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Easter Number

Putman. Nelson. Robinson.



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U. C. C. HOCKEY TEAM, 1892-93

W. G. Thomas, Manager. W. S. D. C. MacLennan, Manager.

Kelso. Rayside.

College Times

Enclosure

DEER PARK

Monday, March 27th

1893



College Times.



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DEER PARK, MARCH 27, 1898.

No. 8.

The College Times.

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All literary contributions should be addressed to the Editors with the writer's signatures appended).

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

By the way, what about that race track? This is spring, and it is also the 27th of March.

We congratulate the college on its acquisition, so long, long deferred, of a real good swimming bath. The bath is now in full operation, and is really excellent. It is also supplied with two very good shower baths, and every other appliance. This is a thing which no large school should be without, being calculated to promote at once health, strength, and manliness among the boys. We can't see, however, why we should not have both the outdoor and indoor baths.

We think that the boys ought to give the new games' fund some encouragement. If properly carried out and supported, it would add greatly to our efficiency in Athletics. Of course being a new scheme, it may not be quite understood yet.

The idea is to amalgamate all the sports under one head, under the management of the Stewards. But even if it isn't quite understood still we

think that the boys, and especially the boys on the first teams ought to pay up. There are numerous boys on the teams who haven't paid a cent, and if they don't pay, what can you expect the juniors to do.

The Spring term is now coming on, and there is no money in the Treasury, and the football and Hockey seasons have not yet been paid for. So we hope that the boys will open their pockets a little more than they have done previously.

Has the poetic muse no devotees within these classic walls? Are there amongst us no budding Shakespeares, no future Tennysons? The heart of the editor is heavy within him, and after vainly wrestling with a six foot and very muscular metre for about an hour, he has come to the conclusion that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. A week ago occurred the vernal equinox! This is spring, the poetic season of the year, the time when all nature awakes to the ripeness of the hour, when the trees put forth their shoots and the flowers their buds, when everything rejoices in the light and warmth of the returning sun! It would suffice to dash these high reflections that nought is to be seen from the sanctum window but a quantity of disconsolate and disconsolidated snow, and an acre of remarkably beautiful and sticky mud. But beside all this, not one, no, not one single Spring Poem has been deposited on the editor's desk, or fired under the editor's door. It may be that would-be correspondents are scared. If such be the case we would assure them that all MSS. will be treated with perfect fairness, until they reach the composers' hands. After that we decline to be responsible for their preservation intact. It cannot be that this school is in the awful condition of not having one poet among its three hundred students. And if that be not the case, we call on the bard or bards, whoever he or they may be, to come forward and allow the world at large to receive the benefit of their genius. An Easter number, and not a single Spring Poem! This is awful!

Something would appear to be radically wrong with the system now in vogue here of operating what is popularly known as "tatty leave;" for as at present carried on it is both inconvenient and unjust. Cases have recently occurred in which boys spent half an hour looking for and waiting for the sergeant, and then in despair of being able to get leave that afternoon have dispensed with that formality and gone over without. And for this heinous crime, this fearful defiance and subversion of authority, these unfortunate youths were "confined till further notice," which further notice did not come we believe till nearly a week after the occurrence. We believe in punishment for the sake of discipline, and not discipline for the sake of punishment, and how discipline can be improved by severely punishing a boy for breaking, not from any desire to do so, but because it had become impossible to follow, an unimportant and inconvenient rule of the College is beyond our comprehension.

SONNET—TO A PEN.

Thou great inscriber of man's deeds,
 Of poet's thoughts, of nation's lore,
 Of love, of hate, of aims which soar
 To heights of fame, and all indeed
 Which goes the cause of right to plead.
 Thou glorious knight of freedom—more
 Than sword, intrigue or battle's roar,
 Than envy, bigotry and creed.
 Imparter of the lover's dream;
 The rich man's whim, the beggar's wail,
 Of king's command, and statesman's theme;
 Of rapture, sorrow, hope and fail.
 A monarch ruler thou dost seem,
 To love, to curse, exalt and rail.

