

# Acta Rideiana.

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## Acta Rideiana.

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### Time Flies.

Here we are again, going home for vacation. This time it is Easter, and all will be at home in time to see their friends come out in all the glory of their Easter bonnets. All unite in calling the past term the worst in the school year, for the mornings are dark and the days are dreary and cold. But as we glance back through the vista of time we see that many little incidents have occurred which have livened up the dreary three months wonderfully.

And now, from the time that we leave for our homes till we come back again, the wings of Father Time will seem to beat more swiftly than before, and in what seems to us like only a short day we will be back again sitting in the old class rooms and studying—or, perhaps, dawdling over the same grimy books.

### Editorial Notes.

We have received the following exchanges which, after perusal by the Editorial Committee, have been deposited in the boys' reading room: *College Times*, *Trinity University Review*, *McMaster Review*.

Our modesty received a rude shock last Christmas. Our artist, we fear, has lost his modesty forever. The fact is that an edition of 250 copies was sold off on the day of publication. The day after many copies changed hands at 15 cents and even 20 cents apiece. The editor's room was besieged by angry subscribers who demanded a second edition at once.

We are glad to notice that, so far as we know, an Old Rideian, Dr. George Musson of Toronto, was the first medical man in Canada to make a practical application of the Roentgen process to surgery. One of his patients had the misfortune to run a needle into her foot. The foot was photographed,

the needle accurately located and successfully extracted.

We are extremely sorry to lose the services of the manager of our advertising department, L. M. Somerville, who left at Christmas and is now in a bank at Stouffville. His business capacity made a greater success of his department than has ever been made before. If he proves as valuable to the bank as he did to the ACTA, we have no doubt that he will in a few years be general manager. Moncrieff Mair has been appointed his successor.

The vignettes in this number are the work of our artist, J. L. Street (IV.), whose cover for the Christmas, 1895, number was so much admired. If the present large edition is successful more may be done in this direction next Midsummer. The picture of the football team we owe to the generosity of our contemporary, the *Toronto Mail and Empire*, to whom we make grateful acknowledgment. We expect it will be highly valued as a souvenir of one of our best teams.

We congratulate Upper Canada College on the last Christmas issue of the *College Times*. Our last recollection of the *College Times* was of a monthly magazine after the fashion of the old series of ACTA RIDLEIANA. The present *Times* is a genuine newspaper and contains no purely literary matter. The football season is treated very thoroughly, the matches most fully described being T. C. S. and Ridley. The accounts of the matches make excellent reading and are written in a true sportsmanlike vein. U. C. C. shows that it can take a defeat as gracefully as a victory.

We are afraid we cannot congratulate our Old Boys on their energy. After going to press last Christmas we heard that the day was fixed for the annual dinner in Toronto, only to be disappointed a few days afterwards by the news that the arrangements had fallen through. Our Old Boys have responded just as half-heartedly to the appeal for subscriptions to the ACTA. About 50 personal appeals and about 80 sample copies were sent out at Christmas to as many Old Boys and have been met with response in four cases only. We have the idea that it is not "patriotism" our Old Boys lack, but the energy to get a quarter's worth of stamps and send them in. We mean to try again.

### Cricket Prospects.



As spring is approaching interest is being centered upon cricket, and all who play the game are discussing their chances of getting on the Elevens.

We shall probably have the strongest eleven on the field this year that Ridley has ever produced, and we are confident of winning a large majority of the matches.

This year's football and hockey teams have been above the average. Let us put the Cricket Eleven at the head of them all.

Some of the older fellows, good athletes too, who are looked up to by the younger boys as examples of what they should try to be, run down cricket whenever they get the chance. Naturally some of the younger boys grow up, thinking that cricket is a slow, girlish game. Are these older boys showing a sportsman-like spirit, and are they being true to their College which every boy should uphold? We ask, therefore, for the sake of school cricket, in the future, that these boys if they do not play at least, will not cause others to *talk lightly* of the game. Surely no fair-minded boy would willingly do anything to hinder the advancement of athletic sports.

It is perhaps but voicing the feelings of many when we suggest that more time be given this season to practising fielding.

As we are discussing the cricket prospects for '96 it will not be out of place to make a short survey of a few of the players.

Hills, as his average of 14, made with the Rosedale Club last summer, shows, is by no means a second class bat, and we expect great things from him this year.

Harmer should develop into a good bat, with hard practice, but at present his playing is too stiff. He is one of the best fielders on the team.

Griffith is a quick fielder and one of the best long stops the College has had. His form is fairly good, but he has a tendency to forget "the straight bat."

Mackenzie is the best fielder on the eleven. He has a good eye and fine hitting powers, but lacks correctness of style.

Greenhill is a promising bat. His chief fault is playing the ball up. His fielding is weak.

Cooke is a hard hitter and has a good eye,

but his batting shows little science. Needs steady practice. His bowling is much faster this year, and he will probably be needed to bowl.

Lett bats in good style, but has a bad habit of drawing away from the wicket. He catches well, but is slow after the ball. His bowling should be useful this season. We are sorry to hear that "Dog" intends leaving at Easter. We hope that he will be with us for the cricket season at least.

