Grand Valley; Charles J. Mockridge, Detroit; D. E. Bogart, Belleville; C. R. Lee, Grimsby; C. B. Beck, Peterborough; F. G. Plummer; Lenox Smith; Dr. R. Parkin, C.M.G.; Messrs. D. T. Symons, B.C.L.; Christopher Robinson, K.C.; J. Henderson, K.C.; Chas. J. Benson, M.A., St. Catharines; J. E. O'Rielly, M.A., Hamilton; A. H. Young, M.A.; J. D. McMurrich, B.A.; Henry Brock, B.C.L.; P. A. Manning; A. E. Hoskin, B.C.L.; Dr. W. H. Pepler; W. Rein Wadsworth, B.A.; Dr. J. H. McConnell; H. S. Southam, B.A., Ottawa; R. H. Parmenter, B.A.; A. Angus Macdonald, Montreal.

## Athletics

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H. J. E. Keys, Captain of the Seven.

### HOCKEY.

The outlook at Christmas for hockey was very blue as only two of last year's team were back at College. During the vacation practices, Morrison, Brown and Kingstone gave signs of developing into good forwards, so that at the opening of the term things were beginning to look much brighter.

It was soon apparent that the College was going to be as strong as ever on the forward line, but the defence was the difficulty.

Several men tried for cover—Brown, Davidson and Britton. The former although a magnificent skater, was a poor stick-handler and

showed no signs of improvement. Britton was eventually billed for the place, but on the day of the Simcoe game took sick. Brown played in the first game, but his showing was not as good as his practising had promised. Davidson is a good steady worker, and hard as a nut, but is a rather poor skater. He played, however, an excellent game against the Simcoes, in Britton's place.

Finally Constantine made the position. It was most unfortunate that he was not tried before, instead of in goal. His shooting was one of the features of Toronto hockey this winter. He is by long odds the hardest shot in Toronto, and if he could learn to handle his stick well would be a most effective forward.

Goal was the weak spot of the team. Constantine played in the first two games, but as a goal-keeper he was a failure. The light seemed to affect his eyesight, for in practice his playing was very fair. Beatty and Goldie also were tried, the former playing in the second St. George game. Beatty has an excellent eye, and stopped high shots beautifully. He could not skate particularly well, and cleared very slowly. He did not turn out to practice until late in the season. Goldie is a fair man, but rather slow in his movements. Lash finally



made the place. He had played point nearly all winter, only acting as a substitute.

In the forward line, however, lay the strength of the team. Their combination was perfect at times, and the individual playing was very good, particularly of Gill and Morrison. Every man could shoot hard, but with the exception of Gill, it was very erratic. Hortop played in three of the games, but in the last was a substitute for Gill, who was sick; Coulson beating him out for the fourth forward.

Altogether the team did not do itself justice. The defence was very weak, owing to the fact that they never played together to any extent. The same defence never played in any two games. And in three games we had to play substitutes, in the last game being without the services of Gill, our best forward. The forwards were light, with the exception of Kingstone.

We had, however, an excellent second team, of whom Boeckh and Morgan were very promising, though neither have the strength to last a hard game.

Great thanks are due to our president, Mr. A. A. Macdonald, also vice-president of O.H.A., for his advice and the trouble he took, first in getting the team entered in the O.H.A., and secondly for the increasing efforts he put forth to make the team a success.

It is to be hoped that U.C.C. will be able soon to put up a good rink at College, instead of having to go down town to practise, which is as much disliked by the boys as by the masters.

The following boys who were at College last year have been playing with the teams noted: Bert Morrison, Tilbury and London; Jimmy Worts, Simcoes (captain); Trevor Cooke, Simcoes; H. McBain, Simcoes; Wells, Waterloo, W.O.H.A.; Ned Boyd, 'Varsity, II.; "Ikey" Robertson, Fort William.

Congratulations to the Wellingtons and St. Georges on winning Senior and Junior championships!

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#### U.C.C. vs. ST. GEORGE, JAN 28, 1901.

The hockey team made its first appearance in a match on the evening of Jan. 28th. The only old colours were Keys and Gill, while the new men tried were Boeckh, Morrison, Kingstone, R. G. Brown, and Constantine. Britton was down to play on the defence, but was taken ill, and Brown replaced him. The game was fairly fast, but the combination of both teams was poor, and the play rather loose. Our forwards shot hard, but inaccurately. The outside men carried

the puck too far into the corners before centering, while the inside men did not get in close enough to receive the puck; as a result, their straight shots were usually blocked. Gill did the best work on the forward line. Keys at point was good, breaking up the rushes of the opposing forwards, and lifting exceedingly well. Constantine in goal was quick, but not quite accurate. He promises well, and with a little experience should make a capital goal-keeper. During the first half the play was fairly even, with the odds slightly in our favour, but what luck there was went to the Saints, who scored three goals to our two. During the first part of the second half, the Saint Georges out-played us, and rapidly ran up four more goals. Then, when it was too late, the boys wakened up, and played the enemy to a standstill. Shot after shot was sent in, but the goal-keeper did his work well, and Henderson was very strong at point, so that only one goal resulted. Thus the game closed with the score 7—3 in favour of the St. George team.

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#### U.C.C. vs. SIMCOE, JAN. 31, 1901.

Four days after their defeat by the St. Georges, College was called upon to face the Simcoes. The boys looked forward with no particular confidence to this duel, for it was known that the latter were much superior to the St. Georges, and had on their team no less than four old College boys, Moffatt, Gray, and Worts, and Trees, of last year's U.C.C. Seven. In addition Britton and Boeckh were both laid aside through sickness. Their places were filled by Davidson and Hortop. The boys practised faithfully in the interval between the two matches, and the improvement shown was almost incredible.

The first half opened with a rush. The College forwards swept down the ice, passing in beautiful style, and it was not long till Gill scored. This half was all in favour of U.C.C., and had it not been for Bilton, the clever Simcoe goal, who warded off with the greatest skill the hail of shots that poured round him, the score would have been more than four to two in favour of College at the end of the first half.

The rest put new life into Simcoe, and before the College boys were aware of it their opponents had got the puck five times through the flags in seven minutes. U.C.C. took the next two games, but Simcoe kept their lead by capturing the following two. This left the score ten to six and seven minutes to play. The course of the puck for the rest of the time was like the track of forked lightning—impossible to trace, but Morrison scored the tenth game for College just as the referee's whistle blew the end of the second half. This tied the score.

The teams were ordered to play five minutes additional each way to decide the match.

The play that ensued was even faster than had gone before. College had the best of it, but did not succeed in scoring. The second extra half was more disastrous, for Worts shot and got through the flags after three minutes' furious play. That settled matters.

The team: Goal, Constantine; point, Davidson; cover-point, Keys; forwards, Kingstone, Gill, Morrison, Hortop.

Referee was Mr. Gordon Crawford, an old College boy.

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#### U.C.C. vs. ST. GEORGE, FEB. 7, 1901.

The second set-to between the college and St. George took place on the night of Thursday, Feb. 7th. If U.C.C. was to remain in the race the game had to be won, as two matches were already lost. Two or three shifts were made in the team: Beatty was put in goal and Constantine moved out from between the flags to cover point. The result was a proof of the wisdom of the changes. Soon after half-past eight the puck began its dizzy night's journey. College made the pace from the first, and pressed all through the game. Morrison shot, but did not reach the nets, and after three minutes' play St. George secured first blood. This roused U.C.C. and Morrison scored after two minutes' fast play. The next game was delayed several times and the battle was not quite so furious as it had been in the preceding stage. A quarter of an hour passed and the nets at either end were still untouched by the puck. Meantime shots were being rained in on Nevitt by College. Constantine's splendid shooting from the half distance was becoming the feature of the game. Finally Gill scored in seventeen minutes. Just thirty seconds after the face off Morrison succeeded in scoring again. At half time the games stood five to two in favour of College. The second half was ushered in by another contribution by Morrison to the College score. It was now St. George's turn, and they secured a goal after two minutes' play. The College forwards were now working nicely. Constantine's shooting was very dangerous, and Keys and Beatty were doing their share to ward off the enemy. College captured the next four games. That finished the scoring for U.C.C. Just before time was called, St. George got the puck between the posts for the fourth time. The final score consequently stood 11—4 in favor of College.

Mr. Gordon Crawford was again the efficient referee.

The team: goal—Beatty; point—Keys; cover-point—Constantine; forwards—Kingstone, Morrison, Gill, Hortop.

## U.C.C. vs. SIMCOE, FEB. 12, 1901.

Quite a large crowd turned out to see the College play Simcoe for the second time. It was the general opinion that U.C.C. would win, and if so the result would have been a tie all round. St. George naturally wanted to see the tables turned on Simcoe as that was their only hope of remaining in the O.H.A. race.

The game was set for Monday the 11th, and up till Saturday everything seemed bright for a College victory. Suddenly Gill and Hortop were both taken sick. The next news was that the match was postponed till Wednesday, and everybody hoped that both boys would be back on the forward line. Then the date was shifted back to Tuesday. Hortop managed to get out of bed in time to play, but of course, was not so fast or aggressive as before. Gill, to everybody's regret, was still unable to appear, and his steadiness and sure shooting were much missed—in fact probably cost the match. His place was filled by Coulson, who did so well that he was given his colours. Lash replaced Beatty in goal, otherwise the line-up was the same as against St. George. The Simcoes were weakened by the loss of Worts. His place was taken by Murray.

After Mr. Wright's whistle blew at half-past eight the game started with a rush. Play was inclined to be rough and a good deal of unnecessary checking was indulged in. During the first half the Simcoes pressed and scored three goals in seven, twelve and eight minutes. Things were beginning to look rather blue. Morrison and Constantine were both very closely watched, and the latter got but little opportunity for his deadly long-distance shooting. Suddenly the complexion of the game changed. Coulson scored in two and one-half minutes and Hortop thirty seconds later. Then half-time was called, and fourteen steaming players retired. The second half opened fast and furious. The puck rushed up and down the rink, now here, now there, for ten minutes before it passed Lash for the fourth time. Scarcely had the face off occurred when Morrison scored for College.

That ended the scoring. From then on College pressed the game, and the Simcoes were evidently being played off their feet, but Bilton, their splendid goal, saved the net time and again, and won the match for his team.

For college, Keys at point, played his usual, excellent, steady game. Constantine at cover was watched narrowly, but got in several dangerous long shots. Lash played very well in goal, making some first-rate stops. On the forward line all worked hard, but the loss of Gill evidently told on the combination.

Mr. Wright was a vigilant referee and looked out sharply for off-sides.

The team: goal, Lash; point, Keys; cover-point, Constantine; forwards, Coulson, Morrison, Kingston, Hortop.

#### U.C.C. vs. ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

To wind up the hockey season Captain Keys arranged a match with the Agricultural College at Guelph. On Tuesday, March 12, the team and a handful of supporters took the 4 p.m. train, arriving in Guelph in time for tea. The match was set for 7.30, but it was 35 minutes later before the teams got to work. The excellent seating accommodation of the rink was not severely taxed by the numbers present, but the O.A.C. students were there in full cry to cheer on their team. The ice was hard, though far from smooth.

At the outset our boys seemed to have a decided advantage over O.A.C., who showed little combination. Coulson scored two goals before the other side could get into the net at all. Then each side scored one. Before very long the score was three all, for on the rough ice our opponents seemed better able to hold possession of the puck, and the fine individual rushes of their forwards would occasionally quite foil our defence. Their shooting, however, was not to be compared with ours, and before the end of the half the O.A.C. goal-keeper had succumbed three times more to the steady fusilade.

In the second half each side added three more to its score, making the final result 9-6 in favour of U.C.C. One of our goals was on a long shot from Constantine, who played his usual steady game. For O.A.C. two Old Boys were playing—Weir and R. Prittie—the former doing very good work at cover. The teams were as follows:

Lash. (Goal) Fairweather.	
Keys. (Point) Yerkes.	
Constantine (Cover-point) Weir.	
Coulson, Morrison, Kingstone, Gill.	} Forwards. { Dryden, Hallman, Prittie, Pope.

#### HOCKEY IN THE HOUSE.

Though the school did not last very long in the O.H.A., this fact probably led to the enthusiasm and interest which this year centred in two leagues formed in the house. There were four flats each represented by senior and junior teams: Mr. Peacock's, Mr. Somerville's, Mr. Kerr's, and Mr. Mills'. The matches were usually fast, keen, and

clean exhibitions of hockey, and the ultimate winners in each series had to fight hard to gain their laurels. A short account of the two most interesting matches, with a summary of the general results, is given below :

On February 25, Mr. Somerville's team met, but were defeated by Mr. Kerr's seven in their second match of the season, on the Caledonian Rink, by the score of 5—2. Both teams were very anxious to win, and there was great energy and enthusiasm displayed by all the participants in the game. The players of both flats were rather handicapped on account of not being used to the large rink. (We hope, however, that this hindrance to our winter sport will be done away with next year, when they shall have built the large new rink, which we look for as well as the preparatory school and gymnasium.) O'Brien and Goldie carried off the honours for Mr. Somerville's flat, while Hortop, Whyte and Brown held up Mr. Kerr's side of the question.

On February 28, Mr. Peacock's flat did the honours to Mr. Somerville's, taking them into camp to the tune of nine to three. This match was played on the inside rink, and was fast and exciting all through, although the score might seem to point otherwise. Mr. Somerville's team were greatly strengthened by having Elliott back on the line, and at half-time the score was two to one in their favour. In the second half, however, they rather went to pieces, allowing Amyot to score five goals in as many minutes. There is no doubt that Mr. Peacock's flat had the better combination, winning out on their merits and richly deserving the championship. The stars of this match were Agur and Boeckh, who were strongly backed up by Joyce, Beck, Elliott, and Goldie. Bull's shooting was a marvel.

STANDING OF THE DIFFERENT FLAT TEAMS, 1901.

SENIOR LEAGUE.

	Won.	Lost.
Mr. Peacock's (champions) .....	5 .....	1
Mr. Somerville's .....	3 .....	3
Mr. Kerr's .....	3 .....	3
Mr. Mills' .....	1 .....	5

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Mr. Somerville's (champions) .....	5 .....	1
Mr. Kerr's .....	4 .....	2
Mr. Mills' and Mr. Grant's.....	3 .....	3
Mr. Peacock's .....	0 .....	6

## AVERAGE OF WHOLE FLAT.

Mr. Somerville's .....	8	.....	4
Mr. Kerr's .....	7	.....	5
Mr. Peacock's .....	5	.....	7
Mr. Mills' .....	4	.....	8

## COLOURS ON THE FLAT TEAMS FOR 1901.

Mr. Peacock's Seniors—Amyot, Boeckh, Burlingham, Joyce (Dunn), Strathy, Cockshutt, Agur (capt.) Juniors — Mackenzie (capt.), Campbell, Waterous, Glassco, Pinch, Kingsmill, McKay.

Mr. Somerville's Seniors—Beck, Bull, Elliott, Goldie, O'Brien, Reynolds, Sutherland (capt.) Juniors—Fielding, Maclaren, Morrow, Peacock, Ross, Warren, Unsworth (capt.)

Mr. Kerr's Seniors—Davidson (capt.), Telfer, R. G. Brown, A. White, R. Hortop, De Chadenèdes, Sterling, W. Whyte. Juniors—Mathieson, G. Hortop, Hare, Chadwick, Southam, Stinson, Sterling (capt.)

Mr. Mills' Seniors—Kennedy, Patton, mi., Keele, Germyn, Britton, Morgan, Patton (capt.) Juniors—Tower, Maitland W,att, ma., Pattinson, Parker, Martin, Easton, Eyer (capt.)

## PERSONNEL OF THE SEVEN.

H. J. E. Keys, one of the two colours remaining from last year, and captain of this year's seven, is the son of an Old Boy, Mr. D. R. Keys, of Toronto University. As a captain he might possibly have got more work out of the team, but still he was a distinct success in the position. His men believed in him, and were loyal to him in carrying out his orders. He taught the team a great deal of hockey play and science. Constantine is a particularly good example of the result of his coaching. In play Keys is very steady, and always to be depended upon. He lifts only fairly, and is a close check. In his post at point he stops exceedingly well. Owing this year to the team's weakness in goal he was forced to play in very close, so to a considerable extent his range was restricted. Nevertheless, in the first Simcoe match his rushes were a distinct and successful feature of the game.

Allan Gill, one of last season's colours, was born in Toronto 17 years ago. He is in the English Form, Part I., and has been at College since '97. He at once showed in practice great improvement

over last year. He was decidedly the best man on the forward line of the team. His shooting was first class, in being both swift and accurate. Gill has plenty of staying power and is an excellent check. He is always cool and steady, and was a great source of strength on this account.

Leonard Morrison is sixteen, comes of an athletic family, and on appearing at College in September was at once marked out by his winning the cross-country cup. He was the first of the new colours. He is very fast on his skates, handles his stick with great dexterity, and is a close check. Morrison has one quality which cannot be too widely imitated—he does not talk. With a little more weight he will make one of the best forwards in the Association.

H. D. Kingstone is a Toronto boy, a brother of Courtney Kingstone, and is in the fifth form. He was the hardest working man on the team. He is a first-rate shot and sticks to the puck through thick and thin. He is still perhaps a little clumsy with both feet and stick, but is overcoming this defect. He is a good check and never lets his man get away from him. He is extremely even-tempered, and will take almost too much punishment. He got his colours after the final game with the Simcoes.

C. F. Constantine, who was one of the many tried in the search for a goal-keeper, was not a success between the sticks. When he was moved out to cover-point he developed great strength. He is probably the hardest shot College ever had. His long shots from half-way down the rink were the sensation of the winter as far as local hockey is concerned. He checks very well and is an excellent lifter, but in critical moments would be the better of a little more self-confidence. He is inclined at times to play a bit roughly. The announcement of his colours came after the last game with the Simcoes.

H. S. Coulson must be considered a bird. Owing to Gill's illness Coulson took his place in the last match. He is a good stick handler and a very fast skater. His shots have any amount of speed, but are apt to be very wild. He is far too much inclined to play roughly. He is, however, a very promising forward and ought to improve.

J. Lash is undoubtedly the best man in the school between the posts. This was beyond question the weak spot in this year's team. For the first time for many winters College was without a first-class goal. Lash is very cool and has a fair eye. He has had very little experience, but does his utmost, and with plenty of practice should develop into a reliable goal.



## BOXING TOURNAMENT.

Owing to the fact that the boxing competition had to be postponed and as THE TIMES was already at press when it came off, only the results of the various bouts can be given in this issue. The preliminaries took place Tuesday, March 26th.

Judges: Mr. Grant and Mr. Hands. Referee: Mr. Morphy. Time-keeper: Britton. Featherweight class—Ramsay beat Betts, Fleming beat Jones; Lightweight class—Peacock beat Rice, Fraser secured a bye; Welterweight class—Bull beat Langley, Lynch beat Sutherland; Featherweight Final—Ramsay beat Fleming; Lightweight Final—Fraser beat Peacock.

The finals were brought off on Friday afternoon, March 29th.

Judges: Mr. J. L. Scholes and Mr. A. C. Goode. Referee: Mr. Sid Howard. Time-keeper and judge of bag-striking: Mr. J. Scholes. Welterweight Final—Lynch beat Bull, 15-7; Featherweight vs. Lightweight: Fraser beat Ramsay, 17-13; Middleweight Final—Peters beat Keys, 17-8; Heavyweight Final—Ross beat Lash, 15-12.

Fraser should here have boxed Lynch but the latter, owing to indisposition, had to default. Messrs. Scholes and Goode now boxed three magnificent exhibition rounds. Law beat Ross 8-2 in the bag-striking competition. *Semi-final Championship.* Peters beat Ross 17-9. *Final College Championship.* Fraser beat Peters 17-4, and so won the school championship.

## THE CONCERT.

The much anticipated concert of the glee club and orchestra took place on Friday evening, March 29th. Quite a large and distinguished company had gathered in the Assembly Hall by 8 o'clock. After a few introductory words by the Principal, the first number, Bullard's "Stein Song," was given by the glee club. It was enthusiastically received and was followed by "Ole Massa." The orchestra was now heard for the first time; and one wished they were playing waltzes from the "Belle of New York," that the benches could have been cleared away and the splendid floor utilized, so seductively were they rendered. The next item was Schubert's "Serenade," a cornet solo by Peck—a very nicely done bit of work. The fourth number was a glee—Bullard's "Winter Song." This and "Sweet and Low," a violin solo by Archibald, each made great hits. The glee club followed in "Spin, spin," and "True Sword," both of which were very successful. In the seventh number the orchestra again appeared with great effect in the "Viola Waltzes." The last thing on the programme was "Land o' the Leal" and "Levee Song," done sympathetically and in good style by the glee club. Refreshments were afterwards served in the Principal's house, where Mrs. Parkin and Miss Parkin in their usually happy way made everybody feel perfectly at home. The whole concert reflects the greatest credit on Mr. Matthew, whose untiring efforts have made the glee club and orchestra what they are.

## College News

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### CAPTAIN COCKBURN RETURNS.

An interesting event took place on Tuesday evening, February 26th. Captain Churchill Cockburn, an old boy of Upper Canada College, was returning covered with glory from South Africa. For the second time in the history of the school, one of its sons has been deemed worthy of the Victoria Cross. The first was won by Colonel Dunn in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, and is now safely guarded in the college vault. This time the man to be recommended by his general for the most coveted distinction in the Imperial Army is Churchill Cockburn, a son of G. R. R. Cockburn, Esq., for twenty years Principal of Upper Canada. Mr. Cockburn was born thirty-five years ago in the old College on King Street. He was in the Body Guards and went out with the Second Canadian Contingent. It was at Lefontaine that a Canadian battery was surrounded and about to be cut off by the Boers. Cockburn and a few others took up a position to hold the enemy in check until the guns could be got clear. So desperate was their attempt that he and his companions shook hands all round and said good-bye to one another. The guns were dragged back out of danger, but most of the gallant rescuers were struck down. Cockburn was taken prisoner, but released the next day. For his gallantry he has been recommended for the Victoria Cross.

In recognition of the honour due to the school, the boys were allowed to go down to the Union Station in the evening to meet Captain Cockburn. The Body Guards had turned out as well. After alighting from the train, he was escorted to the waiting-room where he was hoisted on a radiator. When the cheering had subsided, Dr. Parkin and Colonel Denison welcomed him back on behalf of Upper Canada and of the Body Guards. The Captain, standing picturesque in his wide-brimmed soft hat and big military cloak, in a few modest words thanked those who had come to receive him, and then made for his carriage. From the latter the horses had been removed and a long rope fastened to the whipple-tree instead. A hundred eager College boys took hold, and accompanied by the strains of the Body Guards' band, the procession started for Mr. Cockburn's home in Sherbourne Street, which was brilliantly illuminated and crowded with friends waiting to welcome him back.

Mr. Mills left Toronto a day or two before the end of the autumn term for a flying visit to England. Owing to rough weather Christmas dinner had to be eaten on board ship. After spending a pleasant holiday with his people near Derby he sailed by the *Eturia* for New York and reached Upper Canada again in safety, looking very "fit" after his trip.

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#### DR. MACKENZIE'S LECTURE.

On Saturday evening, March 2nd, Dr. Tait Mackenzie, of McGill University, Montreal, delivered a lecture in the Public Hall on the theme of "Ancient and Modern Athletics." Besides the boys present there were a number of friends of the College, who are always very welcome.

Proceedings were opened by the singing, in good style, of three songs by the Glee Club under Mr. Matthew's direction.

Dr. Mackenzie, who had lectured at Trinity in the afternoon, has given great attention to the subject of athletic training and physical development from the scientific standpoint, and is also a recognized authority on art anatomy. He began his talk by outlining the nature and scope of primitive games such as were in vogue among the Greeks. With the aid of a stereopticon, operated with Mr. Whittemore's usual skill, pictures of statues representing typical Greek athletes were thrown on the screen to illustrate Dr. Mackenzie's remarks. These were followed by others showing famous modern champions of wrestling, running and jumping. Comparisons were made between the two bodies: the one the result of ancient training, the other the outcome of modern scientific development. The last part of the lecture was devoted to a series of pictures taken from models in clay done by Dr. Mackenzie himself. Many of these were very striking, and indicate, in the opinion of competent critics, technical skill of the highest order. After the lecture was over adjournment was made to the Principal's, where refreshments were served. Altogether a very pleasant and interesting evening was spent. We are much indebted to Dr. Mackenzie and venture to hope that we shall have the privilege of hearing him again.

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#### DEATH OF THE QUEEN.

On Tuesday, January 22nd, the day on which the news of the death of the Queen reached Toronto, the boys were summoned at half-past two to the public hall. The rumor seemed somehow already to have got abroad, and the boys trooped in very quietly and took

their places. In a few words the Principal told the melancholy but not unexpected tidings. He referred to the qualities which had made Her Majesty a great sovereign—her wonderful tact and knowledge of affairs, her stainless moral worth, her high-souled devotion to duty. These, combined as they never had been in a monarch before, had produced one of the truly great figures in the world's history. But little more was said. The crowded benches were silently cleared and the Victorian Era in Upper Canada College reverently closed.

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There has fortunately been no epidemic of sickness this term. A good many boys have been down for a day or two with grippe, but a little while in bed on a milk diet has been enough to set them on their feet again. We have not suffered any more from the influenza than other people, for the disease has been very prevalent this spring. The worst part of the year is now past, for the nondescript season between winter and spring is by all odds the most difficult to deal with. It is just at this time that the need of the new gymnasium is most keenly felt.

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The fact that the empire was in mourning has made the past term a very quiet one. Preparations had been going forward for the annual dance of the Rifle Corps, but of course were at once abandoned on the news of Queen Victoria's death. Owing also to so many of the contestants in the Boxing Tournament being laid up with grippe it was postponed from the 15th of March, the date originally set for it, till Friday, two weeks later.

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The death of G. P. Tolfree, of the Second Division of the English Form, which occurred during the Christmas holidays, was most sudden and unexpected. When the school broke up for Christmas no boy among us seemed in better health or spirits, but a severe attack of pneumonia carried him off in a few days. He had only been a pupil in the College since the autumn, but had already established an excellent character, stood high in his form, and gave every promise of developing into an able and useful man. The news of his death was a great shock to all in the school who had come to know him, and the deepest sympathy has been felt for his widowed mother.

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The two rinks have been the great resource this term. There does not seem to be any reason why another outside rink should not be established next winter. There are now nearly one hundred and fifty boys in residence, almost every one of whom skates. It was probably the lack of room that led to a space in the oval being cleared of snow and a very good sheet of ice made for the smaller boys.

On several Saturday afternoons during the term the masters have had a hockey match. On two or three occasions gentlemen have come up from town to join in the fun, among them Mr. F. J. Campbell, an Old Boy who is not old, but who has got along in the world, and is now Toronto manager of the Canada Paper Co. The games, which were not taken too seriously, were probably the source of as much amusement to the players themselves as to the few privileged spectators. The tired veterans usually withdrew afterwards to Mr. Peacock's sitting-room, where they refreshed themselves with bread and butter and tea.

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### MUSIC.

The orchestra began life last term with two members and two instruments: Peck, with his cornet; Amyot with the piano. It was not long till a third recruit swelled the size of this corporal's guard. The novitiate was Archibald, who brought with him a violin. Other odds and ends began to be picked up. One by one various instruments were added: violas made their appearance, one day a 'cello made its bow; on another a flute sought admission; then with a rush clarionets, xylophone, triangle, drum, and cymbals were all seeking for a hearing. Possibly the thing that served to give most valance and stability to the growth of the baby orchestra was Mr. Walker's taking up the bass viol.

Practices have been held steadily twice a week. Of course a great deal of preliminary work had to be done, for a number of the boys had to learn how to handle instruments they knew nothing of; notwithstanding this, the orchestra has made such progress that it has already some half-dozen selections on its repertoire. From now on, new and more ambitious numbers will be rapidly added. It has hitherto been largely a work of laying foundations, but the structure is commencing now to show itself above ground. Of the six or seven bits of music to which attention has been devoted, two are now ready for the public: waltzes from the opera, "Belle of New York," and selections from the "Viola" waltzes. The more advanced work which the orchestra is now attacking consists of bits from Bullard's "Stein Gesang"; "La Cinquantaine," by Gabriel-Marie; Strauss' "Blue Danube Waltzes;" and "My Lady Lu." For the future more ambitious tasks are planned. Mr. Matthew intends that the orchestra shall undertake the study of Gounod's "Overture to Faust," and also Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony."

The orchestra is made up now of twelve members. New instru-

ments are being added, but it is not intended that it ever should exceed twenty.

The following is the present membership: Conductor, Mr. Matthew; first violins, Archibald, Blanchard; second violins, Fielding, McLeod; violas, Bull, Hallam; 'cello, Mr. Matthew, Morgan; bass viol, Mr. Walker; clarionet, Britton, mi.; flute, Ross, ma.; cornet, Peck; trombone, Britton, ma.; drums, etc., Reynolds.

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### THE GLEE CLUB.

The glee club is not quite such an infant organization as the orchestra, for the former has already made a preliminary bow to the public in a very successful concert given in December last. Last term it was only possible to make a beginning, but this session much more work and of a higher quality has been undertaken. The general quality of the voices has improved steadily, and the club can now do very creditable work.

The repertoire consists of some thirty numbers. Amongst these are to be found such compositions as: Bullard's "Winter Song"; that old favourite "The Levée Song"; "Spin, Spin," by Hugo Juengst; the German song, "Im Tiefsten Keller"; and last but by no means least Lady Nairn's "Land of the Leal" as arranged by Arthur Blakely.

Except as regards the usual scarcity of first tenors the parts are well balanced and the chorus full. From the second basses there is quite an imposing volume of sound; of these there are no less than five, all of them good voices. Regular practices are held by the glee club three times a week.

First tenors, Mr. Matthew, Campbell, Glassco; second tenors, Britton, ma., Reynolds, Amyot, Banta, Gzowski; first basses, Mr. Walker, Telfer, Peck, McLaren; second basses, Mr. Peacock, Davidson, Bull, Blanchard, Ross, ma.

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### THE CHOIR.

The choir has now about twenty-five voices and meets regularly for practice every Tuesday and Friday evening. Lately particular attention has been paid to tone-placing, and it is gratifying to be able to report that the tone is improving. The next teaching will take the form of instruction in sight-reading. The choir now sings with good spirit the simple airs demanded, owing to there being no place in our service for an anthem. Nothing of this kind has as yet been attempted.

Sopranos, Stinson, mi., Southam, Miles, Tupper, Watt, mi., Winslow, Bond, Dunham, Riordan, Paton, ma., Morrison, Easton, Parker; altos, Britton, mi., Moore; tenors, Amyot, Britton, ma., Campbell, Gzowski, Peck; Basses, Blanchard, Bull, Telfer.

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### THE LIBRARY.

The library is at last to possess a piece of furniture which no growing library can do without. It is to have a catalogue. Mr. Grant is at present occupied with its preparation. A new reading table has recently been added and is greatly appreciated. It did not come a day too soon. It is however not exactly the accepted tradition to sit on the table, and yet it is rather wearisome to read standing up; a few more chairs are urgently needed. Owing, as well, to the increasing number of books the shelf accommodation is becoming more and more inadequate and should soon be supplemented. One does not have to look far ahead to see the present space exhausted.

Thanks are due to those who have assisted the Librarian in giving out and in taking in books, especially to Davidson, Jermyn, and Easton.

The following books have been added to the Library since September: Badmington Library—Swimming; Barlow Cumberland—The Story of the Union Jack; Fritchett—How England Saved Europe, 4 Vols.; Fraser—History of the 48th Regiment; Hutchinson—The Book of Golf and Golfers; Kipling—The Jungle Book, The Second Jungle Book, The Light that Failed, Plain Tales from the Hills; Kinglake—Eothen; Kirby—The Golden Dog; Lytton (Lord)—Harold, The Last of the Barons, 2 Vols.; Rosebery (Lord)—Life of Pitt; Seton-Thompson—The Biography of a Grizzly; Stevens—Capetown to Ladysmith; Warburton—The Crescent and the Cross; Worsfold—South Africa.

The following volumes were presented by the Principal: Davenport Adams—Heroes of Maritime Discovery, In Perils Oft; Anon—Marvels of Animal and Plant Life; Cable—Posson Jone; Dickens—Oliver Twist; Ellis—Up the Tapajos; Frith—Marvels of Scientific Invention; Hoare—Seeking a Country; Kingston—The Young Forester; Phillips—Peeps into China.

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A number of the engravings, reproductions of famous paintings in the National Gallery, London, which were bought with the proceeds of the lecture on the Boer War delivered by the Principal in the Massey Hall in the autumn of 1899 are now being hung in the College. The im-

provement in the appearance of the Reading Room is very noticeable. As the paper on the walls is a terra cotta ingrain the background is all that could be desired. There are now ten of these reproductions in position; four of Rembrandt's—"The Syndics of the Cloth Guild," "The Shipbuilder," and two portraits of himself; Holbein is represented by the "Ambassadors," while as samples of Spanish art we have Murillo's "Melon Eaters" and "Dice Players." Gainsborough's portrait of Mrs. Siddons and Turner's wonderfully suggestive "Fighting Téméraire" complete the list.

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#### CONFIRMATION CLASS, 1901.

The following is a list of the names of the boys who look forward to being confirmed this spring:—Barton, Chadwick, Easton, Hortop, Jermyn, Keele, Kennedy, F. B. Macdonald, Patton, ma., Patton, mi., Pattinson, mi., Southam, Stinson, Warren, Winglow.

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Mr. R. Parker has presented to the College a very fine bass viol. Upper Canada has few friends whose sympathy takes a more practical form.

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There is quite a festivity in prospect for June. It is proposed to have a garden party, and to make more of an occasion of the Old Boys' cricket match than formerly. Two strong committees have the matter in hand. The following gentlemen are responsible for the garden party: Messrs. F. Arnoldi (convener), W. H. Beatty, G. R. Parkin, N. Kingsmill, W. J. Boyd, R. H. Hope, A. A. Macdonald, E. R. Peacock, C. A. Moss, G. Muntz, J. B. Noble, D. T. Symons, John Wedd, E. M. Sait, H. E. Roaf, J. J. Creelman, F. Campbell, A. H. Young, T. E. Champion, G. Evans, G. R. Geary, W. J. Fleury, C. F. Gilder-sleeve, Harry Brock.

The cricket match will be in the hands of Messrs. George Lindsey (convener), A. Gillespie, W. R. Wadsworth, J. M. Laing, R. H. Parmenter, T. G. McMaster, J. L. Somerville.

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#### THE RIFLE COMPANY.

The Rifle Company have had a very pleasant break in the monotony of the winter term, in the shape of a little shooting. Toward the end of last term Capt. Peacock had arranged with Col. Peters and Lieut.-Col. Delamere for the use of one of the Queen's Own galleries and two Morris tubes, on Tuesday afternoons from 3.30 to 5 o'clock



At the beginning of this term he arranged for the attendance of Sergeant Smith and two markers during the shooting.

As Sergeant Smith had everything ready, the right half company went down to the Armories on Tuesday, Jan. 29th, and considering that they were nearly all beginners, they did remarkably well, especially Lieut. Unsworth, who made 29 out of 35, and Harrison 21 out of 25.

On Feb. 5th, the left half company went down and found that the bull's eye was much harder to hit than they expected, the boards below the target offering a much better mark. Reynolds made top score, 21, from a standing position.

The right half went down again on Feb. 12th, when a change was made from 200 yards to 500 yards, and for the distance the shooting was good. Bruce lead with a score of 19 out of 25.

Sergeant McPhederan took charge of the left half company on Feb. 19th. The shooting was, on the average, very good, showing quite an improvement on that of the last day. Gooderham headed the score with 21 out of a possible 25. Paton, G. M., ran him close with 20.

On Feb. 26th the right half took another try at the bull's eye and most of the scores were made by getting one or two bull's eyes and the rest either magpies or outers. Ross and Mathieson made the two best scores with 19; both had two bull's eyes to their credit.

On March 5th, eight members of the left half went down and were surprised at their own shooting. Lieut. Peacock made 22, Langley 21, Mathieson and R. Chadwick each 19, Paton, R. C., 18, Gooderham 17, Paton, G. M., 10.

Lieut. Unsworth had charge of the right half company next trip, and they all went with the fixed determination to do or die. The range was 500 yards, and though the scores were not large, they were very fair for the distance. Ross' 19 and Betts' 18 were the best.

Next Tuesday, Mar. 19th, there was some wild shooting. Langley, who had been shooting well up to this time, only made 2, Mathieson made 21, Unsworth made three bull's eyes and two misses, 15. Chadwick, H. A., made 17.

As will be seen by this chart only about half the boys took advantage of the chance they had to learn to shoot, and many of these did not go down regularly. The chart only shows the scores made in the last five trials.

Rank.	COMPETITORS.			SCORE.		Total.	Average.
	Name.	200 yards		500 yards.			
Sergt.	Goldie.....	...	16 ...	13 ...	...	29	14½
"	Reynolds.....	...	...	6 ...	...	6	6
"	McPhederan....	13	...	...	...	13	13
Corp.	Kirkpatrick.....	...	18 ...	15 14	...	47	15 2-3
"	Bull.....	12	...	11 11	...	34	11 1-3
"	Ross.....	...	19 ...	19 ...	...	38	19
Private	Law.....	...	...	4 ...	...	4	4
"	Bruce.....	...	...	9 ...	...	9	9
"	Pellet.....	...	...	12 ...	...	12	12
"	Betts.....	...	6 ...	18 ...	...	24	12
"	MacIntosh....	...	5 ...	7 ...	...	12	6
"	Glass.....	...	3 ...	10 ...	...	13	6½
"	Hare.....	...	8 ...	13 ...	...	21	10½
"	Banta .....	...	...	10 ...	...	10	10
"	Mathieson....	...	19 19	...	21	59	19 2-3
"	Gooderham.....	21	... 17	...	...	38	19
"	Chadwick, R. ...	...	... 19	...	...	19	19
"	Langly.....	15	... 21	...	2	38	12 2-3
"	Paton, R. C.....	11	... 18	...	...	29	14½
"	Paton, G. M ....	20	... 10	...	...	30	15
"	Patton, V.....	5	...	...	...	5	5
"	Fielding.....	...	... 0	...	...	0	0
"	Harrison.....	...	9 ...	...	5	14	7
"	Thompson....	7	...	...	7	7	7
"	Mercer.....	10	...	...	...	10	10
"	Gzowski.....	17	...	...	...	17	8½
"	Chadwick, H....	...	...	...	17	17	17
Lieut.	Unsworth.....	...	...	15 15	...	30	15
"	Peacock.....	...	13 22	...	14	49	16 1-3

The Rifle Company dance had to be postponed owing to the Queen's death. It was to have been held on February 7, and everything had been arranged, the orchestra engaged, and the invitations were to be sent out on the 22nd or 23rd. However, there are several advantages in having the dance after Easter; it will be held on a Friday, and so there will be Saturday and Sunday for rest. The boys of this term's dancing class will have learned enough to carry them through; there will be the Easter holidays in which to decorate, and Lent being just over everyone will enjoy it the more.

Glionna's orchestra has been engaged for the occasion, and Glionna himself and six of his men will discourse sweet music to keep the dancers' feet going and the ball rolling. Webb is going to furnish

refreshments, and he promises to do his very best, so we may rely on that part of the programme going off well. Sergt. McPhederan, by a good deal of hard work, has procured the loan of nearly two hundred large flags from the city; several other boys have also either loaned or got their friends to loan flags, etc. So with the advice of Mrs. and Miss Parkin to guide us, the decorations should be a great success. One corner of that part of the assembly hall behind the arches will be occupied by the orchestra, the rest will be fitted up as a sitting-out place, the halls will be lined with seats, and some of the rooms near the hall will be fitted up for the sake of those who prefer the quiet sit-out to the giddy dance.

The date of the dance has been set for Friday, April 19. The dancing will be in the Assembly Hall and refreshments will be served in the Dining Hall.

The Rifle Company paraded on February 2nd, when there was a garrison funeral service in St. Andrew's Church in unison with the funeral in England of Her most Gracious Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India. The parade was under the command of Col. W. D. Otter, D.O.C., and the services were conducted by the chaplains of the various regiments.

Major Pellatt had very kindly got for the company the loan of great coats from the unused stores. The great coats arrived under the charge of Sergt. Smith, and the boys proceeded to try them on. As the coats are built to lose the largest man until properly taken in by a belt, some of the boys seemed to have a rather poor fit at first, and there was much fun at their expense; however, they were soon shown how to gather them up with their belts, and all were soon looking quite smart and soldierly.

All fell in at the Armories at two o'clock and after a good deal of delay the parade started. The College Company was the last in the Queen's Own column, and just in front of the Grenadier's Band. Going, the march was very trying as the greater part was done in slow time. It was true that the boys found the benefit of their warm coats and many were the favourable comments heard on the sensible and comfortable looking outfit. Once they got started, the company marched splendidly, being very steady and keeping step with the slow march exceedingly well. When the church was reached they were seated in the gallery near the organ and no boy who was present will easily forget the impressive service which followed. The singing was particularly fine. After the service the company was given the post of honour at the head of the "Queen's Own," just behind the band.

The march back was livelier and it did not take long to reach the Armories. In turning the corner of Queen street and University avenue the company was unexpectedly called upon to form from column of fours to company front, and just at this spot the crowd was packed allowing very little room. The right-hand squad immediately fell behind allowing the others to come up in fine order. In the Armories a proclamation from Lord Minto was read and then the parade was dismissed.

After the votes had been handed in the right half company went down to the Armories recently and had another try to distinguish themselves with the rifle. They shot from a kneeling position. From this very trying position Gooderham made the splendid score of 24 out of a possible 25, getting 4 bull's eyes and an inner 4, Peacock scored 20, and Chadwick, H.A., 19. This will make a change in the averages giving Gooderham first place with the very high average of  $20\frac{2}{3}$ .

H. M. P.

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## Notes of Old Boys

Pat Hunter, who on graduation from R.M.C. won the commission in the Indian Staff Corps, is in charge of a detachment of the Third Bengal cavalry a few miles outside of Pekin. He got a transfer from the Lancers in order to get a chance to see active service.

A. Clyde Caldwell, another old U.C.C. boy, later of the Military College, has been appointed to take charge of cartography and topography at R.M.C. He made a great reputation for himself in this work while with the Field Force in South Africa.

Upper Canada has no need to feel ashamed of her sons. Everywhere they force their way to the front. In January last O. A. Howland was elected Mayor of Toronto by one of the largest majorities ever given to a candidate for the position of chief magistrate of this city.

It begins to look as if Upper Canada would soon have a monopoly of manning the banks. The following Old Boys are located in Winnipeg: Percy Hespeler with the Montreal; Walter Moss with the Commerce; Prouse of last year's Senior English Form with the Dominion.

"Deacon" White and H. Mullen are practising medicine in Hamilton.

Elmer Smith '95 is on the office staff of the T. Eaton Company, Toronto.

George Allan is in the insurance business in Winnipeg.

Murray Hendrie and Billy Marshall are two Old Boys from Hamilton, whom we are glad to see back safe and sound from South Africa.

"Jimmy" Morrison is another U.C.C. boy who has gone west. He is in Regina and is in the employ of the Bank of Montreal.

The marriage was announced, during the Christmas holidays, of Mr. Stephen Leacock and Miss Trixie Hamilton. Mrs. Leacock and clever and witty husband, who is extremely popular with his students at McGill, have been given a warm welcome in Montreal.

Sebert Glassco, a brother of Gordon of the present Sixth Form, is in business with his father in Hamilton.

D. A. Ross '94, has been spending a few weeks in town. He is engaged in mining and has been living for some time in the boundary country in British Columbia.

Peter Patton is the head of the Collingwood Meat Company.

Walter Moss has left the Bank of Commerce to enter the employ of Robinson & Co., a departmental store in Winnipeg. As a mark of esteem his fellow employees presented him with a chain when he left them.

E. Pardee Bucke is now a full-fledged M.D. He is on the staff of the London Insane Asylum.

Jack and Harold Labatt are both in the Bank of Montreal. The first is stationed in London, the second in St. Thomas.

Harry Ransford has resigned his position with the Hobbs Co. of London and entered the North West Mounted Police.

Jack Gilmour of the Bank of Toronto has been shifted from London to Toronto.

Montagu Bate has entered the wholesale grocery business with his father in Ottawa.

H. C. (Moody) Brennan is in business with his father in Ottawa.

Ike Robertson is with the Bank of Montreal at Fort William. He went there at once on leaving U.C.C.

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#### LETTER FROM R.M.C.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—There is very little to tell about R.M.C. this term, as none of the U.C.C. fellows distinguished themselves in hockey. Roy Morrison had to go to Bermuda for his health a few weeks ago, but expects to be back by Easter.

We hope more College boys will come down here next year, as Port Hope still sends a lot every year, and they are generally a fine set of fellows.

About thirty-five of us are going up to Toronto for the Horse Show. Our new commandant arrived yesterday, and has begun work.

We heard from Percy Myles lately. He was out with his regiment chasing De Wet, and said he needed a good square meal.

D. K. E.

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### LETTER FROM MCGILL.

U.C.C. may consider herself as well represented at McGill, there being no less than thirteen Old Boys at present in the University.

E. E. Palmer, '91, and R. C. Wilson, '93, will graduate this year in Science.

Boyd Caldwell, '93, and A. E. Beck, '98, are in the junior, and A. S. L. Peaslie, '98, in the Sophomore class.

The Science Freshmen are, E. N. Martin, '00; Colin Campbell, '00, F. C. Wilkes, '00, and W. D. Gilmour.

In Medicine are S. D. MacKenzie '98, graduating this year, and H. O. Howitt Billings, and S. D. Mackid, '00, both of whom entered last fall.

T. A. Davies, '99, is the only man in Arts.

Besides these men, S. S. Pratt, '98, Ed. Baugh, Hamilton Harmon, and "Mousie" Nelson are in business in this city.

Here, as in all other places, U.C.C., stands well to the front in Athletics, her men taking part in all the sports, and some of them being found on nearly every team.

We are all very busy at present over the approaching examinations, those in Science and Arts being the finals for the year.

It is a great pleasure to know that the old school is now free from Government control, and with Dr. Parkin still at the head we have nothing to fear for her welfare.

We hope to see a much larger number of boys from College coming down here in the future, and can assure them of a hearty welcome into the colony of U. C. C. boys at "Old McGill." A. S. L. P.

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### MR. MOSS HONORED.

POPULAR MEMBER OF THE BANK OF COMMERCE STAFF COM-  
PLIMENTED ON LEAVING THE INSTITUTION.

Mr. Walter P. Moss of the Bank of Commerce staff here severs his connection with the bank to-day to enter into the firm of Jerry

Robinson & Co., where he has accepted an important position. Mr. Moss was taken by surprise yesterday afternoon about 4.30 o'clock, when he received a summons to the manager's office, where he found awaiting him the bank staff, the assemblage being, as he was soon apprised, in his honour. Mr. Aird, on behalf of the associates of Mr. Moss on the staff, presented him with a handsome gold watch chain, which they wished him to accept as a slight token of the esteem in which he was held. Mr. Aird accompanied the presentation with a very complimentary speech, referring to Mr. Moss as a diligent and valued member of the staff, who was leaving the bank with a record of which he could feel justly proud, and the bank was losing one of its most promising young men from his departure into another sphere of life. He wished Mr. Moss continued prosperity and success. Mr. C. W. Rowley followed the manager, making a happy speech, as one who had been more closely associated with Mr. Moss in the bank work, speaking of his sterling character both in and out of the bank, which made him a favourite on both sides of the counter.

Mr. Moss made a feeling reply, thanking Mr. Aird and Mr. Rowley for their kindly words and expressing the regret he felt at leaving the ranks of so many warm friends. "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" was then heartily sung.

Mr. Moss is a son of the late Hon. Thomas Moss, Chief Justice of Ontario, and joined the bank in Toronto about seven years ago, his advancement to the position he is leaving of paying teller being rapid. He came to Winnipeg about two years ago, and has made a host of friends, who will wish him every success in his new sphere of life.—*Winnipeg Free Press, Feb. 28.*

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#### OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION.

The treasurer of the Old Boys' Association wishes it to be stated that several members, when sending in their annual fee, omitted to enclose their names. Hence they are now informed why they have not received their receipts. If they forward their names, the receipts will be forthcoming.

The roll of names is now in the printers' hands, and will be ready for distribution about the time that *THE COLLEGE TIMES* appears. In addition to the names of "Old Boys," it contains those of the present pupils down to Christmas, 1900. It is hoped every boy as he leaves school will join the Association, and will keep sending changes in his address to the Bursar.

## CONGRATULATORY RESOLUTION.

The following is a copy of a resolution passed at a meeting of the Council of the Old Boys' Association on the 15th of March, 1901. Thirty years is indeed a long time to have undergone the strain, but anybody who is acquainted with Mr. Sparling would affirm that he has stood the test and stood it as but few could have.

"Moved by Mr. Young, seconded by Mr. Arnoldi, that this Committee record its appreciation of the faithful services rendered by Mr. G. B. Sparling, M.A., for the past thirty years, first as second mathematical master and latterly as first mathematical master. They congratulate the College on having so faithful a master as Mr. Sparling, he having rendered valuable aid in the reorganization of the school in 1894, and they hope he may be long spared to continue his work."

Fraser Dixon, who was at Upper Canada College in '89, after leaving here enlisted in a British cavalry regiment and rose to the rank of sergeant. While at the front in South Africa he was wounded recently by a shell in the shoulder and was invalided to England. Owing to the severity of his injuries he has been discharged from the army as unfit for service and he has now returned to Canada.

## "MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES."

The *London Times* has lately begun the publication of the official despatches transmitted to the War Office from the Generals in command in the Boer War. A considerable number of items refer to Canada, and of these a large proportion fall to the lot of Old Boys of Upper Canada College.

The Field Marshal first commends the Royal Canadian Regiment in general for its share in the capture of Cronje at Paardeberg. "I would like here to mention the distinguished part played by the Royal Canadian Regiment in its advance on the enemy's trenches on 27th February, and referred to by me in my despatch No. 3 of 28th February, 1900."

After in this way praising the corps, Lord Roberts goes on to mention in particular five officers besides a number of privates. Out of the five, three are old boys: Lieut.-Col. W. D. Otter, in command of the First Contingent; Lieut.-Col. L. Buchan, senior major; Major Septimus Denison, adjutant of the regiment.

The last-named soon after reaching Africa was appointed to Lord Roberts' staff and served with distinction. He has been further honoured in being nominated aide-de-camp to the Duke and Duchess of York during the approaching tour of their Highnesses in Canada.



The funeral took place on January 29th at Eglinton of Mr. John Dodd, who died in Montreal the previous Saturday. From 1849 to 1862 he was commercial master at Upper Canada when the late F. W. Barron, M.A., was principal. Mr. Dodd was unmarried and a member of the Presbyterian Church. Of the masters who were his contemporaries at U.C.C. the Rev. Henry Scadding, D.D., Mr. William Wedd, M.A., and Mr. James Brown, M.A., still survive.

Lieut. Norman Cosby, who went through the South African campaign with "C" Battery, Royal Canadian Artillery, and was granted a commission in the First Middlesex Regiment, has at last reached Toronto from England. He was ill for two months and a half at Netley with enteric fever. It is probable he will remain at home till the beginning of May, when he leaves for India to join his colours.

Lorne Cosby, of the Northwest Mounted Police, who went to the Transvaal with the Canadian Dragoons, returned to Toronto some time ago and is already off again to rejoin the Police. He has been appointed Inspector at Skagway, and there performs all the offices of a military man and a magistrate as well. While in Africa he was offered a commission on General Baden-Powell's Constabulary, but preferring to come back to Canada declined the honour.

Jack Cawthra, who is making a name for himself in college athletics in England, is an Old Boy of U.C.C. He is a son of the late Joseph Cawthra, Esq., of Guisely House, Rosedale, and left College in 1892 to go to school in England. He has been back in Canada occasionally since. A recent issue of the *English Sportsman*, under the head of "Athletics," has the following paragraph about him: "A light blue university athlete who has improved since last year is J. J. Cawthra, the Canadian runner. At his college (Clare, Cambridge) sports he recently secured the mile (in which he beat Grandage) in considerably better time than he did last year, was second from scratch in the half-mile handicap (in which he must have beaten 2 min. 5 secs.), and won the quarter in 55 secs. He again failed to give W. B. Grandage 80 yards in the two-mile handicap, which the cross-country blue once more secured, but Cawthra made a much better show in this event than he did in 1900. The Canadian, it may be remembered, recently won the Cambridge University skating race, and also plays lacrosse for his 'varsity. Altogether he seems to be a good all-round man."

Cawthra Mulock, who was at College last year, has gone with his father the Hon. Wm. Mulock, the Postmaster-General, to Australia to attend the opening of the first Australasian Parliament.

An interesting visitor at College recently was Sergeant-Major Hooper, an Old Boy lately back from Africa. He enlisted eighteen years ago, after leaving U.C.C., in the North West Mounted Police, and when the Boer war broke out followed Colonel Steele with Strathcona's Horse to fight under Buller in Natal. He saw a lot of service and greatly enjoyed the experience. Finally he was captured, not by the enemy, but by disease and for a long time lay ill at Pretoria. When he was well enough to be moved he was sent back to England to be nursed and arrived just after Lord Roberts had landed. After a short stay in the Motherland he sailed for Canada. As soon as his health is sufficiently restored, Sergeant-Major Hooper goes west again to assume his duties.

There were two Old Boys back at College on the afternoon of March 21st—Messrs. G. H. Kirkpatrick, and A. W. R. Wilby, the former a sergeant in Strathcona's Horse, the latter, whose brother Erie is now in III. B., a lieutenant in the same gallant corps. Both men entered the Royal Military College the same year—1892.

Lieut. Col. J. Lyons Biggar, of Belleville, who went to Africa attached to Strathcona Horse returned to Canada recently with his regiment. He has just accepted an important appointment offered him by the Dominion Government. He has been put in charge at headquarters, Ottawa, of the newly-organized Army Service Corps. His practical experience at the front will be of the highest value to him in his new field of activity. In the development and training of able soldiers the South African war has been of the greatest value to Canada.

## Free Hour.

Popular song, No. 61, "Brush by Nigger."

What rude Guelph girl called Keys "Kaiser"?

Sissors Morrison makes a great "match" on the ice.

H.H.P.—Room 59. Laundry list: 1 sock, 1 collar, 1 cuff.

Beatty's Knowing Look!

Reynolds is whistling in corridor—"By Jove that's a Pretty Thing."

Fuzzy Wuzzy—Farmer Davidson.

Glassco thoroughly enjoyed a certain joke in Prefect's study one morning. What was the joke?

"My motto—100%."

P. V. J. aims high.

Pride often takes a fall on Euclid and Trigonometry Exams.  
Eh, Dutch ?

Gill : " Oh, such a headache."

Stop your noise ! Prefects are working.

" Here comes another lobster." Hard luck, Charlie J.

Latest rule for 1901 :—All hair must be parted on the side. Any one infringing on this rule will be confined until further notice.

Head of the House hurts himself with lessons, and agrees with Mr. P. that the Prefects and Form VI. have an orgie on Saturday morning.

Why was there such a rush for the barber shop one day ?

Reynolds' looking-glass and comb are wearing out.

Indian Reserves are getting careless, allowing their occupants to escape—Pilliter, Harrison, Buckingham, Richards, Boyd (Moses), (Warren, E. D.)

J. Boeckh is getting hiccoughs. " That means another week off."

" Lanky " O'Brien has invented an extension suit. He grew one inch in February.

" She was winking at me for fair, and I never met the broad before."—Quotation from H.M.D.

Rubber Heels.

A touch of nature makes the whole world akin : Three plates, three prunes.

Roll-calls on Saturdays and Sundays are getting very popular.

Saturday morning (after an interview with Mr. S. on Friday night), the Sixth Form Table were very quiet. I wonder why ! I wonder why !

Macken : " You couldn't hear Pinch and I talking at the table."

Mack is at one end, Pinch at the other, and H.M.D. in the middle.

Mack was very much hurt that we wouldn't take his word.  
Would you ?

McKay : " Get me a little—he ! he ! he !"

The meat at noon breaks out in a cold perspiration !

U.C.C. sincerely wishes that Armenia would keep its inhabitants to itself.

Unsworth is recommended to return.

C.A.R.W.—“ Why the deuce didn't you keep quiet in there ? ”  
Little he knew how hot that radiator was.

Harry found that Jack's fist was very hard.

Bruce found Ike's pipe was not a pleasant or agreeable companion.

Jack L's new hats were admired by everyone. His new coat completely dazzled his friends. His new boots made us turn green with envy. But when it came to his telling us, after we had finished admiring the foregoing articles, that his trousers were also for the first time seeing the light of day we could not restrain ourselves and—wept bitterly.

Some Flat masters value the photographer's plates, and consequently will not go down with their Flat teams. Don't blame them. It is very thoughtful of them.

Harry Pe—k was almost minus an eye, but he said, “ I don't care so long as I don't faint.”

“ I was never colder in winter,” he replied between his chattering teeth.

Peters wore a worried look as his head disappeared beneath the basin of water, and to tell the truth it was still prominent when it appeared again.

Quotation from Dunn—“ The Kid Brother and the Old Man.”

School Directory—Room 51, Pole Bros., Props.

“ Wild Animals I have Known ”—Geo. Strathy and his dog.

Quotation from Hackett T. Royce—“ Fools all.”

“ Good-morning, good-morning, good-morning, McKay.”

Poor lady killers—Ice and Henry.

We hear McKay has a job at Kimberley digging diamonds.

Cud in Strathy's room—Everybody invited (I don't think).

Quotation from Soda—“ I'll fix you when you get to 'Varsity.”

U.C.C. Barber Shop—“ Hair ” neatly trimmed.

“ No Ancient History to-night.”

"Come on Strathy. Wake up, old boy."

Why doesn't Jack L. take Heghlo home with him oftener? Mrs. L. thinks a great deal of Heghlo.

There are some "Boxers" who only enter boxing competition when they hear that certain other fellows are not going to enter.

Poor Pole (he from Wellington) was terribly frightened during the thunder storm on Monday night.

Why does he object to being called Zephyr?

Where did Harold B. go one evening? He seems to have enjoyed himself. Harold, you had better not be embarrassed next time it occurs before a roomful of—ladies.

It would be hard on you Peawee if Harry H. P. looked as small as you do when he is coming across the oval, because if that distance would make so much difference on Harry you would not be seen at all.

The day boys are terribly afraid of water. It is a bad sign.

Kingstone and Ross will both be firm friends of the water-tap if they are forced to make its acquaintance much oftener.

Boarders forever. Poor day boys!

Black-headed Day Boy War-r-n had such a close crop at the barber shop just lately that the water didn't bother him much.

Short hair cuts save 15c. in time, don't they, Duglas?

There are some Form V. boys who do positively no work and are constantly being reprimanded for it, such as Harrison, Betts, Gzowski.

"Little Britt was very cocky this hockey season."

"Why?"

"Because he could manage by hard work to see over the boards at the Caledonian Rink."

There are hopes of his becoming a trifle larger, but they are dim.

Nigger, nigger, never die,  
Black face and shiny eye,  
Jack Boeckh's coat and Frenchman's tie,  
Then the Dinger he says, "Oh my!"

Dedicated to D.A.C.

The twins—Campbell and Solms.

A few resemblances in U.C.C.: J. C. Boeckh—Van Leuvan. L. M. Waterous—Fred G. K. B. Mackenzie—Mercer. G. B. Reynolds

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### MORE CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE TIMES is glad to be able to announce two more contributions to the Permanent Endowment Fund: one of \$250 from J. Lorne Campbell, Esq.; the other of \$50 from Mr. Gordon Jennings should have been included in the list given in the Christmas TIMES, but through an error was omitted. It is to be hoped that other Old Boys who are not long out of the school will feel inspired by the example of Mr. Jennings, now an R.M.C. cadet, to "go and do likewise."

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