

THE RIVAL

VOL. I No 16.

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A STRANGE KIDNAPPING

When Dicky Ford awoke on Thursday morning and looked over at his room-mate's bed, he was surprised to see it unoccupied. Ford was the proud captain of his college's football team, and his room-mate and greatest chum, Rex Winston, played centre half. On the morrow, Glyndon, Ford's school, was to play St. Simon's College in the greatest and most important match of the season.

The captain wondered why Winston

was not still in bed, as he was not

by any means an early riser, and would not get up unless absolutely forced to do so.

After dressing quickly, Ford went out and tried to find out where his friend was. Winston was missing. As nothing had been yet found out about him, Ford told the Head. At prayers, those who did not already know, were informed.

Everyone was greatly surprised. Consternation reigned supreme. Anxious consultations were held in re-



"By Means of the Water Pipe."

mote corners as to what they would do for another half-back if Winston did not turn up in time for the match. Harvey, of the seconds, was not nearly so good a man as Winston.

The police were notified of his disappearance, and the surrounding country scoured, but with no result. Nothing had been found out up till noon on the following day.

* * * *

Rex Winston was awakened by a rattling on the window; he jumped out of bed and went quietly towards it. Ford stirred restlessly, but did not wake. When Winston reached the window he saw a couple of men below, who beckoned excitedly to him.

He leaned out of the window, which had been open all night, and asked in a low voice what they wanted. The two men told him that they had a message for him from home, saying that his mother was desperately ill, and that he had better go to her immediately.

Never suspecting, Winston told them to wait a moment, and he would come down. He dressed noiselessly, and going to the window, he got out. By the aid of the water pipe he managed to get down safely. But before he could turn round after reaching the ground, he was grabbed from behind, while a cloth was jammed into his mouth to prevent his calling for aid.

Winston was soon trussed up like a turkey, and the rascals half carried, had dragged him away.

* * * *

The Glyndon team had started for the field of battle. No one could have been feeling more miserable than Dicky Ford, unless, perhaps, Rex Winston.

The Head had seriously thought of calling off the game on account of this strange affair, but the team had persuaded him not to do so.

St. Simon's had put off their centre half to even up with Glyndon, as Harvey had not been put on in Winston's place.

Soon the two fourteens were out on the field, running through their signals, preparatory to the game.

Suddenly shouts were heard from the vicinity of the gate, where a few Glyndonites were standing. Then gradually the shouts grew to cheers, and they came running towards the dressing-room, hustling along in their midst—the long-lost Winston.

Ford bucked his way through the crowd to his chum, and throwing his arms about him, danced round and round for sheer joy.

In the meantime one of the boys had gone to get Winston's football outfit. As soon as he came back with them, Winston was hustled into the dressing room, and as many as could squeezed into it after him. But Rex refused to tell anything about his adventure until after the game.

Then the game was started. St. Simon's half was restored to his place, now that Glyndon were not a man short. Barely had the game commenced when the Saints scored a touch down, which they failed to convert. It looked as if St. Simon's would have it all their own way.

No one scored again till the second half, when Glyndon kicked a dead line. From the cheering one would think that Glyndon had won.

About ten minutes before time the ball was in Glyndon's possession down near their opponents' line. The score stood 5 to 1 in St. Simon's favor. Glyndon were trying to buck over. They were less than a yard from the line. It was now or never. Both teams piled up in one great heap of humanity, and when they were unpiled Ford was found with the ball, less than an inch over the line. A Glyndon man waved his arms, and this was a signal for the loudest cheering that had been heard within miles of that place for years. The try was converted, ending the game. Glyndon 7, St. Simon's 5.

Each fellow on the team was carried off shoulder high, but the greatest enthusiasm was about Ford and Winston.

Then, and not till then, did Winston tell about his disappearance.

He had been carried off by the two men to a barn on a farm about two miles from the college. He was locked in there, and food was brought from time to time by a little girl. Win-

ston was always a great fellow with the girls, and he prevailed upon this one to release him. As soon as he got out he came straight to the football field.

* * * *

It was afterwards learned that the men who had kidnapped Winston had bet large sums of money on the game, and that they thought St. Simon's had little chance of winning if Winston were playing, for this reason they had taken him away.

THE THREE PREFECTS.

Three prefects went walking all dressed in their best,

All dressed in their best they were going to town.