There are also Miller, Kerr, Price, Steele and several others who played well last year.

The club will be further strengthened by at least three masters.

We hope that practice will be begun as soon after the holidays as possible. We have matches for the first week in May and we must not open the year by being defeated.

At the beginning of the season last year we lost nearly two weeks practice by not being able to get across the canal, on account of all the water being out. Could not some arrangement be made so that we could avoid losing any time in getting down to work?

R. D. GURD (V.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—The writer of the above interesting article has modestly omitted all mention of himself. He gained the bat last year for the highest average, is a quick clean fielder, and a thorough lover of the game].

### A Suggestion.

To the Editor of the Acta Ridleiana :

DEAR SIR,—I should like to suggest through your paper, that it is very necessary that something should be done to entertain our friends in town. "But what shall we do?" is the question which invariably answers such a suggestion; that question is what I wish to deal with. Prize-day and the Athletic Sports don't make up for a nice concert, or dramatic entertainment, in the minds of most of our fair friends, therefore it must be something else.

It seems there is no organization, no united action, to be got out of the higher forms—for it is these boys of course to whom we look, to show that Ridley is not dead socially, but simply sleeping!

I hope that this may create something more than a momentary and fleeting thought, and wake up some of our boys!

It certainly isn't lack of talent—we have plenty of that—so why can't Griffith, Price, Mitchell and Jamie Maclaren for instance, talk it over and get up some dramatics?

Yours &c.,

A REGULAR READER.

### The Launch of the "Trilby."

A fine ice-boat from stern to bow,  
 When ice was frozen hard,  
 Did "Piggie" Williams and the "Cow"  
 Frame out in the back yard.

And to be there they never failed,  
 As soon as school was o'er;  
 They cut and hammered, sawed and nailed  
 Until their backs were sore.

To pay for all the nails and wood  
 They spent their ready cash;  
 They, with their ice-boat, thought they could  
 Cut a tremendous dash.

Enough time I am sure had passed  
 In which to build a fleet,  
 Before they had it done at last  
 And everything complete.

But when at length she was afloat  
 Then out there spake "the Jew,"  
 "No name can I see on this boat  
 And that will never do.

A fitting name occurred to me—  
 The name of my room-mate—  
 And 'Trilby dear' its name shall be,  
 A name that he does hate."

Then straightway "Piggie" Williams spake:  
 "That honor I disclaim;  
 It is a name I truly hate;  
 'The Cow' shall be its name"

They said some special friends they had  
 Might hang on it behind.  
 Oh, weren't the other fellows mad  
 To be treated so unkind.

Some other friends there chanced to be  
 Might have the pleasing task  
 Of holding to the ropes, to see  
 It did not go too fast.

They thought now they could surely prove  
 Its headlong pace, at last;  
 When lo! the Trilby would not move,  
 But, like a rock, stood fast.

I thought those boys had fainted there;  
 They turned an ashy grey;  
 And Jamie murmured in despair,  
 "There's not much wind to-day"

Now, when the scoffers saw 'twas lame  
 And wouldn't even sail  
 They said they'd have no other name,  
 But christened it "The Snail"

S. C. NORSWORTHY (IV.)

### Ridley in Ancient Times.

Although Ridley has been in existence for only a few years, many changes have taken place, both in the building and in the rules.

In the first days of the College the main alone was used, and the wing was filled with old furniture, crockery-ware and the like. The "high and mighty Prefects" and the little First Form boys then shared alike the cubicles. There was a prefect in each dormitory, whose principal duties were to see that the boys were in bed when the lights were put out, and to represent his dormitory in pillow-fights and gauntlets.

At the beginning of the second year the Top Flat was opened, and later on the Wing. In those days the Top Flat was considered the flat of the school. None but the best boys roomed up there, and, as Mr. Michell would say, they were like the gods in Olympus. By degrees,

however, it became of less importance and now is not used at all.

But time has won one great victory for us, namely, good play grounds. Our first football grounds were a long distance up Ontario street; and you can imagine how difficult it was to get boys to practise then, when we hear them complain even now that they have to go "away across the canal" to play.

Enough about the building and grounds. Let us for a moment look at any radical changes that have taken place in the rules.

Perhaps the greatest bore of a Ridleian's life is detention. Well, for two years we knew of no such thing as this, and if a boy was late for meals or prayers he sometimes got a page of history to write and sometimes he got off without anything. Three pages was considered about the largest imposition that a boy could reasonably get, unless the offence was a very serious one, and then he got four.

The climax was reached, however, when Mr. Cody gave his first "licking." Perhaps the participants in that affair will pardon me for mentioning it here. They were C. Y. Ford and F. O'Meara, and the offence was stealing cherries. Since Mr. Cody started the ball rolling the masters have managed to keep it going pretty well.

Another great change, and one not very pleasing to many of the boys, was substituting half holidays on Wednesdays and Saturdays for a whole one on Saturday. This is not so bad in the winter months, but in summer it is far pleasanter to have the whole of Saturday, so that one may go for a long ride, or paddle, or otherwise put in the day.

In the matter of bounds there has been a noticeable change. When the school first opened the boys were allowed anywhere west of Church Street; then that was limited to the park, and now even the park is out of bounds. What are we coming to?

