

Acta Ridleiana.

ST CATHARINES, MIDSUMMER, 1895.

Acta Ridleiana.

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THE "ACTA."

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the fact that regular subscriptions are necessary. The success of the ACTA must rest entirely upon the nature of its supporters. Those who wish to see it succeed, who wish to see a regular quarterly edition, will get as many yearly subscribers as possible, will write faithfully for its various departments, and will bring all important news items to the notice of the editor.

Cash is a great thing. This magazine needs a certain amount. If your subscriptions come in the form of butter, eggs, potatoes and notes of hand, the ACTA will have to go to the wall. We have the greatest trust in the honesty and financial standing of our subscribers, but cheques on the Bank of England and orders on pocket money are looked upon with suspicion by our treasurer. What we long for is the hard, cold, metallic clink of coin—coin of the realm. Some avoid its debasing influence, but we don't; we want all we can get, not for itself alone, but because a full purse will make this magazine a success, and this is the desire of both past and present Ridleians.

The Christmas and Easter editions hardly paid expenses. Instead of money on hand to boom future editions, the committee are almost discouraged by difficulties in meeting past liabilities. This should not be. Our boys, past and present, should back us up in our endeavors to make the ACTA the best school magazine of its class. The wished for success could easily be accomplished if both old and new boys would give this matter their earliest attention and each send in the required amount for the yearly subscription.

NOTES.

We are much indebted to the friends of the College for their kind help in the prize fund of the sports, and wish to thank them all heartily for their assistance.

The valuable cup and medal given by Mr. W. G. Gooderham for the senior championship in the sports, and the magnificent junior championship cup presented by Mr. Geo. Gooderham, were very much appreciated by the boys.

Among the names of this year's graduates from 'Varsity we note with pleasure those of several old Ridleians. These are Ridley's first; leaders of the long line that each year we will see wending their way worldward from the school home that soon will be to them "dear old Ridley."

THE BLAKE GOLD MEDAL.

Nothing has yet been said in our magazine about the Blake gold medal, to win which is the greatest honor in the school. It was established in the year 1890 by the Hon. S. H. Blake for true manliness. Before the closing of each year the boys themselves elect whom they think should be chosen for his manly, straightforward, upright, Christian character, and we think that every boy who has won this prize has well deserved it and has also fully appreciated being elected. In this copy of the ACTA we must congratulate W. E. H. Carter as the winner for the year 1895, and wish him every success in life.

L. P.

Our Favorite Authors.

Reading Dr. A. Conan Doyle's books is at present the proper caper at Ridley. Among the copies to be seen about the College some are more worn than others, but "The Captain of the Polestar," "A Scandal in Bohemia," "Beyond the City," "The Sign of the Four," "The Firm of Girdlestone," "A Study in Scarlet," "Sherlock Holmes," etc., may be considered the greatest favorites. His books are universally declared "spiff" by the college boys.

G. A. Henty is another favorite. His books are also in great demand.

Richard Harding Davis, Robert Louis Stevenson, Rudyard Kipling, Brander Matthews, Maxwell Grey, Charles Read, Wilkie Collins and Stanley J. Weyman are much read also. No doubt "Trilby" would be equally so were it not for the high tariff rate of 75c. which is put upon each copy; but we feel that we must wait for that sort of luxury until prices go down.

Why should the owner of a vineyard dislike raisins? Because he would be tired of raisin' grapes.

Cricket in Yankeeland.

As the train carrying our cricket eleven neared Buffalo, I chanced to be in a car apart from the rest. The brakeman's cry "Black Rock" warned me that Buffalo was near at hand, but I heeded not that warning. "Ferry street" made me remember my luggage, which was in the next car; and as the train moved outward I went in search of it, but alas! the car was empty. All my friends had left the car at Ferry street, and, to my delight, had taken my luggage with them. Alone in Buffalo! An entire stranger! You know not what my feelings were, especially as the match was to begin immediately on our arrival. "Still," thought I, "I cannot be much late, for, after finding out the location of the grounds, a car or cab will quickly convey me to the desired place." Accordingly I addressed the porter at the station:

"Would you kindly tell me where the cricket grounds are?"

"The what?"

"The grounds where they play cricket?"

"Never heard of such a thing in my life."

By no means disheartened I went up Main street and soon asked a kindly looking man of clerical appearance the same question.

"My dear sir, I pay no attention to sport of any kind," was his reply.

With a feeling of pity for his sad state I left him and spied in the distance a group of newsboys, who are generally acquainted with every branch of sport, as well as every locality in the city. After first purchasing an *Express* and *News* in order to secure their good will, I asked the usual question.

"Crickets," said the big boy of the group, "you've knocked me out this time. What is crickets, anyway?"