Each thought of the girl that loved him the best,

And the prep. kids stood watching them going down.

For kids must work—the rules will keep

The prep. kids for going away for a week,

Though their little tummies are groaning.

Three couples sat in the Palm Room dim,

On each prefect's face a despairing frown,

For the girls had ordered expensive stuff,

And the prefects sat watching it going down;

For people must pay for what they eat, And appetites large you've got to treat,

Though your pocketbook is moaning.

Three poverty-stricken fellows came back

And counted the cost of their outing;

Their week's allowance had gone for a feast;

All over but the shouting.

Now they must starve for the following week

There's nothing to borrow, so they can't eat,

And their tummies will all be moaning.

Beacon Lights—"Bull, MacLachlan, Woodhose, Henry I., Henry II."

As Bull came back to his seat after proving a very hard proposition, the master was heard to remark, "That was a bully proof."

The other day Ferdie went into the druggist's and asked for some liquor for his horse. "What color is your horse, sir?" enquired the chemist. "A bay." "John," said the chemist, "a bottle of bay rum."

Master (to Gzowski, who has been kicking up, per usual)—"Take a hundred lines, Gzowski."

Gzowski—"How many, sir?"

Master—"Take two hundred lines."

Gzowski—"I heard you the first time, sir."

Ike Harris says the street car company are grafters. He claims that a conductor gave him a counterfeit nickel in change and then refused to take it as fare.

The snow lies thick in the roadway there;

Every little bit helps.

And the wind blows round about for fair,

Every little bit helps.

But when the sleet and hail doth pour And Jack Frost locks the day-boys' door,

We have to walk just so much more—

Every little bit helps.

FATHER TO SON.

"When I first came to this 'ere school To learn my lessons, John,

The desks were new—why not a name had been carved thereupon.

But now its oh, so different, for when you try to write

The pen busts through the paper

And the nib goes out of sight—

For "everywhere, everywhere,

In Roman Capitals

And letters short or small,

Everywhere, everywhere,

There's names carved here and there and everywhere."

FOR SALE.

Hot Air Engine—1 Horsepower.
Apply Upper Canada College.

THE UNVEILING—A SCHOOL STORY.

When Jayson Minor appeared on the campus with a roll of paper under his arm, the size of his diminutive self, no one asked questions. They knew better. Jayson didn't tell things merely to satisfy idle curiosity. If he thought that the enquirers did not actually need the information, Jayson did not supply it. Thus, when he passed through the aforementioned campus with the aforementioned paper roll under his arm, they did not approach him. They had to content themselves with mere gazing and whispered speculation.

St. Stephen's wasn't an English institution. Had it been, this episode would, in all probability, never have happened. Just at the present time the place was alert over the presentation of an oil portrait of the school's founder, Sir Braggart Calltrumps. The picture was done by the great Fraustrampe, and was the talk of the town.

As was customary, the portrait was to be unveiled in the public hall of the school. It was arranged for the following evening, and meant a half for the boys. Hence the alertness.

"Bob," said Jayson Minor, in a mysterious voice, "you and I are the closest we've ever been to a roaring jest. One that will shake this old hutch from turret to corner-stone. No, you needn't talk, just come this way and I'll put you in the chariot in a minute. See these?"

He held up the large roll of paper before his chum's eyes. Then the two were seen to walk hurriedly in the direction of Bob Briggs' room, then to hob-nob in the most earnest and alarming manner, and thirdly, to roll upon the floor in a wild paroxysm of glee.

St. Stephen's on the evening of the great event was the scene of unrestrained hilarity. The prayer hall was packed tight with visitors and parents, to say nothing of the four hundred odd boys. Old women with lorgnettes, young women with parasols, old men with spectacles, young men with young women, all were there.

The portraits of former headmasters

beamed approval on the scene—Terrible Ormsby, Old Baldy Parsons, and Caning Keets, the great disciplinarian, while lists of scholarship boys, the head boys, the mathematical boys, and every other boy famed for feats of brain, stood out upon the walls in golden letters, an example for all.

As the masters filed in, decked out in their most fetching mortar-boards and gowns, the famous college yell rolled and thundered forth.

Then suddenly all eyes were turned to the side entrance, as, supported on his right by the head master, and on the left by the head prefect, a strange old figure entered, bent with the combined weight of age and two feet of whiskers. It was Sir Braggart Calltrumps—the founder of the school!

Once more the windows rattled as the boys rose to the occasion, and then all was quiet. The head master had ascended to the reading desk to deliver the unveiling address.

"By Jipps!" whispered Bob Briggs, with blanched lips, "By jipps! If I'd only known the old boy was coming I'd never have—ah, Lord!"

"Aren't scared surely?" answered Jayson with exasperating coolness. "You're a raw chump if you like. 'Pon my word, why don't you laugh, man? Just think what they'll say when it comes off! Just picture their faces—'specially Old Doc's! It's too good, it surely is!" and he would have laughed aloud had not his companions dug him soundly in the ribs. The Head was speaking.

"We are met here," he began, "to commemorate the sixty-third anniversary of this g-r-r-eat school (Cheers.) And to unveil the magnificent portrait of its founder—Sir Braggart Calltrumps." He waved his hand majestically in the direction of that worthy gentleman, who surprised the assembly by emitting a loud snore. He was fast asleep.

"See," the principal went on, somewhat flurried, but making an effort to rise to the occasion. "See the weight of years falls heavy on his noble brow. He, ladies and gentlemen, is the founder of this g-r-r-eat school. (Applause.) The man in whose bright mind the idea occurred to create a grand institution, a great college in

WAVED HIS HAND MAJESTICALLY.



(The Unveiling.)

which the minds of boys, ladies and gentlemen, in which the minds of boys might be trained, in which we might feed the intellect of our young and rising generation, of our nation's bulwarks, ladies and gentlemen, of our nation's bulwarks." Here the Head coughed as a volley of appreciative yells from the nation's bulwarks seated at the back of the hall shook the air. At this juncture Sir Braggart uttered a wild exclamation in his sleep, and had to be gently awakened by the English master.

The headmaster resumed: "And now, my friends, that you have gazed upon the majestic features, aye, majestic, features of Sir Braggart, you shall feast your eyes upon man's conception of those majestic features, upon this work of art which holds the mirror up to nature, upon this canvas which will immortalize his noble countenance, behold that face of intellectual beauty, behold——"

The Head advanced towards the veiled picture and grasped the flag firmly. Next instant a gasp arose from the assembly, for there confronted them, not the placid features of Sir Calltrumps, but a huge bill poster from the latest melodrama, "Death Before Dishonor." There before them was depicted a lady with a revolver in her hand, denouncing a stage villain of the orthodox type, while below in large red print was written: "There stands the man who cracked the crib!"

There is a young fellow called Bird,
Of whom you may never have heard,
He has dark blue eyes,
Wears most hideous ties,
And that sums him up in a word.

There was a young fellow named
Coste,
Who flatly refused to be bossed,
Until he was caught,
His fierce blows availed naught,
And in the great blanket was tossed.

Nice warm, roomy quarters are being fixed up at the back of the gym. for Bull and Horsey, who are now pastured in a field up near the tank.

DAY BOY'S DIARY.

Monday.

7.45 a.m.—Was hustled out of bed. Had a swell breakfast, and read morning papers.

9.20 a.m.—Pinched for being late (11th time this term).

1st Period—Geom.—Scraped through O.K.

2nd Period—Chem.—Made some abominable gas. Burnt my hand, and smashed four test-tubes (had to fork up).

3rd Period—Spare—Read a peach of a story in the "Popular," but was caught before I finished it. Four on each, and magazine was taken away from me.

4th Period—Eng. Comp. — Wrote a composition based on story I had read in 3rd period. Came in for some very sarcastic remarks.

12.30 p.m.—Fell down stairs in my efforts to get over to the taffy first. Put my finger out of joint. Went to office, where I was told to come up on Saturday morning. Had one of Auntie's hot pork pies (alas!)

5th Period—Arith.—Began to feel sick and was severely reprimanded for not working.

6th Period—Anc. Hist.—Had an exam. All I knew was that Caesar was killed by 23 stabs.

7th Period—Skipped, for which I will get licked to-morrow. Fooled all afternoon.

6.30 p.m.—Had very little dinner. Not recovered from effects of pork pie.

10.00 p.m.—Had done no homework (per usual). Went to bed feeling satisfied that I had done a good day's work.

"Is Bell here to-day?"

"No, sir."

"Then why doesn't he say so?"