Not more than four years ago the prefects had to take study from 8.30 till 9.30, and this was a great source of amusement to the boys. In vain the prefects gave large impositions and sent the boys up to the master on duty; they could not keep order; so, at last, Mr. Miller abolished the plan.

Of late a great many boys have been asking about supper on Sunday night after church. We used to have it and the boys enjoyed it immensely. Why could we not have it again? When a boy gets tea at a quarter past five he naturally wants something more to eat before he goes to bed, and I don't see why he should not have it.

One might go on discussing change after change, but these are the chief ones. Whether they are for the better or worse I leave the boys to decide.

H. C. GRIFFITH.



Anyone looking into the smoking room of the steamship "Santiago" of New York, homeward bound from Panama, one blustery evening some five years ago, would have discovered a group of the gentlemen passengers chatting over their cigars and sherry.

Stories were the order of the evening, and a short dark Mexican had just related an adventure warranted to "raise hair on the baldest head." After the pause and comments which usually follow a thrilling tale, attention was drawn to a Canadian, who had not yet contributed a story. When asked for one he declined; but upon the request being pressed he reluctantly consented.

"Well, gentlemen, said he, "since you insist I'll take my turn.

"Although I am a native of Canada, the larger part of my life has been spent in Chili. In fact I am now returning to my home for the first time since I left it—nearly thirty years ago—a boy of seventeen.

"As Chili was not thickly settled then, and very few of the people were educated, I found myself rising rapidly, and before I was thirty was the owner of a large tract of land, situated principally in the hills near the Andes. Being the owner of these estates, I was naturally looked upon by my tenants as a sort of magistrate. It was my duty to see that all offenders were punished, the few government officials generally being afraid to act, and I can assure you my duties as administrator of justice were none too light.

"One spring, reports came pouring in of the ravages committed upon my property by a human fiend, whose depredations and horrible crimes had earned him the reputation of being the worst outlaw in Chili. He was a German by birth, and, after having murdered his officer and deserted from a German war vessel, had served in and deserted from two other navies and one army, his exit in each case being marked by one or more bloody deeds.

"Having by some unfortunate chance come to Chili, he committed several crimes and fled to the mountains for refuge. Many weak attempts had been made to capture him, all of which had failed, and had only served to increase his thirst for blood and his desire for vengeance.

"Pursued and hunted down, he had gone from place to place. He lived in the most impenetrable recesses of the hills and descended on marauding expeditions upon the country round. Those who had seen him said that he was an abnormally short and heavily built man, and was covered with hair from head to foot. Thus it was that he was given the nickname of 'Gorilla.'

"Several times I had heard that this brute was living upon my property, and shortly many stories of his crimes were brought to me. I repeatedly informed the government authorities, but their one weak attempt at capturing him was not worthy of notice, and I saw that the duty devolved upon me.

"One morning there came to me a noted braggart of the neighborhood, who, though a worthless fellow, had through boasting words made himself a hero in the eyes of the credulous natives. He upbraided my neglect under the circumstances and declared that he was going himself on an expedition against our enemy, sneeringly inviting me to accompany him, and to his utter surprise I agreed. As we could start none too soon I suggested setting out at once.

"'No,' said he, 'I hadn't intended going to-day. I am not prepared.'

"'Well, then, what do you say to to-morrow morning?'

"'Oh, there's no great hurry, and two or three days makes no great difference.'

"'Well, I intend to go this morning,' said I, 'and if you're afraid don't come.'

"During our conversation several of the natives who had heard him bragging of his intention, had come up and applauded my decision. Noticing our audience Pasqual said in a loud voice:

"'All right; this morning be it, then. I'm ready for the Gorilla at any time.'

"Accordingly we made some necessary preparations and set out on horseback for the highland haunt of this human monster. The natives directed us to a narrow winding path which we were to follow.

"But an unforeseen difficulty awaited me. No sooner were we well on our road than my companion demurred, and finally openly avowed his fear. By means of taunts and reasoning, however, I eventually succeeded in urging him onward.

"The path through the woods had so far been plainly marked and easy to follow, even upon horseback. But, after ascending a steep hillside for some distance, it grew narrower, and finally led us into a tall, thick growth of canebrake.

"When we had ridden some distance in silence I was startled by hearing a plunging and crackling in the canes behind me. Looking around, I saw my companion apparently trying to turn his horse, which was kicking and jumping among the canes.

"'What are you trying to do, you fool?' cried I.

"'He did not answer, but spurred his struggling horse the more.

"'It was no time for trifling. I drew my revolver and covered him, calling upon him to stop. He looked up, and seeing his cowardly attempt at desertion thwarted, reined his horse into the path and begged me to lower my weapon.

"'Now, Pasqual,' said I, 'I know well that you are a despicable coward and I should be better off without you; but since you were so eager to come on this expedition, come you shall, and if you make another attempt to run off I will shoot you as surely as you stand there!'

"Pasqual assured me in a frightened voice that he would do my bidding in every respect, and we once more pursued our journey through the canes.

"Telling Pasqual to ride as closely behind me as possible, I gave directions what he was to do should we be successful in finding the 'Gorilla,' and we again rode on in silence.

