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College Times.



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EASTER NUMBER

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College Times.

VOL. XII.

DEER PARK, MARCH 20, 1894.

No. 6

The College Times.

Joint Editors :

C. H. BRADBURN. A. A. MACDONALD.

Sub-Editors :

D. A. ROSS. F. W. MACLENNAN.
O. M. BIGGAR.

Publishing Committee :

C. H. BRADBURN, *Chairman.* A. A. MACDONALD.
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All communications of a business character should be addressed to the Secretary.

In our last issue we suggested that the Old Boys' subscription for a coach be applied to improving the lawn as a fund had been already raised for the former purpose. We have since learned that the Old Boys' movement was first afoot and they will provide the coach for the XI this coming season. We hope, however, the other fund will not be dropped, as it can be expended on the cricket lawn to great advantage.

The Camera Club exhibition has been a great success throughout and compares to great advantage with the same event last year. There was a neatness about the work, a taste displayed in the selection and treatment of the subjects, and a noticeable absence of mediocrity in most of the photos which promises well for the future work of the exhibitors. What next year's Camera Club is, will be wrapped in the obscurity of the dark-room of the Fates and it is almost impossible even to surmise. Only three of the

present members are likely to be at the College next year and there are at present only three or four prospective members. However, we wish the Camera Club may have a fortunate future and not, like the mosquito, be the College organization of a day.

The recent pranks of a couple of the juniors are quite on a par with the *manly* way in which they owned having played them. They were as senseless and stupid as the senseless way they tried to escape detection after they refused to own up, and they have fallen very much in the esteem of all true College boys by so doing. Any College boy, who would remain quiet and see the whole school punished for a stupid bit of amusement he had indulged in, deserves to be tabooed the society of boys with any spirit. It was only cowardice made them refuse to own up, and it was only cowardice again that made them confess, when they found they were liable to be detected. It was a marvellously bright thing to take a length of hose out of its box, stretch it along the hall and run a little water through it. It was a clever thing to ruin the only means of protection against fire that we have, and to endanger the lives and property of every one in the College. If all the juniors were of this mental calibre we would have a bright prospect for future seniors, but fortunately we have reason to believe that the great majority are much more sensible. Unless these small boys get over their babyish ways, the College will have a very poor set of seniors in a few years. We do not doubt that if they try really hard they can become sensible boys, and if they are good—well, we won't promise anything, but we'll see.

When the holidays are over and the boys have come back to the routine of school life, those who

do not play cricket, will find that they have a great deal of spare time on their hands. To use up some of this time in a very interesting way, why not act on the suggestions that Capt. Geddes made to us in his lecture on insects last fall? Most boys seem to think that collecting insects is a lot of hard work without any pleasure, but on the contrary, it is very interesting, and there is not so very much work about it. Besides the pleasures of entomology however, it is very useful because, in reading up, to find out about the insects which you have, you begin to take more of an interest in all animals, and most boys would be surprised at how little they knew about ordinary animal life.

In another lecture last year, Dr. White told us something about the wild flowers in the vicinity, and although it does not look as if one would find many near the College, yet he says there are a great many of them within easy walking distance. Here, then, is a chance for boys who have nothing to do in the spring term, to go in for botany.

We think the boys would appreciate it, if the Friday lectures were renewed, as they make rather a pleasant break in the regular lessons of school.

A PREHISTORIC DOCUMENT.

"Recently I had occasion to search among the archives of Upper Canada College," writes an eminent linguist, "and I was greatly interested in a Sanscrit parchment I found amongst the other documents. It was evidently very old, for it was much faded and some of the characters were almost illegible. After some trouble I was able to decipher it and made a fairly accurate translation, though some passages are, to my mind, still doubtful. Thus it reads: 'For many moons the children of the mighty rok have hunted in the land of the fast-running rivers and the plains of many days; and Anaçon, the father of his people, has eaten with his warriors, as the father of day has hidden his face from men. And now the people, my people, will turn their faces toward the land of sweet roots, and will walk