Boyd was heard imploring Billy Saunders not to tap him with the bad water, but to use boiled water. He said that he didn't like the idea of having so many germs in his head.

Old Dutch cleanser chases dirt. You should have seen Williams run the first time he saw the advertisement.

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EDITORIALS.

The Junior Beavers will have a team this winter as usual, and the teams up here that they are likely to play had better get busy and practice good and hard, as they will have a hard time beating the smart little animals.

The first football team has had rather hard luck this season. It was mainly for want of a coach that they did not carry off the championship triumphantly. There was more material for a team this year than there has been for some time, and if there had only been someone to teach them how to play, the championship would undoubtedly have come to Upper Canada College, where it had a good chance of staying for some time to come. It is rather a pity, because so many good players are not here every year, but take two or three seasons to collect, and then suddenly they all leave at the same time. Look at last year. Ryerson was the only old color left. But next year there are better chances of having a number of old colors on the team, seeing that many of those

who played on this year's team are not in the fifth or sixth forms. Even this year there were only two old colors.

This season there were a number of rather unlucky accidents. Burkhardt strained the ligaments of his leg and was unable to play in any of the championship matches. Walker, who played in all the games except that with St. Andrew's, got blood-poisoning in his foot. There were other minor accidents also.

We hope that the hockey team will have better luck in the coming season than did the football team in the past.

ROOTING.

Much credit is due to Mewburn, who conducted the yelling very well on the whole. This year the rooting has been far better organized than in previous years. There is nothing like yelling for helping a team to play harder. When they hear the shouts from their own supporters it puts new courage into their hearts, and they feel more inclined to play. No one can play a good game of anything if he is feeling blue and downcast. Many games have been won by the yelling of the supporters. We have more yells than any of the other colleges, and we can yell them better than they can, too.

This coming season we must help the hockey team all we can by the rooting. It costs nothing, but it might cost us the championship, so we must make up our minds to do it with all our might.

IN AN EDITORIAL "WEIGH."

There are some fellows who are like a flock of sheep—when one does a thing the rest follow blindly. Take, for instance, the "tapping." Now "tapping," as a sport, or rather, pastime, cannot be excelled—for those who do the tapping; but did you ever take the other fellow's side of it? He gets half killed in the rush, about a quart of water on the top of his head or down the back of his neck, his collar and shirt all crushed up, and then he is let go to start the afternoon period. But about the sheep—given a couple of leaders the rest follow on,

pretending to see great sport in the "tapping," whilst they really fear that their turn will be next.

Just the other day a certain boy was hopping round joyfully on the outskirts of the "tapping ring." After the former victim had been released the joyful one was suddenly spotted. "There's so and so," cried one of the gang, "let's tap him," and the next minute the "joyful one" was in the middle of the howling bunch, from which he emerged dripping wet, to be jeered at by the onlookers. And this fellow was an old boy, too.

Although I don't for one minute think that new boys should go without their "tapping" (I have been through it all myself), yet I do think that when a fellow has been in the school for, say two years, he is entitled to a few privileges, even though he may be deemed an ass, and that he ought to be able to stand by and see the new boys take their medicine without having to fear that he will be the next to see his own reflection in the marble basin.

KICKER.

What has become of those nickel novels, such as "Buffalo Bill," "Nick Carter," "Diamond Dick," etc.? They were very popular before the summer holidays, but now they have been put aside for better literature. Magazines such as "The Popular," "Red Book," and so on, are being read, and expensive novels, some of which cost as high as a quarter, have come into vogue. In a few years from now, the boys up here will be reading Tennyson. Addison, Steele, and others, if they keep on improving at this rate.

Special attention is directed to the cover design, which was drawn by Mr. Charles E. Delbos.

THE PROSPECTS FOR HOCKEY. '07.

When a St. Andrew's supporter says to you: "24 to 6," the only suitable reply which we can think of at the moment is "wait till the hockey season," but on the other hand, when the fellow from S.A.C. ominously remarks: "Yes, wait till the hockey season," we

don't quite feel so certain of our would-be victory. However, the prospects are very bright; we have Richardson and Morse back for an active part on the team, while I was informed that Jack Phippen was to be back after the Xmas holidays. It was only the other day I heard an enthusiastic supporter of U. C. C. say that Stan. Morse "was going to bring a whole bunch down from Winnipeg," and also that "Hemmick was to bring his brother up for the hockey season." Although I cannot vouch for the truth of either statement, I dare say that Stan's bunch would be more like two or three than a carload of pros.