Not desiring to enter into a discussion of the game, I hailed a Niagara street car, and after a ride of about 20 minutes was landed at Ferry street. None of our party were in sight. My spirits were much depressed. I thought the day's sport would surely be lost. I soon found myself leaning dejectedly against a lamp post endeavoring to find some solution of the difficulty, much annoyed at myself, and disgusted with the replies I had received. A man delivering ice stopped near by, and without moving from my comfortable position, in a very disappointed tone I said:

"Do you know where they play cricket?"

"I don't know, unless it's in the gymnasium over yonder."

At this idea I burst into laughter and said:

"You of all men should know something about a 'cool' game like cricket. I would advise you to learn it."

As a last resource I questioned an Irish police-

man who just at that moment came up, and here I secured the much desired information.

"That's a game Oi kin play mesilf. Oi loike it. Many a toime when off me bate Oi watch thim playin up at the Frint, close forninst the barracks. Take this car and get off at Connecticut strate."

My alarm now being over I boarded the car, but from force of habit could not resist asking the conductor if he on any of his trips had seen anything of a cricket club.

"I can't tell you," said he, "what kind of a club they were, but on my last trip about fifteen gentlemen got on this car, all carrying grips, and in a large blue one I noticed some most peculiar things. There were some pads about the size of your leg, some rubber things, a number of sticks, about two and a half feet long, a flat thing, not like a base ball bat, but more like a paddle. Why, a woman could hit a ball with a bat like that. She couldn't miss it."

During the game a number of street boys who were sauntering through the grounds stopped quite near me. The following were some of their remarks:

"Hully gee, what are they playin'?"

"Look at the feller makin' a windmill out of his arm."

"Where's the diamond?"

"It's a plasterer's pic-nic."

"Oh, come on; there's no base runnin' and no game aint worth nothin' without that."

By this time I was fully convinced that cricket was by no means a well known game on the other side, and I had already resolved that before playing again in any of the cities across the border, I should secure a map of the city with, the exact position of the grounds clearly indicated.

Concerning Solomon.

Freddie—Mr. Boddy, sir, did Solomon use a ruler for a fork?

Mr. Boddy—No, Freddie; he never told me anything about it if he did.

Freddie—Well, sir, in the thirty-third chapter of Proverbs it says "When thou sittest to eat with a ruler, consider well what is before thee."

A well known professor has advanced a theory that Solomon went to boarding school. He finds it upon the thirtieth verse of the fifteenth chapter of Proverbs: "A good report maketh the loins fat." It is evident that Sol. knew a thing or two, anyhow.

A great improvement would be made in the swimming arrangements if some fine sand were substituted for the cinders now placed near the crib, as boys feet very often suffer in consequence of the ragged points.

Deer Shooting On Long Point.

After packing the articles necessary for a two weeks outing, my brother, the Doctor, who was a ksen sportsman, and I, boarded the train for Port Dover on Lake Erie. We reached the port too late for the boat and had to remain there over night. Next morning about five a. m. the captain of the little Naptha launch "Albania" awoke us and after a light breakfast we were soon steaming across the twenty miles of water which separates the island from the mainland.

On arriving all turned in to help the cook, whom we had engaged at Dover, to get the baggage stowed in the cottage. Then, anxious not to lose a minute, we took our Winchesters and went in search of deer. My brother sent me to the top of a wooded ridge, while he and the Doctor took the valley. On the other side of this ridge I was delighted to behold the first wild deer I had ever seen. Forgetting that I was a sportsman, I stood and looked at the graceful creature till it disappeared in the the thick bush. Then remembering my rifle, all ready to fire, I hastily aimed at the spot where the deer had disappeared, and pulled; but of course the shot missed. We returned to the shanty for dinner and in the afternoon again went out but only to get occasional glimpses of deer far out of range.

Early next morning my brother quietly slipped off to a favorite runway. He soon perceived a fine doe coming along at a leisurely trot. Just as it came opposite, and within thirty yards, he fired and succeeded in dropping her; and after cutting her throat, he hung her on the branch of a tree and returned to camp bloody, but elated, arriving just as we were getting up. The blood on his hands and coat told as plainly as words, of his success.

Three days after this I brought down my first deer. While walking quietly along I heard a stamping noise in some bushes to the right, and, after cautiously parting the branches, beheld a doe and fawn feeding in a small clearing. The doe at once scented danger and bounded away, but she had not taken three leaps before I fired and brought her to her knees, then fired again and put her out of misery. The fawn escaped, and as the doe was too heavy for me the cook brought it into camp.

During the next few days two more were shot, my brother getting one, the cook the other. The Doctor had no success, and as the time

for departing was near at hand, he offered to make it worth while for the cook to get him a deer. This, Doc intended to take home to prove his skill. Nothing loth, the cook went out every night to a feeding ground by the marsh and was at last rewarded by bringing down a fine fat buck, which saved Doc's reputation.

