

# THE RIVAL

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## Seeing St. Andrew's Through a Megaphone

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

(With apologies to 'the Ladies' Home Journal.) ,



At last ladies and gents we have arrived at the fine entrance, or, rather, driveway, leading up to St. Andrew's College. Note the magnificent rows

of shade trees on either side of the road, also the college itself in the background. No, no, madam, the college is, the small red brick building,



that one to your left is merely the football dressing room. While we are talking on this subject I might mention the fact that this school, although not strictly a centre of learning, is noted for its football team, the players for which are brought in from all parts of both the United States and Canada, and it is said that the boys are going to give a theatrical entertainment next fall to enable their football team to make the tour of the Australian, South African, British and other famous Rugby clubs. Some people are inclined to think this might give them swelled heads, but as the majority of them already have they do not take this into serious consideration. The small boy just entering his automobile is one of the numerous millionaires with which the school is infested. Here we have the gates. As there are practically no old boys to this institution, the gates were tacked on the price of tuition of the present scholars. You now see the flower beds, also the entrance to the school. All off, please, who wish to go through the building.

This building, ladies 'nd gents, although not so large nor as imposing as Upper Canada College, is, nevertheless, newer, and therefore has a more modern aspect. Here is the entrance. The figure above the doorway is the St. Andrew's crest. The history of it is this.—When the contractors were erecting the structure they had to employ structural steel workers on account of its great height. One day when the sun was shining, and all the world seemed gay, a poor fellow was carrying a hod of mortar, a few bricks and two pieces of lumber across a rafter 400 feet above the ground. Suddenly his foot slipped and he fell. Before the fire department could get

there and spread a net he had reached the ground. When the authorities of the college were hunting around for a crest one of them hit upon the idea of having a model made of the brave workman who gave up his life to build the college. So they got a famous sculptor to make a life size model of him carrying the two planks, the bricks and mortar across the dizzy height. The sculptor being a man of vivid imagination, tacked on a few extra garments, made the two boards in the form of an algebraical equation and the bricks and mortar look like a pedestal around his feet, which seemed very suitable. It was accepted and stuck in the place where you see it. When you see the statue holding its nose you will know they are trying some vile experiment down in the science room, which I might say, although very small, is capable of attracting as much attention as most anything in the school. We will now go inside. Note the glass knobs on the front door. These were originally intended to represent diamonds, but failed to have the desired effect. Although you may think these rather loud, you should wait until you hear the bugle played, which is used to summon the boys to meals; also the cries of the same boys when they see what they get served them to eat. There are a few other things which are almost on a par with these, among which I will just mention the socks and suits of some of the sports. One in particular on a gala day put on a new outfit which so shocked the portrait of the founders that it made all the vest and eyes go a pale green color. It is said to be a true fact that during school hours a boy had his feet stuck out in the aisle and was chewing gum. When the master saw him, "Take your gum out of



your mouth and put your feet in," he roared. The idea of having to put such a loud pair of socks into his mouth so shocked the boy that he fainted.

Here you see the long hallway and rows of class rooms. Yes, ma'am, it has rather a prison aspect, but think how much more the boys appreciate home after a lengthy sojourn here. Right up this stairway, please. This long corridor here is the boarders' roost, or rather their sleeping apartments. We might take a peep into one of the rooms just to show you what they are like. This room is evidently the place where some boy from Montana or other uncivilized place hangs out, as you will notice all the different guns, belts and other cowboy paraphernalia on the walls. The owner of this room evidently has some connection with the school magazine as the funny looking little thing over there is the printing press with which they publish it. We will now go down here to the assembly hall, sometimes called the amusement arcade. The boys often gather here for a good laugh. Yes, sir, it is rather small, but then you must rememehr that "small things amuse small minds." At the end of the hall you will see the school coat-of-arms, also the motto which reads like this, "Sneerouski Andrugouski Skiddothereovitch," or words to that effect. On the raised dais in the far corner you will see the two cups which this school has won from Upper Canada College in football. In the far corner you will also see the vacant stands, the half-dozen or so cups from which have been won by U. C. C.

