

Acta Ridleiana.

ST. CATHARINES, EASTER, 1895.

Acta Ridleiana.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:

Mr. H. G. Williams. T. B. F. Benson.
W. E. H. Carter. L. Price. A. J. Hills.
J. L. Street.

It was the hope of the Editorial Committee to be able after Christmas to publish the ACTA regularly every month, but at length they decided for the present year to issue one number every term and make that as attractive as possible. Next year it should be possible to restore the ACTA to its old position among the leading monthlies of the Dominion. The task of the Committee has already become serious, and the editorial waste paper basket has lately caused poor Ize many a groan as he has struggled down stairs under its weight. The committee at first sorrowed to see so much fine literature go to waste, but they are growing callous now. Some of the members, with an eye to business, have suggested that the *Star* and the Toronto dailies would be very glad of our rejected manuscripts and would pay us handsomely for them. But it is urged that our contributors write from no motives of solid gain. Glory is all their desire, and if they cannot achieve fame through publication in the ACTA, no money consideration can ever induce them to allow their fondly polished verses or their finery rounded prose periods to appear in such low-priced publications as the *Mail*, the *Globe* or the *Star*. Better had they pass into oblivion! At the present rate Ridley College will soon be able to supply authors, poets and otherwise, advertising canvassers and funny men to the whole country. The Committee go about the College in bodily fear. Wild-eyed, disappointed authors, clutching rejected manuscripts, glare from dark corners upon us, and we are considering the advisability of asking for extra police protection and of binding some of them over to keep the peace. It is proposed, however, to satisfy these ambitious young Dickenses, Mark Twains and Tennysons by issuing an extra grand Midsummer number, and by this half promise we hope to escape from all hurt and at the same time to spur to further efforts those who think they have fulfilled the whole duty of man and can live on their fame for the rest of their days, because we have already graciously accorded the honor of publication to their manu-

script. This Midsummer number we hope to make very attractive, and have engaged or intend to engage some of the most famous old boys to contribute. In addition to this special feature we hope to be able to call it a "specially illustrated number." Of course if we make this number so extra specially grand it will naturally have an extra special price, which will certainly be not less than 15 cents.

We desire to offer our hearty sympathy to Trinity College School in the loss they have suffered. It was no doubt a cause for the greatest thankfulness that every boy escaped without injury from the burning building. We trust that in a short time the school will rise again "beautiful from its ashes," and that this experience may do no more than add an exciting chapter to the history of the school.

A Midnight Experience.

Some time ago a favorite prank among the boys was to annoy one another with rather stale porridge while they were asleep. I had thought this quite a joke, and enjoyed exceedingly seeing others get it. Finally my turn came. One night I was rudely awakened by a "spat," and the idea that someone had hit me with some canal water. I tried to rub my eyes, which seemed strangely obstructed, and found that my face was covered with something sticky. I sat up in bed and pondered over what it could be. Finally a smothered laugh at the end of the hall and an odor of porridge brought me to my senses. A little water and a towel removed the debris and I crept back to bed vowing vengeance. I thought I knew who did the deed, and the next night, amply provided with the necessary porridge, I stole down the hall and, after waiting at his door, crept to the bedside. I could just see the outline of his head on the pillow and, raising my hand, I brought the mixture down with a splash. I waited in the hall and listened. Not a sound! What did it mean? Had I choked him? Stealthily I crept back to his bed and lit a match. Heavens! he had prepared a dummy for me, made out of a pillow and my own fur cap, and I had filled the cap half full of porridge.

L. R. P.

NOTE.—Will any old boy to whom this may be sent please remit 25 cents for this and the Midsummer number, which will be sent to any address named as soon as possible.

A Trip To The Saguenay.

In the month of July last year, I started from Toronto for my long desired trip to the far famed Saguenay. After a couple of days sailing, in which we visited all the important places on Lake Ontario, and on the St. Lawrence, we arrived at Tadousac, which is at the mouth of the Saguenay. This is a very pretty place. It was once the capital of the French settlement; also, it is here that Sir William Phips stationed his fleet the night previous to his attack on Quebec. The first stone building ever erected in America was here, and was the home of Father Marquette, the explorer of the Mississippi River. I went to see the little Jesuit Chapel, which is over two hundred years old, and also the great salmon, reserves kept up by the government. Having gone on board again I was soon sailing up the Saguenay. My eyes were strained to see everything possible of this beautiful river, up which we were now passing. The river is about one hundred miles long, and two and a half wide at the mouth, but is only navigable as far as Chicoutimi. Its waters are very clear, and in some places are over one thousand feet deep. For the last seventy-five miles it flows between cliffs, which are often one thousand feet or more in height. The river is the scene of many fishing expeditions, as its waters abound with salmon, trout, and other fish. Next we came to the two great capes, Eternity and Trinity, which are most worthy of notice, because of their great height and ruggedness. Cape Eternity, which is by far the most imposing, is one thousand seven hundred feet in height, while Cape Trinity is one thousand eight hundred feet. It is a grand sight, these two great masses of rock rising almost perpendicularly out of the water, which is over one thousand feet deep. The two capes are separated by Eternity Bay, which is quite small and very desolate looking. Indeed, all of the Saguenay is very still and deserted, as no fields can be found for the cattle to pasture and few birds can be seen. The only thing which breaks the stillness, is the sound of the boat ploughing its way through the deep waters. On Cape Trinity can be seen a very correct profile of a human face, and also a statue of the Holy Virgin, which has but recently been placed there. The next place of note was a very picturesque spot, Ha! Ha! Bay, so called because some early navigators, having tried in vain to anchor in the river, at last arrived at this bay, and on finding anchorage, burst out laughing. The water

in the Saguenay being too deep for anchorage, ships moor to rings fixed to some of the precipitous walls. Then we arrived at Chicoutimi, the most important port on the Saguenay, and the end of my delightful voyage. Chicoutimi is a small town whose population numbers about three thousand, the majority of whom are French Canadians. It is noted for its numerous saw mills, and good cheese, large quantities being exported every year to the lower lakes and the maritime provinces.