Next day the yacht returned, but we were storm-bound for a week on the island; then as our provisions gave out we decided to attempt the return voyage. The lake was cutting up so rough that twenty-seven vessels were in the lee of the island when we started. As soon as we got into the open every movable article began to toss from one end to the other and kept us in great apprehension for three hours, when we landed at Dover, just in time to catch the afternoon train, on which we returned home greatly pleased with our outing on "The Point."

Prize Day Speculations.

At present there is a bright outlook for the coming prize-day and speculations are being made on every hand as to the various winners. There is naturally much difference of opinion, especially in the larger forms, but the members of each and every form can almost invariably pick out three or four fellows who will be among the lucky ones, but much "cramming" is going on, and this alone may bring a "dark horse" among the foremost, and even the most competent judges will probably receive some startling surprises. Anyone who is — (!!) enough to rise at 5 a. m. will discover our infant prodigy, "I" Price, at work, half asleep at his table; and it is rumored that there are many others who work with equal perseverance. Billie Carter doesn't get up at such an unearthly time, but he spends long hours pouring over his books when other less studious chaps are playing games and enjoying life in a civilized sort of way.

The "ACTA" wishes the fellows who are taking their exams for Varsity and other colleges, the best of luck, and Carter, Nicholls, Max., Griffith and "Suse" Matthews, must do famously if they fulfil our expectations.

Let us all do our best to make prize-day a grand success.

S

Young "Bob" Patterson will be back after the midsummer holidays. We all hope he has enjoyed his short (?) vacation, and welcome him back to Ridley.

The Sports.

On May 14th a meeting of the General Athletic Association was called to elect a sports committee.

The following committee was elected: Chairman, W. C. Michell, B. A.; Hon. Secretary, L. Price; Committee, J. A. Burgess, H. C. Griffith, W. E. H. Carter, T. B. F. Benson, W. L. Matthews, F. C. Price, L. R. Prince, G. G. Mitchell, A. W. McKenzie, G. E. Gooderham, W. J. Doolittle, J. H. Wade, F. S. Allan, A. S. Trimmer.

The committee decided to hold the sports on the 30th and 31st of May.

The entries for the different events were very numerous, and on the 1st day the competition was very keen.

The High Jump was the best contested event. Three boys jumped over five feet. Mitchell being first with 5 ft. 1½ inches; G. MacLaren second, 5¼ feet; McKenzie, 5½ feet.

Benson was first in kicking football, with Nicholls, max. second. Benson kicked 145 feet.

McKenzie threw the cricket ball 102 yards, 2 feet, 6 inches; and Steele 101 yards, 1 foot, 6 inches.

Kerr (junior) threw the cricket ball 83 yards; Baldwin 79 yards, 2 feet.

The high jump (junior) was won by Baldwin, 4 feet, 2½ inches; Kerr second.

G. MacLaren won the broad jump, jumping 18 feet, 2 inches; Mitchell second, 17 feet, 5 inches.

Kerr won the junior broad jump, with Baldwin second.

G. MacLaren put the shot 32 feet, 5¼ inches, McKenzie was second.

Kerr won the junior putting the shot.

This and the first year are the only times we have ever had fine weather on the second day of the sports. Very few people came over from Toronto, as the boat did not make two trips. There was a large attendance of town people.

The senior 100 yards race was one of the best races of the day. Mitchell, who was first, ran it in 11 seconds, G. MacLaren second. This was splendid time, and it tied the College record.

Hoyles, ma., was first in the junior 100 yards; Williams second. Time 12 4/5.

Hatfield and Kennedy mi, ran very closely in the sack race. The former is an aspirant for the championship next year. Kennedy mi first, Hatfield second.

Hoyles, mi, won the 100 yards (under 13), Trimmer second.

The 220 yards race (senior) was the best contested race of the day. G. MacLaren was first with Mitchell a close second. MacLaren beat the College record, running the race in 24½ seconds.

Hoyles, ma, won the 220 yards race (junior) with Baldwin second. Time, 29½ seconds.

In the three-legged race (senior) there was no competition. Davis and Mair were first, Haya and Dymont second.

In the junior three-legged race, Burkholder mi and Hoyles, mi, were first; Baldwin and Nicholls, ma, second.

The quarter mile race (senior) was rather slow, the time being 1 minute 4 seconds. G. MacLaren first, Harmer second.

Hoyles, ma, won the junior quarter mile in better time for a junior event, 1 minute 14 seconds; Kerr second.

The obstacle race was a very funny one to witness; about 15 boys entered. Hatfield ran and was first till he had to climb along a fence, but there he fell off and came in at the last running hard. Haya won the race, Dymont second.

Harmer won the half mile, race with G. MacLaren second.

Hoyles, ma., won the junior event, with Kerr second.

The bicycle race was won by Steele in 2.47, with Gooderham, ma, second. This was very good for a school race. It was unfortunate that Walker's tire was punctured before the race. We might otherwise have heard a better report about his performance.