for many moons to join the great armies of their brethren. And I, Lona, the mother of my tribe and all the warriors now not fit to fight against the ones that hate us, and all the old women—we must stay. But Anaçon, my son, will not leave his people without meat. So many (the word is almost illegible, being *aq--h*, probably for *aquah*, the horse) horses, bulls, goats and (another indistinct character, *ç-an*, without doubt for *çuan*, the dog) dogs as a young warrior can slay in one moon have been given us to eat.' Then there follows a description of the place, rather indefinite and hazy. It continues: 'There is also a writing of the land which——' and here the skin is torn. The second fragment reads: 'And now the mighty father of day no longer is kind to his children. His face is still seen as he comes forth from his lodge, and he looks all day on the forlorn ones of a once powerful nation, but the heat from his fire is gone out. The crows pass beyond where the eye can see—they follow my people. The little trees no longer have leaves, and the tall trees no longer can make cold when the mighty sun in his anger looks too fiercely on his people—for all is cold, we get always colder, and now I can but for a little time hold in my hand the bone with which I mark this skin; my son knows this place. I have put many skins on the legs of birds, which always fly towards my kinsmen, and they will know the place in which I die. We have slain all the beasts, and their bodies are hard as stones. They lie in the huge hole under the rock, and I have marked it on the drawing; you, my son, will find it.' There was also the fragment of a map, and in another place I saw the record of the finding of these parchments by an old College boy in a temple cave in Ceylon. It had evidently been regarded as a most sacred relic by the natives. The other map has no doubt been carefully hidden, as the knowledge of the whereabouts of such a treasure of meat is an invaluable boon to such an institution as the College. I have some doubts as to the exact position referred to by the dying savage, but it is probably somewhere in the north of Asia—no doubt in northern Siberia; and the reference to the departure of the tribe refers to the southern migration of the savages at the

time of the glacial period. The College has no doubt, by the aid of its map, been enabled to find the exact position of the cave and has been for many years using this frozen meat."

To the Editors of the TIMES:

DEAR SIRS.—At the Old School it was customary to hold the games before the 24th of May, and I think it would be an improvement if we could fall back into the old plan. Since we have come to the New School the games have been held in June, and boys wishing to compete have found it rather hard to prepare for the games and examinations at the same time, besides, only a few weeks' work is necessary to finish the track, and as there are about seven weeks between Easter and the 24th, it will give the boys plenty of time for training. I have no doubt a great many of the boys will agree with me in favoring the old plan.

Yours sincerely,

SENIOR.

Literary.

A DARING ACT.

The S. S. S., which stood for the Sangust Summer Society, could not boast of a very large membership roll, but what members there were, were, as their President, Hon. Francis Kennet, as he was pleased to style himself, said, "of an exceptional quality." The Society had just eight in all, the President, as mentioned, Vice-President, Herbert Ambrose; Treasurer, Harvey Lawson, and Jos. Taylor, Secretary, made up the officers. The other four were Harry and Dick Norton, Douglas Pierson and Joseph Ward.

The day was a warm one in July, and the eight boys were divided into two parties of four each, each party being in a boat. The boats besides their human cargos were heavily burdened with baskets, a couple of tents and a large supply of blankets. Of course it was a camping party, but as well, it was an excursion to a large town, about thirty miles down the Rapid River, which flowed past Sangust and emptied into a larger river at Woburn, the town which they proposed to make their destination. They were all in high spirits,

as they intended to take things easy, and be away for at least a week.

They had tried and nearly succeeded in borrowing a steam launch, the "River Swan," owned by Mr. Norton, the father of the two boys in the Society. Mr. Norton would not allow them to take the little craft, unless his engineer should accompany them to see that no harm befell it. The engineer unfortunately happened to be unwell at the time, and as they could not obtain Mr. Norton's consent to navigate the yacht themselves, they had to be content with a couple of light row-boats. This did not weigh very heavily on the minds of the boys, as some had been in favor of taking the boats, even if the launch had been at their disposal. The Norton boys at first were considerably dissatisfied, but this soon passed off, and they were in as good spirits as the others.

Our adventure does not directly concern the journey down stream, and as space does not permit for the numeration of details and minor adventures, we will pass over that part of the excursion with a brief summary.

The boys arrived at Woburn on the morning of the third day out, after having had quite a jolly time all the way down stream, which consisted in a few duckings, and arousing farmers and peaceful people from their beds at early hours of the morning. In many other ways they had, as they themselves expressed it, "A swift time." They visited a circus, which happened to be performing at Woburn while the boys were there, and after doing the town in the course of a single day, they started homeward. The journey up stream was of necessity longer than that down, and on the third morning after leaving Woburn we find them still two miles from home.

This morning they arose at about four o'clock, in order that they might get the heaviest part of the rowing over before the heat of the day set in. They were now rowing steadily along, beguiling the way with jokes and eating soda biscuits. Suddenly Harry Norton said, "Hark! is not that the "River Swan" coming down. What in the world can she be doing out at this time in the morning? Father said that Thompson would not be able to manage her for at least three weeks, and that was only one week ago."

It may be here mentioned, that the "River Swan" was the only steam vessel of any kind on the river above Woburn, as the stream above that place was in many parts shallow and full of weeds, and would so be unnavigable for larger steamers. Consequently as soon as the boys heard the puffing of an engine they knew it must be the "River Swan."

"I don't believe everything is all right," said Dick Norton. "Father would never be out himself at this time of the morning. I move we hide in these rushes here till they pass us, and we can see who is on board." This plan was quickly agreed upon and carried out, the two boats were noiselessly drawn into the rushes at the side of the river and the boys eagerly waited to see who the occupants of the launch might be. They had not long to wait, for the little craft soon appeared in view, and sure enough it was Mr. Norton's yacht. The occupants were soon clear enough to be distinguished, and were seen to be three men, all strangers to the boys, and also they appeared to the boys to have a rather seedy appearance.

To say that the boys were surprised would be to but feebly express their feelings; they were astounded. It was quite clear now to them that the yacht was being stolen, and it also seemed quite beyond their power to in any way save it. "If we could only warn the people at that farm house, which we passed about three miles back," said Douglas Pierson. "That is not possible," said Frank Kennet, "for the yacht is going at a rate of at least six miles an hour, and would be away past it before we could get there." "I am going to try anyhow," cried Harry Norton. "Who will come with me? I will land and follow on foot." "I'm with you," said Dick, his brother. "Let us out, even if you won't come with us." "We will all go," said Frank; "but first we must land and hide the boats, and then we will follow with you."

In a few minutes all were landed and the whole eight boys started on a trot after the yacht, which could now be seen nearly half-a-mile ahead, steaming steadily down stream. How long the boys would have held out it is impossible to say. Perhaps not much longer, for a couple of them were already lagging behind and threaten-

ed continually to stop altogether; but after they had followed the yacht for nearly two miles, they perceived that its speed was slackening and soon they saw her turning towards the shore.

They took up a position near where the yacht was, in a grove of trees, but why she had stopped they could not perceive; they supposed something must have gone wrong with the machinery, or else that the coal supply had given out. This latter supposition was seemingly verified a few minutes later, by seeing the men go ashore and begin to chop up wood and gather sticks.

The boys then held a hurried consultation, in which five were for going ahead, and trying to get the farmer at the house, which was now only about a mile away, to try and stop the yacht as it passed; but the two Nortons and Kennet pointed out to them that it would be perhaps very difficult to get the farmer to interfere, as they had annoyed him in going down in the first part of the excursion, and that it would be better to try the rescue themselves. This decision having been agreed upon, the Norton boys who appeared exceedingly nervous, not without cause, asked Frank to lead them. It was a very trying situation for the latter, but he soon showed himself equal to the occasion. He divided his forces into two parties of six and two, and in so doing his plan was this: He meant to have the six appear before the men engaged at work, and attract their attention from the yacht. Then he himself and Harry Norton would creep up close to the yacht, and as soon as they saw their chance, make a rush, endeavor to get on board and push away from the bank, trusting to what steam was still left in the boiler to enable them to get across the river out of reach of the thieves, and where they would be able to collect enough fuel to get back to where they had left the boats, and where they arranged for the other boys to assemble. These latter to scatter if they saw their friends get safely on board, but if not, and they should be intercepted, to all rush forward and give them their aid.

It was indeed a daring venture, for while the boys had the majority by eight to three, still the men were armed with hatchets, with which they might seriously injure the boys. The latter

did not, however, count the risk, but were determined to recover the yacht at all costs.

The venture was a success beyond their most sanguine expectations. Six boys circumvented around and presented themselves cautiously before the men, who seemed somewhat surprised, but on one of the boys saying "Good-morning," they responded with equal civility, and the none of them inquired how it happened that the boys were roaming over the country at that hour of the morning. This somewhat disconcerted our heroes, but Harvey Lawson promptly replied that they were camping out in that vicinity, and had been taking an early morning walk when they saw the steam launch coming up.

"Is that your own yacht?" said Dick Norton. "No," replied the same man, "but one we have borrowed from a friend." "Who is your friend?" asked Douglas Pierson. "Must——." But here the rest of the answer was lost by the speaker suddenly turning his attention to the yacht, which he saw already nearly across the stream. All three men rushed to the bank crying, "Come back there, you young fools; what are you doing with the yacht?" "Your yacht is it," shouted back Harry Norton from on board, "I don't think. Where did you get it?" The men then hastily conferred with one another, but they seemed to arrive at no definite resolution.

Harry and Frank found on examination that there were a couple of sacks of coal on board and also plenty of steam in the boiler. Thus the men had not landed on account of fuel giving out, but probably to build a fire on shore. They then began to take the yacht back to where the boats had been left, and where they rightly judged the others would immediately go also.

"They did not seem to talk like bad characters," said Frank. "That's so," said Harry; "their language was remarkably good for that class of men, but their clothes were all shabby." Frank did not reply to this, and as each boy was well occupied with operations of steering and attending to the engine, nothing more was said until they arrived at the spot where they had left the boats. In a few moments after their arrival there, they saw the six boys coming towards the landing place, all running, while about

a quarter of a mile behind them could be seen the men running after them and shouting and gesticulating.

It did not take long for them all to get into the two boats, to fasten them on to the stern of the "River Swan," and by the time the men arrived at the bank, the boys were well started up the stream. The former shouted and called to them to come back, saying that the yacht was a borrowed one, but the boys kept steadily on their way, and were soon out of sight around a bend of the river.

They were quite elated over the rescue of the yacht, and the Nortons were sure that their father would reward them splendidly for their courage and strategy.

They found on board a couple of baskets well filled with the best provisions, two fine rifles, and a breech-loading shot gun, and three valises filled with good clothes, also a large quantity of good fishing tackle. "Thieves don't generally have such good articles as these," said Joe Taylor: "I suppose they stole them also," put in Herb Ambrose. This seemed likely to all and nothing more was said about them.

The journey up was uneventful, with the exception that Joe Ward, who in trying to cross from the launch to one of the boats, had been precipitated into the river by a sudden jerk of the yacht in striking a half-sunken log. He was, however, quickly rescued, and as the sun soon dried his clothes, he was none the worse for his misadventure.

When they came to within half a mile of the town, they decided to land and to walk in, and inform Mr. Norton of the recovery of the "River Swan."

This they accordingly did, the whole eight landing and walking up to Mr. Norton's house. They found that gentleman seated on the verandah reading a newspaper.

"He doesn't look as if he was very much concerned over the loss," said Herb Ambrose, as soon as the boys perceived him. "Perhaps he has not yet found out," said Frank. "We will give him a good surprise if so."

Mr. Norton looked up as the boys approached, and perceiving who they were, immediately called

out, "Hollo! back already? I did not expect you for a couple of days yet."

"Yes, father, we're back," said Dick, "and we have a pleasant surprise for you"

"You have, eh. What is it?"

"We have recovered the yacht," said Harry.

Mr. Norton looked as if he did not understand, and he said so.

"Yes," returned Harry, "we stole it back from those fellows who stole it from you, and have brought it home with us."

"There is some mystery here," replied his father. "The yacht had not been stolen last night when I was looking at it."

"I thought you had not found out yet," said Dick. "We got it this morning about twelve miles from here."

"You are not joking me?" said Mr. Norton, "for what you say is next to impossible, because I lent the yacht last night to three gentlemen friends of mine from the city—Harris, Marsh and Harmon—but, look here, surely you have not stolen it from them. Come here and tell me all about it, quick."

Mr. Norton then drew the whole story from them, and though he was angry with them for their treatment of his friends, he could not but feel amused over the incident.

The boys were dumbfounded. Where was their heroic rescue now? The pleasant greetings that they had got from the supposed thieves, together with the splendid equipments they had found in the yacht, were now explained, and they felt uncommonly foolish.

There was nothing more to be done now except to bring in the yacht and boats to the town, and to await the arrival of the gentlemen whom they had left ten or twelve miles down the stream, and whom Mr. Norton rightly guessed, would arrive about eleven o'clock.

They came at about that time, having hired a horse and buggy from a farmer, and presented themselves to Mr. Norton, expressed their regret at the loss of the yacht, and offered to fully recompense him for its loss, if it could not be recovered. He, however, soon put them at their ease by relating the true circumstances, and they,

after hearing it, said that it was a huge joke and that although they had been put to some inconvenience, they would freely forgive the boys, and say no more about it. The next morning they made a new start on their expedition, and this time nothing interfered with them.

The boys tried hard not to let the story get abroad, but in some manner it leaked out, and they consequently had to stand a great deal of chaff on account of it. It was a long time before they heard the last of their daring act in rescuing the yacht from the ferocious ruffians.

H. H. L.

ON THE CHINA SEA.

"How many of them are there, do you suppose?" was Harry's next question. "Probably 2,000, though, of course, they are not all in one band. They hover round the islands, three or four junks together, ready to pounce on any luckless craft that may pass. Besides, they have allies on the continent and several strong forts and fortified harbours to which to flee, when there is any danger of being captured. If we were so unfortunate as to meet with some of Tucker's followers, we might have a chance of seeing the forts, though I am not anxious to do so under such circumstances."

The steamer had now entered a comparatively narrow channel between two islands, and just as Jack finished speaking, an affrighted Chinese rushed up the hatchway followed by the engineer. The engines had suddenly stopped. The engineer hastened to the bridge to make his report and had begun: "That villain, sir, Lee Foo, has just thrown some handfuls of coal—" when two large junks, improvised as fireships, were seen to swing in from port and starboard towards the stern of the *Golden Pheasant*. "Their old trick," muttered Jack, "a rope under water stretched across a narrow channel, a junk at each end, the engines stopped and then"—and then, for a minute or two, there was the utmost confusion. Gongs and stink-pots discharged from the junks in the rear began to fly about, and though they did but slight damage they clearly showed how the Chinese crew

were disposed to act in the matter. The cowardly curs had thrown themselves flat down on the deck and refused to stir. Michael Bland, though no one but the captain ever thought of calling him that—he was always known as Mike—and Tom Choate were sent forward to man the guns at the bow, and in passing they slyly dealt a few hearty kicks to the Chinese, by way of encouragement. Jack volunteered to see to the working of one gun, and the mate took charge of the other. The officers stood with their swords in their hands and their revolvers ready for action. The engineer and his assistant carried powder and shot from below, and in a few moments the two cannons were been worked briskly, considerably to the injury of three huge junks, which had beaten their way round the points of the neighbouring islands and were now bearing down on the steamer. The fight raged sharply for fifteen or twenty minutes, till the junks got out of the line of fire and then poured several volleys, chiefly into the rigging of the steamer, whose raft-like inertness made her an easy prey. Then the Chinese ran alongside, and swarms of brigands clambered aboard, many to fall round the ring of Englishmen before they reached it and many afterwards. For sword met dirk and oftener life's blood stained silk and cotton, than good English serge. But bravery was of no avail. The mates lay dead, the captain and lieutenant were badly wounded, and Mike was seen dolefully wrapping a rag around his arm. Harry had received a slash in the shoulder and lay white and motionless. But where was Jack? He soon appeared, carried along baggage-like and was dropped on the deck.

"Where have you been?" enquired Captain Wilton. "I did not see you after you and Tom came back from the guns; but where's Tom?" in a still more surprised tone.

"I will tell you again. Some of those fellows speak English," was the only reply, and Jack sat up, anxiously looking for Harry to satisfy himself he was still alive.

"Untie my hands," he said in Chinese to the guards, who were watching their prisoners with an occasional look towards the cargo being busily brought from the hold and transferred to

the piratical junks. "Look here," to the nearest guard, "I will give you this and these," as he produced a revolver and cartridges from under his coat. "Untie my hands, and be quick or I will let the rest know and these will go to one of your chiefs, for they are too valuable for you. Quick." His bonds were cut and he handed the weapon and ammunition to the man, then quietly worked his way to Harry. A few drops of brandy from the captain's flask restored him to consciousness, and he sat up to have his wound bound. A similar kind office was performed for the rest and they sat moodily waiting.

"Well," growled the captain, "of all traitors preserve me again from Chinese. Look, Lee Foo—and there's another—why all our crew are carrying for the pirates. They have grown wonderfully spry, and look jollier under their new masters than under us. But lay to a bit, for if I'm not altogether out of my reckoning they'll be suitably paid for this." So they continued waiting. In a space of time remarkably short the Dyaks and Siamese had transferred the bales of cotton stuffs, which was the principal item of the cargo, and the rest of the consignment, from the hold of the Britisher to the decks and cabins of the native craft. Then a council of war was held, and Lee Foo seemed to be urging some request, in which his comrades warmly seconded him. He apparently was not succeeding, when a petty chief rose and made a short harangue. The leader gave some orders in a sharp tone. The prisoners were bundled over the sides, the two boys and one of the lieutenants into one boat, the captain, the other lieutenant and Mike into the other. The engineer and his mate were left behind. The moorings were cast loose and the Chinese crew was left in possession of the *Golden Pheasant*. They were exceedingly jubilant, but the pirates had no intention of leaving them so merry. One of the fireships was towed alongside, for the length of the rope had allowed them to drift astern, a bale or two of inflammable goods were cast into the cabins and lighted. Then the fiends, delighted with their work and the consternation of their allies, hoisted their lateen sails and made off towards the north.

(To be continued.)

Society Notes.

THE CAMERA CLUB EXHIBITION.

The long expected Camera Club exhibition took place on the afternoons and evenings of Friday and Saturday the 9th and 10th inst.

The attendance was exceptionally good, showing a marked improvement on last year. This is probably due, in a great measure, to the kindness of Mrs. Dickson in having refreshments, which make a pleasant interlude to the examination of the many splendid photographs. The work of every individual member was much better than last year; Mr. Neilson's portraits and Clark's fox-terriers and animals, being specially noticeable. The number of Mr. Holmes' photographs was not up to last year's, but this is accounted for by the fact that he is now very hard at work.

The lantern slides, both on Friday and on Saturday nights were very much appreciated. Those on Friday were much more so than the others, though in quality there was no comparison. Saturday night was the first opportunity the boys had had to see Mr. Dickson's beautiful English slides, and they were much appreciated by the boys and visitors. Thanks are also due to Mr. Clark for lending his splendid slides of Eastern life and architecture.

The following gentlemen were kind enough to give prizes: Messrs. Dickson, Jackson, Edgar, Leacock, Macdonald, Collinson and Ramsey. The prize list was as follows: College Pictures—1st, Biggar; 2nd, Ross; Scenery—1st, Biggar; 2nd, Ross; Architecture—1st, Clark; 2nd, Ross; Animals—1st, Clark; 2nd, Biggar; Figures—1st, Mr. Neilson; 2nd, Clark; Fox-terriers—1st, Clark; Exhibits—1st, Clark; 2nd, Biggar; 3rd, Ross.

The photos were specially fine, Mr. Neilson's figures and Biggar's landscapes being particularly worthy of notice. There was also a large array of College pictures, which had the greatest interest for the boys. Mr. Macdonald's fox-terriers also figured very prominently.

RIFLE COMPANY NOTES.

REGIMENTAL ORDERS BY LIEUT. HUNTER COMMANDING U. C. C. R.

U. C. C., 12th March, 1894

1. No. 68. Pte. L. E. Wright, having been duly attested, is taken upon the strength of the U. C. C. R. from this date.

2. The members of the Rifles will parade for drill at 3.30 p.m. on Friday, March 16th, 1894, in the drill shed.

3. To be Sergeant, No. 18, Pte. J. L. Todd, vice H. M. MacBean, promoted.

4. To be Sergeant, No. 23, Pte. R. Temple.

By order,

(Signed) F. JOSEPH UPPER, Lieut.

Sec. U. C. C. R.

Since our last insertion in *THE TIMES* we have received a number of very kind donations to our Prize Fund, namely:

From late Col.-Sergt.-Major R. G. Fitzgibbons, whose retirement we all very much regret, the very liberal sum of \$10.

In Fitz, as he was best known, we lose one of our most efficient non-commissioned officers as well as a kind, jolly, good-hearted and well-liked comrade. In matters of interior economy his judgment was always to be relied upon, and his loss will be deeply felt by all who knew him, and especially by his comrades in the Rifles.

From Mr. Roy Wood, late U. C. C. R., the sum of \$5, to be given in prizes in any way the officers see fit.

From Mr. Reg Wilson a very liberal amount, to be given in prizes.

The Prize Committee have decided to give a set of engraved "pewter mugs" to the sergeant and each member of the section who obtains the highest number of marks for proficiency in drill. This ought to be an increased inducement to section commanders to work and to endeavor to obtain recruits.

Owing to lack of time (and funds) the dinner is postponed until the second Friday after the holidays. All dues must be paid up before 20th March to D. A. Ross, treasurer.

CAMERA CLUB.

A meeting was held in the Club-room, on Monday, 12th inst. The treasurer's report of the exhibition was read and other business attended to.

A committee of Mr. Holmes, C. H. Bradburn and G. E. Ryerson was appointed to select photos from the exhibition. These are to be framed and will be added to year by year after each exhibition.

At a meeting held on Wednesday, 14th, two new members were enrolled: G. W. Ross and W. Pender.

A vote of thanks was passed to all who, in any way assisted at the exhibition. The meeting was then adjourned.

Don. A. Ross, *Secy.*

Sports.

THE HOCKY TEAM.

R. G. Fitzgibbons, captain, was the only one of last year's seven who returned to College, and he had to form his team from entirely new material. He played coverpoint himself and filled his position ably, though at times he was inclined to rush too far up the ice. His lifting was very good and his defence work excellent. Morrisburg is nominally his home.

F. W. MacIennan is a strong advocate of his native city, Cornwall, on the banks of the mighty St. Lawrence, and he has successfully maintained its fame on the hockey team this season. At first "Reddy" played at point to great advantage, but after the first match he joined the forwards, and played a fast, clean game. "Reddy," however, was rather inclined to keep the puck to himself, barring this a better forward could not have been found.

A. A. Macdonald is familiarly known as "Curly" by his school-fellows and joined the pucksters with a good Victoria reputation to maintain. He played on the left of the forward

line, and was always on hand to pass or receive the puck. Shooting on goal was one of his strong points. "Curly" honors Toronto with his presence.

R. H. Temple joined the seven with a reputation at stake, and it has increased during the matches of the past season. "Reg" and "Curly" have been great friends, and every one who has seen them stick together at the matches has greatly admired their combination. "Reg" is fast, quick, and a good shot on goal and many of the College games are due to his prowess.

R. S. Waldie has "Bob"-bed about the goal a great deal this winter, and has been getting in the road of nearly every puck that came his way. It is very doubtful if he had been the size of a small elephant, he could have filled the space between the posts to greater advantage. "Bob" was usually cool, and played a sterling game at the chief point of defence.

M. C. Cameron took his place on the seven after the first match and played very successfully at point. His lifting will no doubt improve, and with his splendid defence work will probably ensure him a place on senior teams.

F. T. Upper went on the team towards the end of the season, but it was no fault of his that he did not join sooner. He played as fast a game as could be expected from the amount of training he had. He passed well and his shooting on goal was good. Had "Shorty" been able to practice earlier in the season he would have played an, if possible, better game.

FUN AND FROLIC.

VERY CLOSE.—He: Is there much between George and Hilda? She: I saw them sitting on the sofa last evening and you couldn't have put an oyster-knife between them.

VERY LIKELY.—"There's a great deal of jealousy among the flowers," said Hawking. "It is my firm belief that the violet is blue because it isn't a rose."

Local and Personal.

"Dave" Lepper of '90 is in business in the Poole Printing Company of Toronto.

Armour looks rather thin after his recent illness. As one of the masters remarked, he seems to become worse as he gets better.

The Rifle Company will hold their annual banquet on the evening of Friday, April 13th. It promises to be a very enjoyable evening.

If our readers would patronize the advertisers in the COLLEGE TIMES, it would help our paper very much.

"Fitz" left College for his native town of Morrisburg last Saturday. He intends to take a tutor to prepare for matriculation on his return to Toronto after the Easter holidays.

We are sorry to hear that "Furdie" Bull, who left College about a month ago, is suffering from lung trouble, and is about to take his departure for the south.

The following are the names of the boys in the cut of the Hockey team: 1st row, Cameron; Upper 2nd row, MacLennan, Fitzgibbons (Capt.), Waldie; 3rd row, Macdonald, Hall and Temple.

That Homer should a bankrupt be
Is not so very "Odd-d'ye-see,"
If it be true, as I'm instructed,
So "Ill-he-lud" his books conducted.

Among the visitors to the camera exhibition on Saturday afternoon, we were glad to see our old friends, the Hon. John Beverly Robinson and Mr. John Martland, M.A.

Owing to a typographical mistake in our last issue, Mr. R. Myles' name appeared as Mr. R. Mills. We are sorry that this mistake occurred, for Mr. Myles has always been a warm supporter of the College.

To have your sweet-heart far away,
It makes existence dark and drear;
But it is worse, alack-a-day!
To have her distant when she's near.

It is very near the time that the College track would be most benefited by having the roller applied to it. We hope to see it in good condition on our return from the Easter holidays, in order to enable the boys to train on it this spring, for the College athletic meeting.

The VI. is a peculiar form. I heard one of them remark in a *Pipe(r)ing Treble* voice, that as he *Toddl*ed up to College the other day a *Boydarn* sight *Biggar* than himself struck him on the *Temple*, tore a *Page* from his book, and then ran up the *Street*, leaving him in *suSpence*. He has now begun to *Hunter* round for him with a *Stove-lid*, and, as he has an *Arm-strong* enough, he will, when he catches him, treat him un-*Muir*-cifully. He has *Bain Bullon acRoss* the country after him for some time bellowing like a *Bull*.

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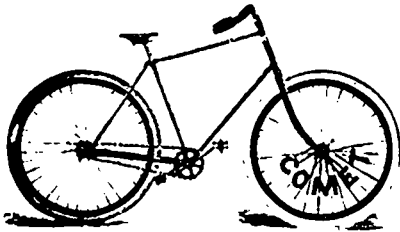
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