"On, on, we went, riding steadily up the slope, always among the canes. It seemed as if they would never come to an end.

"Just as we were wondering whether the weary journey through the brake would ever cease, a sudden turn in the path revealed to us a small clearing, in the centre of which stood a tiny house. A more secluded spot could hardly be imagined, and the clearing was invisible from the path at a distance of five yards. So suddenly did we come upon it that before we had time to rein in our horses we found ourselves in the open space before the hut.

"We were in the 'Gorilla's' territory at last! The enclosure could not have been more than twenty-five or thirty feet square, but though small it was entirely devoid of shrubbery. In the centre stood the 'Gorilla's' abode, a miserable hovel built of cane with a thatched straw roof.

"Hardly had we noticed these details when at the small open doorway there appeared the head and shoulders of our

enemy. We stood transfixed. His small, deepset, keen eyes for a moment fairly overawed us. Still closely watching, he emerged from the doorway and confronted us. No wonder that the very sight of this man terrorized the natives! Very short, but with limbs of a giant and shoulders that would have done credit to an Atlas; hair covering every visible part of his body, and with clothing so scant as to show his fine physique to the best advantage—small wonder that the man had been named 'The Gorilla.'

"I know why you're here," he suddenly shouted, at the same time brandishing his *machette* menacingly. "You think you're going to take me, do you? But no, I'll kill you both."

"At this I thought Pasqual would drop off his horse. He was deathly pale and his hands were clutching the pommel of his saddle. After trying to reassure him in an undertone, I made haste to reply to the Gorilla.

"Oh, no; you are entirely mistaken in our motives," I said. "I've only come up to have a friendly chat and see if we could not arrive at some agreement. You surely won't object to that?"

"You're lying; you've come to take me. Go back before it's too late. You think you can deceive me, but—"

"Come, come," I broke in, "don't be unreasonable. All we wish is that you hear what we have to say. You act like a foolish child. Why not listen to reason? Then if you don't like our proposition you may do as you please."

"I don't care what you have to say; I'm contented as I am, so get away from here."

"To this Pasqual seemed very willing to comply, and nodding his acquiescence was about to speak when I cut him short.

"Why be a fool? What I have to tell you is for your own good.

"I said this with all the assurance that I could muster and it seemed to have the desired effect, for after playing with the handle of his *machette* reflectively for a moment, he replied in a less surly tone:

"Well, what is it? But be quick and have done."

"All right; and I'm glad you're so sensible," I replied. "In the first place, let me assure you that I have no personal grudge against you, and simply wish to come to some terms with you by which you will leave my property. The government is already on the point of sending a strong expedition in search of you, and you yourself know what chance you have for your life when once in their hands. Therefore, for our mutual benefit, why not leave the place?"

"No," he replied, "I will not do that, and that settles it."

"The crisis of our expedition had now come. All depended on my firmness and that of Pasqual. With all the friendliness and geniality that I could muster I said:

"Since you will not agree to my terms I shall tell you candidly that you are in greater danger than you imagine from the government." As I said this I casually produced my tobacco pouch and rice paper and proceeded to roll a cigarette. Pasqual following my example. "Will you join us in a smoke and talk it over at leisure?" I asked, holding out my tobacco pouch in as inviting a manner as I could assume. To my great delight he unsuspectingly advanced and reached for the pouch, which I placed in his hand with a friendly flourish. But what happened next was more than I could have hoped. The Gorilla totally off his guard, laid down his *machette* in order to roll his cigarette.

"The critical moment had arrived! I dashed the spurs into my horse, simultaneously uttering a terrific warwhoop. In less than a moment's time the unprepared Gorilla, forced to the ground by the sudden onslaught, was struggling under my horse's hoofs. Pasqual was quick as a flash. In less time than it takes to tell it he had leaped from his horse and caught the man's feet in the coils of his lasso. Strive how he might our enemy could not gain his release. With his feet firmly secured and my terrified horse pawing his body, his was indeed a hopeless case.

"Finding himself unable to regain his *machette*, he fought with the desperation of a maniac. Blow after blow he aimed at my horse with his fists, and it was with the greatest difficulty I managed to keep my terror-stricken animal over him. Finally Pasqual, after many vain attempts, succeeded in entwining the Gorilla's arms. It was now an easy matter to make him secure, and with a few deft twists of the lasso we soon bound him hand and foot. His struggles were terrible

to witness. His horrible screams filled the air, awaking the echoes among the hills, and, mingled with terrific oaths and curses, made us fairly stop our ears. Holding my knife menacingly against his throat, I eventually succeeded in stopping him.

"Now, Pasqual, help me lift him on to your horse," said I.

"Well; where shall I ride?" he asked. "Surely not with him."

"Most certainly; and why not?"

"Why, he'd kill me. I'd rather walk than ride with a devil behind me."

"Well, put him in front, then, you idiot. There's no time to delay, so be quick about it."

"Never will I ride with that maniac on the same horse."

"Well then, your mightiness, help me to put him on mine."

