

Acta Ridleyana.

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Acta Ridleyana.

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A. C. BLACK,
H. D. GOODERHAM, } . . . *Advertising Dept.*

About two weeks ago an Old Boy wrote to say that a rumor had reached him that the ACTA had ceased publication. He deprecated very strongly any such action. He says: "I do wish I could speak to the boys about it, for I feel very strongly on the subject. I cannot tell you how much a great many Old Boys appreciate it, and we must remember they are an ever increasing body. The ACTA is the connecting link between Past and Present, and I feel sure that the Old Boys will assist it, not only financially, but with literary contributions." We do not know how such a report could have reached our correspondent, but it gives us an opportunity of assuring our subscribers that so long as the ACTA meets with appreciation and support from those for whom it is intended it will continue to appear regularly as usual. The support from Old Boys has not been very strong hitherto, but we are glad to know that the ACTA is appreciated, even if the appreciation is not shown in a substantial manner.

We welcome the appearance of the *Record*, the new T. C. S. magazine, which is to appear in the middle and at the end of each term. The first number is somewhat encyclopaedic in the matter of Old Boys. When Ridley has been in existence about thirty years, the ACTA too may be able to count an equally long and honorable roll.

So far as we know there are only two Ridleyans at present in the Klondike, G. O. Hayne and R. W. Millichamp. We wish them all the gold they want, and enough over to present Ridley with a covered rink.

It was with great regret that we saw Capt. Thairs leave for Ashville, N.C. He had been in poor health most of the winter and sadly needed a rest. He is reported to be gaining strength daily. We hope soon to be able to welcome him back quite well and strong.

Some Old Boys at 'Varsity and Trinity.

Contributed by one of them.

Pop Anderson graduates this year from 'Varsity.

Bingley Benson is in his 3rd year Arts. He is still as enthusiastic as ever over football, cricket and baseball; and has always taken a prominent part in sports, since he came to 'Varsity.

W. E. H. Carter, who has been taking the course in Mining Engineering at the S. P. C., graduates this year. During this last year he was on the Executive of the Literary Society, and was also one of the Editors of "*The Varsity*". He was formerly on the Acta Committee.

George Gooderham began the course last October in Mining Engineering at S. P. S., with the ultimate intention of taking a position in the Gooderham mines, B.C.

Harry Griffith has been a prominent student at Trinity University during the last two years. This year he is Editor of their College review.

Stan Gzowski attended the S. P. S., for two years and part of the third, when he was compelled to go to Germany to have his eyes treated. Soon after his return in the Spring of last year, he set out for B.C., to take a position on one of the surveying parties laying out the Crows' Nest Pass Railroad. On the way out someone relieved him of all his baggage. He is still out at the Crows' Nest Pass.

Vernon Gzowski has gone out West and joined the Mounted Police.

A. J. Hills, "Lil", intends coming to 'Varsity next Fall. In football he is considered a star player, and his addition to the 'Varsity team is expected to make a big difference for the better.

F. W. Hore entered the School of Science in the Fall of 1896, and was there until about two months ago, when he left, to take a position as one of the draughtsmen for a Toronto firm.

Charlie McMichael is in his 2nd year at the S. P. S. He is a star athlete. At the assault-at-arms, given in the gymnasium in February, he was the most deft performer in the class.

Sidney Sheldon went out to B.C. about a year ago, after attending the S. P. S. for two years, and now holds a good position with a merchant firm in Rossland.

Frank Perry graduates this year from the S. P. S. in civil engineering. He is another of the Ridley men who keeps up his active interest in sports.

A Bicycle Ballad.

List while I chant a simple lay
Whose virtue is—it's true.
It chanced all on an autumn day,
Where—matters not to you.



She rides a man's wheel? Yes, good
sirs,
If fault you hap to find,
It is because she much prefers
It to the other kind.



Close after her a fat old wight
Comes scorching up behind.
He is in Ridley blazer dight.
Who is he? Never mind.



Her heart is no cold icicle,
Neither is his I ween.
So Cupid on his bicycle
Creeps slowly up unseen.



But soon an awful thirst each feels,
When vineyard they espy.
So by the roadside leave their wheels,
The juicy fruit to try.



Just then came up a lusty tough.
"What have we here?" quoth he.
"Well, I just guess it's good enough
To carry such as me."



Another leaner tramp, but strong,
The other bike mounts quick.
He bowls the dusty road along
As hard as he can lick.



