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# Christmas Number



U. C. C. RIFLE COMPANY 1892

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# College Times.

DEER PARK

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## The College Times.

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All communications of a business character should be addressed to the Secretary.

A bountiful and benign providence has arranged that Christmas and the New Year should only happen once per annum, and that they should come pretty close together. Some shortsighted persons have been misled into kicking at this arrangement, and would like to have Christmas, and the holidays which pertain thereto, every month or so, but they do not go deep enough into the matter. Think of the frightful expense of getting suitable presents for all your best, second and third best girls: think what a collection of useless shaving brushes, pen-wipers, etc., you would get in return: think how highly monotonous it would get after a while, and we think you will see that "things be better as they is." Nevertheless Christmas is a great institution. It is the star which guides us by its cheering rays through the long dark vista of the fall term, it is the occasion when all petty jealousies and unkindnesses are thrust aside, when all hatchets are buried, and the pipe, or cigarette, of peace reigns supreme in the land. It is a season of

festivity and merrymaking, the like of which occurs not in the whole cycle of the long year. And with it, tacked on at the end, comes the New Year, to lengthen out the holiday, and perchance to make us think a little seriously in the middle of it.

These holidays must bring back to all of us recollections of their predecessors. It is a good thing to sometimes look back over the last mile of life's road and see whether we have progressed or gone backward, and to examine into the changes that have taken place around us. As far as the College is concerned things are much as they were a year ago, for but little change was to be expected after the cataclysm which took place when the school transported itself to its new buildings. The chief change in the city has been the introduction of that bane to telephonists, the trolley car, which when the system is complete, will metamorphose the place. Other changes are constantly in operation, some things improvements, others the reverse, for "change and decay in all around we see," as the choir, itself changed much for the better, so beautifully sings: but still on the whole we think that the majority of new or altered things around us should be causes of thankfulness. Therefore let us be thankful, and make merry with a whole heart, and give of our abundance to all our friends and neighbours, for generosity, if not a virtue in itself, is an indication of the greatest of the virtues.

The fact cannot be denied or put out of sight that, in our endeavour to keep up the traditions of the College and to provide its students with some record of the time they are spending here which will not only be interesting now, both to them and their friends, but valuable in the future when they have left these walls. We are not receiving the support we ought to, and which we feel we are entitled to. Most of those who have subscribed to our journal have paid up promptly, but there are many, including future-

head boys and others who, if this paper is carried on, as we hope it will be, will become editors, secretaries, etc., who seem to have no interest in the affairs of the College, and no desire to uphold and support the college institutions, of which this paper is without doubt one of the most important. It cannot be from lack of funds, for where is the boy who cannot raise 75 cents to pay for his college paper? and therefore we are forced to conclude that it is from lack of patriotism and interest, and a spirit of "don't care."

### THE RIFLE COMPANY.

According to announcement the Christmas number of the *TIMES* contains a photo-engraving of the Rifle Company, and in this article accompanying it, it is proposed to give a brief sketch of the history of the Company from its earliest days.

Although with the limited time at our disposal our researches were necessarily far from exhaustive, we were enabled to find out the following facts which may be of interest:—

In 1863 it was that the Company first existed. For some years, however, it was no more than a sort of drill class having no uniforms and taking part in no parades. The Company was then armed with muzzle-loading Snider rifles. Some years later they adopted a uniform like that of the Queen's Own and in '66, during the Fenian Raid, set out for the front and joined the Varsity company at Thorold just too late to participate in the battle of Ridgeway. Of the further history we were not able to find any trace.

The second and third, or present, companies will be dealt with in our next issue, lack of time preventing us from investigating the archives any further.

The members of the present company who appear in the picture are as follows, commencing at the left of each rank:—

#### FRONT RANK.

Wood, Thompson, E. Ryerson, F. C. Denison, Hoblett, Macdonald, Watson, Hewitson, D. Ross, H. Robertson, Capt. F. F. Hunter, Drummers Wright, Maence.

#### REAR RANK.

R. C. Wilson, Macpherson, C. D. Creighton, A. H. Campbell, Todd, F. Upper (Lieut.), Temple, Magachan, J. A. Ross (Serg.), H. F. Gooderham.

The company has received a large number of additions in the short time since this photo was taken, and is growing rapidly in every way.