"When this was done we mounted and set out for home. Already the sun was low, and as we rode down the steep incline we could see the long dark shadows of the mountains thrown far across the country round. As we perceived this we quickened our pace, for we knew that night would fall long before we reached the settlements. The Gorilla sat perfectly still, thus enabling us to make all the better time. Gradually the shadows deepened and night found us in the lowlands but still some distance from the settlement. The twinkling lights grew plainer and plainer, and finally we reached the outskirts of the town.

"As we neared the village I began to wonder what was to be done with the Gorilla. Finally I turned round to ask Pasqual's advice, but the object of my search was nowhere to be seen; he had evidently taken advantage of my lax discipline and sneaked home. Seeing this I decided to take the law into my own hands.

"A good idea here struck me and I immediately proceeded to follow it out. Turning from the road I took a path which was a short cut to my stable, for I was now on my own property.

"The full moon was now fairly risen, and all the objects surrounding us were plainly visible in its silvery light, so that the path was easily followed.

"With little or no trouble we soon arrived at the barn, which had been since sunset deserted by the laborers.

"Hastily dismounting I pulled my prisoner from the horse, and dragging him into an unused part of the stable, laid him upon the floor and returned and tied my horse. For awhile I had entertained the thought of calling some of the farm hands to assist me in administering justice, but on second thought decided that they would be of little or no use to me.

"When I went to the Gorilla I found that he had been struggling quite violently, but had not succeeded in loosening his cords.

"I'll soon teach you to try to escape," said I, "for you've given me about enough trouble already."

"He was lying in the light of the moonbeams which streamed through an open window, and I could plainly see the terribly malicious look that played on his ugly features as he replied:

"If you'll let me go I'll swear to leave your country and not disturb you or yours again. I haven't done you any harm, anyhow."

"I know you are a scoundrel," said I, "but on one condition I'll let you go scot free; but you may—"

"What is the condition?" he interrupted; "tell me quickly."

"It is this," I replied. "If you will confess, openly to me, just what ravages and crimes you have committed, you may go; but if you will not tell me, or lie to me, I shall have you hanged before you see another day. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand, but I have committed no crimes as you seem to think. I simply lived in my little hut, occasionally stealing a sheep or fowl to keep me alive—that's all."

"Of course I knew the scoundrel lied, and so, without more ado, I threw my lasso over a beam above our heads, and slipping his wrists into the noose I hoisted him up, after having given him another chance to confess. I explained to him that he would not be let down until he confessed, and then left the stable to sit down in the cooler air outside, for I was almost worn out. I had hardly sat down and lighted a cigarette when I heard my prisoner belowing for me to return and loose him, and promising that he would tell all. I finished my smoke and then leisurely walked in and quietly

asked him if he had decided to comply with my request. With wild words he assured me that he would do anything if I would but let him down. You may be sure I took my time about it, for I was none too pleased with his conduct, and the moment he reached the ground he commenced to spin off a long string of lies about privations and hardships which had torced him occasionally to steal a fowl or a stray sheep.

"Tired and disgusted with the rogue's tricks, I cut his harangue short by again hoisting him up, and seizing a leather lash I let him have two or three good cuts. It worked like a charm. He instantly dropped his whining tone, and without waiting to be let down commenced a confession of his real doings. Once more and for the last time I lowered the wretch, and then listened to a category of the most horrible crimes imaginable; for he had evidently seen that I was not to be trifled with. The last murder he had committed, by his own account, struck me as being particularly revolting. He had killed in cold blood two helpless old women because they had not a piece of soap which he demanded. In my horror I forgot for a moment my promise to let him go. 'You wretch,' cried I, 'you shall be hanged for this.'

"Scarcely had I uttered these words when, with a terrific spring, he crashed into me, felling me to the ground. The cunning dog had in some way loosened the thongs with which his feet were tied. His wrists, however, were still tightly bound, so I was at some advantage. In a second I had risen to my knees, and, eluding his desperate clutches, I made a bolt for the door. Just as I thought I was out of his reach I felt his iron grasp once more, this time about my right ankle. I redoubled my struggles, but to no purpose. He held me like a vise, at the same time gnawing fiercely at his bonds. I was in a helpless position, for the Gorilla's enormous strength made resistance impossible. I called for help in the vain hope that I might be heard by those at the house. I paused for a second. There was no response, and I had almost given up hope when I heard the furious barking of my bloodhound not far away. Never was heard a more welcome noise! With renewed vigor I struggled for freedom, simultaneously calling 'Sambo! Sambo!' and whistling with all my might. But the Gorilla was not to be so easily foiled. He sprang upon me, endeavoring to choke me. I could feel his hot breath upon my cheek and hear his muttered curses as with his bound hands he endeavored to tear my protecting arms away from my throat. For only a moment could I hold out against his furious attack, and though I could tell by the barking that the dog was rapidly approaching, I feared that he could not reach me in time. Had it not been for the strong cord which bound the Gorilla's wrists I should have been a dead man. Already I felt his rough finger tips touching my throat, and had closed my eyes feeling that my last moments had come, when instead of feeling the iron grip tightening on my throat, as I had expected, his hands were removed.