Now, ladies and gents, as it is getting rather late, I am afraid we will have to cease our sight-seeing for today. As the school is lighted by candle power we will not trouble the people to light up.

All down stairs again, please. Those wishing to see the city itself may do so on payment of an extra twenty-five cents, a quarter of a dollar.

All aboard. Let 'er go, Jim. Honk! Honk!

#### AND THE FORM GUFFAWED.

"Tell me," said the master, "what is a polygon?"

"A dead parrot," replied Willison, with his rare smile.

We wish to convey our congratulations to Coatsworth, who has lately been given a new collar and tie.

No, Christie, we haven't got a joke about you this time, but perhaps in our next number we can get something about you.

The gigantic jesters—Fen Brown, Ferdie Maculloch, Patterson 1 and 2.

"Your note, please," said the master to Harris, who had been absent.

The youth drew a folded paper from his pocket and gave it to the master with seeming nonchalance.

The worthy pedagogue opened it, and as he read a satisfied smile spread over his face. "By the way, Harris, you owe me 200 lines, do you not?"

"I don't think so, sir," replied he.

"Well, on this paper is written '200 lines for Mr. — for Wednesday.'"

Harris was resuscitated by some of his sympathetic classmates, and had almost regained complete consciousness by the end of the period.

#### TOO LATE.

"You'd better subscribe to *Anybody's Magazine*, ma'am," said the agent. "We send it to you for a year for \$1, and we give you besides a complete set of Kipling, bound in tree calf, a case of celluloid soap, a lawn mower, a baby carriage and a portrait of Secretary Root."

"You're too late," said the old lady, "I've just joined the sacred circle of readers of the *Ladies' Home Doodad*, and I gets it for 75 cents with the works of Laura Jean Libbey, four gross of Peters' Heney Balm for the complexion, in quarts; a clothes wringer, two wash bilers, a kitchen stove and a chromo of Roosevelt Crossin the Delaware in a gilt frame throwed in."



### THE COLLEGE ARMS.

Mr. J. Ross Robertson, an old college boy of 1852-8, has sent the Board of Trustees of the college a pen and ink drawing of the college arms. In

branches. This form continued until 1860, when the Rev. Dr. Scadding not only suggested, but determined that as the school had practically been founded through the efforts of Sir John Colborne, the Lieutenant-Governor of the



the letter which accompanies the gift Mr. Robertson writes.—

“The College Arms, so called, first appeared upon the sides of the prize books in 1833. The design was composed of two palm branches, encircling the College name and fastened together by a riband bearing the College motto in a scroll which joins the palm

Province of Upper Canada, in 1829, and that the Governor in his opening speech in that year spoke of the College as the ‘Royal Grammar School,’ therefore the King’s crown should have its place in the design between the palm branches.

“The crown, which appeared up to 1905 on the College prize books, honor



certificates and other documents, while a Royal crown, was not the crown of George IV., in whose reign the College was founded by the Legislature. The crown in the above sketch is from the official history of the volume in the British Museum, giving the coronation of George the Fourth. The drawing was made under my direction from the original, by an experienced official of the Museum.

"The College, with its great record, is worthy of the crown, but as the institution is not of Royal foundation it is not entitled, strictly speaking, to use the crown, for there is no evidence either in Great Britain or Canada that will substantiate its claim to rank as of royal foundation. Indeed, a high authority in England says no school founded by Government is entitled to consider itself a Royal Foundation. Every college of Royal Foundation possesses a charter to that effect—no such document was ever issued to Upper Canada College. But the want of a crown is a minor matter. The glory of the College is in the great work it has accomplished in the education of the boys of not only Upper Canada, but of other parts, who have passed through its halls, and who look back with pride on the pleasant and instructive years they spent within the walls of their Alma Mater.

"The sketch, with the appended note, is presented to the Trustees of the College by an old pupil, who owes in large part whatever little success he has had in life to the instruction, to say nothing of the canings, he received at the dear old school, whose benches he cut and carved over half a century ago.

Toronto, Christmas, 1906.