### A VISIT FROM HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.

On Thursday afternoon, December 1st, shortly after three o'clock, His Excellency Lord Stanley, accompanied by Lady Stanley, His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Dobell and Captain Walsh, A. D. C., drove up to Upper Canada College and were met at the door by Hon. John Beverley Robinson, Chairman of the Board of the College Trustees, and Principal Dickson, who escorted them to the assembly hall, where the boys were all seated awaiting their arrival. On their entering the boys rose and sang one verse of "God Save the Queen," while the vice-regal party advanced to the platform accompanied by the following members of the College faculty: Rev. W. F. Terry, Messrs. Jackson (Dean), Sparling, Hull, Leacock, Nielson, Macdonald, Edgar, Robinson, Holmes, Johnson and Collinson. J. B. Robinson took the chair and gave the visitors a very hearty welcome, but before he had proceeded any distance Masters Warrington and Sparling marched up to the platform and presented two beautiful bouquets of roses, adorned with ribbons to Lady Stanley and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, amid the cheers of the boys.

The Chairman in the course of his remarks said that it was only a short time since the boys had been honoured by a visit from the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, on the day of the distribution of the prizes, and that now they had the additional honour of a visit from the Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada. (great applause). He remembered a similar occasion about 50 years ago when he was a pupil of the College, and their noble founder, Lord Seaton, had visited the institution. That visit had made a deep and lasting impression on him for good, and he desired to assure His Excellency that the present occasion would be productive of good to the present boys. He also said that this College, though still young compared with those of the old country, had turned out many noble men and in their magnificent new building much good work would be done in the future, and closed his remarks with the reiteration of the pleasure

felt by the Principal, the Trustees, and the boys in the presence of their notable guests.

Next, B. K. Sandwell, the College head boy, advanced to the platform and read a Latin address of welcome. The oration expressed in flattering terms the gratitude all felt in His Excellency's presence and a full appreciation of his high attainments as a scholar, and concluded with warm expressions of loyalty to Queen and country.

His Excellency listened attentively to the address, and at its conclusion astonished his auditors by an impromptu reply in the same tongue. He said:

Domine, viri illustres, puerique "Ibam forte Via Sacra (dicta Avenue Road) sicut meus est mos, nescio quid meditaris migarum, totus in illis, occurit" orator quidam, qui mihi orationem Latinam eloquentiæ plenam libavit.

Per quadraginta annos insolitus sum linguam Latinam loqui. Oportet tamen me aliquid dicere ad gratias vobis agendas propter orationem (sine ovo) quam mihi nuper fecistis.

In hoc collegio spero honestatem et virtutem semper velut arbores virentes creturas.

Proconsuli nostræ Reginae permissum est mihi petitionem domino doctori facere, ut diem festum det vobis. (Cheers.)

Rebus in arduis "tutela vigil" columnaque (non senectæ sed imperii) vocem popularem appello.

(To the Principal) Placetne tibi, domine reverendissime, nunc diem festum donare?

(To the boys) Placetne vobis, pueri, accipere?

Causa finita est. Consido, et discedo, paucis tamen verbis etiam dictis.

In hoc collegio floreat semper virtus, honestas, sapientia.

Patria nostra, Canada et Britannia consociata, floreat semper fortis et invicta. (Cheers.)

Et in hoc loco floreat semper vetus collegium Canadae Superioris. (Cheers)

Breaking off at this point, and addressing his hearers in English again, Lord Stanley said that it was 38 years since he had spoken a word of Latin in public, and as he had not heard of this Latin address, which was tendered to him, until he reached the College, he hoped that they would pardon his somewhat faulty grammatical construction and original pronunciation; he was afraid his remarks had been couched in the "Latinum Caninum," or "dog Latin" style, but, after all, he agreed with the Pauline apostle, when he said that he would rather speak five

words with understanding than 10,000 words in an unknown tongue. He also said that he was glad to be here and see such splendid buildings and fine boys, and that they did not neglect the sense of military duty. He hoped, at some future time, to see some of their games, for he knew that they could hold their own on the play ground, as well as in the school-room. And that much could be learnt at play, as the boy who could learn to receive body-checking good-naturedly and take a crack across the shins without losing his temper, was learning a great and very useful lesson. He would only add to this, that he most sincerely wished the College a long future of prosperity in which she would turn out many good men, good citizens, and good Canadians. (Cheers.) Throughout the empire Canadian boys as well as English boys were holding their own (Cheers.) The names of many rose to the speaker's mind, from the venerable Sir Provo Wallis, who died recently, full of honors, to young Stairs, who, after following the (speaker's) illustrious namesake through darkest Africa, had given his life at duty's call. (Prolonged cheers.) It has been truly said, that many of the battles of the British arms had been fought and won on the playgrounds of Eton, and he would have them remember this, strive honestly, play fairly, never forget the Mother College, or the Mother Country, and, above all, never forget the old folks at home. (Loud applause.)