Although Phippen will not be able to play on the team, he will very likely prove a valuable help in the training.

Morse, it will be remembered, played on the wing line last season, followed up well, and was a very aggressive man.

Richardson played star goal, and should make an excellent player this year.

Hemmick is the well-known rover who was on the Port Hope team last season when they won the Junior O. H. A. championship. He is a great stick handler and skater, and should prove a valuable addition to the team.

It is said that Hemmick's brother, who was another Port Hope player, is to join U. C. C. this coming term.

St. Andrew's have Crossen back to play point, the remainder of the team being practically strangers. Crossen has to admit that Hemmick is an exceptional player.

May U. C. C. win this year. She deserves to.

NOT VERY LIKELY.

The other day Blake was heard to remark to Billy Saunders, who had asked him for the loan of a quarter. "Yes, Billy, if I was thinking of giving a quarter away I would certainly lend it to you."

Webster (endeavoring to rub his hand through his hair, after a caning) — "Why, oh, why did I get my hair cut so short?"

RECENT COLLEGE JOURNALS.

It commenced, of course, with the Times, but we all know about that. What I want to set forth is the history of the papers which have been edited and published by the fellows at U. C. C.

In the year 1903, during the fall term, some energetic boarders, under the editorship of J. A. Williams, got together, and formed a staff to publish a paper. This paper was suitably named "The Effort." As I have said before, J.A.W. was editor; H. Walker, assistant editor; J. Sheard, artist, while Sid Grafton, Garmany and a couple of others composed the remainder of the staff.

"The Effort" continued to flourish during the Easter term, and had about 150 subscribers. About this time "The Gazette" was first published. "The Gazette" was not a college paper, and during its first year of publication had only about 50 subscribers, none of whom were of U. C. C.

"The Effort" kept on publication until the summer term, when on account of some misunderstanding the company was disbanded. After the Xmas holidays "The Gazette" was put on the college market, and on account of the novelty of its get-up was eagerly sought after by the U. C. C. boys. The new paper was a complete departure from "The Effort." It was of about six pages in size, with a colored paper cover, bound together neatly, and contained, sometimes some fairly good matter and illustrations.

Soon another paper was on the market, in the form of "The Beaver," a paper edited by one of the old staff of "The Effort." This paper was composed of about three pages of foolscap, which was duplicated in the same way as was "The Gazette," from a stencil.

The craze now seemed to take hold of a good number, and upon "The Flat Weekly" and "The U.C.C." were being published. The former came to grief after about its first copy on account of McCaul and Caldwell, the two editors, having some little disagreement. The latter published two or three issues, and then, as they had not enough subscribers to make it pay, they went bankrupt. This left only

"The Gazette" and "Beaver." The latter failed first, just about the time when "The Rival" was first issued.

"The Rival" was in opposition to "The Gazette," and was published on the same plan as was that paper, namely, with bright cover, and gotten up similarly.

Both papers were continued until after the midsummer holidays, when "The Gazette" failed, through opposition.

"The Rival" has since held the sway and popularity by its neatly printed form and solid reading matter. Hume Blake proved a very satisfactory editor till he resigned in October and his place filled. Messrs. Beardmore and Robertson publish the present paper, with G. A. Maclean and I. Sheard acting as editors.

A CONVERSATION OVERHEARD
ON PRIZE DAY.

The identity of the two principal actors is not definitely known, but one, at least, is believed to be a fellow-pupil, S—r—y M—cK—ll—r.

Scene—In the hall.

She—Who is that corpulent little chap over there?

He—Where? Oh, that's Turnbull—comes from one of Toronto's suburbs—Hamilton, you know. Went to a fancy dress ball last winter and tied a string to his leg to disguise himself as a captive balloon.

She—Gracious! I wouldn't like to be as fat as that. Why, there he is again.

He—Oh, no; That's Fatty Young.

She—Dear me! All the fat boys look alike.

Isn't that a sweet little boy over there? One of the prep. kids, I suppose.

He—Prep. kids? (snorts.) That's Jack Benjamin.

She—Well, don't get mad. You'd think from his size he was one.

My but this room's warm.

He—Never mind; it'll be all right in a minute. Bull's just going out.