The other day one of the fellows who had been used to practising down at the Mutual was heard to remark, when he entered our covered rink, that it was an "idiotic little ice-box."

"What have you got in the shape of bananas this morning?" asked a young woman of the grocer's clerk.

"Cucumbers," he said, with a droll smile.

## THE STOLEN LUNCHES.

(A Drama in Three Acts.)

Specially written for "The Rival" by  
Mr. George Bernard Shakespeare.

Act I.—Scene I.—U. C. C. prayer hall. Time—9 a.m. Enter three conspirators, Chris. Smart, Fatterson and Jaw Billions.

Smart—How lean and hungry Billions doth appear!  
Too little nourishment he gets, I fear.  
He lives on naught, in truth, but what he steals,  
And on the day-boys' lunches maketh meals;  
He stalks about the chilly corridor,  
And peeps in lockers dark and on the floor.

In hoping that, perchance, he may there find  
Some sandwich that a day-boy's left behind.

Billions—Thou speak'st aright;  
I am that merry wanderer of the night.

Smart—But finds he there so much as scrap or crust?

Nay, always hath some other got there fast,

Some other hath come earlier than he,  
And so he must abide him hungrily,  
And blame his fit of fell procrastination

That leaves him with a vacant corporation!

Fatterson—How true thou speak'st,  
fair sir, thy words in sooth,  
Are truer than the truest gospel truth.  
For I myself have noticed much of late,  
How my proportions have reduced in weight,

Few lunches now about the halls find I,

'Tis near a fortnight since I've tasted pie!



Gadzooks! I'm grown so lean and spare, beshrew me,  
'An 'tis a wonder thou can'st not see through me!

Billions—In truth, good sirs, some plans we must devise  
To get the day-hoys' sandwiches and pies.

Smart—Yes, pies we're after, sandwiches and cake!

And as a stratagem we straight will make,

For Billions says we must devise some plan,

And Billions is an honorable man;  
Some scheme we must devise, 'tis evident,

And so to you a stunt I will present;  
Down stairs we'll slip at noon ere sounds the bell,

And thou and I will search the lockers well.

And secrete any lunches we may see  
Behind the master's desk in study D.  
Hist! comrades, fail me not, and you shall munch

This day at noon a memorable lunch!  
Billions—Yea! I'll be there, good sir, or may I die!

Fatterson—And fates permitting, master, so shall I!

(Exit severally).

As they depart the figure of Workinshaw springs from behind the organ, where he has been hiding, and has heard all.

Workinshaw—Oddsbodkins! full well I mark the three,  
Who in a locker once did banish me,  
And by the dust ground in my clothes and hair,  
I swore eternal vengeance then and there.

The iron now is heat, the hour's at hand,  
When I shall work my vengeance on the band,

I'll hie me to the laboratory dusky,  
And take some salts and acids good and husky,

And I will mix 'em up a potion dread,  
Which I shall sprinkle on their stolen bread,

That when they finish their unworthy meal,

'Twill not be long ere they begin to feel

Within their inner regions dire pains,  
A true reward for such ill-gotten gains.  
Oh, Smart, I prophesy thou'lt smart anon!

And Billions, thou'lt be bilious e'er I'm done;

Whilst Fatterson, I wot, will soon be known,

But by his name carved on a gray tomb-stone!

I think my piece of scientific work'll  
Convince 'em that the wheel has come full circle! (Exit.)

Act II.—Scene I.—The corridor half an hour before the noon bell.

Enter Fatterson—Hist! Hist! The gong at noon will soon awaken  
The hour when all the lunches must be taken,

Then I will softly steal into room D,  
Where rests the stolen fruit so temptingly,

And then I'll reach my hand and seize the loot,

And with it down the hallway quickly scoot;

Where, having found a place to stop at last,

I'll seat me to a sumptuous repast.  
A traitorish trick, but when as starved as I,

One seldom chooses honesty to pie.  
(Exit.)

Enter Chris, Smart and Billions, with huge bag of day boys' lunches.