The hurdle race (senior) was a very tame affair, only two boys entering. Mitchell first, Mair second.

Kerr won the junior event with Hoyles ma., second.

Baldwin won the 100 yards (under 14) in 14 seconds, with Bourne second.

The one mile race was won by Harmer; Davis second.

Wade won the senior consolation; Doolittle second.

Morton, ma., won the junior consolation; Nicholls, mi., second.

G. MacLaren won the senior championship with 30 points to his credit; Mitchell second, with 23 points.

Kerr won the junior championship (36 points); Hoyles, ma., second (30 points).

Brown and Caldecott ran in the ex-pupils' race, although there was no prize. Brown was 1st.

F. C. P.

Trilby.

Sinces Trilby has become the craze,
 All things must bear that name,
 And one hears Trilby o'er so much
 He nearly goes insane.

There are the shoes called "Trilby,"
 And the swell "Trilby ties,"
 And "Trilby chocolate caramels,"
 And "Trilby custard pies."

There are "Trilby tennis racquets,"
 The speedy "Trilby bike,"
 And some up-to-date young lady,
 Has dubbed Mitchell "Trilby Mike."

There's the "Trilby ice cream soda,"
 And sporty "Trilby belts,"
 The "Trilby song," and "Trilby dance,"
 And cans of "Trilby smelts"

Its Trilby, Trilby, Trilby;
 Where e'er your eyes you put,
 The only Trilby thing we miss,
 Is a pretty "Trilby foot."

J. L. S.

With apologies to T. B. F. Benson, F. R. Spence and others.

It Worked Well.

Tommie was in for a caning. He knocked timidly upon Mr. Miller's office door.

"COME IN!"

Tommie entered. We will pass over the ensuing lecture, etc. Suffice it to say that things finally reached the painful point where Mr. Miller said:

"Now, *Morton, minor, hold out your hand.*"

Tommie was good enough to comply with this request. There was an awful pause. In fact there were TWO OF THEM. Then the cane descended, but not on the trembling Tommie's hand. *No! The "awful paws" were too much for Mr. Miller.*

Silently turning to a shelf he fumbled for a moment and then produced a cake of college soap. This he put into the astonished Tommie's outstretched "hand" with a pair of tongs and then showed him the door.

When Tommie reached the outside air he "winked the other eye" in a very knowing way and said:

"*It's a good thing; PUSH IT ALONG!*" as he kicked the piece of soap down the corridor.

J. L. S.

College Telegraph Operators.

The latest fad at college is telegraphy. Some boys are fortunate to possess storage batteries, but the great majority have the most skillfully contrived instruments ever seen. One ingenious operator is the illustrious Gordon Mackenzie, alias "Top." His instrument comprises a clothes hook fastened to his window frame. The screws are not put in tight, so that the operator may use it in imitation of a real telegraph key. Gordon has a wonderful alphabet of dots and dashes

with which he talks to his fellow operator, Mr. Richard J. Duggan, alias "Kelpie," who has a record as a pedestrian, and who can walk from College to Hamilton in five hours when he is in for a caning. Sometimes these two operators get mixed, and Gordon frequently puts his head out of his window and calls out: "Do you know what this means, Kelpie?" and then gives the clothes hook a prodigious bang which wakes up the other boys and "Top" is often sorry that he spoke. Their company is called the Moonlight Telegraph Company, and shares are selling from one to two toasts above par.

J. H. B.

Drill.

Drill! What a lot that one word means to a college boy. Detentions, extra drills, an occasional touch of the captain's little black cane, (which is as bad for stinging as a birch rod) and other things so attractive to the average boy. And what good does it do? This is a question that has doubtless been asked by almost every boy since the college started, and it has never been answered satisfactorily (to the boy's mind). It is true that it aids digestion, but there are other and much more pleasant ways of attaining that indispensable end. We are made to go out in the sun and tire ourselves out for the day; and wear our shoes out by tramping over the gravel with which the yard is plentifully strewn, when we could be spending our time in a far more agreeable manner. But we college boys have to put up with some hardships and this is one of them; so, as we cannot have this grievance redressed, we will have to grin and bear it as best we can. I am sure we all wish the captain success with his drill, and hope that a second Wellington may (after he has passed his course at the Kingston R. M. C. and has been made a general of the English army) look back and think of the mornings he has spent in marching up and down the back yard of old Ridley.

"Strappe de Hands."

This charming little opera, which means in plain English "Strap on the Hands," was given in Mr. Graham's room one afternoon. The performers were boys who had been caught the previous evening pillow fighting. The opening scene was placed in the quaint, old fashioned village of Mr. Graham's room. The first act was a variety of clog and skirt dacing. Act two consisted of some very exquisite melodies in b flat. Mr. Graham was stage manager. The proceeds were in aid of the Orphans' Home. MacKenzie, sec., did some very good acting.