She—Oh! I know that man over there. I saw his picture in the Fit Reform window on Yonge street.

He—Oh, you mean Gilmour.

She—No, of course not. I know Jimmie.

He—Then it must be Stan Morse.

She—Hasn't he got nice shoulders? Who is that funny-looking one over there. Is he a St. Andrew's kid?

He (disgustedly)—No; that's Sam Oughton. Comes from the West Indies.

She (wonderingly)—Oh! I suppose being among cannibals so much makes him look like that.

My but that's an important looking boy.

He—Yes; that's Frankel; been over in Germany.

She (slightly inattentive)—What? Does he study germs, did you say? Oh! Germans, yes.

Is that one of your nice old boys?

He (exasperated)—That. No, that's only McCullough.

She—How old is he?

He whispers.

She—O, then, he's not an old boy, is he?

Is that one of your college fussers? He looks as though he led a fast life.

He—Yes, he won the cross-country.

As they leave the hall she bumps into somebody.

She—Oh, I beg your pardon, Dr. MacKe—

He (hurriedly interrupting)—S-h-h. that's Fen Brown; he's awfully husky.

She (solicitously)—Why, has he got a cold?

At this juncture they passed out of the front door.

She (shivering)—My what a chilly wind.

He (in a confidential whisper)—Oh, that's Winter; he's jealous of me and tried to give me the cold shoulder.

She—Who's that on the football field?

He—Where? Oh, that's Fathead MacDonald. You can't see him now, he's behind the goal post. There, now he's past it.

She—My, hasn't he funny legs? Etc., etc., etc.

The rest of the conversation, we regret to report, was lost in the hustle of departure.

AND TIMES ARE GOOD.

Funny how policemen and barbers have to pinch and scrape to get a living.

FROM A DAY-BOY'S STANDPOINT.

It is inconsistent to tap the day-boys, who are, most of them, comparatively clean. But the boarders, who come in for very little of the taping, really need a good washing, which they get—I don't think.

The boy stood on the football field

Whence all but he had fled—

Because his arms and legs were off

He stood upon his head;

He stood upon his head, I say,

While on all sides around,

His arms and legs and armor lay

In pieces on the ground.

So finely pulverized was he,

I think for sure I'm right,

In saying that he looked as if

He'd played with dynamite.

And now, dear reader, let me ask,

Ere I recommence my tale,

"Why do we play the ball of feet.

With fist, and tooth, and nail?"

And when the quarter's neck gets broke,

And the doctor says, "I guess he'll croak."

Then the crowd gets wild and hollers out,

"Take off time" or "Send the first spare out."

Another victim then runs out to meet his Waterloo.

And ladies who, when a mouse do spy

Get upon a chair to scream and cry,

Not a tear doth dim their light blue eye

When the field is red with the darkest dye.

But this sport is the best of all,

"The noble battle of football."

Master (in mathematical period)—
"If I insured myself for five thousand dollars, and paid a premium of six per cent, how much would I get if I died?"

Master (reading to the Form)—"The first school founded in Canada was in Quebec. There were seven scholars, two of which ran away, while the other five ate themselves to death."

Boarders' Chorus — "Lucky beggars!"

EVOLUTION OF THE TAFFY.

If you should ask any boarder, or, in fact, any day-boy, what he considered the most popular institution at U. C. C., the answer would be undoubtedly "the Taffy," and he would prove it.

But if you should question regarding its history, he could probably tell you

candy for college boys was Mrs. Cottrell, whose habitation was a modest, two-storey, roughcast house, near the south-east corner of Simcoe and Richmond streets. It was unpretentious and conventional in style, and was the hovering place at noon time and at the close of the day of boys, big and



The Taffy Shop.

nothing; and that is the purpose of this article, to enlighten those still ignorant concerning the growth and prosperity of the old place from the first original "tuck" to the present establishment.

THE OLD-TIME TAFFY SELLER.

The original of all the sellers of

little. They, with spare pennies, brought a lot of coin to the pockets of the popular maker of the delicious taffy, which so many boys declared "was the best" ever made.

The shop had originally been a dwelling house occupied by Mr. Cottrell, a well-known carpenter. Some

time in the late forties the idea of providing taffy for the boys occurred to his thrifty housewife. The candy shop was on the north side of the building, and the little counter had upon it as neat and trim a selection of sweets as would suit the taste of almost every boy who wanted to make an investment. It was a good centre for taffy traffic. The immediate neighborhood of the shop was thickly populated with college boys, and the shop had not only an extensive patronage from college boys, but from the youngsters who were pupils in the private schools of the neighborhood.