D. A. McCALLUM, '96.

Univ. Coll., Toronto.

Woman is a delusion: it is astonishing how fond some young men are of hugging delusions.

A correspondent asks, "What magazine would you recommend as likely to quickly secure me a very high position by the insertion of an article containing, as my friends assure me, a good deal of fire?" We suggest a powder magazine, but trust our correspondent will select one in the next province.

EXCHANGES.

Our old friend Trinity College School has at last succeeded in producing a paper, which with a remarkable degree of originality they have entitled, *Red and Black*. It is not a bad production for a beginning, but we should judge that the boys did not write the majority of the matter contained in its nine pages. The *Red and Blue* of Pennsylvania, contains some good sketches and poetry. We receive also *Printer's Ink*, and the California *Rostrum*, which latter contains a vigorous article on "Bacchanalian Revels."

PATRIOTISM.

Mr. W. B. Northrop, M. P., Belleville, has generously presented a cricket-bat to the First XI, the destination of which is yet to be settled by the members themselves. Mr. Northrop, besides being Head of the School, was also an active and prominent member of the Team of 1874, and it is gratifying to find that he has not forgotten his old school, nor the game, but still keeps a warm corner in his heart for both.

FUNNIOSITIES.

Watts: What is the matter with Thompson? He has got so he stammers all the time. Potts: His wife made him stop swearing.

THE ADVICE WAS TIMELY.—Lieutenant Lofty (just before the battle): General, I should like very much to see my father before he dies.

General Poundtext: Go at once, my boy. Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land.

MERELY A SOLICITOR.—Sleek Stranger: I am hunting for work, sir. Have you any scrubbing, washing or cleaning of any kind you wish done?

Mr. Morrison Essex: You don't look like a man for that kind of work.

Sleek Stranger: I am not, sir. It is for my wife I am hunting work.

Samson, the strong party, was the first man to advertise. He took two solid columns to demonstrate his strength, and several thousand persons tumbled to his scheme.

"TILL THE SEA GIVES UP ITS DEAD."

Some few years ago, when stationed at Kiel, as first-lieutenant of the German training ship *Kondor*, the following curious incidents came under my notice, part being related to me by brother officers, and the sequel witnessed by myself.

On board the *Kondor*, at the time I refer to, there were two lieutenants, Krantz and Aggersberg. The former I afterwards relieved. The *Kondor* had on board some seventy or eighty boys, training for the Imperial navy. She was an old line-of-battle ship, and had been purchased from the British Government for her present purpose. The boys slept in hammocks on the main deck, from which much of the furniture and the guns had been removed to improve the ventilation, and to give more space for drilling and exercising. From the cabins abaft to the sick bay, or hospital, forward, there was nothing to intercept the view beyond a few models and a large iron water-tank standing nearly to the height of the deck, at the bottom of the main ladder leading from the upper deck.

Complaints had been made, from time to time, by the boys of a man, or men appearing at night on this sleeping deck, and looking into their hammocks; but as the instructors, who visited the deck at stated times, and the sentries, who were stationed at the after-end near the cabin door, had invariably poch-pooled the notion, little notice was taken of the matter until one night in December, 1876. That night, the boys had been giving an entertainment to their friends, and lieutenant Aggersberg, who had only joined a few days previously, in going round the decks to see that all lights were out, saw, sitting by the tank, as he supposed, one of the boys in masquerade attire. On his nearer approach, however, the person rose, and uttering a piercing scream, or yell, disappeared up the ladder.

A thorough search was at once instituted for the delinquent, but fruitlessly; and an investigation next morning led to the knowledge that this supposed masquerader corresponded, in dress and appearance, with the intruder, whose visits had been mentioned by the boys themselves. Curiously enough, too, several of the lads, who

had been scared by the stranger, affirmed that it was only on the 24th of the month that he had made his appearance, and this was so well understood that those of them whose hammocks were hung near the tank, or ladder-way, removed if possible to another billet on some pretext for that night. Furthermore, two boys, who had run from the ship nearly a year previous, and who had been subsequently caught and punished for desertion, now stated that it was in consequence of their having been frightened by a man with a horrible gash across his face, who looked over their hammocks and muttered at them in a strange language.