J. H. B.

Report says that there is a wonder of the world at Ridley. It is a tender fifteen year old Gander that can't swim.

The Cricket Season.

The cricket season, just past, has been perhaps the most successful one that the College has yet had. There has been a more regular attendance at practices, which have been longer than ever before, greater perseverance in trying to attain good form, and consequently higher scores, both individual and total.

We welcome especially, Gurd's two scores of 30 and 32 against the Toronto Colts and the Parkdale club. We always had an idea that Gurd was a good bat. Now we know it.

Hills has developed into a good safe bat, and though up to the time of going to press, he has done nothing startling. We are expecting great things of him next season. His good style in the T. C. S. match was very favorably commented upon.

Spence began the season well, but has not fulfilled the promise of the early matches.

Mr. Michell has proved the greatest acquisition to the eleven. He has an average of 7, and is without doubt, the safest and speediest fielder on the team, while for hard running between wickets when runs are badly needed, he is simply priceless.

Mr. Miller made a late return to form by scoring an excellent 32 against Parkdale. All his runs were got by clean hard hitting, and to see him at it one would have thought he was at practice.

Mr. Williams best score was 26, not out, against the Toronto Colts, which, with Mr. Michell's 18, not out, pulled the match out of the fire.

In the bowling department we have been weak. Spence is one of the best bowlers the College has had—perhaps he is the very best, but we have had no changes. Spence has an almost over-arm delivery, medium pace, excellent pitch, and can also bowl a good lob.

Mr. Miller has been our second support in the bowling, and especially in the earlier matches, put in some first rate work. He is much more on the wicket than last year, but yet occasionally gets one put away to leg.

The second XI has played this year by no means so pluckily as in former years. There has been poor attendance at practices, and very little improvement noticeable. Of course this has been partly owing to the lack of a professional coach this season, as Mr. Miller and Mr. Williams have had their hands fully taken up with the first XI. Those who show improved form are Miller, Reid, Maclaren, max, and Baldwin.

This seems scarcely the place for a sermon on selfishness, but what else is this? To arrange a match and then telegraph or write on the morning of the match that it is impossible to come. We were so served by three clubs.

Here is another instance. Knowing that the XI is going to Toronto for a Saturday match, certain boys work their parents to write for them to come home on the Friday, and to stay till Monday, others miss the train on Saturday, the consequence being that Mr. Miller, who had promised us the 21st and 22nd in Toronto, has the matches cancelled.

NOTES ON THE MATCHES.

May 11th—Victoria C. C., at Hamilton. Ridley went to bat first. All out for 40. Spence 12, Lett 8. Victoria 10 for one wicket. Rain stopped further play. Drawn.

May 18th—Buffalo C. C., at home. Buffalo 1st innings 82. Of them Garwood made 22, but was missed five or six times. 2nd innings, 27. Mr. Miller took 7 wickets for 8. Ridley 1st innings 45, Hills 12, Mr. Williams 9; 2nd innings 67 for 4 wickets. Spence 19, Mr. Williams 15 (not out), Benson 13 (not out). Won by 6 wickets.

May 22nd—Welland C. C., at Welland. Welland 1st innings 22. 2nd innings 70 for 4 wickets (declared). Cohoe made 43 of these by dashing play. Ridley 45 (Spence 10) and 29 for 5 wickets. Won on 1st innings by 23.

May 24th—Grimsby C. C., at Grimsby. Grimsby 111. Stone played excellent cricket for his 35. Ridley's first wicket realized 32, (Gurd 16, Hills 13), but Cobbold went on to bowl and all were out for 43. The 2nd innings totalled 40. Benson 13. Lost by an innings and 28.

May 25th—Buffalo C. C., at Buffalo. Buffalo batted first and lost 5 wickets for 3, 7 for 5, 8 for 7, 9 for 11, 10 for 28. Lloyd made 12. Their 2nd innings reached 45. Lloyd 19. Ridley made only 29 in their 1st innings, Mr. Michell 9 (not out), but got 49 for 5 wickets in the 2nd, Mr. Williams 17. Won by 5 wickets. A very enjoyable day! Most hospitably entertained by the Bisons.

June 8th—Trinity College School at Toronto. Ridley 1st innings 33. Hills played patiently and well for 12, and McKenzie made a lucky 9. The 2nd innings realized 47, Cooke 9, Hills 7. T. C. S. made 100 for 6 wickets and then declared. Henderson 32, DuMoulin 22. Lost by an innings and 20. A long way behind but showing considerable improvement.

June 12th—Grimsby C. C., at home. Ridley 1st innings 20, Mr. Miller 9. Grimsby made 65, of which Cobbold was responsible for 53 (not out), got in superb style. Cobbold also got 6 wickets for 5 runs. Ridley's 2nd venture resulted in 46, Hills 17, Mr. Michell 10, Griffith 10 (not out). Grimsby went in again to get 2 runs and lost 2 wickets before, and one the next ball after, the runs were obtained. Lost by 8 wickets.

June 15th—Toronto Colts at home. Colts 1st innings 97, Reid 28. 2nd innings 39, Anderson 13. Ridley 1st innings 71, Gurd 30, Spence 9. 2nd innings 88 for 8 wickets, Mr. Miller 17, Mr. Michell 18 (not out), Mr. Williams 26 (not out). Won by 2 wickets and 24.

June 19th—Parkdale C. C., at home. Parkdale 1st innings 142, of which "Duke" Collins made 46 and W. H. Cooper 56. Their 2nd innings totalled 113, Cooper 36, Collins 31. Ridley achieved 83 in their 1st innings, Gurd 32, Mr. Miller 32. The 2nd innings at call of time stood 24 for 2 wickets, Gurd 9, Hills 15 (both not out). Lost by 59 runs.

June 22nd—Niagara Falls C. C., at home. Niagara Falls 37. Ridley 61, Benson 12, Mr. Williams 22. This team did not want to play a second innings!

The batting averages for the season, up to June 22nd, are as follow:

Players who have had at least Six Innings in 1st XI Matches.	Times at Bat.		Total Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Average per Innings.
	Times	Not Out.			
Mr. Williams.....	15	2	103	26*	7.9
Gurd.....	17	2	115	32	7.6
Mr. Miller.....	14	2	89	32	7.4
Hills.....	16	1	107	17	7.1
Mr. Michell.....	10	2	56	18*	7
Spence.....	16	0	86	19	5.3
Harmer.....	9	1	32	7	4.1
Benson.....	14	1	47	13*	3.6
Griffith.....	10	2	27	10*	3.3
McKenzie.....	11	0	32	9	2.9
Greenhill.....	11	0	30	6	2.7
Cooke.....	7	1	15	9	2.5
Let.....	10	3	15	8	2.1

*Signifies not out.

THE SECOND XI. MATCHES.

May 18th—Welland Juniors, at Welland. Welland won by one innings and 17 runs.

May 24th—Parkdale Juniors, at home. Ridley 27, Cooke 14 and 15. Parkdale 24 and 64, Hodgens 26. Lost by 46.

June 15th—St. Thomas Juniors of Toronto, at home. St. Thomas 18 and 13. Ridley 27

and 51, Cooke 12, Steele 13, Maclaren max., 18. Won by 47.

June 22nd—Parkdale Juniors at Parkdale. Parkdale 18 and 40, Chambers 23 (not out). Ridley 23, Cooke 9, and 24, Cooke 8. Griffith captured 7 wickets for 8 runs in the 1st innings. Lost by 6.

First XI. has played 10 matches, won 5, lost 4, drawn 1, and has East Toronto yet to meet. This should prove a close and interesting game.

Second XI. has played four matches, won 1, lost 3.

The Indians of The Northwest.

The Canadian Northwest Indians are not, as some people think, wild, blood-thirsty beings, who can transfix you with a tomahawk while they are riding at full speed; nor do they dress in war-paint and feathers, as they are represented to do in many pictures. Their garb generally consists of some sort of a shirt, perhaps of buckskin, a blanket which they wrap around them, or a blanket cloak, like our tobogganing coats, a pair of leggings worked with beads into patterns, a pair of moccasins also worked with beads, and, to crown all, an old christy with the crown cut out. Sometimes they do paint their faces, generally green, yellow, or scarlet, or a mixture of the three, these being their favorite colors, and the easiest ones to get. They always go about on miserable "cayuses," or ponies, which are nothing but skin and bone. These poor beasts the indians ride till they are of no use, and then turn them out to pasture, taking others in their place to treat in the same way. Each indian generally has a band of 15 or 20 horses, which serve the indian, for currency, in all his purchases and trades of any importance.

The annual "smoking pusca" is the great event of the year, during which dancing is kept up off and on for two weeks. The chief dances are the "Mosquito dance," the "Buffalo dance" and a peculiar sort of war dance, which is very complicated. The "blackfeet" do not dance in step. The men and women never dance together. The "Mosquito dance" is supposed to represent a swarm of mosquitos. The men form in a circle around two or three old medicine men, who beat drums for music. When the drums begin to beat, the performers, each one provided with a thorn or birds claw, start to hop around the old men, then suddenly break the ring and rush about trying to "sting" everybody they come near.

C. BOURNE.

Caught in the Act.

Dark night,
Not a sound;
Pillow fight
Is the round.

Master comes
With a light;
Not a sound
Of pillow fight.

All asleep
In their beds;
Master comes,
Counts the heads.

"Top" is gone,
Disappeared.
Master says,
"As I feared."

Master hides
By the door;
"Top" glides
Along the floor.

Master speaks,
"Top" falls;
Master says:
"Look out for squalls."