L. M. SOMERVILLE.

The Hockey Season.

Shortly after reopening at Christmas, the following Hockey committee was elected:—

Chairman—Mr. W. C. Michell.

Hon-Secretary—Mr. C. A. S. Boddy.

Committee—A. W. Mackenzie, (Captain), G. McG. Maclaren, W. E. H. Carter, H. R. Harmer, T. B. F. Benson.

The secretary immediately set to work and managed to arrange some matches. U. C. C. was up to its old trick of not answering our challenge; and, with T. C. S., Port Hope, it was "The Boys" must not go away from home. Efforts were made to get leave for the team to go to Port Hope, but this could not be managed. Several attempts were made to get on a game with the St. Catharines team, but these were unsuccessful.

The Team left on the morning of February 2nd, and journeyed to Toronto to fight for the honor of their College against the Victoria colts. The game commenced at 4 o'clock with Ridley playing West. For the first ten minutes Ridley had things very much their own way, and managed to score two goals to their opponents nil. Then the Vics. wakened up, and before long evened the score. During the first half the play was very even, and at half time the score stood 5 to 3 in the Vics. favor.

After a few minutes rest the strife commenced again with Ridley playing shinny instead of Hockey. During this half the play was chiefly on Ridley's side of half way, and the game ended with the score 8—5 in favor of the Victoria Colts.

The teams were:—

Victoria Colts—goal, McMurtry; point, F. Morrison; cover point, Baily; forwards, P. Morrison, (Captain), Hill, Manson, ———.

Ridley—goal, F. R. Spence; point, H. R. Harmer; coverpoint, T. B. F. Benson; forwards, J. G. Maclaren, A. W. Mackenzie, (Captain), G. McG. Maclaren, A. J. Hills.

Referee—W. Helliwell, Toronto.

G. McG. Malaren and A. W. Mackenzie played well for Ridley while Bailey and P. Morrison did the best work for the Vics.

Two weeks later the Team again went to Toronto and played Trinity II. The match commenced at 11.30 with Ridley playing East. From the start it might easily be seen that Ridley were the superior team, and before many minutes G. McG. Maclaren succeeded in scoring for Ridley. A few minutes still remained to complete the first half and in this time Ridley again scored.

In the second half Ridley added 6 more to her score while Trinity managed to get 3, Senkler being responsible for Trinity's. During this half the game was faster and some rather rough play was indulged in by Trinity, but Ridley was ready for them and did their share. One notable feature of the match, was Senkler's trick of trying to break his opponents toes. Perhaps he thought he was showing us something new, but I dare say after the match he found his toes as sore as those of any one else.

The score at the close of the game stood, Ridley 8, Trinity 3.

It would be unjust to select any one of the Ridleians as being the star player, as they all played the best game possible.

For Trinity, however, Senkler, Bain and Heaven did the best work.

The teams were:—

Ridley—goal, W. E. H. Carter; point, H. R. Harmer; cover point, T. B. F. Benson; forwards, J. G. Maclaren, A. W. Mackenzie, (Captain), G. McG. Maclaren, Nicholls.

Referee—Donaldson, Wellingtons.

Goal Umpires—E. McMurtry, B. Cowan.

Cricket.

At a meeting of the General Athletic Association Committee, held on March 19th, the following cricket sub-committee was elected. T. B. F. Benson, A. W. MacKenzie, H. G. Griffith, W. L. Matthews, R. D. Gurd and all masters taking a lively interest in the game.

A meeting of this committee was held on March 21st, and Mr. J. Miller elected Chairman.

Mr. H. G. Williams—Hon-Secretary.

R. D. Gurd—Curator.

The appointment of a Captain was left until the committee should be able to judge the qualities of the players better.

This year the prospects for a team are very good, six of last year's team still being with us, while the vacancies can be well filled with the members of last year's junior team. Mr. Miller is striving hard to obtain the services of a good professional for the coming season. Besides this he has got a cocoanut matting so that the bowling qualities may be well developed in the gymnasium. This year, as last, the weak place on the team will be in the bowling. If, however, this difficulty is mastered, there is no reason why the Cricket Team should not hold up its end of the record made by the Football and Hockey Teams.

What Some Fellows in the Third Form Like.

The holidays will soon be here,
The gladdest time of all the year,
When books and canes are left behind,
Purses once more with bills are lined.

E'en of holidays we grow tired,
And lessons are once more desired.
We loathe with dainties to be fed,
We long once more for stony bread.

We want to whoop, and yell and roar,
To feel the stinging strap once more.
We wish to hear the college bell,
And pies and toasts once more to sell.

We like to play the same old games,
And call each other nasty names;
We like to call a fellow "beast"
Then help him eat his dainty feast.

We wink at damsels in the street,
Watch them grow as red as a beet,
Hence, detention from a master;
But we rush them all the faster.—H. L. HOYLES.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

Oh Tommy's mansion's a beautiful place,
But sorry I am it is there.
So here's to old Tommy! I wish he would move,
But old Mr. Nisbet "don't care."

The estate comprises a stable and barn,
A rickety house and a hay stack;
Now, Tommy, be generous, and leave us more room
For a new tennis court and a race track.