"Were my senses deceiving me? I lay half stunned for a moment, vaguely sensible of a scuffle going on about me. Suddenly a terrific howl brought me to my senses. Opening my eyes, I saw in a moment what had saved my life. There in the corner stood the Gorilla repelling the furious attacks of the bloodhound with a heavy cudgel which he had picked up. I was then too weak to move, but I watched the battle with breathless excitement. All of a sudden the Gorilla made a spring, and, hitting the dog a terrific blow on the head, bolted out of the door. Plucky Sambo was, however, undaunted. In a moment he recovered himself and dashed in pursuit of his fleeing enemy. I struggled to my feet and stood in the doorway watching the chase, every phase of which was clearly visible in the bright moonlight. On they went straight for the palisade. No sooner was it reached than the Gorilla, with a tremendous bound, grasped the top bar and in a moment had vanished, leaving the frenzied dog behind. At last after much calling, Sambo returned to me, and as I fondly patted him upon the head, we walked together to the house.

"Now, gentlemen, my story is finished; but, I may add, from that day to this I have never seen the Gorilla, although he continues committing his depredations in other parts of the country."

Saying this our Canadian friend rose, and, bidding all present good night, left the room: mid a volley of thanks.

### Find It.

My first is something found in cages;  
It comes to the front in all the ages;  
It always has been out of sight,  
But never has been seen in light;  
Yet always has appeared in day.  
Now guess this riddle, if you may.

My second's prized by little boys,  
Who like it better than their toys.  
'Tis always seen in bungalows,  
At Edmonds', Lee's and shops like those.  
'Tis cheap and may be used for lunches,  
But mind, 'tis always found in bunches.

My third boys long have wanted here,  
But never will it come I fear.  
This one is a thing of gaiety  
And seen in good society;  
But even when on pleasure bent  
You cannot have it during Lent.

My first, the second and the third  
Joined together, make a word  
That word, of course, I'll tell you not,  
But, here's a tip, it means a lot.

A. HILLS (V).

### A Page from the Diary of Willy Green.

(Edited by F. W. Hore.)

*Wednesday*—Woke up with a headache and had to stay in bed. Mrs. Rothwell only brought me dry toast for breakfast, but after school had begun I finished up that tin of salmon and bottle of preserved pears. I felt much better at noon, so got up. Helped all afternoon to clean off rink, then went for a walk and was late for tea. Too tired to go down to study, so I am in bed at 8 p. m., writing this.

*Thursday*—Must have caught cold on rink yesterday, bad cough and pain in chest, also sprained ankle. Had to stay in bed. Got up about 3.30 and took some fresh air. Felt much better and played hockey from 5 to 6. Had to leave study with toothache.

*Friday*—Ankle worse, could not dress. Doctor put ankle in plaster. Received invitation to a dance this evening. Had one more try to stand, found ankle much better, so got up and went to party. Did not get in till 11.45. Have to see Mr. Miller to-morrow.

*Saturday*—Ankle felt tired so thought I would stay in and rest it. Felt better at recess, so got up at noon. Walked out to De Cew Falls in afternoon, fell down a well, and got back too late for tea. Miss Cleghorn bound up my ankle and I went to bed. Great feast at 11 in —'s room.

*Sunday*—Went to church twice.

*Monday*—Very cold night, water jug frozen. All my undershirts gone to laundry. Toothache all morning, went to dentist's in afternoon and didn't get back till after detention. Went down to canal after tea to flood rink, missed Prayers, got to Study at 9, bath 9.15.

*Tuesday*—Pain in my side, can hardly breathe. Read "The Crimson Handed Beauty of the Lonely Ranch" in the morning. Boys say I was scared of the Literature class to-day, but they don't know, *nobody* knows what I suffer.



J. W. GREENHILL, L. R. SANCHEZ, W. C. J. DOOLITTLE, A. J. HILLS, H. R. HARMER, F. W. HORE, C. J. PHELPS,  
 G. M. MAIR, R. D. GURD, J. G. MACLAREN, G. M. MACLAREN, MR. W. H. GRAHAM, J. R. COOKE, H. C. GRIFFITH,  
 MR. W. C. MICHELL, A. W. MACKENZIE, MR. W. DAVIS, J. R. COOKE, H. C. GRIFFITH.

## Ancient Classics for English Readers.

There was a man—a Hellene bold—  
In Hellas far away;  
He lived as all the Hellenes did  
In that Hellenic day.

He dwelt in Hellene houses, or  
In Hellene *oikias*,  
And enjoyed all the liberties  
That every Hellene has.

He rode about his Hellene town  
Upon a Hellene nag,  
And oft on Hellene cocktails strong  
He got a Hellene jag.

His Hellene eye was azure blue,  
His Hellene teeth like pearl;  
And with his many Hellene charms  
He caught a Hellene girl.

He spooned with this young Hellene fair  
As only Hellene can,  
Till came a fairer Hellene girl,  
Then off to her he ran.

For his Hellene affections blew  
About like Hellene snow,  
And when his first Hellene saw this  
She up and said "Hello!"

She put her Hellene jacket on,  
Went to the Hellene court,  
And filed a breach of promise suit  
Against this Hellene sport.

When our young Hellene heard the news  
He didn't say "Hello!"  
But changed the "Hell" and "o" about  
And said it with a go.