THE SECOND STORE.

Mrs. Cottrel moved from Simcoe street to Adelaide street, at the corner of Duncan, about 1862, and continued the business till 1866, when a Mrs. Mary Harrison took it over and kept it till 1886, when the present Mrs. Harrison, no relative, however, purchased the stock. The business remained at the corner of Duncan street till 1891, when the college removed to Deer Park, where she has dispensed candy and her famous ham sandwiches for the past sixteen years.

We wish to congratulate "Auntie" in her excellent accommodation for everyone since the school started, and we are assured that the future holds even brighter prospects for the welfare and prosperity of the Taffy.

SPOKE FOR HIMSELF.

It's told of Charles Lamb, that one afternoon, returning from a dinner party, having taken a seat in a crowded 'bus, a stout gentleman subsequently looked in, and politely asked: "All full inside?" "I don't know how it may be with the other passengers," answered Lamb, "but that last piece of oyster pie did the business for me."

THE REASON WHY.

Shopper—"It's dreadful how expensive these American sausages have become."

Shopkeeper—"Well, you see, there's not only the duty to pay, but the dog tax as well."

SONG.

Term all over, swotting done,
To the railway station run;
Pack your grips and your valises,
Then skiddoo with your releases.
Board your train and jump for joy.
Jump! thou happy boarder boy.

Drop your Latin book and Caesar,
Nepos and that other geyser
Virgil; in the locker shy 'em.
Let the holidays defy 'em.
Let 'em in the darkness nap:
Laugh! though mirthful boarder chap.

But too soon, too soon, repeating,
Days must mark the time that's fleeting,

When to study and to learning,
Once again your steps be turning;
Then, weep thou, boo-hoo and bellow,
Weep! thou doleful boarder fellow.
—Anon.

PRETTY DEEP.

A Yankee just returning to the States was dining with an Englishman, and the latter complained of the mud in America.

"Yes," said the American, "but it's nothing to the mud over here."

"Nonsense!" said the Englishman.

"Fact," the American replied. "Why, this afternoon I had a remarkable adventure—came near getting into trouble with an old gentleman—all through your confounded mud!"

"Some of the streets are a little greasy at this season, I will admit," said the Englishman. "what was your adventure, though?"

"Well," said the American, "as I was walking along I noticed that the mud was very thick, and presently I saw a high hat afloat on a large puddle of very rich ooze. Thinking to do someone a kindness, I gave the hat a poke with my stick, when an old gentleman looked up from beneath, surprised and frowning. 'Halloa!' I said, 'you're in pretty deep!' 'Deeper than you think,' he said. 'I'm on the top of an omnibus!'" —Old Scrap Book.

Ever notice what a board expression
Laugh! thou mirthful boarder chap.

THE HERO.

He played upon the football team,
 He was a dream;
 A member of the great fifteen,
 The neatest tackle ever seen,
 He played upon the football team.

But when that week at length rolled
 round,

That week of joy and dread,
 That week of swotting and of crams,
 That week before the dread exams,
 The mighty tackle scratched his head
 And bitter were the words he said;
 He pondered, as he chewed his pen,
 His tackling didn't help him then.

AWAY BACK.

Mr. Thomas S. Reid, of Hamilton, Bermuda, a college boy of the fifties, is now the Hon. Thomas Reid, for he is a member of the Government of Bermuda.

The first college paper was published in 1857. It was called the College Times. It was then changed to the Monthly Times, and later to the Boys' Times, with the additional title of the "College Growler."

Walter Barrett, a son of the late Dr. Barrett, is a New York newspaper man.

After cricket the popular game at the college in the fifties was shiny.

The college was founded in the reign of George the Fourth.

When Sir John Colborne decided to found U. C. C., he wrote to England for "a cargo of masters."

The first college or school square in Little York, now Toronto, was the land bounded by Church, Adelaide, Jarvis and Lombard streets. The old Blue School stood in the centre of this plot. It is now occupied by the Public Library and other buildings.



The Traveller (showing photo of himself with pet monkey on his knee):—I had this picture taken in South America. Isn't it a fine likeness?

His Friend:—Excellent. But whose lap are you sitting in?