"I shall not," says Tommy, "you know very well
That sometimes I make lots of mon.
For holidays come always four times a year,
And 'tis then I make quite a sum."

He's got hacks, but all broken, they're not worth a cent,
He's got horses, a brown and a dapple,
Now move, my friend Tommy, and leave us some space
For the new tennis court and the chapel.

Notes.

Cooke wants to know why Erlie's whiskers are coming on so fast. He thinks it must be because they are good Walker's.

We intend to open up a Correspondence Column in our next issue, and queries may be addressed to "Editor of Correspondence Column."

Owing to an error in the calendar there may be some misapprehension as to when the College reopens. All boys are expected back on Tuesday, April 16th.

We hear that there are likely to be some considerable changes in the order of things after Easter. The good work that has been accomplished by the P. F. C. is not going to be allowed to drop, and loafers are still going to have a hard time of it.

The reason why the College has no cricket professional as yet is not as been reported, that we can find no man good enough in England. Attewell is not coming out again this year, and the East Toronto club can't afford a coach at all. We may have a man yet.

Is it not time that the General Association began to talk about the Annual Sports? Most of the likely ones have been training for some time back, and, judging from the general popularity of exercise for health's sake during the winter, there ought to be no lack of competitors or of keen competition.

On Wednesday evening, March 27th, at St. Thomas' Church, the Bishop of Niagara received the following Ridley boys in confirmation: W. L. Matthews, H. G. Nicholls, R. D. Gurd, H. L. Hoyles, A. S. P. Williams, G. M. Mair, G. E. Gooderham, W. C. J. Doolittle, W. Carpmal, A. K. Miller, J. G. Reid, J. L. Street.

A very pleasing feature of this issue of the ACTA is the number of contributions that have come from the younger boys in the school, several coming from the Second Form. The First Form sent in more than one manuscript, but they unfortunately had to be rejected, a thing that Tommy can't yet understand.

It is early yet to talk about the Old Boys' Cricket Match, but we do hope that this year nothing is going to stand in the way of what should be the most certain of our annual fixtures. Any day will suit the College that is not occupied by another match, and the Secretary, Mr. Williams, would like to have the date fixed so that it can appear in the list of matches.

The *Sunbeam*, of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, thinks that A. J. H. writes good "poetry," and that the boys here don't seem to do much else but play football. They do, however. Some play the banjo!! Others play the (April) fool. One young man received on the first of the month, from a fair friend, a most delicious looking cake covered with pink icing. He

gathered a few select ones to help masticate it. At the first cut of the knife he discovered that he was the victim of a cruel joke. His lovely cake was a pasteboard construction covered with pink sugar.

The editors are anxious to find the complete words of a cricket song, published some years ago in the *Boys' Own Paper*, probably in one of the first six volumes. Will any boys who have early volumes of the *Boys' Own* look up this? The first verse runs somewhat like this:—

There was a little boy,
(Well bowled!)

He stepped up to the wicket,
And thought he'd play some cricket,
But he didn't, for he was
Well bowled.

It should be quite possible for one of our Ridley boys or masters—Mr. Hodgins, for instance—to give a good musical setting for these verses, which would make them a good college cricket song.

Interesting Discovery.

For a long time everyone has been wondering why "Suse" is going up to the Royal Military College. All sorts of reasons have been advanced for this, such as that his blood-thirstiness will allow him to pursue no other course in life, or that he wanted to "jolly" his unlucky subordinates in the ranks who, under his strict discipline, could make no resistance. Until lately, however, no one suspected that he was doing it from a motive inspired by a short verse that he heard some time ago. The following lines show his incentive:—

"The damsel laid her blushing cheek
Upon the soldier's breast.
The cheek just pressed the button,
And THE SOLDIER DID THE REST."

This is the reason "Suse" is going to be a bold soldier boy. He wants to "DO THE REST."

Tick and Run.

This game is rapidly coming into prominence, and although it is not a regular college sport, the enthusiasm shown at present bids fair to make it a favorite pastime.

The game is played on the baseball principle. A short bat, generally a piece of broomstick, and a tennis ball, are used. There are three basemen and the battery, but no fielders.

Several teams have started in the school, among whom are the "Riptail Roarers" and the "Bowery Five." We expect that other teams will form, and that there will be some exciting games this season.

The Masters vs. Boys match, which is on for the first pleasant day, is expected to be a great success.

L. R. P.

The Gymnasium.

Now that skating has gone, the boys indulge to a greater extent than ever in the healthful exercises of the gymnasium. Indoor bowling is also participated in, and from present appearances we are not to be behind in this respect during the coming cricket season.

There is some talk of procuring a boxing instructor. The fellows are all very enthusiastic over the subject, and we are sure they will see the thing through if permission is obtained to secure a teacher. Arthur Schramm, a professional boxer in town, is willing to teach for a small sum, and it is said he is a hummer.

A Good Friend Gone.

Since our last issue Ridley has lost by death one of its best and enthusiastic friends in the late Mr. C. E. Hooper, of Toronto, the father of Ed. and Charley Hooper, whom many of us remember as friends and comrades, and sympathise with in their loss. I verily believe that Ridley was the best school in the world to Mr. Hooper—so it should be to all of us. What boy, who has been in the football or cricket teams for the last five or six years, did not notice Mr. Hooper at most of the matches played in Toronto—many must have felt his hearty handshake and have listened to his words of congratulation or consolation. "Ridley boy" was to him a synonym for "young gentleman." Boys, if you try to become all Mr. Hooper thought you were, there will not be much wrong with you.