He gathered up his Hellene cash  
Within a Hellene sack,  
And with his talents he rode off  
Inside a Hellene hack.

With true Hellene hilarity  
He now scoffed at the law;  
But turning round to scratch his back,  
Some Hellene "cops" he saw.

Then to the Hellene charioteer  
He yelled out, "Let 'er go."  
Alas! this Hellene cab-horse was,  
Like others, very slow.

The Hellene "cops" soon reached him now,  
But when he offered bribes,  
He found a Hellene Parkhurst had  
Been working 'mongst the tribes.

Five Hellene *parasangs* it was  
Unto the city gate,  
Where Hellene justice sat to fix  
This *anthropos'* fate.

The Hellene judge was stern, and said:  
"Such conduct I must check!"  
And gave it to our Hellene friend  
Right in his Hellene neck.

The Hellene court said he must pay  
Ten thousand dollars cash,  
Or take the Hellene girl, or be  
Put in the Royal hash.

He would not take the Hellene girl,  
And could not raise the "dough,"  
So *Basileus'* hash to make  
This Hellene youth did go.

When e'er you want to jolly girls,  
Or vulgarly "to mash,"  
Do not, like him, commit yourself,  
And "get into the hash."

Now, this young Hellene's callous heart  
Was like a little stone,  
It got in the King's appendix  
And made that tyrant groan.

In vain a Hellene Roentgen  
X rays into him shot,  
The Hellene King just "shuffled off"  
And from the world he got.

We will not mention his abode  
On leaving Hellas old,  
For bad words are not printed in  
This paper, we are told.

J L. S.

## Gems of Thought.

Mr. Michell—"Now, boys, class has commenced."

Mair, Curry and Morton—"The Merry Wives of Windsor"

Ramsey is reported to have become somewhat barberous of late.

An exchange well says that a strap sharpens not only razors but boys.

There's not a boy on the cricket team who doesn't play with (W. G.) Grace.

Chapel, Sunday, p. m.—Mr. Miller—"First row; one behind the other, please!"

What cricketing term does Mr. Williams use when a certain boy asks permission to go down town? No, Ball.

What is the difference between a grocer and a man taking a boy? One ways a pound and the other pounds away.

Boy—"Hello! Ise, there's lots of atmosphere in the weather lately, isn't there?" Ise—"Yes, it is pretty cold."

Mr. Williams—"Now wipe the board, Walker, and we'll do this sum together." "Take a clean page in your scribblers," etc.

Now, always look before you leap,

Warn us the seasons all;

For, though we'll take a gentle Spring,

We'll have a heavy Fall.

Mr. Barker says that the boys of the second form would swear that *Black* was *White* if by doing so they could get themselves out of a scrape.

If germs are lurking in a kiss—

And science tells us so—

There is a *German Empire*

Beneath the mistletoe.

The other day C E B. announced that if he ever was married his wife would be at least 14 years younger than himself, because, as she was not Bo(u)rn(e) yet, she could not be less than 14 years y unger.



## Hockey, '96.



Owing to the large quantity of snow this year our team has had very little practice, and, as a result, when we played Upper Canada we were defeated. Still, it was by so small a score that there is good reason for believing we might have been victorious if our team had pulled together.

A covered rink would have been of inestimable benefit to us, for then we need not fear the snow or sun, and practice could have been carried on regularly, and the masters wouldn't have had to grumble about boys leaving class to perform laborers' duty on the ice.

Still, out of the number of games played, we came out very well: winning 2, drawing 1, and losing 1, because we had such splendid individual material. It seems to be a great pity that this should have to be in a great measure thrown away owing to lack of a proper place to develop it.

The season commenced rather late, owing to the mild weather and heavy snow-storms. Although our boys got down to the ice at almost every available moment, the team had had almost no practice when they played St. Kitts at the Aberdeen rink, St. Catharines. The boys played splendidly, and soon had their opponents tired out, winning easily by a score of 8 to 0.

After this there was a succession of heavy snowstorms, alternating with mild, melting weather.

During this period several matches were arranged with U. C. C., but owing to different causes never came off, very much to everybody's annoyance.

However, the Juniors managed to play the Collegiates on our rink, and after a very close and exciting game a tie resulted. Neither side showed much combination and the play was rather loose. Score, 5—5.

The next match was on Thursday, March 5th, at the Aberdeen Rink against Niagara-on-the-Lake. George Maclaren was unable to be on the ice, but the College had an easy time, being victorious by a score of 9 to 1.

Then came *the* match of the season. On Friday, January 13th, Mr. Graham received a challenge from U. C. C. for the following day, and it was decided to accept it, even without any training or practice.

The game was played on the Granite Rink before a good number of spectators.

The teams were very well matched, and at half time the score stood 6—4 in favor of U. C. C.

At five minutes before time we were one point ahead, at two minutes of time the score was a tie. Then U. C. C. got down to work and we seemed to grow over-confident, so that in the short space of two minutes U. C. C. managed to make two goals, winning the match by a score of 11—9.

The game was a very friendly one, very little rough play being indulged in.

Alec. and the Maclaren brothers played a star game, as usual, doing some splendid shooting. Hal Harmer played an excellent, steady defense game, and saved the College lots of points.