BEFORE THE INVESTIGATION.

There was once a young man named Young,
 Who once, when his nerves were unstrung,

Put his wife's ma, unseen,
 In a chopping machine,
 Then canned her and labeled her
 "Tongue."

"Next summer," remarked Mr. Rosewell,
 "I shall sail quite a bit if it blows well."

And I also shall yacht,
 And canoe quite a lacht,
 And betimes—well we know Rosewell
 rows well.

The other day Jimmie was walking down Yonge street and he saw a trunk in East's window labelled "This size for \$5.95." "So do I," he remarked wearily.

“WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUMPKIN.”



This is not a procession of Esquimaux on the march; neither is it an Arctic expedition making a final dash for the Pole. It is merely the day boys performing their morning walk over the snow-clad hills and dales of Avenue road.



"She's got wonderful eye-sight, she hasn't lost a ball since she started playing golf."

"Um, she's what you might call links-eyed."

Says the boarder: "Let the blizzard bliz,

The window pane keeps out the friz;
And breakfast warm puts on my phiz
The smile that won't come off."

Says the day-boy: "Ugh, its 10 below,
To college I will have to go.

But the rink to-night for mine, oh, ho.
And that is why I wear, you know,
The smile that won't come off."

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

"That man is musical and romantic," said Maud.

"Yes," answered Mamie. "He is one of the sort that hangs over a piano singing 'Every Morn I Send Thee Violets,' but never really produces even as much as a box of candy."—Washington Star.

Almost any man can be calm in the face of denunciation, but few can stand it to be laughed at.

There is a young chap named Mulqueen,
A half on our noble fifteen.
He's a peach on a rush,
But at catching not much,
As is often quite plain to be seen.

Of course you've heard of Jackie Galt
And of Saunders "two" Billy.
In fact they both are now a part of college history.

Their names are on the billboards tall
For scholarship and prize,
While the medals they can sport about
Would dim one's eyes.

Little Red Riding Hood, she was so good

And modest, I really declare,
When she saw "Hewy Dart"
She gave quite a start
And her heart went a-beating for fair.

GROUCH WAS SOUSED.

Mr. Grouch—I found a poor, ragged fellow in Farmer Dobbin's meadow last night, and if I hadn't brought him home with me he would have been frozen to death.

Mrs. Grouch—Oh, indeed! Perhaps that explains the presence of Farmer Dobbins' scarecrow in our parlor this morning.—Philadelphia Press.

COMPLETED NOW.

Bright—They tell me Brown's been knighted. Got a handle to his name at last."

Greene—"Umph! He needed it. Always was a mug."

REDEEMED.

"Why in the name of goodness," exclaimed his friend, "do you keep taking out your watch? Have you a train to catch?"

"Eh? Oh, no!" he said. "No, the fact is, I haven't seen it for a long time."

COMMON PLACE.

"He was wounded in seven places in one battle."

"Seven places! Where were they?"

"One was in his left knee, and the other six were in his imagination."

A FAIR DECEIVER.

Katie—I never gave you any encouragement.

Ernest—Yes, you did; you led me to believe that your father was wealthy.—Jester.

FREEMASONRY AT HOME.

Fond Wife—How strange that whenever Henry comes home from the lodge he always comes to bed with his hat on! I suppose it's another of those Masonic rules.—Scraps.

DELAY UNAVOIDABLE.

"George! George!" she screamed.
 "Baby has swallowed a button."
 "Well," called out George, "you'll have to wait, I'm using the hook myself for a minute."

EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

Hubby—I can't get the castors under the bookcase to work at all, and I've oiled them twice.
 Wife—But did you use castor oil, dearie?

WANTED A BACHELOR.

"And you've been waiting all this time for a husband, Jane?"
 "No, for a single man. This isn't Newport."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

INFRINGEMENTS MANY.

"Just think what we'd be missing,"
 Said he, "if that delighted Discoverer of kissing
 Had had it copyrighted."
 —Philadelphia Ledger.

NOVELTY NOW.

"This morning we received an extremely curious postcard, which excited great interest."
 "O, what was it?"
 "It hadn't any pictures on it."—Bon Vivant.

SPICY.

There was a young woman named Perkins,
 Who just fairly doted on gherkins.
 She would take no advice,
 And ate so much spice,
 That she pickled her internal work-in's.

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