H. G. W.

The Meat Market.

The substitutes for coinage in the dining room are milk, apple pies, brown potatoes, etc.

The following is the present state of the market, as given by the Board of Trade, which has an able President in the person of Mr. L. Somerville:

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------|
| 4 Cold Meats, | } = 1 Milk. |
| 4 Apple Sauces, | |
| 3 Preserves, | |
| 1 Bun, | |
| 1 Fruit, | |
| 2 Cottage Puddings with Hair Oil, | } = 1 Toast. |
| 1 Blanc Mange Pudding, | |
| 2 Milks, | |
| 1 Brown Potato, | |
| 1 Apple Pie, | |
| 1 Beefsteak, | |
| 2 Toasts = 1 Egg. | |

Rice, Pudding, Honey, HASH, (!!) etc., have been omitted, owing to their not possessing any market value.

NOTES.

Mr. Somerville, President of the Board, says brown potatoes may drop considerably, even below par.

An important appointment has been made at one of the tables in making Mr. A. L. Brown Chief Auctioneer.

Baldwin and Hatfield are reported to have lost considerably, owing to the recent fall in the price of rice pudding.

"Fatty" McLaren has been trying to corner the toast market, and it is rumored that he has large quantities stored away.

Some unknown person has been trying to corner the crust market, and has been depositing large stores in the drawer of the master's desk in the Fourth Form Study.

It is rumored that certain outside men are holding a quantity of pies and puddings in the hope of a rise in price; but the report that cream and sugar would in future be supplied with pies and puddings lacks confirmation, and the daring speculators will probably be heavy losers.

H. HOWITT.

FOILED AGAIN.

"Say, Mr. Miller wants you!"
 Someone howled in at my door,
 And I knew he'd seen me out of bounds
 Upon the day before.
 So I donned three suits of underwear,
 And *tried* to don one *more*,
 But couldn't, so I hung them
 On the hook, behind the door.
 Then I got three college jerseys
 And a heavy flannel shirt,
 I'd like to know how through such things
 A caning still can hurt.
 To be on the safe side of it,
 On went a few things more,
 Then I boldly sallied down
 And knocked upon the office door.
 "Come in!" a dreaded voice replied,
 So with a guileless face,
 The door I pushed and stepped into
 The awe inspiring place.
 Then commenced the little lecture,
 Ere the whacks began to fall,
 Oh, how I wished I had skipped off
 And not gone there at all.
 But there was *still one* comfort
 That *even then* I had:—
 With all my clothes, a caning
 Could *never be* so bad.
 But just guess what my feelings were,
 When I got the commands:—
 (*With all my work of padding*)
 To take it ON THE HANDS!!

—J. L. S.

University College.

TORONTO, April 1st, 1895.

My Dear Ridleians.

The events that transpired at 'Varsity during the week ending March 16th will be as interesting for you to hear as they were for the Sophs to witness—they were novel and memorable.

There was granted to the Sophs for the first time to witness an election campaign, wound up by the finest "scrap" *post hominum memoriam*.

The first shots of the campaign were fired on nomination night, March 8th. Then the rival factions put forth their champions amid great cheering of friends and ill suppressed jeers of opponents. Party feeling ran high. Mud slinging was begun by one of the Students' Party, *i. e.* the "Outside" Party, but checked in good time by a subsequent apology. The "Lit." bound up its loins and the factions like two merry schoolboys prepared to fight a good fight—the Student party in their democratic way to construct cliques and secret organizations; the University party to meet these assaults and make war on their confines, particularly on the exclusion from the Society of the 1st and 2nd year "Meds" and on their wavering policy, re Brute Force Committees and Cab Hiring.

As the stern dominie moralizes with words of thundrous sound before he paralyses with the more fearful rod, so, for a lovely week before the "scrap," came pouring forth any quantity of party pamphlets, roorbacks, "relutations," "charges nailed" and other election trash. It is the crisis of the election week, the outpouring of all the pent-up vials of wrath, the weakening of men and their undoing, the moment of glory and the hour of defeat, it is the Now or Never. This is the time for no rhetoric but great muscle. Here we require men strong to endure and in onslaught effective. It is the Factory of Reminiscence. Beside the glory it can give Olympian laurels pall. Happy the man who is gaped at as the hero of the hour.

The great event came off this year in Temperance Hall on Richmond street. Through a passage from the street, on the left side of the building, one enters the hall—the scene of the fray. To the left and some twenty or thirty feet from the east wall of the hall—the building runs north and south—is the door to the polls. This door is blocked so as to open only wide enough to allow the passage of one man at a time. The object, then, of the "scrap" is to hold this door by force of

arms and to prevent the entrance of the other party's voters while passing one's own in.

Here gather about eight o'clock the Brute Force Committees of both parties; as yet they await the time of commencement. Immediately, taught by experience, the stalwarts of the University party take possession of the door and await the attack. (Possession is nine-tenths of the law.) Presently big McArthur, champion at the 'Varsity sports, a horse of a wing and a man of muscle, leads on the attack, and at once is precipitated a furious struggle—furious, however, only in point of energy displayed, for perfect good nature prevails. Words fail to depict the struggle—the straining muscles, the waving arms, the hot flushed faces, the rending of jerseys, shirts, pants, the presently bared backs, the stifling air hot as in July. Now the "Students" gain ground in the corner—the angle where the east wall meets the north—which, once lost, gives the Students a point of vantage. A mighty effort deprives them of a temporary gain. The voting goes on meantime. The voters—all of them University men—are admitted despite any efforts to keep them back. This wonderfully agile scrapper with bared back displaying muscles that are a perfect caution is our old "Socket" Kingstone; near him is Don Macdonald; Stanny Gzowski does good work yonder; Fatty Perry is beneath that mass of apparently wrangling fighters; Pop Anderson is there in the corner losing flesh visibly; Toothpick Macdonald is here—all these old Ridleians and good "University" men.