Up to going to press this was the last match, and the College may be proud of her sons who upheld the orange and black so gallantly on the slippery ice.

H. L. HOYLES (IV.)

## Getting Boxes.

The College boys, although they get very good 'grub,' like extremely well to get a box from home, and of course get all sorts of things they want in one. Of the contents of a box they make very short work, and some of the strong mixtures that they make are marvellous. Such things as sardines on fruit cake, ice cream on ham sandwiches, chickens mixed with lemon pies, also peanuts, cakes and candy well mixed with assorted biscuits, oranges and canned salmon.

When the boys get boxes they rush them up to Miss Cleghorn's room, and have them locked up. Some are very generous with their boxes and some make 'porks' of themselves.

Generally when a boy gets a box he finds that he has a great many friends flocking around him that have suddenly become very demonstrative in their affection. The strange part of it is that these friends usually disappear with the contents of the box.

W. G. MITCHELL (I).

We wish to call Angus H. Miller's attention to the following opinion from Shakespeare's Measure for Measure:

O' it is excellent  
To have a giants' strength, but tyrannous to use it like a  
giant.

### Autobiography of a Desk.

I was born many years ago in a large factory at Preston, Ont., and had a number of brothers and sisters about the same age as myself. After I had grown up I was dressed in a shiny coat of varnish; my legs were painted black and they piled me up with many more desks in a dark and dingy store-room.

Many weary weeks we kept wondering what they would do with us, for we were getting tired of this cramped position.

One day I overheard a conversation between two men, who said they would send the whole of our family to St. Catharines for Ridley College, and I felt very happy at the prospect, little thinking how homesick I should be in a very few days.

Finally we were nailed up in large crates and shipped.

After being nearly jolted to pieces in a wagon, then almost deafened by the puffing and some horrible monster that whirled us along in a cold, dirty box, we were at length rattled through some streets in another wagon. It was a cold day and I shivered in my varnish coat. One of my brothers and myself managed to steal a glimpse through the bars of the crate at the City of St. Catharines. He said he didn't like the looks of the place much, but his remarks were cut short by our being dumped on the ground in front of our new home.

We did not rest here long but were taken into a room and screws put through our feet into the floor. It hurt a great deal, but we were *quite set up* after it. You should have seen how nicely we looked. I can tell you we were very much stuck on ourselves; *also on the floor*.

In January the school opened and the boys came trooping in admiring us very much. A very fat boy came up to me, rubbed me down and said he meant to have me. He didn't, because I happened to be in the back row, and his masters said they'd like him up in front.

During my class-room life I have been very much sought after, being in the last row; but this attention, though very flattering, has worn me out before my time, and many of my brothers are still in the front looking as young as ever.

My troubles soon commenced. A careless boy emptied an ink-well over my nice clean face. He got an hour's detention. I did not know then what this meant, but it seemed to console my tormentor as little as it did me.

After a time some *silly fellow* carefully cut his initials right into my cheek. I was pleased when one of the masters gave him the strap and fined him fifty cents. I thought the money was to pay my doctor's bill, but the wounds were left undressed and the scars still remain.

One lad, especially, I remember, had a new knife, and to test its point, started to jab me with it. You may laugh, but you wouldn't like to have it done to you. Soon the cuts became quite large and he stopped. When a master noticed them and asked if he had done it, "No," he replied, "it was my knife." Great joke, wasn't it? He got detention and was fined too. I was neglected as before.

I do not know how long I have been here. The class has changed many times and many different boys have used me. Some were smart—some dull. Ah! how I enjoyed hearing the masters scold some of them. None seemed to have any respect for me, however.

I remember the names of a few who worked over me at one time or another. There was the mighty Angus "Armstrong," Miller, as the boys called him; then "Lily" Hills, who weighed on me so heavily that I felt quite relieved when he got his promotion (after some length of time). Next was a boy named Davis. He always made little toys in class when he was not ill in bed, for he was a confirmed invalid and was "nigh unto death" (except on holidays). Next came George Gooderham, a nice little fellow. He rode a bicycle and could converse for hours upon athletics; but lessons—well, let's change the subject.

But I suppose all my old boy friends are like the rest of the world, and don't care a pin about one after one has served them faithfully. I say long, for some of them were my companions for more than one year when they failed in their "exams."

Now, I must tell you about my downfall. One summer morning before class had commenced some boys entered the room to study. Before long one of them threw a book at another in way of a joke. The object of this attack resented the insult and in retaliation threw his enemy across my back and a free fight ensued, the result being that after a great deal of shaking and straining one of my legs suddenly gave way and down I went to the floor with a crash, carrying the boys with me. The next day a man took my fractured body to the carpenter shop, to repair me if possible. A consultation was held over my crippled frame, and alas! I finally heard the sad news that I was fatally injured and was of no more use.

Then came the most humiliating experience of my life—I was carried from the carpenter shop to an old coal pile—not only cruel, but I consider it thankless treatment for a poor old desk who had battled and struggled on so long as a sort of instructor of youth. Little or nothing now remains to be told, for, on my side, half smothered in coal and rubbish, I am passing the last, unhappy days of my life.