Alas! his fate is very sad;
He ran over a pup.
The fat sport saw the pieces were
Not worth the picking up.



The fat one now felt very small;
The maid began to sob,
When Cupid boldly out did call
"I say; give me the job.



"Since you now feel so very small,
If you've a mind to try,
My Welland Vale will hold us all."
He grinned and winked his eye.



They always ride a tandem now;
Their son sits on behind.
He's christened Cupid James, you
know,
To keep that day in mind.

The Woes of the Fifth.

What makes the Fifth Form fellow mad, and why does
he complain?
It's not because he works too hard, or ever gets the cane;
But for every little trifle he's rewarded with an hour,
And when he's used just like a kid, no wonder he gets
sour.

Oh, the Fifth, Oh, the Fifth, Oh, those poor ill-treated
boys!
They mustn't ever whisper or their name is surely
"mud;"
For if there's but a murmur or the sign of any noise,
Then it's "take an hour, Baldwin," or "a hundred
lines" for Jud.

What makes the Fifth Form fellow mad, why does he
grumble so?
He didn't mind when he got "soaked" a year or two ago.
But he used to grin and bear it, for very soon he hoped
In the Fifth to be a prefect, who could "soak" and not
"get soaked."

At last he's in the Fifth, but he's still a little boy,
With the Masters even stricter than they used to be
before.
Now, only Sixth Form fellows prefects' luxuries enjoy,
And the hard-worked would-be-prefects are athirst
for some one's gore.

S. C. NORSWORTHY (VI.)

Overheard by Pete.

Peanut (who has been deep in the study
of geography)—I say, Ambridge, are you a
Catholic?

Ambridge—No. Why?

Peanut (in a friendly but superior tone)—
Well, you don't want to go down there to
Mexico again, because the Catholic religion
is the religion of the country, and if you be-
long to any other you'll be *tolerated*, and
you're not a bad sort of a fellow.

The Game of Chess.

The origin of the game is lost in obscurity, so much so that its invention has been claimed for the Greeks, Romans, Babylonians, Scythians, Egyptians, Jews, Persians, Chinese, Hindus, Castilians, Irish and Welsh, whilst, among a crowd of others, the following individuals have been asserted its inventors: Japhet, Shem, King Solomon, the wife of Ravan, King of Ceylon, the philosopher Xerxes, Aristotle, Semiramis, Zenobia, the Mandarin Hansing, the Brahman Sissa, and Shatrenscha, stated to be a celebrated Persian astronomer.

The above Mandarin, while invading the Shensi country about 174 B.C., is said to have invented the game to amuse his soldiers in winter quarters, so that they might no longer clamor to return home.

The most learned writers find little difficulty in deciding that India is the country where the game originated. Some say the game is 4,000 to 5,000 years old, but it seems at least certain that it existed in Hindustan in the tenth century, which gives it a very respectable degree of antiquity.

There are many interesting legends relating to the game. The poet, Firdusi, gives an account of its introduction into Persia in the reign of Naushirawan, to whom came ambassadors from the sovereign of Hind (India) with a chess-board and men, asking him to solve, if he could, the secrets of the game, and otherwise to pay tribute.

From the Persians the game passed to the Arabians, and from them to Europe.

The chess legends of the seventh and eighth centuries involve the two great characters, Haroun al Rashid and Charlemagne, but there is little evidence to show that either of them understood chess. One story tells how the son of Prince Otkar of Bavaria was killed by a blow on the temple struck by a son of Pepin after a game of chess; another relates that the great Frankish monarch lost his kingdom over a game of chess to Guerin de Montglave.

As to how chess was introduced into Western and Central Europe nothing is really known. The Spaniards probably received it from their Moslem conquerors, the Italians not improbably from the Byzantines, and in either case it would pass northwards to France and thence to England and Scandinavia. Some say that chess was introduced into Europe by the Crusaders, who had learned to play it in Constantinople.

This, however, seems to be negated by a curious letter from Cardinal Damianus, bishop of Ostia, to Pope Alexander II, written about 1016 A.D., which, if the letter is genuine, shows that chess was known in Italy before the date of the crusades. It appears that the Cardinal had imposed a penance upon a Bishop, whom he found diverting himself at chess, and repeats to the Pope the language he addressed to the erring prelate: "Was it right, I say, and consistent with thy holy duty, to sport away the evenings amidst the vanities of chess, and defile the hand which offers up the body of the Lord, the tongue which mediates between God and man, with the pollution of a sacrilegious game?" Following the same idea, the statutes of the Church at Elva, in Spain, say: "Clerks playing at dice or chess shall *ipso facto* be excommunicated." Some authorities, however, maintained that, according to the canon, it was permissible for ecclesiastics to play chess.