Accidents to clothes are very startling; one man, Moore by name, emerges clad only in his boots and a bright smile. Half the men are naked to the waist and slippery as eels. For four hours this struggle continues. But now the Students falter, grow faint, one by one fail to return to the charge. The University men still hold the door; no hope is there of winning it; 130 votes polled to 4. McArthur gives up the struggle and calls off his dogs of war. The fight is over; victory is won.

For the rest of the time our party holds the door in quiet and get in all their votes, while the beaten Students, despairing of a chance to cast theirs, go off home. At four the polls are closed and two hours later a mighty cheer greets the announcement of the victory of the University, a worthy descendant of the late Alma Mater Party.

A word more about old Ridleians who are at 'Varsity. At present their frame of mind is melancholic in view of the approaching

exams. Their thoughts are serious and apprehensions acute. This is no time with them for trifling. Ridley's first head boy, Billy Cronyn '95, is working fourteen hours a day with intervals for eating. Don Macdonald, also '95, is plunged in a sea of classics whence, let us hope, he will presently emerge shining like morning when it has pushed them clouds away. So the tale runs; a weary list of hard worked fellows. Frank Perry, '99, commonly known as Squib, is nothing but skin and bones. Charley Macdonald, '98, (I regret to say he graduated last year from '97 to '98) firmly believes the Cornell system of no exams is the *summum bonum*. But despite all this the troubles that now beset us, which are not after all as great as imagination pictures, we always take the deepest interest in old Ridley and Ridleiana. Many of us hope to come over in June and "do" you or be "done" by you on the cricket field. With best wishes to you all from all old Ridleians,

Vale Atque Salvete,

POP.

My Visit to Liberty Flat.

One evening the thought suddenly struck me that it would be a good plan to visit the top wing, about which I had heard so much. Having been told it was a dangerous thing for anyone to do who was not prepared to fight for his life, I decided to make myself as little conspicuous as possible.

The first two rooms I came upon contained boys playing banjos, but holding my ears and running madly to the other end of the hall, I managed to get out of range of these (un) melodious playthings, and was about to enter the room on the left side when the stalwarts, "Freddy and I," rushed out upon me and demanded my reasons for encroaching upon their premises. I told them I didn't mean to disturb them, but they were not satisfied with this, and called two of their brethren dwelling next to them, who enjoy a certain fistic reputation. Seeing I was inferior in numbers, I humbly apologized. On this they became quite friendly and one of the big 'uns even went so far as to tell me his father knew my father.

But as we were conversing on friendly terms we heard a rumbling noise proceeding up the hall and a master appeared, so I slunk down to my dormitory with the pleasant prospect of six on each in the morning.

W. L. M.

Hungry Hollow.

Bang! What is that? I sit up in bed and listen. Bang! There it is again worse than ever. There is a scuffle in the hall and somebody yells "fire! fire!" at the top of his voice. We climb into our clothes as rapidly as we can and line up in the hall, and are then told to crawl down stairs. On the way down we meet the other crowd coming up and a general collision ensues. When we reach the bottom we are told it is only a false alarm. We then go back to our dormitory and Jamie McWilliams coldly informs us without any regard for our feelings that he is going to treat us to jelly. Of course we all like Jamie, he is so kind and generous. While we are waiting *patiently* for Jamie to begin the feast, steps are heard approaching the dormitory. We keep quiet and the steps enter the dormitory and we know it to be the master on duty who smells the jelly, so Jamie invites him in. We hear them enjoying themselves, and one by one we *quietly* go into Jamie's cubicle and take seats on the bed. We are all treated decently by "mine host" McWilliams. It is then proposed that we have an oyster supper. We all dub in enough to carry out this scheme. Soon after we go to bed and visions of oyster stew and crackers fill our heads. I think the inmates of Hungry Hollow are prime (being one myself how could I think otherwise?) and if anybody has any objections to offer to them, I will take great pleasure in—holding his coat. J.H.B.

A Sad Story.

A Toronto tramp had the following pitiful story to relate when "hauled up" and questioned as to his occupation, etc.

"Me an' me brudder was twins an' de sons uv a lovin' an' wealty pa, an' nuttin' was dere ter mar our happyness till one day at der age uv tree munts we was fatally mixed in der bat' tub, and from dat orful day no 'un kin tell wheder I'm meself or me brudder. If I'm meself I fall heir to der milyuns uv me pa, but if I'm me brudder I don't—*See?* Dough most tought me de rightful heir I did not take de muney, (not likin' to risk takin' dat wot was not me own) but guv up me claim to me brudder, who is now livin' in superfluous and arrogant style on Fifth Avenoo in Noo York, while I'm a 'omeless wanderer, *alas!* However, since dat time I 'ave never tuched water, as I see de element is down on me." Here he ended almost in tears. It is needless to say the court was greatly moved, and our friend dined with the Judge that evening.

G. M. MAIR.

THE LAW'S DELAYS.

Scene—Griffith's and Haszard's room, 1894.

Haszard has just received a hamper from home. The other six prefects have been requested to be there at 10 p. m. to help remove contents of the hamper.

10 p. m. sharp.

Enter Benson, Carter, Gzowski ma. Roy and Sheldon, the six prefects

Haszard—Here, you lazy chumps, get off the beds and lend a hand.