"Top" yells
Like a steer;
Master says:
"Not so, my dear."

"Top" is licked
On the spot;
Four on each
Quite hot.

And he vows
That nevermore
He will creep
Along the floor.

R. B.

Sport in the Adirondacks.

A shrill whistle, followed by an Indian war whoop, interrupts my dreams, and my friend and I are soon on our way, impatient to keep our appointment with the trout in the Jordan, which empties into the Racket river in the midst of the Adirondacks. The sun is just tinting the tops of the big pines and we are cheered by its promise of a fine day as we tramp for a mile through the bush to a small dam, where we prepare to fish down stream. My companion gets the start of me, and dropping his line into a likely hole, begins the fun by capturing a speckled beauty.

The next is mine, for I carefully wade close to the bank to try beneath that big rock. A sharp tug tells me that I have one; a short struggle, then out he comes and I have him safe.

They are biting well and every hole gives us two or three. Soon we are half a mile down, where a detour must be made to avoid a big jam of logs. Before we clamber out on the bank I decide to have a try beneath them, and throw my line in, letting it float down towards the logs; the current whisks it under. A tremendous tug so surprises me that I promptly sit down in the cold, icy water. Fortunately I keep hold on my pole and am up with a gasp to find that my fish is still hooked. I have not a very clear idea of what passed during the next five minutes; a confused splashing, darting and tugging, till there is a tremendous flop and I find myself on the bank, both hands around a trout that really weighs two pounds, though in my eyes he is a tenner. I fancy I hear some of my readers say that he was a minnow compared to some they've caught, but it was my first trout fishing and I was well satisfied. To crown our success we each arrived home with enough trout to satisfy a dozen healthy people with mountain appetite.

L. R. P.

Fun at the Crib.

Come and have a laugh. Come all ye thin and bony ones. Come and see Tommy when he goes to the bath to offer up the yearly sacrifices. The usual preliminary shiverings take place and one toe finds its way in; then gradually he sinks into the strange element. As he slowly dissolves we fear he is lost, but not so; some is left and you soon see that he is a born swimmer and that the time may come when he may be renowned for his aquatic skill. After swimming around on one foot he, endeavors to show the boys that "he is not afraid to dive." A graceful flop taken from one corner of the crib proves this satisfactorily, and he comes up looking like a half drowned hen. The boys all applaud, and after dressing Tommy wends his way collegeward with the air of a hero.

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Inter-Collegiate Sports.

This is a subject which has lately been much discussed by the boys, who look upon the idea as a good one. The Masters of U. C. C., and T. C. S., Port Hope, do not seem to take favorably to the suggestion, giving as their reason that a day of inter-collegiate sports would interfere too much with cricket. If they really see no other way of overcoming the difficulty, I would suggest that the meet be held some time during the football season, when the boys would be in such fair condition that little extra training would be necessary.

All the events could be run off in one day and the expense would be no more than that of a football match. The sports might take place on the U. C. C. track, Toronto, and the officials might be selected from the three colleges, or might be neutral men.

I would suggest the following conditions:

1st. That there be two representatives from each college in each event.

2nd. That the winner scores five points, second three and third one.

3rd. That the college obtaining the greatest number of points receive the inter-collegiate championship.

4th. That the events be: 100 yards race, 220 yards, 440 yards, half mile, one mile, 120 yards hurdle race, long jump and high jump.

An Incident On The Twelve Mile.

It is 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Teddie and myself have decided to spend a few hours on the clear, sparkling waters of twelve mile creek.

Taking our places in the canoe we paddle slowly up the canal, past the brewery, where Teddie expresses a strong desire to stop and rest; and on up the creek; after a paddle of about half an hour we find ourselves at the small foot bridge commonly called "Dutchman's Bridge." Here I suggest that we tie up and read the books we have brought, one of which is a library book. We gain the bank and climb out to stretch our cramped limbs. A few minutes stamping up and down starts the circulation again and I slide down the bank and jump into the canoe.

Alas! I leap to far, and, in an instant, the water is rushing over the gunwale and I am up to my neck in the swirling muddy water. A shriek of delight from the top of the bank informs me that Teddie is aware of the circumstances and fully appreciates the

situation. Slowly and silently I make my wet and weary way around the end of the upturned canoe and painfully drag myself to the top of the bank, where I find my companion convulsed with laughter. Taking no notice of his inhuman conduct, I simply point down stream after the disappearing rugs and paddles. Teddie regains his common sense, and divesting himself of his clothes, plunges in, and recovers our straying property. We right the canoe and paddle home amid a constrained silence.

I am at present sadly contemplating the loss of the next few weeks pocket-money, to pay for that library book, which lies quietly on the mud at the bottom of twelve mile creek.

L. R. P.

Glee Club.

We have had very unsatisfactory results from the Glee Club this year. The boys attended the meetings so irregularly that in spite of all efforts it was impossible to gain anything like proficiency in our choruses. It is however due to a few of the boys to say that they were present at nearly every meeting. Our plans for the concert were such that if they had been carried out we could have given a very enjoyable evening to our friends. The principal chorus was one taken from "Faust." Wilnot Matthews had two very pretty solos, one of them with a chorus. Besides him, others would have sung and given selections on the piano. But it was not to be. After a great many vain exhortations on the part of Mr. Miller, who was very patient with us, we finally had to give up the whole affair, much against the wishes of those who were trying in a small way to repay the kindness of the friends who had entertained us nearly every Friday evening since Xmas.

We expect Bob Patterson back after mid-summer. He has been living in Chicago for some time.

G. B. Street ("Del") has been distinguishing himself at tennis. He represented the North Western University, Evanston, Ill., in large inter-collegiate tournaments held at Chicago recently.

A. L. Brown ("Spot") is now in the First National Bank of Chicago. He is either President of the bank or head of the stamp-licking department, both of which, we are told, are most important positions. "Spot" is also a flourishing member of the Y. M. C. A. in the windy city.

A Visit To Our Sister School.

Last vacation, while in Toronto, I received an invitation to visit Havergal Hall.

When I reached the imposing edifice on Jarvis street, it took me some time to summon sufficient courage to enter. Finally I pulled the bell and the door was immediately flung open by a servant in a gorgeous livery of white cotton and green checks. I was kindly welcomed by the Principal, but was informed to my great sorrow that most of the young ladies had departed to their respective homes that morning, what specially grieved me, was that Miss D—was in W—? but I have no doubt that George Moncrieff's joy far out-weighed my disappointment. However, four veritable gems remained and I was perfectly happy when I received an introduction.

During luncheon I was the object of many interested glances; and awe-struck whispers circulated about that I was "one of those Ridley Boys."

I was besieged with questions about the last number of the ACTA, for the girls wanted to have a paper of their own, too; but the Principal objected and said some very complimentary (!) things about the relations of Ridley and Havergal.

After luncheon I was shown through the building by Miss G—, who very kindly explained all the points of interest.

This in reality took up some time, for the building is extremely large and roomy; but, when in the delightful company of Miss — no thought was given to the flying moments, and it was some time e'er we appeared amongst the rest.

I was then conducted in state to the drawing room, where a very fine exhibition of music and singing was given.

I then regretfully took my leave amid showers of good-byes, and perhaps something a great deal sweeter, when the Principal was looking another way.

It is needless to say that during the remainder of the holidays, I often found *pressing business* in the neighborhood of Jarvis street.

It is said that when L. R. P. wished to borrow fifty cents from a friend, lately he was politely, but flatly refused. When he enquired the reason, he was referred to a certain familiar psalm, which opened with the fatal words "Put not your trust in Princes!"

In Days Of Yore.

Three or four years ago when a new boy came he was at once persecuted with all the ingenuity of the "old boys." His trunk was searched for eatables and at his expense was enjoyed a fine time, which left him hungry and desolate.

He would console himself with the thought of a good sleep, but after preparing for bed he would be seized, his prayers for mercy stopped by a gag of College soap, followed by a cold bath from the water jug. After turning in and actually getting to sleep, a dream of falling over a precipice would rouse him to discover, much to his alarm and surprise, that he was on the floor, covered only by the stillness of the night. After getting comfortably asleep again, the dormitory would hear a piercing scream, the poor new boy again being the culprit, horribly frightened now by cold, clammy things crawling over him in bed. On investigating, the old boys would in assured terror, bring forth a fish, a frog and a small grass snake, and at once place the new boy before a secret tribunal, charged with being a wisard. He would be condemned and sentenced to be mesmerised the next day.

After school on the day appointed, he is led into an open place and handed a warm soap dish, and commanded to look straight into the eyes of the executioner, and to imitate the motions of this person. As he only has to move his hands over the bottom of the dish and then over his face he soon plucks up courage and smiles blandly, which seems to increase the mirth of the spectators. This mirth is soon explained, for suddenly a mirror is placed before him in which is reflected his own poor face covered with the most awful devices in black.

The boys now take a rise out of him, they elevate him to the highest available point, and there force him to dance, sing and whistle to the accompaniment of laughter, hoots and jeers.

This is a specimen of the new boy's life in "times of yore," at the present day the new boy has a fine time, he no longer has to run gauntlets, shine boots, carry water or to endure mysterious bumps and knocks for disobedience to old boys. This gives a faint idea of what the new boys in the "good old days" had to endure, and of the delightful time they now have at "Ridley."

J. K. JUNOR.

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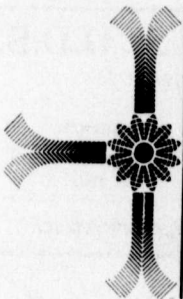
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"Where was I?"
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"Nuff sed."