Smart—Now, Billions, to the study quickly haste we  
And secrete there this lusty bag of pastry,

Gadzooks! but when those day boys do appear,

The uproar will be something great to hear.

I'll wage a florin that within an hour  
This building shakes from corner-stone to tower!

But tarry not, for we have other work,  
It bodes much ill with us, if here we lurk.

Billions—And yet my conscience pricketh me this day,

Tw'as a foul action, call it what ye may!



Smart—Bah! conscience wounds are wounds that quickly heal, They'll vanish shortly in this noble meal. (Exeunt.)

Enter Workinshaw.

Now may the saints have mercy on all three,

This stuff will do them up right tidily. I mixed it stronger than I counted on, As they'll bear proof who sample it anon,

But now I must away to study D And saturate their lunch full stealthily. (Exit.)

Act III.—Scene I.—Another part of the corridor enter Smart and Billions in a transport of dismay, wringing their hands.

Smart—Oh, horror! horror! horror! human tongue cannot conceive nor name thee!

Billions—'Tis gone! 'tis gone! all gone! now by the rood We sup in sorrow who had reck'd on food.

Smart—Unutterable woe! oh, fell disaster!

Who wouldst have ta'en it—think you 'twas the master?

Billions—No, no, I say, not he, as I am livin', He is a noble master and well given.

Smart—The thief has left us neither crust nor bun,

Which points decidedly to Fatterson.

Billions—'Twas Fatterson! 'twas he! and now our task'll

Be straight to run and find the thieving rascal;

And having found him, we will maul and scrap him,

And drag him down the corridor and tap him!

The knave will shortly see his thievish face in

A neat reflection of the marble basin!

Enter Workinshaw.

Workinshaw (aside)—All their ill-gotten grub I saturated With my vile potion, now the three are fated!

Smart—I pray you, sir, have you seen such a one

About these halls as Master Fatterson? He stole some eatables which did be long to us,

In truth he is a knave to do such wrong to us!

Workinshaw—And did you not, good sirs, get any of it?

Billions—Nay, nay, the goodly bag-full he doth covet.

And not a crumb the rascal left behind him,

Up Smart, and off! for we must surely find him!

(Flourish and shout enter three boarders.)

1st Boarder—This is a day when wonders do befall,

For day-boys scream and shriek about the hall,

And on the stairs above they've seized on one,

A lusty lout, by name of Fatterson.

And they to pulp are fiercely mashing him,

And I'll be bound they'll rend him limb from limb!

The knave had stolen some grub, which he was eating,

And so they're giving him a sort of beating.

(Shout from above.)

Workinshaw (aside)—He's up against it now, but I expect

My potion would have had the same effect.

Smart—Thus should all knaves be punished, by Lord Harry!

But get we hence, 'twere foolishness to tarry.

(Exeunt.)

(Flourish and curtain.)

(Exit.)

## THE TOWER ROOM.

By Gordon McFarlane.

You may believe this story or you may not. Few have ever heard me tell it before, so you may consider it rather a favor which I am about to tell you.

It was during my first term here that the earthquake visited South America, where I lived, with the result that a message from my people bade me stay here during the holidays. There was another chum of mine in the same



fix, so I considered myself rather in luck. One afternoon my friend, whom we may call "Peter" for short, who had been here longer than I had, remarked that this was the anniversary day of the phenomenon of the Tower Room. It was July the 10th.

I had always had a longing to see ghosts or such like, as I made him tell me all that he knew. It was as follows:—

"On this same day several years ago a man proposed to sleep in the Tower room, which was supposed to be haunted, for one night. He took with him a revolver, a camp bed, some blankets, and about a dozen candles. Next morning he was found at the bottom of the ladder which goes up to the room with his neck broken. An investigation showed that the candles had gone out at 12.15 that morning. Nobody has ever slept there since." I was naturally curious, and the Tower room seemed to have a great attraction for me. I told Peter that if the housekeeper would let me I would spend the night in that room. So when we returned to the building I went to the housekeeper and asked her to let me spend the night there. At first she would not hear of it, but after coaxing for a few minutes she consented, but said that "if I broke my neck it was my own fault." I merely laughed and asked where I could find some candles. About ten o'clock that night Peter and I returned from down town, where I had purchased a couple of "lawn lights" and a 22 revolver. Peter still tried to dissuade me, but I was curiosity itself by now and determined to go and discover the ghost. At about ten-thirty o'clock I started for the Tower room, which is about half way up the tower itself. A flight of stairs took me from the upper storey to the landing from which the ladder ran up to a trap door that opened at one side of the floor of the mysterious room. I never had the slightest fear of ghosts and the like, but as I went up that ladder I could have sworn that someone was

silently following me. I steadily mounted up some forty or more rungs and then pushed open the trap door, lighted a candle, shut the trap and looked around the room. It was a small box-like place, about 30 x 25 feet. At one end was the trap door by which I had entered, at the opposite side was the camp bed on which my predecessor had evidently lain, for the clothes were still there. At each corner of the room, save that occupied by the bed, were square boxes, or rather, packing cases, on which the remnants of some candles were still left. The sides were of brick and the ceiling and floor of wood. The room was utterly devoid of windows, and not an atom of light came in from any crack in the floor or ceiling. I then examined the packing cases, which were empty, and commenced to rap on the walls and flooring. The ceiling was too high to reach, but from appearances it was just the same as the floor. Having found out nothing by this, I lit a few more candles and set them on the boxes, and then I took out my magazine and commenced to read. But try as I might I could not keep my mind from returning to the mysterious death of the former occupant. Again I tried to concentrate my thoughts, and succeeded fairly well until I heard a creak in the ceiling. I immediately grabbed my little .22 and stood on the alert. But nothing happened. After about five minutes I again took up my book, looked at my watch (it wanted five minutes of eleven-thirty o'clock), and recommenced my reading. I read for about twenty minutes, and then got up to replenish my candles. I put two on each case, making six in all, sat down and looked at my watch. It was just twelve o'clock. "Now," I thought, "if the ghost comes it will be soon." But five and then ten minutes passed and nothing happened, and I had commenced to doze, when suddenly one of the candles went out in the far corner. I sprang to my feet, with revolver ready, then, as the others continued to burn merrily, I walked over and relit the candle. As I did so the one at the opposite corner went out. I looked around quickly and saw nothing; walking over I lit it and turned suddenly.



As I did the whole three at the opposite side were snuffed out, not blown out by a draught surely, for the flame never wavered, it was bright one second and out the next. I had heard of candles being snuffed out before by some invisible hand, but had always thought the persons who saw these had evidently eaten too much or else had very vivid imaginations. But here was the same thing happening. Another went out, and still another. There was now only one left. With feverish haste I grabbed in my pocket for the pale green lawn light, lit it and set it in the centre of the floor. The room now had a pale green aspect, which made everything look ghastly. Even my own hands seemed spook like. Suddenly the one remaining candle went out, and then the lawn light commenced to die down. I now lit the red one, which only made everything still more supernatural looking than before. All at once both the lawn lights went out, and I lost my head completely. Something seemed to be in the room here, there and everywhere all at once. I could not describe it, just a something which tried to encircle me. I drew my

the place was in total darkness. Then and fired the six shots one after the other on all sides, but even they seemed muffled. Now my last resort was gone, my matches were all spent, and I was nearly crazy with fear. Gradually something took hold of me. Bright, feverish eyes seemed to be on all sides. I put my arms around my face and made towards the trap door, my foot slipped, and I fell headlong through the open trap down the ladder to the floor beneath.

The next day I recovered consciousness and found myself in the house-keeper's room with the kindly matron and Peter standing guard. My back ached, my head was bandaged, and my collar bone broken, and on the inside of my right arm there were two cuts in the shape of a cross about two inches long. These were said to have been found in exactly the same place on the man who had met his death trying to solve the mystery in the same way as I had. \* \* \* Some of you may doubt my story, others may not, but you may try to solve it for yourselves. As for me I have had enough of ghosts and haunted places for the rest of my natural life.

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