(The box is emptied in a jiffy and the contents spread on the table).

Hasz.—Who wants to carve the turkey?

Carter, Gzowski and Roy (making a dash for the knife)—I will

(A scrap here ensues in which the aforementioned manipulator takes the principal part)

Hasz. (feeling it his duty as host)—Quit your fighting; give me the knife or some one will get cut.

Carter—No danger; that's one of the college knives.

Hasz. (seizing knife)—Get away there.

(He then makes some grand flourishes in which the others expect to see the legs and wings just drop off).

Sheldon—Where's the salt?

Gzow.—There isn't any; rush after it, Shortie, and if they won't give it to you take it by assault

(Gzowski is here unmercifully pounded).

Exit Sheldon, for the salt.

Enter Mr. Stewart, attracted by the light and noise. (Mr Stewart is a lawyer.)

For a moment there is great confusion Haszard and Roy, however, with presence of mind, rush to the table and, by leaning against it, hide the grub The others deposit themselves on the beds and chairs.

Mr S.—Well, what's all this mean?

Carter—Just a quiet gathering of prefects for deliberation, sir.

Mr. S.—What can you want to talk about at this time of night?

Hasz.—A matter of the deepest interest to all concerned.

Mr. S.—Well, but you should all be in your rooms. Who said you might have the gas lit?

Griffith—Prefects may keep it lit till 10.30

Mr. S.—Nothing was said to me about it Now, you prefects think you ran do just as you please. Why, the other night. Etc., etc.

(Here follows a lengthy and impressive speech, during which we with difficulty keep from laughing; for in his haste Haszard had left a leg of the turkey exposed. Several other articles of grub were also in sight).

Griffith, now overcome by Mr. Stewart's innocence, drops his head to conceal his laughter and appears to be looking under the bed,

Mr. S. (suspiciously)—Griffith, what have you got under the bed there?

Grit—I thought I saw a foot.

(Thereupon he hauls out about a dozen pair of feet).

Mr. S. (at our suppressed laughter)—I don't see anything funny in all this If you—

(But here Mr. Stewart is interrupted by Sheldon rushing in and almost knocking him over, and yelling out, "Talk about your scraps: why the cook, Mr Gare, and all the girls jumped into me, but I—") Just then he sees Mr S. drops into a chair overcome by surprise, and shoves the salt out of sight)

Mr. S.—Well, Sheldon, are you in it, too?

Shel.—Yes, sir, right in it.

(We now perceive with alarm that Mr S. has moved very near the table, where at any moment he may see the spread. It is now 10.30 We are beginning to get tired of the delay, and drop sundry gentle hints mingled with growls that our lawyer friend would stop practising on us and make himself scarce)

Mr S. (after another impressive speech concerning our duties as head boys)—It is now 20 minutes to 11; but (concedingly) you may keep the gas lit till 11.

Griffith (opening door)—Thank you, sir.

Mr. S. (not very well able to resist the broad hint)—Good night, boys

Omnes—Good night, sir.

The door closes with a bang, together with the imprecations of the hungry guests. In two minutes the turkey is out of sight, and shortly after that the table is clear and all feel better boys both physically and morally.

Lord Bacon had better know that other things besides Reading go to make a "full man."

W. E. H. CARTER

College Notes.

An all-important question just now is what will be the next sarcastic J.A.B. at the "high and mighty prefects."

The number of books in the library has greatly increased since last September There are now about 650 volumes, together with all the leading periodicals.

From present appearances bicycling will be taken up very energetically by the boys this year. There is some talk of forming a bicycle club in the school.

The annual Glee Club concert will be held shortly after the Easter holidays. It promises to be a great success if the fellows will only attend the practices regularly.

On Wednesday, the 13th of March, we were honored by a visit from Hon. N. Clarke Wallace, M. P., Mr. J. L. Hughes, Public School Inspector, and several other gentlemen, who told us all about the great future we had before us, etc., etc.

OUR WINDSOR GIRLS.

You may talk of your girls from Toronto,

Or your Hamilton damsels sweet,

They may be charming creatures,

With their tiny and beautiful feet.

Perhaps they have magnificent eyes,

Or still more lovely hair;

But you ought to see OUR WINDSOR GIRLS,"

Says Mr. Moncreiff Mair.

SAD, SAD, INDEED

There was a young swell of Ridlee,

Who went to afternoon tea;

He ate so much cake

That he got a bad ache,

And away to Miss Cleghorn did flee.—J. L. S.

We are pleased to welcome Mrs Miller home after a visit of five months to California. We understand her health has greatly improved, and hope she will still give the kind assistance to the Glee Club which she has formerly given.

The Chemical Laboratory has at last been fitted up and a select band of scientific enthusiasts, under the direction of Mr Williams, twice a week compound their deadly mixtures Everybody is very busy trying to see if he cannot find some Exam. to go in for that requires Chemistry as one of the subjects

A college pin has been gotten up by the boys. The design is by Ryrie Bros., Toronto. It is in the shape of a college shield with the colors, orange and black, done in enamel, and the words "Ridley College" engraved on it. The pins, which are of sterling silver, may be had at Ryrie's, on Yonge street, at any time.

Caught in the Act—A Fact.

Scene, McKenzie's room. Time, 10.10 p. m. Boyd, Mair, Selden, Baxter and McKenzie.

Selden—Say, boys' can't we have some fun to-night? All the masters are out but——

Mair—Yes; let's have a set of Lancers.

Boyd—Oh, Fatty, you just want to show us how well you are getting along at dancing class.

McKenzie—There are not enough, anyway.

Baxter—No; I'll skip and get my violin and we'll have a concert.

(Exit Baxter).

Boyd—You sing first, Seldy.

Selden—The dickens you say; Gully can go first.

Mair—No, Seldy, you go first.

(Enter Baxter with a violin.

Baxter—Here we are, boys; now what will it be?

Selden sings "The Spanish Guitar:

When I was a student at Ridley,
I played on my——

Boyd—Cave! Cave! Here comes——

(Exeunt all in great confusion except McKenzie and Boyd, who get into bed).

(Enter Mr. Stewart).

Mr. S—I thought I heard a noise on this flat. Had you boys anything to do with it?

Boyd and McKenzie—I don't think you heard any noise on this flat, sir.

Mr. S—All right, boys; good night.

McKenzie—By Jove, that was a close shave.

Boyd—Yes; your night shirt was on the bed the whole time.

McKenzie—I guess I'll get out——

Boyd—Cave! Here he comes again.

(Re-enter Mr. Stewart).

Mr. S—Oh, by the bye, McKenzie and Boyd, I made an inspection of the walls of all the rooms on this flat but this one. Are there any initials or names on the walls or woodwork in this room?

Boyd and McKenzie—No, sir.

Mr. S—Well, I'll take a look around to make sure.

(Looks around; goes over to the window).

Mr. S—Oh, here are some initials; they look like yours, McKenzie.

McKenzie (beginning to feel anxious)—Oh, no, sir; I'm sure they are not mine, sir.

Boyd—No, sir; those aren't his, sir; they have been there for a long time. I think they are McKedie's.

Mr. S—Well, it looks like your writing, McKenzie. Come and have a look, anyway.

McKenzie (quite agitated)—Guess they are mine, sir; but I didn't think I put them there.

Mr. S—Well, just to satisfy my curiosity, come and look at them.

McKenzie (trembling)—Sir, what are they done with? Are they cut or written?

Mr. S—Well, it wouldn't do any harm to look at them.

McKenzie (grumbling)—Ah, I'm so tired, sir. Can't you wait till the morning, sir? Then if they are mine I'll pay the fine.

Mr. S—No, come along. It won't disturb you much.

McKenzie—Do I have to get out of bed, sir? I'm so comfortable, and it's so cold out of bed.

Mr. S—Yes, of course; it won't hurt you. Come along at once.

(McKenzie gets out of bed).

Mr. S—Ah, McKenzie; in bed with your clothes on? Go to detention to-morrow for 12 tots. Get undressed and get to bed at once.

(Exit Mr. Stewart).

McKenzie—!!!!

Echoes from other rooms—Ha! Ha! Ha!
A. J. HILLS.

A Water Fight.

The College was very quiet,

It was an awful night,

The boys were getting ready

To have a water fight.

The "Cow," our gallant captain,

Led us into the fray.

He thought that he would never

See the light of another day,

We all lined in the hallway

The foeman to receive,

When "Dancy" tipped a basinful

Right down into his sleeve.

The enemy below us

Began to hoot and howl,

And by their noise I think they

Were plotting something foul.

The masters and their candles

That night had all gone out.

We then called Colonel "Taffy,"

Who is both brave and stout.

Then the enemy attacked us,

We made a gallant stand,

And with our water pitchers

We drove them from the land.

W. N. NICHOLLS.

Obituary.

Burr! the son of the late N. S. French, of Ridley College, died an unnatural death after severe illness and horrible agonies. As the disease was contagious, very few attended the funeral.

Old Boys' Register.

We propose under this heading to give our readers information as to the whereabouts of some of the Old Boys, and to keep track of their doings. Information such as may be useful for this column will be thankfully received by the editor.

A. Alexander—"Alick" is lemon ranching in Santa Barbara, Cal.

A. A. Allan—Has left School of Practical Science and is in business with his father in Toronto.

E. H. Anderson—Is now in the Imperial Bank, Port Colborne.

G. A. Arthurs—is with the Bradstreet Agency in Chicago. He plays cricket with the Chicago Wanderers.

M. D. Baldwin—Is at Trinity.

A. W. Anderson—The genial "Pop" is at Varsity.

K. Boulton—Is in Chicago, just about to enter the North Western University. According to latest reports he stands 6 feet 4 in his stockings.

R. M. Brown-Rodman—is at the School of Science in Toronto.

Walter Caldecott—Spent a year in Germany after leaving school, and is now in business with his father in Toronto.

Dick Carr—Is living in California, at Riverside.

W. H. (Billy) Cronyn and D. B. (Don) Macdonald—Are both at Varsity in the class of '95. We are expecting to see them head their class lists this year, and before our Summer number comes out we expect to be able to write B. A. after each of their names.

Harry Darrell—Is in the Head Office of the Imperial Bank in Toronto. He has played for two winters on the Bank Hockey team in the Bank League matches.

Frank and Con Cartwright—Are both at Queen's University, Kingston.

Harry Carter—Has spent a year and a half in Colorado in the mineral oil business, and is now in Toronto, but expects to go back shortly.

E. V. Elwood—Has been in the Bank of Commerce, St. Catharines, and has played both football and hockey with the town clubs. As we go to press we learn that he has moved to Simcoe.

W. H. Gooderham—"Billy"—is in the Bank of Toronto, Head Office.

R. E. Greene—Had to leave the training

ship Conway owing to his eyes failing, and is now in the Dominion Bank at Orillia.