John Huss, the great Bohemian religious reformer and martyr (1369-1415) while in prison, deplored his having played at chess, whereby he had lost time, and had risked being subject to violent passions.

Princess Anna Commena relates that her father, the Emperor Alexius, who died in 1118, used to divert his mind from the cares of state by playing chess with his relatives. Canute, William the Conqueror, Henry I, John and Edward I are all said to have played chess, and at the coronation of Richard I, in 1189 six Earls and Barons are said to have carried a chess-board and royal insignia to represent the Court.

According to Edmonson's *Heraldry*, twenty-six English families bore chess rooks in their coats of arms.

The modern game seems to have begun to develop about the middle of the 15th century, in France.

The first important writer on modern chess was the Spaniard, Ruy Lopez (1561), who first mentions castling as an improvement not long before introduced. The middle of the 18th century inaugurates a new era in chess, and there were at this period many real chess players and painstaking analysts. The leading man of the time was Francois Andre Danican Phillidor, who in 1747 visited England and defeated the Arabian player, Phillip Stamma, by 8 games to 1 and 1 draw.

It would be interesting to mention more of the chess masters of the past and present, but space is not available. Probably the

strongest player who ever lived was Paul Morphy, the American. He was born in 1837 at New Orleans, began to play at the age of ten, could contend with success against masters at twelve, and, when not quite thirteen, played three games with Loewenthal, one of the greatest experts of the time, winning 3 and drawing 1. He played in Europe in 1858, and carried all before him, returning to America in 1859, when his interest in the game gradually ceased, so that after 1866 he totally abandoned it and never played afterwards.

In Phillidor's time it was considered an almost incredible wonder that he should be able to play three simultaneous games without sight of board or men, but Paulsen, Blackburne, Zukertort and others have often played 10 or 12 simultaneous blindfold games, while even so many as 14 and 15 have been so played.

It is interesting to note that the first book printed in England by Caxton was *The Game and Playe of the Chesse* (1474).

A Visit to Winchester College.

Two summer ago, on my way from London to the Isle of Wight, I visited Winchester, and the ACTA committee has asked me to write some account of the College.

There are many interesting things to be seen in the city of Winchester. Among others there are the massive cathedral, with its tombs of the ancient Saxon kings, and St. Stephen's Hall, which contains King Arthur's "Round Table." But the most interesting, I think, to a school-boy at any rate, is Winchester College.

It was founded in 1393 by William of Wykeham, the great Bishop of Winchester, as the College of St. Mary's, and is in many respects the same as it was in his time.

The College is entered directly from the street by a fine old gateway which takes one directly into the first courtyard, in which there is nothing of particular interest except that over the gate leading from it to the chamber or inner court there stands a statue of the Virgin Mary, to whom this chamber court is dedicated, and from the founding of the school to the present day every boy entering this court takes off his hat and remains bare-headed while he is there. There is no rule about it, the boys just keep the custom up themselves. At one side of the court are a number of taps under which there used to be a trough, and where in olden

times the boys used to wash in the morning. In winter a fag was sent down first to thaw off the ice with a candle. [Imagine a Ridleian doing this.]

Opposite the entrance gate is the College chapel, one of the oldest and most beautiful of its kind, perhaps, in England.



On the wall of a passage leading to the kitchens is painted the famous picture of the "Trusty Servant," underneath which is the explanation in old English verse as follows :

A trusty servant's portrait would you see?
This emblematic figure well survey;
The porker's snout not nice in diet shows;
The padlock shut no secret he'll disclose;
Patient, the ass his master's wrath will bear;
Swift in errand the stag's feet declare;
Loaded his left hand—apt to labor saith;
The vest; his neatness; open hand his faith;
Girt with his sword, his shield upon his arm,
Himself and master he'll protect from harm.

We are told that when Henry VIII visited the College the picture was repainted and was then considered very old. It probably dates almost from the founding of the school.