The boys listened attentively to His Excellency throughout, but the climax of his address was reached when he announced a holiday. The boys cheered loud and long and ended in three good Canadian hurrahs for their Excellencies, for the popular Lieutenant Governor and his lady, and for the no less popular Chairman and for the masters.

Lord Stanley's impromptu reply to the head boy's address of welcome was in truth a remarkable performance, which few among the College Professors could have equalled.

The proceedings in the hall closed about four, after which Principal Dickson escorted the Governor through the building and then a light lunch was served in the library. As the visitors passed out of the College, on their way to their carriages, they passed through a double line of

the cadets, Lord Stanley stopping to inspect their accoutrement and expressing to Lieutenant Hunter his gratification at their smart and soldierly bearing. They then entered their carriages and drove slowly away, being heartily cheered by the boys who were drawn up in line the whole length of the carriage drive.

We were also glad to see Mr. Martland and Mr. Brown, who have been masters in the College some time ago, with us on this occasion and this shows that they still take a hearty interest in the old school.

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### NOTICE.

#### MAGNIFICENT PRESENTATION PICTURE

FREE

TO EVERY ONE OF OUR READERS.

By special arrangement with the Publishers we are enabled to make every one of our readers a present of one of these exquisite oil pictures, 36 inches long, a companion to "A Yard of Roses," which all have seen and admired. The exquisite picture, "A Yard of Pansies," was painted by the same noted artist who did the "Roses." It is the same size, and is pronounced by art critics to be far superior to the "Roses." The reproduction is equal in every respect to the original, which cost \$300, and accompanying it are full directions for framing at home, at a cost of a few cents, thus forming a beautiful ornament for your parlor or a superb Christmas gift, worth at least \$5.

To save you the cost of the picture being mailed to us and then to you, it will be sent directly from the publishers. Fill out the enclosed coupon and send it to the publisher, W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 East 14th Street, New York, with three two-cent stamps to pay for the packing, mailing, etc., which will entitle you to receive one of these beautiful and valuable works of art by return mail. You will be delighted with it.

A FAILURE TO CONNECT.—Parent of Neglected Education (to accomplished daughter): Mary Ann, what does "Poorquaw" mean?

Accomplished Daughter: "Pourquoi"?—Why.

P. of N. E.: 'Cause I wanter know, gawsh it all!

## Rifle Company Notes.

On Friday, Dec. 2nd, a meeting was held in room A for the purpose of electing officers. According to the result of that election the Company is now officered as follows: F. F. Hunter, Captain; F. J. Upper, Lieutenant; E. W. Wright and J. H. Ross, Sergeants.

We are enabled to announce in this issue that an opera in aid of the Homeopathic Hospital will be held on the afternoon of Saturday, Dec. 17th, at the Grand Opera House, under the patronage of the U. C. C. Rifles. The Company will attend in uniform. Full particulars will be given of the affair when it occurs.

A bugle band has been formed from the members of the Company and has had, up to the moment of writing, two practices. Judging from present indications the band will push practices and soon be ready for service. Special inducements are offered to boys to join this as well as the main body of the Company, and already between 15 and 20 recruits have been enlisted.

At an officers' meeting it was decided that members wear uniform in College and down town, also that, as the full-dress jacket is liable to be ruined by taking it into general use, undress jackets will be adopted for every day wearing. We cannot say as yet of exactly what pattern these will be, as the pattern and estimates have not yet been received, but they will in all probability be longer than the full-dress and of course plainer.

The Rifle Company has secured the use of the room formerly used by the cricket club as a storage room for an orderly room. It has already been carpeted and partly furnished, and the members are using all means in their power to complete the appointments of the room as soon as possible. When ready it will no doubt be a favorite resort for members of the Rifle Company. This is another of the many inducements the Company offers to recruits. We might say here that all information etc. concerning the Company may be obtained from any of the officers, and those intending to join should give in their names to one of them.

On Thursday, Dec. 1st, the Company had the distinguished privilege of receiving His Excel-

lency the Governor General on the occasion of his visit to the College. The guard of honour was drawn up at the rear of the centre corridor, and as the vice-regal party entered presented arms. Sentries were posted at various points on the eastern stairs and in the hall, and presented as the visitors passed. After the proceedings in the hall, of which a full report will be found in another column, the Company took up a position on the western side of the central walk on the terrace in open order. When Lord Stanley came out of the College he inspected the Company and declared himself as exceedingly pleased with the corps. As His Excellency entered his carriage three hearty cheers were given and the visit was over.

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## Society Notes.

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### THE CAMERA CLUB.

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The Camera Club held a monthly meeting on Nov. 24th when a plan was drawn up for an annual exhibition. There was a long discussion took place, and it was finally decided to hold it about the first of February. This is altogether uncertain, and will not be decided till after Xmas. There have been many prizes already contributed by the masters who have taken a great interest in it. The following are those who have given prizes: Mr. G. Dickson, M.A., Principal; Mr. W. S. Jackson, B.A., Dean; Mr. A. Neilson, M.A.; Mr. R. Holmes; Mr. Collinson, M.A.

A very satisfactory list of subjects has been made, and the prizes will be given for each according to the total amount contributed.

Mr. Holmes was the originator of this scheme, and our esteemed President deserves great praise for the enthusiasm displayed in carrying it out. The Club is flourishing, and the monthly competitions contain some excellent work.

The following is a list of subjects for which it has been decided prizes should be given, and other subjects will be added as fresh prizes are received:—

1. Prize for best collection of pictures of College buildings, exterior and interior. (Six or more.)
2. Prize for best collection of pictures illustrating college life. (Six or more.)

3. Prize for best collection of portraits (single or group) of boys or others connected with the College. (Six or more.)

4. Prize for most artistic single picture—figure subject. (No competitor to show more than six.)

5. Prize for most artistic single picture—landscape subject. (No competitor to show more than six.)

6. Prize for most artistic single picture—architectural subject. (No competitor to show more than six.) Given by

arrangements to this list will probably be made as other prizes are offered.

These may need a few explanatory remarks which I will give under the number of the questions they refer to.

1. This is intended to include near and distant views of the main building and its surroundings in summer or winter, views of the gymnasium, rink, etc., views of the Assembly Hall, reception room, details of interior decoration, the casts, pictures, etc.

2. This will include all pictures illustrative of the college sports—football, cricket, tennis, hockey, etc., pictures of boys in their rooms, and any other subject that may suggest themselves as in any way illustrative of our life in the College.

- 4, 5, 6.—These prizes will be awarded principally for the artistic quality of the specimens submitted; their value in pictorial qualities—choice of subjects and composition—being given precedence to their value as specimens of photography.

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## Sports.

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### HOCKEY.

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At a recent meeting of the Stewards, it was decided that it would be advisable, to have a representative at the first meeting of the proposed "Toronto Hockey League." The chief reasons for this decision were, not only that the team would be saved the disappointment which fell to the share of the footballers, but also that we would have our vote in the constitution of the league. Accordingly E. S. Badenach was appointed to represent U. C. C.

At the first meeting the most important work was the election of officers. The result was as follows:—Hon. President, George A. Cox; President, J. T. Thompson; Vice-President, M. H. Irish; Secretary, E. L. Robinson; Treasurer, W. Windeyer. Executive Committee, J. McMurrich (Trinity), G. Carruthers, (Granite Jun.), W. Morrison (Thistles), and E. S. Badenach (U. C. C.).

Instructions were given to the Committee to draft a constitution, and present it to the meeting on the following Wednesday at the same place. The clubs represented were:—Granite Juniors, Toronto Juniors, Varsity, U. C. C., Trinity, and West End Y. M. C. A.

On Tuesday the Committee met as appointed and drew up a constitution almost the same as the O. H. A. This was, with a few alterations, carried at the general meeting. At this meeting, also, three new clubs were admitted, i.e., Osgoode Hall Juniors, Harbord St. and Jarvis St. Collegiate Institutes. A letter was read by the President from Mr. Cox who had very kindly offered a challenge cup, to be played for under the same conditions as the O. H. A. cup.

And now the question is what chance have we for this cup. To be sure the prospects for a good team are gloomy, but not as much so as those of the football team were. In the first place we have last year's 2nd to pick from, and they were a pretty fast team. Then we have several men who have come to us from outside clubs, and who are known to be very handy with the stick. Again we have an advantage over last year's club in having a closed rink, which will be much easier to keep in order than the open one. Add to this a tried and skilful player in the person of our captain, and that cup should stand on the table in our "Hall" for the year '93.

#### EXCHANGES.

All of our exchanges are at the service of any of our readers who may wish to consult them.

It is worthy of note that none of the school journals, and only two or three of the university publications, which we receive in exchange are better got up than the COLLEGE TIMES. Of the matter contained therein it is not for us to speak.

*Printer's Ink*, and a good number of the *Varsity*, containing a well-merited "kick" about the behaviour of the students at the "Lit.," which is energetically, but not very logically or definitely, defended by the editor, are on our table.

There is yet another addition to the long list of school and university publications, in the person of the *Rostrum*, a small weekly devoted to the interests of the University of Southern California. This gives promise of being a good and newsy paper; it presents all the college happenings in a good, readable form.

And now, "from the sublime to the ——" well, we won't be too harsh on the fair, but un-literary, sex, but the latest effort of the Bishop Strachan School is a staggerer. The *Chronicle*, for this is the imposing name of this imposing journalistic production, is a six-page paper of which the last page is blank. The chief object of four of the other five pages is apparently to be funny; this we should say would become tiring to the subscribers after some time (the *Chronicle* is as yet only at its second No.). The most striking feature of this issue is a couple of parodies on well-known poems which we believe have been parodied before; these verses are all directed at U. C. C., and the second ditty holds up to ridicule that ancient (in all senses) subject, the College grub. The first shows considerable cleverness and also indicates the high opinion the students of the B. S. S. have of themselves. (By the way we will give a subscription for a year to any exchange that will find another word besides knowledge to rhyme with "College.") The *Chronicle* is not a bad paper, however, though its literary department is poor, or wanting, and we wish it success.

The *Owl* is this month a splendid number, both in the literary and editorial departments. The former includes an imaginative and high-flown letter from the inhabitants of Mars, setting up that brilliant planet as a model and perfect country inhabited by a model and perfect race; An extremely interesting paper on complementary colours, which we think can scarcely be original; and an article on the New York obelisk. In addition to these we find a true and striking article on "Music in Schools and Colleges," proposing to make music a part of every educational



curriculum. This is backed up by a particular application of the same theory in one of the editorials, which vehemently denounces the too common practice of "letting slide" the singing at daily services. It seems to us that we might profit by this idea. The other "leader" is a sensible and practical review of the causes which led to the crushing defeat of Ottawa by Toronto on the football field, and of the best means to overcome them. The number also contains a story translated from the French, and an exquisite bit of verse entitled "In the Fall Days." The general effect of the *Club* is a little marred by careless proof-reading.

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## Stories.

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### SOME OF SERGEANT'S EXPERIENCES.

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After fourteen days in Liverpool Sergeant embarked for America, for he thought he could get a better situation and start than he could in England. The ship was only out two days, however, when part of the machinery broke, and they had to return. He re-embarked immediately, and this time reached New York all right. After looking around a little he got the position of Gymnasium and Fencing Instructor to the 2nd Regiment, Jersey City, N. J. He soon left it, however, to fill a similar place in the Y.M.C.A. Gymnasium in the same city. He continued there for some time, and then took the same position in the 12th Regiment, of New York. He remained with them a long while and did a great deal of exhibiting. Sergeant was pretty well known now, so he opened an Academy of Fencing. The Academy did not succeed very well, however, so he gave it up, and took the position of Gymnastic Instructor to the Cavalry of St. Louis. At last he resolved to join the American Army. He did so and was sent to St. David's Island in New York harbour. Here he found that he must learn all their drill before he could get the place he wanted and his pay. It was hard, but he had to go as a private. He was half starved and soon got to thoroughly hate it but still he had to keep on. At last he determined to stand it no longer, so he wrote to a lady whom he knew very well. It was soon arranged

that he would wait on the shore on a certain night and she would come with a boat in which he would take his departure. That night Sergeant skipped out of barracks at about eight and sat under the bank till half past twelve when the boat, rowed the whole seven miles by the lady herself, approached. He kept lighting matches and at last he got on board and began to row away. They had only gone a short distance when the sentry heard them and challenged them. Sergeant did not answer but began to row all the harder, for it was getting serious. The sentry fired and struck the rowlock. They kept on rowing and he fired two more shots the first of which hit the boat somewhere and the last missed. By this time they had got well away but kept on rowing till they reached Helen Island. Here he got into civilian clothes and set out again but got lost in the fog and mist. About four o'clock, however, they struck a place on the shore and took the train for New York at once. Here he arranged with the policeman of his beat to warn him if he should ever be searched for by the police. Then he opened another academy. He kept it going for about nine months when the policeman told him that he had better get out as there was a probability of his being questioned. Sergeant got all his money together and left New York. He reached Ohio and there made friends with another policeman. A few days later this policeman recommended him for a place which would quite suit him. It was to take care of a lunatic hotel keeper who was sick. Sergeant had some experience in nursing in Malta, so was quite fitted for the place; three months later the man died, and then the landlady gave him the position of general steward. Once he was lying sleeping when he suddenly woke and found the lunatic standing over him with a revolver at his mouth. The man said "Do you own this?" Sergeant was pretty well scared, but he managed to grab the revolver and take it away. He found it was empty. Sergeant had a fine time of it here and grew so fat that he hardly knew himself. One day he stepped into the room occupied by one of the guests who was an artist and found him at a picture. He asked what it was and the artist replied that it was a Canadian picture. "Canada! what is Canada?" He told him all about it and how it was a British

possession and had the cities Toronto and Montreal, etc., etc., Sergeant had never heard of it before! Then there were the soldiers, the Queen's Own, the Grenadiers, and the Body Guard all in *Toronto!* That decided Sergeant, and he packed up to set out for Canada. He got off at the Union Station and walked up Simcoe Street. Here he saw the ensign on the flagstaff of the Government House—a sight that gladdened his heart and made him feel once more at home and safe from any pursuit. He was very much disappointed with the soldiers, however, for he had thought they were Regulars and as good as any in England. However, after a short time, he got a position as instructor in the Y.M.C.A. Gymnasium. He soon left it and got the same place in the Argonaut Club. He stayed there two years and then left to teach gymnastics and fencing in the Toronto Church School. From there he went to Port Hope and taught gymnastics in the Trinity College School. He left there at the end of the school year in '91 and then was offered the position of instructor in fencing, boxing and gymnastics in the Y.M.C.A. Gymnasium in Ottawa. Just as he was about to accept it he got a note from Mr. Dickson offering him the position which he now holds in this College. He accepted the place and is now here, where his capabilities and teaching powers are fully appreciated and recognized. Besides his work here Sergeant has three nights a week each with the Toronto and the Atheneum Fencing Clubs, which with his College duties will keep him comfortable for many a year to come.

— R. C. WILSON.

#### COLLEGE HEROES.

A short time ago I was in conversation with an old U. C. C. boy—very well known in his younger days for his achievements in the cricket field, and at a later period for his duties in a prominent public position in the city—and amongst many reminiscences of his old college friends none interested me more than the one I here take the liberty of reproducing for the benefit of the readers of the *TIMES*.

In the year 1857 my friend crossed the Atlantic with two old school-fellows, Col. Dunn and Major Wells. Both had served in the Crimean War, the former with the 11th Hussars, and the latter

with the 33rd Regiment. At the close of the war they had returned to Toronto, where Major Wells, whose gallant exploits had become pretty generally known, received, publicly, a handsome presentation sword as a fitting recognition of his bravery. Col. Dunn, who was of a singularly retiring disposition, was returning to England with no such memento of the regard of his fellow-citizens. It was very natural that Major Wells should be the hero of the voyage, during which his handsome sword was an object of admiring inspection on the part of his fellow-passengers. Col. Dunn had little to say with regard to his share in the campaign, and no one—not even his most intimate acquaintances—had the remotest suspicion of the conspicuous part he had played in the Russian Peninsula.

My friend arrived in London in due course, and, like a loyal officer as he is, determined to visit Hyde Park on the occasion of Her Majesty decorating her gallant troops on their return from the war. On the morning of that eventful day he visited Dunn, and then, for the first time, and to his infinite surprise and pride as an old schoolfellow, learnt that his calm, imperturbable friend had ridden in that forever-memorable charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. More than this he had been signalled out as a hero, where all were heroes, for his marvellous courage and humanity in stopping in the midst of that dreadful ride to rescue, and bring safe out of action, a sergeant who was vainly contending with an overpowering number of Cossacks. That day the young Queen pinned upon his breast the modest decoration of bronze with its simple inscription "For Valour," which is perhaps the most coveted of all earthly distinctions—the Victoria Cross.

Alas! poor Dunn, gallant and modest as befits a true soldier, met with a melancholy end in the Abyssinian War; Wells, crippled with rheumatism, contracted in the Crimea, died in Toronto. Several other College boys served in the war; perhaps we have amongst our readers those who are able and willing to give us similar records of *their* gallantry. C.

The watering-place season is now nearly over. When it is quite finished, the whiskeying-place season, will, as usual, be in full blast.

## A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

It was Christmas Eve, the wintry wind was moaning through the tree tops, and everything as far as the eye could see was white with snow; it was a veritable old-fashioned winter evening.

The air was chilling in the extreme to one who had not taken the precaution to wrap himself up against the cold, but none the less brightly for this burned the log fire in the open fire-place in an old stone mansion which, ivy-grown and gray with years, had for half a century bid defiance to the ravages of time.

This house, which had been for twenty years or more the abode of the family Montague, was reputed to be haunted, and on certain nights in the year and under certain conditions of weather it was averred that strange sights were to be seen and awful sounds heard. Whatever truth there may have been in these sayings the old house had undoubtedly many peculiar features which may have given rise to them, for in a long corridor, separated from the remainder of the building by a massive oaken door, which bore enough bolts and bars for a prison, sunk deep in the well-worn floor was an iron ring which lifted a large trap-door disclosing a square vault some twelve feet in depth with stone walls. About this place centred many of the stories. The author remembers going one evening accompanied by a dog and lifting up the trap; the dog looked in, gave vent to a long and mournful howl and quickly retreated.

But to return to the fire-place, at which were seated the mistress of the house, Mrs. Montague, and her daughter Eva. The fire was burning low upon the hearth, and the hands of the clock pointed to 10.30, when with noiseless step entered the servant, with terror depicted on her face. "Oh, Miss Eva," she said, "as I was working in the kitchen near the window, I heard ghost voices talking to one another, and it must be the ones as everyone says comes from that deep hole under the trap-door in the corridor." Eva Montague, herself in no wise given to superstition, endeavored to allay the fears of the terrified girl, and on her earnest entreaty entered the kitchen in company with her and proceeded to the corner she had referred to. Here to her extreme amazement

she heard such fragments of sentences as these in rough men's voices: "Quiet there . . . softly . . . hand it to me now . . . that ought to fix 'em;" followed by a fiendish sort of laugh. Struck dumb with terror, the two looked at one another, with faces white as a sheet.

For some time not a word was spoken. Then slowly and fearfully they began to look around for the cause of the sounds. They explored every corner of the room, but in that corner only by the window which led into the corridor could they hear them plainly. Then into the corridor they went, and shuddering lifted the heavy trap-door. Faintly they heard the voices, and—a crash—with a scream from the servant, the ponderous trap fell thundering shut, awakening the echoes through the old house—but no, it was but an illusion of overstrained nerves, for she thought she had heard chains rattling. Still—was it an illusion? Faintly, very faintly as yet, they began to hear a sound, as of heavy chains being dragged over the floor. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike Eva, and her face resumed its natural colour. "Come with me down into the cellar," said she, "and we will soon find the cause of all this." Trembling in every limb the terrified servant followed her through the corridor, and down the steps which led to the cellar. Here the sounds became louder, louder still as they neared the corner where the water pipes passed through the room, and now mingled with the voices they began to hear the *tap, tap, tap*, three times repeated, which is so often associated with ghostly visitations. Then Eva stepped forward and placed her ear near to the pipe; still plainer grew the sounds. Here then at last was the solution of the mystery. Owing to the intense cold the water-pipes had frozen and acted as a sort of telephone to convey the voices of some persons in a cellar about half a block away trying to thaw out the pipes; the tap was that of a hammer on the pipes, and the "Hand it to me now," turned out to refer to a kettle of boiling water.

Reassured, the two remounted the stairs, and betook themselves to their apartments. But the servant however still retained half a belief that the voices were ghostly, and took the earliest opportunity of leaving, declaring that she would not stay in a house that was haunted one day more than she could help. C. D. CRIGHTON.

## A TRIP TO MOUNT ALBERT.

The mountain mentioned in the title is a beautiful but almost unknown one, situated in the Peninsula of Gaspé, about ninety miles due east from Father Point. It has of late yielded some splendid specimens of ore to energetic mineralogists.

We heard that the scenery at the base of the mountain was exceedingly fine, and decided to undertake the journey to see what benefit we could reap for our photographic collection. As we were fishing on the river, which is fed by the small streams that run from the mountain sides, we determined to gain the foot of Mount Albert by water.

Three of us deciding to go, and the current being very swift and the river very shallow, we were obliged to take three boats, each propelled by two men with stout ash poles. The first skiff held my two companions, one of whom was a small boy; the second, myself, and the third, our provisions and other camping paraphernalia.

On the first day we only ascended the river about ten miles, stopping here and there to fish in the pools. It was raining heavily, and as we looked up at the mountains on either side we saw the sun shining through the clouds and mist on the snow-capped summits.

We pitched our tent at a place on the river known to us as "Upper Camp": here we lit a huge fire and proceeded to dry our clothes.

The hut which our men erected is worth while mentioning. Two upright stakes, with crotches on the end were driven into the ground, then a stout pole was laid across the top in the crotches. On one side they leaned branches from the ground to the ridge pole, and kept out the rain by bark, which was laid on the roof, the whole forming a lean-to, the front of which was about five feet in height.

The men laid down, heads in and feet sticking out, almost into the fire, which they replenished from time to time during the night.

Next morning, although Sunday, we took to the boats again and went about five miles farther up the river, where, having landed, we hauled up our boats and left them hidden under the dense slubbery. Then we took all our stuff and tramped about a quarter of a mile inland, where

we deposited our superfluous baggage in a sort of bin, made of logs dove-tailed together and covered with branches, which was used by the hunters in winter as a store-house for rations.

We prepared our bundles for carrying on our shoulders and started the climb, of which the first few hours were very enjoyable. In our climb we passed some mink traps and a few trees recently barked by bears to get the gum, and occasionally we struck a path made by Cariboo deer.

After walking about a mile we came to a beautiful waterfall about forty feet in height, of which I obtained a photograph by the aid of the two guides, one of whom held my camera steady while the other hung on to me.

When I had taken this view we forded the river above the falls, and before sundown walked about half a mile up the mountain where we camped for the night.

Although we were only a mile and a half up the mountain, the change of atmosphere was very noticeable, the cold forcing us to keep up a roaring fire all night.

Next morning we started at daylight, and before six o'clock in the afternoon had come upon some narrow gorges filled with snow about forty feet deep, where we all, with the exception of my elder comrade, indulged in a snow-ball fight in honor of having come upon snow in the middle of summer.

The following day we decided to return, as there only remained four days before we had to take the steamer *Miramichi* at the mouth of the river. We began the descent as soon as we could, and had not proceeded far when one of our guides motioned to us to halt and beckoned me to him. I saw feeding on the twigs of a small tree three beautiful Caribooes. Although it was illegal to slay the animals at that time of year I could not repress my inclination to shoot, and having crept closer I singled out one of them, levelled my Winchester and by accident actually wounded it in the breast. It followed the others for about 300 yards when bleeding profusely it dropped down exhausted. Our French cook, who had blood in his eye, rushed on it and stuck the blade of his cooking knife in the animal's breast, killing it almost instantly. After securing the head for a specimen and the haunches for a more congenial

purpose, we walked a short distance further till we reached a stream, where we partook of a hearty dinner.

Next day at noon we reached our boats, and drifting along with the current we reached Upper Camp about dark where we spent the night.

Very early next morning we were under weigh, and the current carried us to the mouth of the river, a distance of about thirty miles, in about five hours, where we boarded the steamer fully satisfied with the results gained during our trip.

H.F.O.

### Local and Personal.

Say! Brooks, did I hear you babbling?

Frank Mille., '90, is going to the Ann Arbor University.

Percy Boulton is in the Bank of Commerce at Hamilton.

"Porky" Fearman is in a drug store in Hamilton.

Herb Watson, '88, is in the Bank of Toronto in this city.

Who is the Indian of the School? Why, "Sitting Bull."

Charlie Counsell, '88, is in the Bank of Montreal at St. Mary's.

"Curly" McConnell is a freshman at the Toronto Medical School.

George Moncrief and "Goose" Noble are studying law in Mr. Moncrief's law office in Petrolia.

H. Norton Taylor, '88, was up here a few days ago looking up old friends. He is staying with D. Millichamp.

We think it peculiar that Ferdy should i-Madge-ine that the cars don't run fast enough down to a certain place on Sherbourne street now.

One of the masters has introduced a new system of translating exercises. He says it's unnecessary to translate a passage unless you can't. And he doesn't come from Oireland either!

There is a private detective on the look-out for those boys who make a practice of listening to the football choruses, and if they are not careful they will not be able to accept invitations for Saturday.

The annual Football Supper takes place on the 16th of the month (Friday), and under the able management of E. W. Devlin promises to eclipse those of former years. We hope that Mr. Kingdon will spare no pains (nor grub) to make it a howling success. Besides the musical programme, there will be an exhibition of lantern slides, by F. G. Leslie and others. The arrangements are now nearly complete.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Christmas Art Books are nearly all out. One of the best of them is a beautifully got-up '98 calendar, issued by the Toronto Art Students' League. It contains four pages of well-designed calendars with two exquisite tables of the Sundays and Feast Days, and some fine pen and ink sketches interspersed with appropriate verses. It is a charming gift book, and is of extra interest to college boys from the fact that two of the best pages are from the hand of Mr. Holmes, our talented drawing master. Every boy who wants a gift calendar should get one of these books, which can, we believe, be procured of Mr. Holmes himself.

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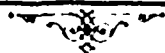
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