Among the officers the prevalent belief was that the affair was the result of a conspiracy, probably instigated by these two boys, but to what end did not seem clear, unless from mere love of mischief. The captain, however, when the matter was reported to him, decided to put an additional sentry at the top of the main-ladder, and ordered that, for the future, no hammocks were to be slung near the tank.

It was not until the following April that, one morning about two, this sentry gave the alarm, "Man overboard from the fore-castle." A boat was at once lowered and search was made, but without success. On the sentry being questioned, he stated that soon after three bells (1.30 a.m.), attracted by a noise at the foot of the ladder, he had looked down on the main deck, expecting to catch one of the lads out of his hammock; but on stretching over the combing of the hatch, he saw a man moving round the tank, dressed something like a soldier, but with odd-looking gaiters buttoned up to his thighs. The man turned the corner of the tank, and then he saw that he carried a bayonet. As the sentry rose from his kneeling position, to make a closer investigation, he heard a shriek, some one rushed up the ladder, and, running forward to the fore-castle, disappeared with a groan. He then gave the alarm. None of the officers, who were on deck, had noticed a noise or splash, and the sentry being a newly-joined man who, nevertheless, had been told something of what was known on board as the story of the ship's ghost, it was inferred, rather hastily, that a vivid imagination, excited by the loneliness of his position at night, combined with the, to him, unaccustomed movement of a big

ship, might have had somewhat to do with this strange tale.

Aggersberg, however, remarked that the date was the 24th, and he persuaded Krantz to watch with him on several successive nights of that date. The result of their watching for over a period of several months was to this effect: that on one occasion they saw, or fancied they saw, a man dressed as the marine described, and at other times heard sounds as of feet running up the ladder, with various other confirmatory evidence that what the sentry and the boys had testified was, at least, based upon fact. Yet when I joined the ship in November, 1879, after a course of study in the British Naval College at Greenwich, the matter was still under investigation, and, apparently, as far as ever from being solved.

It was after the mess dinner on Xmas eve, during which the conversation had turned on the subject, with much laughter at Aggersberg's expense, that he, another officer and myself, took our pipes and ourselves at midnight to the bottom of the main ladder and lay down there on some rugs to await the coming of the phantom, should he favour us with an appearance. It must have just struck two bells (1 a. m.) when Aggersberg roused us and called our attention to the figure of a man, dressed in a sailor's guernsey and round jacket, a sort of short petticoat over his trousers, and with a thick pigtail hanging down his back, sitting against the tank, seemingly sewing or cobbling some article of apparel. The nearest lantern was a few yards off and the light partially obscured by intervening hammocks, but there was enough illumination for us to see plainly a rather strongly built seaman of some bygone age, engaged in a manner made familiar to us by almost daily experience. Before we had time to thoroughly realize the incongruity of the circumstance, I saw coming from the starboard side of the tank, apparently from under the boys' hammocks, a man whom I at once recognized, from the pictures I had seen at Greenwich, as a marine of the British service in the early part of the century. Our sentry was perfectly correct, both about the gaiters and the bayonet. The latter he carried like a dagger in his hands, and in less time than it takes me to relate, he had closed with the sailor and stabbed him in the back, receiving in return an ugly

gash across the face from some implement the sailor had been using. I saw this mark plainly as he now passed me up the ladder, and, with the sentry, I at once started in pursuit, and saw him dash over the forecastle into the sea. I say into the sea, but although there was a bright moon and it was quite light, we failed to see anyone struggling in the water. We afterwards remembered that there had been no sound of a splash in the water. A boat was quite unsuccessful, and, returning on board, I was not unprepared to learn from the others that the sailor had also disappeared, leaving not a trace.