In the rear of the chapel is the old school-room, which, although not so old as many parts of the building, has traditions more than two centuries old. Over the entrance is a statue of the founder in his bishop's robes, with mitre and crozier. On the western wall with the emblems: firstly, the mitre and crozier, the rewards of learning; secondly, the sword and ink-horn representing the military and civil professions, and thirdly, a scourge—are painted admonitions, "Aut Disce, Aut Discede," "Manet Sors Tertia Cædi," or, as the Win.

chester boys translate it, "Work, walk or be whopped."

The College dining hall, too, is full of relics of Wykeham's time. At the lower end stands the old iron-bound "tub," into which the fragments of the daily meals are thrown, to be distributed to the poor at the college gate. In this way the boys are saved from all danger of "hash," "resurrection dishes," etc., for a thing is never allowed to come on the table twice. On either side of the "tub" are the butteries from which the provisions are dispensed. Here are still kept the old wooden trenchers and leathern jacks for the beer. These trenchers and jacks are still used by the scholars on certain special occasions for breakfast and tea, but not for dinner. In reply to a question as to how the gravy was kept on the flat trenchers, the porter explained that they made a little wall round the edge with the potatoes and put the meat and gravy in the centre. The scholars are waited on by the sixteen choristers, poor boys, who receive a free commercial education, in return for singing in the College chapel, and performing other duties.

Last, but not least, we came to the dormitories. Eight small iron bedsteads are ranged against the walls, with curious little receptacles, half cupboard, half writing-table, called "toys," standing between them. In the centre of the room is an oaken pillar, which helps to support the low ceiling. Around this pillar is a washstand holding eight basins and as many pitchers. Above this is a square bookcase, which contains the chamber library of a hundred volumes or more. On the four sides of the bookcase are painted inscriptions of this kind: "Such as are gentle them shall He learn His way," "Manners makyth man." This latter was Wykeham's motto and is now that of the college. In winter the rooms are warmed by large open fire-places, and it is thought that the word "fag" came originally from the fact that the fag's chief duty was to carry in the faggots for these same fire-places.

William of Wykeham only provided for seventy-eight scholars, and not more than ten "sons of nobles and great men," but this latter class has, with the fame and wealth of the college, grown to over three hundred. It is only to be supposed that in a school of this age there must be many curious and interesting customs among the boys themselves, but the limits of this article will not allow of any description of them.

DOUGLAS MASON (IV).

The Chess Tournament.

The tournament announced at Christmas by the ACTA turned out to be a great success. The entries were 13 seniors, 5 juniors and 7 novices, so that each player had 24 games to play.

The prize in the senior class went to Norworthy after a hot contest with Doolittle. Up to the time of meeting each other, each had only been beaten once, by Baldwin, and the issue of the tournament depended on this one game, which occupied $3\frac{1}{4}$ hours actual play. Baldwin, who had not lost a game, was out of it because he had only played 11 games. Gardner with 17 wins and Stayner with 14 showed excellent form.

The junior prize went to Hoyles mi, who only lost 5 games out of the 24.

The novice prize was won by Nicholls max after a close race with Watts. One point separated them, but Watts neglected to play off two games.

The fight for wooden spoon was about a tie between Gooderham ma and Trimmer, but on account of his superior staying power it should go to Trimmer.

The tournament has succeeded beyond the wishes of its promoters in awakening the interest of the boys in chess. Even since the tournament began at least a dozen boys have learned to play, and the next competition will doubtless be even keener than the first.

ECHOES OF CHESS.

Dalton—How did you come out with Doolittle, Bishop?

Lumbers—Oh, he worked me again on that "foolish mate."

China—Hurrah! I've got my queen away up in a corner where he can't take it.

Pete—Oh, I see your scheme!

Hoyles—Well, what is it?

Pete—Oh, I'm not going to tell you, for perhaps you don't see it.

Hoyles—Did you have any object in that last move, Pete?

Pete—Yes; of course I did.

Hoyles—What was it?

Pete—To gain time.

Cholly—You can move either one or two spaces the first time you move a pawn, can't you?

Plunk—Yes; but who's going to be fool enough to take one when he can have two?

The Toronto *Globe* a few days ago had a curious little paragraph to the effect that the game of chess is taught in Austrian schools. It would be interesting to find out how far this is true.

Lost in the Woods.



DEER hunting had come into season and I was sanguinely watching and waiting for a deer to darken the sights of my rifle. One November morning I was up at daylight, and by sunrise was five miles away from home, watching a famous runway, just where it came out of a swamp and skirted a hill that was covered with birches, thus earning for itself the name of "The Birch Tree Runway." North of the place stretched for fifty miles a tract of unknown and almost unexplored forest. To the east, the direction the dogs had been set out, the lake was three miles distant straight through the woods; to the south, the direction of home, it was two miles to a clearing, and for twenty miles to the west was nothing but dense swamps, broken only here and there by winter roads, where lumbermen had drawn out timber when the frost was severe enough to freeze the swamps, and the snow deep enough to cover the fallen logs. I had with me a young boy of thirteen, who had come to show me the way, as I had never been there before. He had a small single shot rifle, while I had a Winchester.

On the way to the runway I managed to take the head off a partridge, and after waiting a long time and hearing the dogs working to the north-east of us, I suggested that we should light a fire and roast the bird, as there was no fear of the quarry working south again. However, the boy informed me that if I would cross the ridge down into another swamp to the north I should find plenty of game. I had brought my dog on a chain, and loosing him I started off. We had hardly got into the swamp when the dog raised a partridge. I did not find him, but it was not long before another flew. I fired, but missed; following it up I got another crack at him, but missed again. A few hundred yards farther on two more flew up. I banged at one and missed once more; but at my shot a third, rose and I put a ball through his wing and the dog secured him.

When I left the runway I had changed rifles with the boy, and he had only four cartridges; so when I at last procured a bird I was out of ammunition, and consequently thought it time to return to camp.

I had wandered a little from the path after the game, and when I got back to it again, snow was falling fast. I don't know

how it was, but instead of returning south along the path I struck northwards. I had gone some distance when I heard a shot away behind me, which I knew to come from my Winchester, and a bullet came singing by, high up in the air. I turned to go back, but in the snowstorm I got off the path and was soon wandering aimlessly about the swamp. Several times I heard shouts, but too indistinctly to locate them. After an hour's wandering I came to the edge of the swamp and following this edge of it for mile after mile I came at last to a beaver meadow, where the hay had been taken off. Anyone who has not been in a similar position can not imagine the relief it was to me to find myself near some traces of civilization. After the utter aimlessness with which I had been tramping about, not knowing but that I had a fifty or twenty mile journey before me, not knowing the moment I might run into some animal of prey, defenceless, with my empty rifle, with the thought of having to spend the whole night out in a driving snowstorm, with comparatively light clothing on, and no means of obtaining a fire.

After all this you may form some faint conception of my feelings when I came once more in touch with man's handiwork.

I was, however, by no means out of the woods yet. I found the road leading away from the stack of hay, and soon was in another and larger meadow. Still following the old road, which was choked with logs and second growth of trees, and mud-holes, I came, after about three miles walking, to a road running across the one I had been following, and I was at a standstill, not knowing which way to go. My dog, however, was more sagacious than I, and as he turned to the left I followed him. Just after this he turned off the road to hunt, and all of a sudden started out a deer. Just my luck! He followed it for some distance, and then returned. Four miles more brought me out to where I could see a clearing ahead of me, and hastening on I found myself not a quarter of a mile from the place where I had gone in towards the runway early that morning. I stopped to rest and presently out popped the boy from the road I had just come. He was breathless with running, having come to hunt for me, and finding my tracks on the first road, had run all the way to catch up. I told him my wanderings and found that I had been travelling north-west, and if I had not struck that beaver meadow, should have come, out somewhere between North Bay

and South River, and moreover, if I had gone fifty yards farther north, I should not have seen the beaver meadow, and well, most likely I would have been wandering yet.

C. E. BOURNE, '97.

A Trip to El Desierto.



L DESIERTO is the name applied to the ruins of an old Spanish convent, that was erected several hundred years ago by the Catholic Church, and was used not only as a convent but also as a prison and place of inquisition. As it is very beautifully situated on one of the foot-hills at the base of the mountains fringing the valley of Mexico, it is a very pleasant place at which to spend the day, the only drawback being the difficulty to get a suitable conveyance whereby to reach the desired destination.

Several gentlemen who lived in the city of Mexico had heard of the place, and being desirous to see whether the reports about it were correct, organized a party to visit the convent on New Year's Day.

From the city of Mexico to a small village about fifteen miles distant all went well, as we were able to go that far in a diligencia, or carriage drawn by mules. When we arrived there at 7 a.m., having left the city at the unearthly hour of 5 a.m., our trouble began. First the Mexican donkey-drivers, whose animals we wished to hire, were to go with us, and we had to hunt for over an hour before the required number of donkeys and donkey-drivers could be procured. But after we got the donkeys, or *burros* as they are called, our real troubles began. At first they refused to go, and after they did begin to think about moving, several of the party found that they had got *burros* either with sore backs or something quite as bad, so we had to wait until decent ones could be procured.

At last, after a great deal of fussing we got started, and for over two hours we had to undergo all the tortures of an up and down hill *burro* ride. But when we reached the top of the hill the scenery fully repaid us for our troubles. From the top of one of the ruined towers of the convent we had a fine view of the whole of the valley of Mexico, with its villages, lakes and streams, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, and having as a back-ground the snow-capped

peaks of the volcanoes Popocateptl and Iztaccihuatl. But we soon grew tired of looking at scenery, no matter how beautiful that scenery happened to be, so we all trooped down to have a look at the contents of the lunch basket. The look was very satisfactory, so much so, that, after looking at it until there was nothing left to look at, none of us felt inclined to move, so we all turned over, as if by mutual consent, and had a first-class Mexican *siesta*. Afterwards we determined to explore the underground dungeons of the convent, so we all armed ourselves with a torch and started off.

There was something in the damp air and solemn stillness which pervaded the whole place, that made us all keep very close together, and talk only in whispers. The guide showed us where the Inquisition room had been, and also where a treasure had been discovered. On the way out he showed us a place where the bodies of prisoners, killed by the Inquisition, had been thrown into a stream that ran through the cell, only reaching the surface ten miles off. This cell was called "The Cell of Echoes."

As it was rather late when we finished the tour of the dungeons, we had to leave at once, and after a five hours' uneventful journey we reached the city shortly after 10 p. m. Everybody agreed that it had been a tip-top trip, and that everything connected with the Inquisition was highly interesting, but still we were very glad that such things were no more allowed, as, although it might be very interesting to look at, it would be rather disagreeable to play a more important part in it.

F. AMBRIDGE (IV).

Other Old Boys.

Of those who have left school lately, L. F. Cross is in the Bank of Commerce at Sarnia, Moncrieff Mair in the Moison's at Tilsonburg, Piggy Williams in the Imperial at Sault Ste. Marie, Poo Poo Bourne at Dunnville in the Commerce. All the bank managers speak highly of the Ridley boys in their employ. Smith, who left last Fall because of sickness, has now fully recovered and is at the High School at Clinton. Doggie Lett is now in an insurance office at Vancouver, B. C. "Little I" Price, who has been travelling in England since last summer, has expressed his intention of returning to see our school cricket matches this summer.

The True History of the Ridley Polar Expedition.



IN spite of endangering my character for truthfulness, I have decided to publish the story of our discovery of the North Pole.

A few years ago Mason invented a nickel-in-the-slot machine, and quite recently the carpentry class had been studying boat-building under that veteran Jersey boat-builder, Mr. Nicholson. Mason, pursuing his inventive researches, had conceived the idea of an electric vessel that would attain a speed of 75 knots an hour, and with the help of the carpentry class succeeded in making a working model, which, meeting the approval of Mr. Nicholson, and of a wealthy Merritton capitalist, became the model of the now celebrated "Greased Lightning." The "Greased Lightning" was built in the St. Catharines shipyard, and lay in the canal opposite the College waiting for a crew to take her on her trial trip to Europe. One man was left in charge, and several bold spirits in the College conceived the idea of running away with the boat and taking a trip on our own account. No time was to be lost, so the following crew was hastily chosen: Commander of the expedition, My Self; Orlando Black, my private secretary; Pete Haverson, captain; Bennie McCall, electrician; Lumbers, doctor, philosopher and chaplain; Doggie Mason, chief engineer and dog tender; Hugh Charles, butler; Bobbie Harcourt, cook; Jim Crow Nicholls, look-out; Teddy Ambridge and Judd Sewell, able seamen. Gander, ma., was proposed by several, but he was not considered strong enough to stand the journey.

We decided to start on Monday morning at six o'clock, so we went down to the boat on Sunday evening after church and bound and gagged the watchman. He was very scared, but we told him we should not hurt him if he kept quiet. So, making him as comfortable as possible, we left him till morning. Several times in the night I thought I heard him shouting for help, but, as we had promised him a \$10 bill if he did not interrupt our plans, I was not very anxious. I had a very restless night, but I awoke with a start in the morning thinking I had overslept myself. I very soon was dressed and off for the "Greased Lightning" expecting to find my crew waiting for me,

but, to my surprise I found I was the only one. I took out my watch and found it was only five. I found the prisoner sleeping peacefully, so did not wake him, but as time passed the only ones who made their appearance were Judd and Teddy. When the rest did turn up they said, from force of habit, they "did not hear the bell." All having arrived the roll was called. The watchman was released, presented with a \$10 bill, which Bennie had just received to pay for a suit of clothes with, and told to go and inform the police. A parting salute was fired from our whaling gun, and we proceeded swiftly to Port Dalhousie. We had to pick the locks as the keepers were asleep in the shanties. We were very soon out of sight of land, when Jim came rushing down to tell me he saw something in the distance. It was nothing more or less than the Knapp roller boat, which I found out afterwards had been sent after us by our parents. We simply took no notice of her, and though various attempts were made to stop us between Montreal and Quebec, the same night we dropped anchor in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The "Greased Lightning" worked like a watch. At morning before sunrise we were once more on our journey and arrived at Davis Strait the day after, encountering very heavy seas. Poor Judd was very sick, but a bottle of Gregory's mixture soon settled his stomach. We stopped at Disc Bay for a few days and attended a very fashionable garden party given in our honor by the Esquimaux. The garden party was preceded by a cricket match with the Esquimaux. We were able to put a full eleven in the field and expected an easy victory. Judd Sewell was chosen captain and won the toss. As nobody had any coin the Esquimaux captain proposed that that they should toss with a young tame seal. Judd tossed and the Esquimaux called out "head," and the seal fell right on its head, standing for several minutes. A whaling captain who strolled up later to watch the game told Judd that the seal had been trained to stand on his head or tail just as his master called. To our surprise we were sent in first to bat. We were all out for 100, the Bishop making 51 not out, Bennie 31, Harcourt 10. The rest were all fooled by the tricky bowling of a young Esquimaux, who, we heard afterwards was a girl. The Esquimaux then went in and had got 80 for 9 wickets, when Pete sent down a nice one to hit. The Esquimaux opened out his shoulders and made a terrific drive. Jim Crow, who was at long on, started after it,

but a big white bear got there before him, and seizing the ball in his mouth made off over the ice. Jim ran back for a gun, but before he had bowled over bruin and got the ball the Esquimaux had got 21 runs and won the match with one wicket to spare. This was the only game we lost on the tour, but in subsequent matches the men in the outfield were always provided with rifles.

Charles was late for breakfast and Wallahoo soaked him. He had to make the ice cream for dinner. We had a hearty breakfast of walrus steak, charlotte russe and two of Andree's pigeons which I had shot during my watch. Both pigeons carried messages. The earlier dated ran as follows: "All well; making good progress northward; only thing bothering us is whether Ridley will beat U. C. C." The second was dated a week later: "We are lost. We are in a circular cyclone, and are revolving around the north pole at the rate of 60 miles an hour. Can see the north pole distinctly. Have been round it 77 times already. Expect to continue these revolutions till the end of time. We feel very dizzy. The pole isn't much to see after all—only about 20 feet long."

The discussion at breakfast was, of course, about Andree. We determined to rescue him for the honor of Ridley. Benny was ordered to let her go, and away we went for a day and a night, cutting ice 30 feet thick as if it were egg shell, at the rate of 75 knots an hour. Only once we stopped, and Benny going below to see what was the matter with the machinery, found Bull Gander hanging on to it, bringing it to a dead standstill. It appears that he was so disappointed at not being selected to go, that he had stowed himself away the night before, and had got so weak from starvation that he was obliged to take this means to call our attention to his presence. Capt. Haverson ordered him to get something to eat and then to be put in irons for the remainder of the trip.

About an hour after this little stoppage, just at daybreak, Ambridge reported the balloon in sight, and ten minutes later we could see it distinctly whizzing around at a fearful rate in a circle of about 80 miles in diameter. A council was immediately held, and we determined to send them a rocket attached to a cord, specially imported from England by Mr. Williams to bind cricket bats with. The rocket was fired just at the right time and got entangled in the car, when to our astonishment the Greased Lightning began to

whiz around after the balloon in a most alarming fashion. Everything was going to smash, and we gave ourselves up for lost. Suddenly, however, Bull, feeling refreshed by his long-postponed meal, broke loose from his irons, took hold of the line and jumped overboard on to the ice. For an instant his legs dangled in the air as the line pulled him up, but gaining a good footing he put forth all his unsuspected strength. The muscles on his legs swelled to the size of pumpkins, bursting the stitches of his fashionable trousers; his biceps resembled a knotted cable; his face became pink, scarlet, purple, but surely enough down came the balloon, slowly at first, then with a dull, sickening thud.

We immediately rushed up to the balloon to pick up the occupants whom we found in a very dilapidated condition. They were still rather dizzy, but a dose of Gregory's mixture very soon fixed them up (Gregory's was the only thing we had in the way of medicine).

Mr. Strindberg said they had seen us approaching all the previous night. As I had ordered the ship to show no lights, I sternly enquired of Jim Crow, captain of the watch, how this was. Poor Jim blushed crimson, and it came out that he had been standing in the bow all night bareheaded, and it was his headlight that had brought hope to the anxious aeronauts.

Topheavy had a great deal of bother in guarding the balloon. Several times some Esquimaux made off with it, but Top, being a good "Copper," captured the assailants and gave them the enunciation of the 26th to learn.

Pete had the Bullock set free after all his heroic exertions.

The balloon was patched up next day, and taking advantage of a northerly breeze, Secretary Black was sent to Chicago with despatches giving an account of the rescue. He took with him Messrs. Strindberg and Fraenk, Mr. Andree's two companions. Two days before a great discussion had arisen as to our exact position. Lumbers had got his figures twisted and announced that we were in latitude 1° . Top looked at the figures and said it would come out all right by Algebra. Judd said something about trigonometry, but everybody knew he was showing off. When, however, Mr. Andree came on board, the Bishop brought him the instruments, saying that he had been over-

worked lately, and that he couldn't be expected to be chaplain and philosopher too.

After a minute inspection of the North Pole, and after everybody had taken photographs of it, a council was held as to our next movements. The chaplain was for going straight to the "Kloondyke."

But the editors tell me that their readers have had about as much of this as they can swallow at one dose, and that I had better leave them to digest this portion before offering any more. Our subsequent adventures were even more thrilling and equally authentic. The reception we got at the College on our return makes another interesting story. To be very brief, we all got a sound caning, but the school got a whole holiday.

Cricket.

The committee elected for the coming season is: Baldwin, Dalton, Doolittle, Gander ma, Gurd, Hoyles ma, and Sewell. Gurd was afterwards re-elected captain, Dalton and Sewell, curators. The prospects for a successful season are fairly good. Of last year's XI are left Baldwin, Dalton, Doolittle, Gurd and Hoyles, whilst Sewell played in several first XI games. The loss of Kerr, who left at Christmas, will be severely felt both in the batting, bowling and fielding departments, but five men do not make a bad nucleus for an XI. Other likely or possible members of the XI are Gander ma and Gander mi, Sewell, Allan, Charles, Duggan, Jones and Suckling. Hobbs, Harcourt ma and Ambridge have all played before and may turn out useful cricketers.

An attempt will be made to secure Berry again this season. The College has had the offer of the services of Fleet, the Trinity and Hamilton pro, for May and June, but the cost would be too heavy—in the neighborhood of \$165 for the two months. It is much to be regretted that the services of a good professional cannot be engaged every year as a matter of course.

The usual list of matches will be arranged as far as possible, with perhaps a greater number of second and third XI matches than formerly.

The junior cricket is in a very promising condition, and it is hoped that there will be little need for the strict enforcement of the compulsory rule.

A Quiet Talk After Lights Out.

*Scene—Hobbs' and Macleod's Room.
Time—10.15 p. m.*

Hobbs—Say, Mac, it isn't the whiskey that makes a man drunk, it's the fumes.

Macleod—How could the fumes make him drunk, you blamed fool?

H.—Well, when a man drinks whiskey, the fumes of it rise to his brain.

M.—Why, how can they get into the brain?

H.—Oh, each of the little *carpussels* grabs some of the fumes and takes it up on its back through the jugular vein.

M.—Oh! that's all bosh.

H.—No, it's not. I heard a lecture on it at the London Collegiate Institute, so I guess I ought to know; and the sport that was lecturing said if a man would only take a cup of coffee with a spoonful of cod liver oil in it, the oil would spread all over the whiskey in his stomach, and that would prevent the fumes rising. Then he couldn't possibly get drunk.

M.—I don't believe a word you say; but anyway we'll leave it to Jimmie Dalton.

H. (with a satisfied air)—All right; we'll leave it to Jimmie Dalton.

(Goes out and returns a minute later with Jimmy D.)

M.—Say, