

THE RIVAL

VOL. I. No 9.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 16, 1906.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

COLLEGE!! COLLEGE!!



Boy—"What was that, sir, a dead-line or a rouge?"
Mr. ——"Goodness, boy, I don't know. Ask me something easy — the derivation of a noun in Hebrew, say, or the Attic conjugation of a Greek verb!"

THE STAFF.

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THE RIVAL.

A smart-looking young man entered a store and asked for a bottle of ginger ale. The clerk gave him one, but he asked if they had any lemon sour, saying he would rather have that. He was handed a bottle, giving back the ginger ale.

After drinking the lemon sour, he turned to walk out of the store, but the clerk called out, "Here, come back and pay for that."

"But I gave you the ginger ale for the lemon sour," said the young man.

"I know," replied the clerk, "but you didn't pay for the ginger ale."

"Well, I didn't drink it," he said.

"Say, I'll give you a dollar if you'll go and play that trick on that fellow on the opposite corner."

"All right," said the man, as he moved towards the door, with the dollar in his hand, "but he just paid me fifty cents to come and play it on you."

Does anyone remember the time that Benjie went down to see Kellar. He was asked to step upon the stage. Kellar asked him if he would like to have a live pollywog extracted from his waistcoat pocket. Benjie said that he couldn't do it, but of course Kellar insisted that he could, asking Benjie why he said he couldn't. Then Benjie (the little darling) acquainted Kellar with the fact that he never wore a waistcoat.

Vigor, vim,
 Perfect trim.
 Force made him
 Sunny Jim.

A certain young man was arrested by P. C. Sheard, No. 23, for stealing a Persse. He hid in a Wodehouse, but was soon discovered. He was brought up before Magistrate Kingsford, and was fined one dollar and Costes.

Treasure Trove

—OR—

THE GOLDEN GOOSE

A romance of stirring adventure and startling surprises.

CHAPTER II. — APPREHENSIONS
VILE.

When Master Redbuckle found himself aboard the "Ghost," he was at once struck with the appearance of dirt and disorder, besides the evidence of small cannon, cutlasses and other instruments of sea-way lying about.

The smell of powder gnawed in his nostrils and so nauseated him that he lost no time in getting to his cabin, which surprised him beyond imagination.

On the walls were hung costly and magnificent silks, which intoxicated his sight by their very excellence. The sheen of precious metals blinked everywhere, while his feet sank into rugs the texture of which was unquestionable. Here a lion's skin stretched o'er a silk divan, there a brace of tigers' hides thrown carelessly over a couch of exquisite design, fashioned most likely by the eastern masters of wood-shaping. This most fascinating scene was illumined by an Egyptian swing lamp of beaten brass, which hung from the ceiling in the centre, casting a crimson glow o'er the room.

While Richard surveyed this vision, lost in admiration, he was rudely awakened by the sneering voice of Captain Kandy.

"You like it—no doubt, sir? There is to the left an apartment suited to the needs of your servant, Bowes."

Dick nodded his approval, and full of a thousand awful suspicions, he sought out his faithful Jerry, who had climbed to the poop-deck. How came it, he reasoned, that such a vile mannered and ill-clad person as Captain Kuttlefish should have his guest's cabin so richly fitted; there were rugs, he said, worth thousands, and the gold alone was a fortune. Already a horrible fear had possessed him, if such a thing as fear ever came within the lexicon of Master Redbuckle. "Pirates are common enough," he said, half aloud, "in these times on the high seas, and if our friend Captain Kandy is one

he shall surely see that he has caught a hornet if he wishes to tame me and Jerry."

CHAPTER III.

When they had been out at sea for three days, Jerry Bowes came post haste down to Master Dick's room with wildly staring eyes and hair soggy and dripping red. He had, he said, been attacked in the dark hatch-way by the captain himself, who had struck him savagely with a chair leg. As he uttered this awful statement a low wail broke the midnight air. 'Twas the voice of Captain Kuttlefish, intoxicated to his full capacity and savage as a wild boar.

It was when in such moods as this that the captain was at his worst. Once he had cut the throats of four of his crew, in such a stupor, and had complained for months of ghosts haunting him in his cabin, on deck and everywhere.

"Hist!" whispered Redbuckle. "Follow me!"

Once in this luxurious cabin they hung silently behind a tall screen and awaited developments.

Before many minutes passed in shuffled the captain with a wet knife 'twixt his teeth. He shambled about the room muttering oaths, glared in the empty bed with a savage curse. "Gone!" he screamed, "Gone! by heaven! The young toad's watched!! by all that's powerful. And he's off, like as not, with that precious will. Ugh!"

At this juncture he lurched 'gainst the screen, which toppled over and exposed the two adventurers, who stood smiling coolly at the swollen visage of Captain Kandy.

"Eaves-droppin', b'thunder," growled he. "Now, my pretty young gazelle, where's the will? Yes! you may look s'prised, but I mean it! Where's it? Where's your snivelling old grand-sire's grave-paper? Out wi' it, I say, or by all that's evil I'll tan thy powdered hide!"

For answer Master Redbuckle stepped forth and caught the intruder a terrific blow 'twixt the eyes. Down he went like a log and arose, white with fury, tearing out his whiskers and coughing, unable to speak.

Next instant a change flashed over

his face. The scowl left it, and in its place there came the same wicked old smile he had smiled that night in the lawyer's house. He stepped to the side and touched a hidden bell.

In a second the room was astrich with picaroons. Their ear-bells jangling, their gaudy silken 'bockers rustling, their cutlasses clashing—they presented a gorgeously picturesque appearance. In a trice they swarmed over Jerry and Dick, passed a rope round them and dragged them before the captain, who stood wiping the blood off his face with his leathern sleeve.

"Ha! Ha!" he laughed wickedly, his teeth clicking. "Monstrous! 'Pon my soul and honor! Monstrous! Now, my fine gay malapert we'll have some sport, or I'm a black-souled sinner. Sport! Sport! Sport! Eh, comrades? What say? D'ye think he'll squirm with the big old parson nipping at his heels? Eh? Ho! Ho! Ho! Ha! He! He! But he don't understand. No, but he will. Aye, he shall. Come lads!"

(To be Continued.)

IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT.

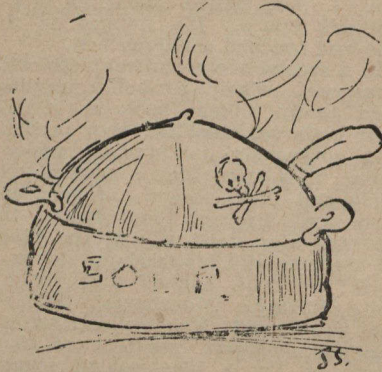
A frightened group of new-boys
Were standing in a row,
While a prefect tall just told them all
The things they ought to know,
For he said: "Unless you mind
yourself
There's not a bit of doubt—
Mr. Somerville'll get yer!
If you don't watch out."

"You must not make a triple buck
Along the crowded hall,
You must go in for British games,
And never play baseball!
And if you steal your neighbor's books,
Or in the prayer hall shout,
Mr. Somerville'll get yer!
If you don't watch out."

"So never go to midnight feeds,
Or smoke a cigarette,
'Cause if you go out the front door,
You know just what you'll get.
And if you skip your algebra,
Or throw your lunch about,
Mr. Somerville'll get yer!
If you don't watch out."

--J. S.

THE BOARDERS' LAMENT.



Dope, dope, dope—
 What a shame to dub it food!
 There's not a cat,
 If you offered him that,
 But would take it as downright rude.

Starved, starved, starved,
 Hungry as slaves of a Sheik;
 No wonder they run
 When the half term's done—
 It's a restaurant that they seek.

Hash, hash, hash,
 Morning and night and noon.
 Oh, it's little they care
 For the "menu" there—
 Why, they're going to have dog-
 cakes soon!

Eat, eat, eat,
 As the dish with soup they fill;
 But, if analyzed,
 They would be surprised
 That any were living still.

So it's dope, dope, dope,
 Which they must grin and bear.
 No use to cuss,
 Nor raise a fuss,
 For what does the food boss care?
 —J. S.

How much wood would Wodehouse
 house
 If Wodehouse could house wood?
 He'd house as much as Wodehouse
 could
 If Wodehouse could house wood.

THE TEMPTATION.

A Fable.

It was a scinch. The wheel stood leaning against the bicycle shed. It belonged to a day-boy also. Near the wheel, in fact, close at hand, was Gzowski (pronounced Zow-skee). One could easily see that his eyes were glued on the wheel. He was saying: "I hadn't ought to do it. No, it isn't right. I should not like to cause a poor day-boy pain by making him walk home. And yet——" There was a tear in his eye as he looked sadly at his watch. "Ah, well," he thought, "it is fate. The day-boy must walk, though I feel deeply, also much, for him. Yes, I shall take the wheel. But——" Here he suddenly remembered the strict orders of the principal. There had also been a slip which had been passed around the room. It had originated in the principal's office, and read: "You must not swipe bikes; it is grievous; lock to it!"

Gzowski considered the chances of being pinched glumly. He did it by the method of elimination; that is, he considered the difficulties one by one, and discarded them in turn. You could not be seen from four windows, but you could be from the gym. If one was pinched one would be caned if not expelled.

Gzowski objected to being caned. It hurt his hands. He considered all these things one by one. "After all," he said, "I will do it." But again— Suddenly he made a charge at it, and grasped it firmly by the handle-bars. Then he uttered a terrified growl. The wheel was locked.

Moral: You never can tell.

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Where goeth that ancient horse, my friend?

At U. C. C. his course will end.

Will the college boys him kindly use?

Nay, I would not be in that horse's shoes.

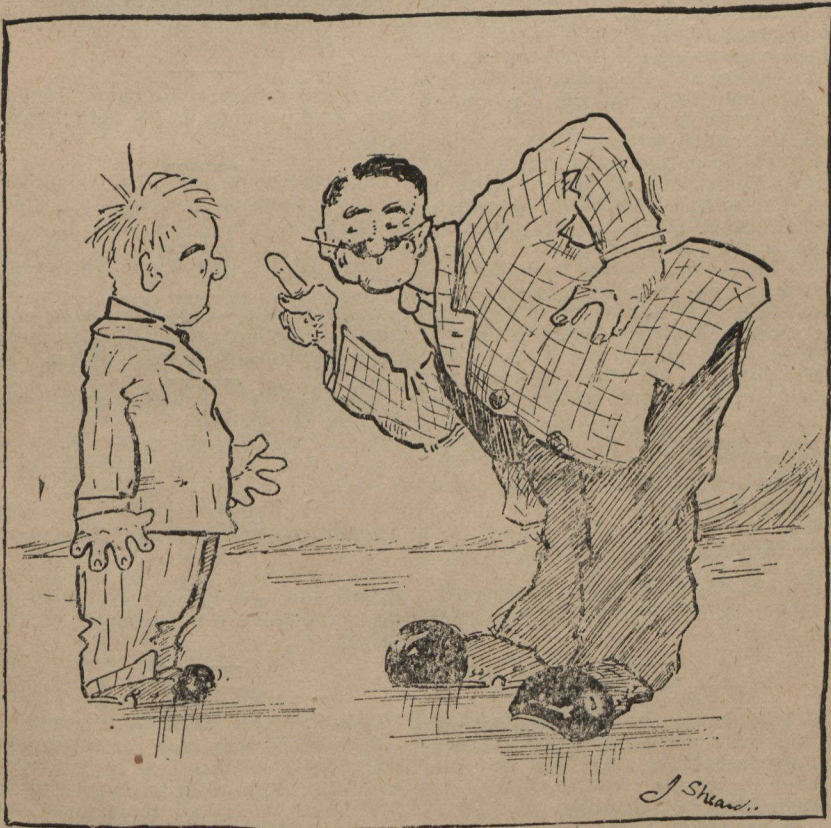
For the boys will say what a rough old cow,
When they pick his bones a week from now,

The maids will call it beef or veal;

We know what's what, but we dare not squeal.

—From an old "Times," by Douglas Hallam.

PERFECTLY ABSURD.



Master—Now, Billy, my boy, What would you say if I told you there was to be a rippin' fine dinner to-night—roast turkey and ice cream and all that sort of thing?

J. A. W.—Oh, I wouldn't say nothing, sir. I can take a joke same as you!

U. C. C.—McMASTER.

McMaster elected to kick with the wind, and after a few minutes play Benson, of McMaster, dropped a goal from the 25-yard line. College braced up after this, and by a succession of end runs and backs managed to get near the McMaster goal net, when McMaster obtained the ball. It was passed to their centre half, who made a run the whole length of the field for a touch-down, dodging the whole U. C. C. team. This seemed to put new spirit into the College team, and, aided by the cheering on the side-lines, they managed to hold their own for the rest of the half. However, the score ended—McMaster 10, U. C. C. 0.

In the second half, College went in to do or die, and they played McMaster off their feet. At the beginning College pressed the green and black hard, but, aided by some bad passing and fumbling on the part of the college backs, McMaster managed to score a kick to dead line. After this the match was all in U. C. C.'s favor. Several times a few more pounds of weight would have meant points to us. Nevertheless, a few minutes before time McMaster was forced to rouge, and the score ended—McMaster 11, U. C. C. 2.

Mr. Johnson, of the Preparatory School, proved a very satisfactory umpire.

The College team was as follows:—
Full-back—Hebden.

Halves—Mulqueen, DeGruchy, and Burkhart (Walker).

Quarter—Barwick.

Scrimmage—Brown, Young, Patterson.

Wings—Clarkson, Morse, Willison I., Willison II., Saunders, Gilmour (captain).

U. C. C.—TRINITY.

Trinity, having won the toss, decided to kick with the wind. College immediately forced the play, and had succeeded in scoring 14 points before the whistle blew for half time.

The second half was merely a repetition of the first. Trinity's attempts at bucking were a complete failure. The College wings broke through repeatedly, bringing down the Trinity

halves every time. The main features of this half were Mulqueen's rushes, two of which resulted in touch downs. Willison and Clarkson were the best of the College wings. DeGruchy did some fine kicking. Ingles, the Trinity centre half was their best man. The score ended 29 to 0 in favor of College. Dr. Mackenzie umpired.

Except for Walker replacing Burkhart for both halves, and Hemmick taking Saunders' place in the second the team was the same as before, when we played McMaster.

Contributions will be gratefully received, and such as are accepted will appear in next issue.

Any subscribers who have not yet paid, might oblige us by doing so at once.

Both accounts of the football matches were written by J. S. McLaughlin.

Read our paragraph on "Spongers."

As Ike Harris wittily says, "The new rules in football are: 'It must rain every day a match is to be played.'"

J. A. W.—Well, George, what did you think of the hospital?"

Saunders—"Oh, the rooms were rather a cell, but the windows were grate."

Read our paragraph on "Spongers."

Since our last issue Mr. Joseph C. Sheard, the well-known cartoonist, has been appointed to the staff of the "Rival."

SPONGERS.

PARASITES! DEAD-WEIGHTS!!

It is indeed time that we rose up and condemned roundly the deadeners of enterprise. We refer to those who DO NOT BUY a RIVAL themselves, but prefer to SPONGE ON OTHERS who have them.

EVER stop to THINK about the RIVAL? DID YOU KNOW that it is the BEST paper ever published in U.

C. C., or ever LIKELY TO BE published?

DON'T BE A CLAM! It's up to YOU to subscribe. We CAN'T get this paper out at a DEAD LOSS! Can't do it!

You must ADMIT that this paper is good; then why don't YOU pay that quarter a term or 5c. a copy? Ever take a look down the corridor when the Rival comes out? Around each copy is a SWARM of GRAFTERS. Which are YOU? SUBSCRIBER OR GRAFTER?

BREAK AWAY! EMANCIPATE yourself from that CROWD OF VULTURES—THE GRAFTERS!

PAY UP!!

Walker (11.30 p.m.)—"Say, Doc, are you asleep?"

Garmany—"Yes, are you?"

It was pretty nearly as bad when Paterson translated 'Le coucher du soleil' into 'they lay down in the sun,' as when a fellow at St. Andrew's, in a Latin class one day, translated 'cur' as 'the dog.' (As most of the fellows up here could not translate them any better, we will put in the correct translation. "Le coucher du soleil" means "the sunset" and "cur" means "why.")

As DeGruchy said, walking up to school yesterday morning, "And men may come, and men may go. But I go on forever."

Popular Idols, No. 2.

There is a tall, athletic chap,

A military man,
Beside whom your Apollo

Merely is an 'also ran,'
He heads a channing rifle corps,
Of which he's justly proud. He
Isn't such a bad sort—Mister C—y.

He loves to tell us anecdotes,
Our spirits just to "harrow,"
For things they tell of that old school
That fairly freeze one's marrow;

'Tis there they trained that master
mind

With which he is endowed. He
Isn't such a bad sort—Mister C—y.

He's very fond of fairy tales,
With which he can enthral us,
In fact he reads extensively
Such witty books as "Alice";
"In our school books we say
He holds his head above the crowd."
He isn't such a bad sort—Mister C—y.

The following was found on our copy peg the other day, with an explanatory note, saying that if we failed to publish it we would meet with the displeasure of a powerful secret society whose name we refrain from printing.—Editor.

ODE.

Who is it bosses U.C.C.,
And sort of dictates haughtily
Just what she should and shouldn't be?
—The Duke.

Who is at once the fear of all,
Bold evil-doers, great and small,
When he comes pacing down the hall?
—The Duke.

Who was it on that winter's night,
When we had lost the match all right
Stood up and begged us not to fight?
—The Duke.

When we are at a midnight spread,
About when we should be in bed,
Who is it fills our souls with dread?
—The Duke.

Who is it tells so wittily
A little anecdote that we
All shriek aloud in well-feigned glee?
—The Duke.

When we beat S.A.C. some day
Who will, we hope, politely say:
Here's where you get a holiday?
—The Duke.

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