(To be continued.)

Sports.

UPPER CANADA DEFEATS THE LIMESTONES.

Upper Canada College met the Limestones of Kingston, junior champions of the Ontario Hockey Association, in a friendly match at Victoria rink, winning by seven goals to four. It was the general opinion that the Limestones would win, and that it would be a very exciting match, but the great uncertainty of Hockey, which has been made evident many times this season, was again exemplified.

It was the very rapid following up that won the game for Upper Canada, and there always seemed to be two of them to one of their opponents. Comparing them individually, Upper Canada again was the better of the two, and it was seldom that they came out of any little skirmish second best. Kelso's playing was the most noticeable of the match, his rushes down the side always being successful. Badenach also put up a good game, while MacLennan and Waldie were hard workers. The defence had not many opportunities of distinguishing itself, Fitzgibbons generally being sufficient to check the onward rush of the Limestones. The Limestone men appeared to be stale, which fact, together with their attempting to play a faster game than the condition of the ice would allow, was to a great measure responsible for their defeat. Time after time they overran the puck only to find on recovering that a college man was too spry for them. They were greatly weakened by the absence of

Walkem from goal, Sears going back from the forward line, while McCrae, at point, was the only reliable one on the team. Harty worked hard, but was by no means as fast as on Saturday night, while the same might be said of Lowe. Kelso, who the latter had to check, was a much faster skater. The representatives were :

Upper Canada College—Goal, McMaster; point, Rayside; cover-point, Fitzgibbons; forwards, Kelso, Badenach, Waldie, MacLennan, (capt.)

Limestones—Goal, Sears; point, McCrae; cover-point, Irwin; forwards, Harty, (capt.), Waldron, Sutherland, Lowe.

Referee—Stuart Morrison, (Victoria).

U. C. COLLEGE WINS THE JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

The final match of the Toronto Junior Hockey league was played on Saturday afternoon at the Victoria rink, and Upper Canada College won the Geo. A. Cox cup. The college boys put up a splendid game, but the same cannot be said of their opponents, the Granite colts who secured only three of the fourteen goals scored. The teams were :

U. C. College—McMaster, goal; Rayside, point; Fitzgibbons, cover-point; MacLennan, (captain), Waldie, Badenach, Kelso, forwards.

Granite colts—Bain, goal; Boxall, point; Langley, cover-point; Crawford, Somerville, Lilly, (captain), Keith, forwards.

The game started fast, and for a few minutes it looked as if it would be an even match, for the colts were pressing the college hard. In a few minutes the tables turned, and the college rushed the puck down and centred it to Waldie, who scored. A few minutes later Waldie scored again. Then the colts got their only game of the first half from a scrimmage in front of the goal. From then till the end of the half it was a series of attacks and shots by the college. The fourth goal was put in by MacLennan, the fifth went in from a scrimmage. Waldie helped No. 6 through and Kelso and Badenach did the needful for Nos. 7 and 8.

After half time the play became rougher, and the colts played up better. The college made four more goals, Waldie taking the first, Kelso the next and MacLennan the other two. The

Granites added two more to their list, scored by Crawford and Lilly, and when time was called the score stood 11 to 3 in favor of the college.

For the college all played well. Kelso and MacLennan made rush after rush down the ice, and Waldie and Badenach did the scoring. McMaster stopped everything that came, and Rayside and Fitzgibbons outdid themselves. Between them they stopped rushes in beautiful style. For the Granite colts J. Bain's work in goal was very good, and Boxall at point put up a good defence. Keith was warred twice for rough play.

After the game a carpet and a table was put upon the ice with the Geo. Cox challenge cup upon it. A circle of enthusiastic boys gathered around, and Mrs. Kirkpatrick presented the cup to the college team. Capt. MacLennan made a short answer, expressing his appreciation of the double honor of winning the championship of so well organized a league as the Toronto Junior Hockey league and of receiving the trophy from the hands of Mrs. Kirkpatrick. The crowd then dispersed.