D. F. Griffith—Is travelling for his father's firm in Hamilton.

C. S. Gzowski—"Stan"—is at the School of Science in Toronto.

F. H. Haszard—Is at Charlottetown, P.E.I., and will enter McGill in October.

E. M. Hooper—"Ed" is at Varsity pursuing his medical course.

C. H. Hooper and H. S. Jones—Are in the office of the Confederation Life Association, Toronto.

A. C. Kingstone—Is at Varsity, and has for two seasons been a prominent member of the football team.

Percy Macdonald—Has been obliged again to give up his work in Trinity, and has been spending another winter in California.

Charley Merritt—After a year at McGill, has settled down with the Watson Manufacturing Co., St. Catharines.

Louis Merritt—Has been at the Agricultural College, Guelph, and intends to become a tiller of the soil.

"Billy" Millichamp—Has also learned the science of Agriculture at Guelph, and has just bought a fine fruit farm near Port Dalhousie.

Will Pellatt—Is in the office of the Imperial Bank, 32 Church street, Toronto.

Frank Perry—Is at Varsity. About Frank and the other old Ridleians at Varsity, we hope (some time or other) to be able to say a good deal.

Carl Riordon—Is also at Varsity.

Shirley Stewart—Is in the Bank of Toronto in St. Catharines.

Dick Street—Is studying medicine in Chicago, at the Hahnemann Medical College, and his brother Gerald is at the North Western University, Evanston, Ill.

H. S. VanSchaick—After leaving school went travelling in the west, and rumor has it that he is soon to be married.

R. W. Stovel—Is at McGill taking the Practical Science course, and is doing very well, having more than once headed his class list.

C. D. W. Uniacke—Is at the Royal Military College, Kingston.

W. G. Wood—Is in the Bank of Toronto, St. Catharines.

W. R. Wadsworth—Is at Trinity, where we expect him to distinguish himself.

P. H. Wade—Is in the Traders' Bank, at Orillia.

Sam Tilley—Is in the Bank of Montreal in London, Ont.

Tom Ritchie—Is at Dalhousie University, Nova Scotia.

George Lewis—"Pam"—is in the Electrical Works at Peterboro.

Geo. A. Mayhew—Is in business at Simcoe.

Miles O'Reilly—Is in the Toronto Branch of the Bank of Montreal.

Charley See—"Ching-Wa-Lee"—is in the Head Office of the Bank of Toronto.

A Breakfast at Ridley Junior Table.

Ridley's rising bell rings at 6:45, but the boys are not always very punctual in getting out of their warm beds at that hour, so they generally roll over for another little snooze. At about 7 o'clock you will hear a groan and some one call out, "Say, Willie, has the bell gone yet?"

"Yes."

"I think I will get up now."

So Tommy gets out of bed just as the last bell begins to ring.

"I guess I'll have to hustle," says Tommy to himself.

Tommy arrives down in the dining room just in time to be too late.

"Tommy, why are you late?" says Mr. —

"I don't know, sir; but, sir, I took too big a wash, sir; I guess, sir."

"But, Tommy, you forgot to brush your hair."

"Yes, sir."

"How's that, Tommy?"

"Because, sir, somebody has broke my looking-glass, sir; and I couldn't look at myself, sir."

"Tommy, you had better leave the room and brush your hair," says Mr. —.

Yes, sir."

"Take a quarter of an hour for being late, and a quarter more for not having your hair brushed."

"Yes, sir. But it won't count two detentions sir, will it, sir?"

"You'll see when you get there," says Mr. —.

"I hope you'll be in a good humor to-day, sir."

(Tommy goes out and in a minute or so comes in looking about as fresh as before).

"I had first on the milk," says Tommy, as soon as he gets to his seat.

"I beg your pardon, Tommy, but I had first," says Percy, his brother. "You're late; you're fifth."

"Well, the toast starts at me to-day," cries Tommy; "because it started at you last day."

The toast is passed around and Tommy gets two pieces.

"Say, Tommy, sell me a piece for a piece next day," cries somebody from another table.

Tommy assents, and the toast is passed over.

"First on the potatoes," cries Willie.

"Second."

"I beg third," cries Tommy. "Mr. —, is time up yet, sir?"

"No, Tommy; not yet."

"Much longer, sir?"

"About three minutes more."

Tommy, endeavoring to get a piece of bread, knocks his tea all over Percy.

"Ha! Ha! I'm going to tell," but time is up and the boys are dismissed by tables.

H. R. HARMER.

A Midnight Raid.

Poverty Flat was as still as death, and no sound was heard save the continuous snoring of the two Willies and the Macks. At last the silence was broken by the heavy step of the master on duty, but as the last flicker of the candle disappeared, a low whistle was heard, and several white figures stole from their respective rooms and held an earnest consultation in the corridor.

Finally a decision was arrived at, and a figure with a queer limping gait (Sandow), crept off towards the door leading to the main. The rest followed at intervals.

When Mr. Boddy's room was reached it was ascertained by a bold member of the band that he was not at home.

This news was received with low murmurs of rejoicing as the invaders departed to storm the neighboring dormitory. As they entered they were received with a volley of missiles and pillows; water-jugs, basins and boots filled the air.

In the midst of this uproar a warning signal was heard, and the assailants disappeared under beds and behind curtains. Not a second too soon, for as the last leg was withdrawn a master entered, but peaceful snores were the only answers he received to his questions.

As soon as the coast was clear, the marauders started out again and rushed through the upper flat, leaving the wretched, shivering, half awakened enemy to collect their scattered bedclothes. Suddenly a shrill cry of "Cave!" was heard, and all dashed for their own rooms. But in vain, for the leader, on rounding a corner, was received into the arms of a master. The rest were easily discovered and dessert was served around to the tune of six on each.

N. F. KERR.

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If not in Stock will purchase, or if necessary make
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