THE HOCKEY SEASON.

Two years ago Hockey made its debut at U.C.C., and a decidedly successful year was played. Last year's record is still fresh in the memory of the school, but no one will deny that this year's team have done grandly. Hockeyists everywhere have improved on last year's play in many ways, including a better understanding of the game and a greater tendency to combination in playing, so that the high position attained by our team speaks wonders for diligent practice, and reflects great credit on the captain.

Our entering the Toronto Junior Hockey League was a good step. Seven other clubs joined the League, and their matches were played on the tie system. Scarcely two weeks were left for practice between the time when the boys returned and their first match, which was with the Capitals. A team was soon picked, and this game was played and won on Jan. 21, by a score of 13-0. The next match was with the Victoria II. on 28th of January. It was not a league match. The score, 4 goals to 3, showed that the boys were fast learning the game. On Feb. 4 the second and semi-final league match was

played against the Victoria Colts. Both teams were well supported and the excitement ran high, the general opinion being rather against the college. It was won by U.C.C. with a score of 11-4. Two weeks later the final match was played with the Granite Colts at the Victoria Rink. All doubts and fears for U.C.C. were speedily banished when our team disposed of the Colts with a score of 11-3. After the match Mrs. Kirkpatrick presented Capt. MacLennan with the George Cox cup, which trophy remains for one year in our possession.

The team now took a rest for a short time, until a tour was decided on. Friday morning, Feb. 16, the team with a few supporters, left for Port Hope to play the Trinity College School team. The match was won by Upper Canada, 8 goals to none. A match was to have been played the same evening with the Port Hope town team, but the snow fell so heavily that it was impossible and it was declared off. Next day the team set out for Peterborough, where they were defeated by a score of 7-4.

Saturday, Mar. 4, the present team met a team of old Upper Canada College Boys, and defeated them by a score of 11 goals to 8. The last, and decidedly the finest match of the season was played with the Limestones of Kingston on Mar. 6. It was won by our team after a hard and intensely exciting contest, the score standing 7-4. This victory makes U.C.C. the virtual Junior Champions of Ontario, though the Limestones properly own, and have earned that title. Our engraving represents the team with two of their substitutes, Moore and Putnam, the third, Burnside, unfortunately not having been present.

The following is the personnel of the team:—

Captain Fred MacLennan (Cornwall) played on the first team down at the old school. He has been on the team ever since, and this year holds the position of captain. It is greatly due to his excellent management that the team reached the state of perfection that it did. He is the best all round forward on the line, and is always popping up at the right moment. His individual playing is remarkably strong although his combination playing might have been improved. He was a member of this year's football team, where he played a strong game on the wing.

F. N. Waldie (Toronto), played centre forward,

and usually managed to get the puck on the draw. He was a hard strong player and particularly good in scrimmages. He put up a good combination, but was somewhat slow on his skates. He was captain of this year's football team, and has played on the cricket team for the last two years.

E. S. Badenach (Toronto) played on the forward line. His forte was shooting the puck from the pass, and his speed and combination rushes. At times, however, he was inclined to loaf, but always picked up in case of an emergency.

H. F. C. Kelso (Belleville), played on the right wing. He was the pet rusher, the fastest skater, and one of the best combination players on the team. His shooting, however, was very weak. He was the winner of the Macdonald Cross Country Cup for 1892.

R. Fitzgibbons (Morrisburg), played cover point. He was a strong check, and a very fair lift, but was not always up to form. He will probably be captain of the team, as he will be the senior member left.

D. J. Rayside played point. He was a host in himself, and his marvellous lift relieved the goal many a time. His checking was very strong and he always played a star game.

T. G. McMaster, (Toronto) played goal. He was a good reliable man, and at times brilliant, and it was largely due to him that the team had such success this year. He played on the football team this year, and was a member of the cricket team last year.

H. M. Putnam (Hamilton), was a substitute. He took Rayside's place in the match against Port Hope, and played a very fair game. He was a member of this year's football team, where he played a star game on the wing.

G. V. Moore (Galt), was a substitute. He took McMaster's place at goal when the team went on their tour, and was a very good man.

A SMALL OFFENCE.—Mother: Johnny, you have been fighting again!

Johnny: I wasn't fighting much, Mother.

Mother: Not fighting much?

Johnny: No'm. It was a awful small boy that I licked.

Fiction.

LOVE vs. BARONET.

CHAPTER. IV.

COMPLICATIONS.

(Extract from the Diary of Miss Clavering Dunscombe.)

July 10, 18—.

Yesterday we landed at the India dock, Southampton, and left for ever the dear old Jumna, on which I have spent so many happy hours. Percy called a cab, and we drove together to the Major's Hotel, where we stayed for the night. In the evening father was tired and went down to the smoking-room, and Percy took me to the Theatre Royal, where we saw "Measure for Measure." It was perfectly lovely. This morning we all left together early for London, dined there at a restaurant, near the station, and then left for home. Percy parted from us at Whitcombe, going to Caseyville, where his father is living. I expect he will be over to see us pretty soon. How glad I am he is staying so close to us. Mother met us at the station with the old brougham and a new coachman. It is nice to be home again, but I have had a lovely time. The old place looks just the same as ever, except that when I left the snow was covering all the lawns and woods with its spotless mantle and the sea looked cold and grey from the turret, while everything around is now rejoicing in the warmth and light of summer. But, perhaps it is natural, I seem to be painting everything a very roseate hue. This happiness cannot last for ever, but let us make the most of it while we can.

July 11.

Was that last sentence yesterday prophetic? Can the cup of happiness be dashed from my lips like this? What am I to do? This morning when I announced my engagement to mother, she went into a perfect fury at my doing such a thing without getting her advice and counsel on the subject. True, she does not know Percy, has never seen him, but that only served to increase her conviction that my course was wrong, irretrievably wrong, and that I was much to blame for taking it. I am not quite sure, for I was too excited to find out anything about the cause of all this parental wrath, but I fancy she has arranged another young man for me. Surely

I am old enough to look after myself now to a certain extent, and surely this is a matter in which, as chiefly concerning myself, I might be allowed some little say! But no; everything is to be arranged for me, without so much as mentioning it to me, much less asking my approval and consent. I had not expected this.

* * * * *

The morning after this important disclosure and the scenes which it produced Miss Dunscombe did not appear at breakfast.

"Where is Fanny this morning?" interrogated the Major with an accent of surprise.

"O, I expect she is in her room, dear. I will have her breakfast taken up to her. Leave her alone for a little while until she recovers from her passion and cools down and then I'll talk her round, you'll see. But my dear husband, how on earth could you permit this foolishness to go so far? I did think I could trust Fanny to your and her own discretion, but just look what a mess you've gone and got me into!"

"That's all very well, my love," grunted the Major, who was of a decidedly irascible disposition when in the bosom of his family; "but in the first place I don't see where the mess comes in, and in the second I don't see what the dickens I could have done to prevent it. What objection on earth have you got against young Fairbank, I should like to know? He's one of the——"

"Yes, I know just exactly what you're going to say, William, but the simple fact of the case is that Fairbank hasn't a penny in the world, and nor has his father, and what's more they're neither of them likely to have. Besides, who ever heard of the Fairbanks? I have always wanted Fanny to marry some one with money enough to take care of her, and some one distinguished. And now that she has got the chance she is deliberately throwing it away. I think it's too bad. And you go and back her up with your notions about fast-living, reckless young baronets!"

At this juncture a servant appeared in response to Mrs. Dunscombe's ring, to take up Fanny's breakfast, and the subject dropped, but only temporarily. The Major's wife's tongue was a powerful one, and she well knew how to use it, so in the end it triumphed over the natural inclinations of the father. The only question now

was whether it could overcome a woman's love. Meanwhile the unhappy Fanny was solacing herself to some degree by writing a letter to her beloved, which laid the case before him in impassioned but scarcely dispassionate terms, assured him of her undying affection, and implored his help against the world, the flesh and her mother. This off her mind she felt relieved, and giving it to the girl, with a sixpence and strict injunctions to post it with despatch and secrecy, she braved the storm and went down stairs. But to her surprise there was no storm. Mrs. Dunscombe knew her game too well to precipitate the crisis without regaining the ground she had lost, and was more than usually affectionate and kindly to her daughter.

But love is strong, and at the end of a week Fanny was no more disposed to smile on the honourable baronet, whom she found to be the "other young man arranged for her," than she had been at the beginning. But on the other hand neither was Mrs. Dunscombe at all moved from her original intention. The Major himself acted as a kind of neutral power, and served to prevent the two others from coming into too violent contact every hour of the day.

It was late in the day when Lieut. Fairbank reached Caseyville, and was met at the station by his father, who accompanied him to the pretty little cottage which now formed their simple and unpretentious abode. It was an affecting meeting, this reunion of father and son who had not seen one another for so many years. The old gentleman had lost in that time much of his original strength and vigour, and it was evident that his health was being rapidly undermined. The son, on the contrary, had returned full of manly strength, his face bronzed by the fierce tropic sun and scarred by wounds received on service. The tone in which the father greeted his son and welcomed him home again shewed a justifiable pride in the progress made by him since they had last seen one another, but Percival, although he said nothing about it, thought, as he looked upon the aged form of his parent, this reunion would not be for long. However, it was a happy pair that sat down to dinner that night in the snug little dining-room of the Fairbank cottage. The Lieutenant had many stories of perils and adventures passed

through with which to while away the time, and his father listened to them all with unflagging interest, and was moved to tell some of the episodes of his own youthful days. And so it came to pass that as the evening wore on Mr. Fairbank determined to confide to his son the secret he had borne so long alone, and starting from the beginning he told him how the baronet, Sir James Francis Ashley, had once been a very close friend of his, and he had trusted implicitly in his honesty and good faith, but that there had come a time when it was to the baronet's interest to dupe him, and how, throwing away all considerations of friendship and honour, all the feelings of gratitude which should have actuated him, he deliberately plotted and accomplished his ruin. The old man became warm in his denunciation of Sir James' action, and he warned Percival to be careful how he dealt with one who had behaved in so ungrateful and despicable a manner toward them, and had brought their fortunes to so low an ebb. The young man felt deeply touched by his father's wrongs, and unhesitatingly expressed himself as so being. What his feelings were cannot easily be conjectured, when two days later he received a despairing letter from his fiancée, telling of her grievous troubles over the announcement to her mother of her engagement and the disclosure which ensued, that she had planned out for her this very baronet, this very Sir Francis Ashley, who had caused so much loss and care to the Fairbank family; the epistle moreover went on to say that he was coming on a visit some time in the near future, and that a great ball was to be given in his honour by the Major, and wound up by imploring Percy to at least come over for it and talk over the case with her.

The Lieutenant read this letter with clenched fists and contracted brow; when he had finished he ejaculated, "I will do it, too! I'll warn her of the real character of this man." Then, hastily seizing pen and ink he sat down and indited a reply to his intended's communication. He went over at length the wrong done by the baronet to his father and himself, dwelling especially upon those incidents of the affair which he judged likely to make the girl most thoroughly disgusted with the man whom her mother wished her to marry in spite of her own will and inclination,

and in conclusion he entreated her to remain true to him, come what might, and all would be well eventually. He told her not to grow disheartened, that he would come over to the festivities she mentioned, and she might remain assured that he would leave no stone unturned to endeavour to prove the baronet's unworthiness of her hand and reconcile her mother to their own union. Then he got up, put on his hat, went out and posted the letter, and returned to pace up and down the room in great agitation. He was beside himself with rage. He consulted his father and asked his advice on what was to be done, but obtained nothing new from him.

On the next morning he secured the information that an old retainer of the baronet, who was living in a small village in the next county, would probably be able to help him out somewhat by what he knew about his late master. It was not much to depend on, but the Lieutenant clutched at everything he thought in any way likely to yield him information, for although it might seem to him that the case was clear against the baronet, he reasoned that Mrs. Dunscombe might refuse to accept it as true, asserting that Sir James had not known at the time that the stocks would go down, that the whole transaction was performed in all good faith, &c., and he had a vague hope that he could discover some other wrong doings of the baronet's which would enable him beyond doubt to overcome the prejudices of Fanny's mother and stamp the former as a licentious and unprincipled man. Accordingly he set off as soon as he could to visit the old servant, whom he found in the last stages of that dread disease, consumption. What transpired was evidently eminently satisfactory to him, for he returned in much better spirits than he went, and with an air as if he had found exactly what he wanted. He kept his counsel pretty well however, and nobody but himself knew that anything uncommon had happened.

(To be continued.)

Johnny Bain is studying at home with a tutor for the matric.

Gavon Wallbridge, '88, is working at electricity in Cincinnati.

Harry Pardee, '91, is going to a Business College in Sarnia.

Local and Personal.

Philly has been telling some of the boys that he is going to get a new suit.

"Toosie" Kerns was in the city a few days ago looking up old acquaintances.

We think that "Pa" Falconer must have changed his tonsorial artist according to his new style of hair dressing.

"Reddy" Smith is now a full-fledged private in our noble company and actually has a uniform of his own.

The outlook for lawn tennis this year is exceptionally good, and we see no reason why there shouldn't be three courts at least beside the masters'.

The Rifle Company are going to give a swell dinner on Friday, the 25th, and if the busy air which Capt. Hunter is continually wearing now, counts for anything, it should be a pronounced success.

We noticed in the March number of the *Dominion Illustrated* a very clever article entitled "Duelling among the German Students," from the pen of Mr. A. A. Macdonald, our popular classical master.

Several of the boys have been grumbling because the game of lacrosse is not fostered more within these grounds. If these boys would only call a meeting and elect officers, we are sure that the game would flourish.

We think it deplorable that the boys don't take more interest in the sports. A great many boys who profess to take great interest in the games should evince this by their actions and pay up their dollar for the support of the games' fund.

Great excitement has been caused the last couple of weeks by the formation of a joint stock company by Messrs. Ross, Putnam and Smith, whereby anyone in the last stages of poverty may (?) become rich simply by buying a share in this company and waiting for a week to see if the stock will rise or fall. We heard that "Pa" Falconer bought up too many shares and was nearly ruined by the fall of the stock away below par.

Did you see Harry Gooderham's military overcoat?

It is rumoured that Ferdy Bull and John L. Todd are using the gold cure for the pop habit.

It is really very funny the way some masters squabble for the time devoted to their subjects by their honour boys. If one of them loses a lesson, he's going to fail, sure.

R. C. Wilson, one of our TIMES' staff, who has been laid up in the sick room for the past two weeks with a sore foot, has gone home, but expects to be on hand again after Easter.

The Camera Club gave a very enjoyable magic-lantern entertainment on Friday evening. The slides were put through by Guy Leslie, and were manufactured by himself from negatives of his own and also of other members of the Camera Club. He deserves much praise for the excellent manner in which he conducted the entertainment.

It seems as if all distinction between the Sixth form and the First is quickly dying out in this College, though not in others, as boys in the sixth form are not only refused leave to go down town, but instances have been known when they were even confined on Saturday for simply going to that harmless place, "the taffy," and not very long ago either. It might also be said when a master canes a sixth form boy, merely for the sake of saying that he has caned him, we think that corporal punishment should be abolished. Corporal punishment is an unheard of thing across the border, and we don't see why it can not be dispensed with in a College like this, where one expects to be treated like a human being and not like a dog.

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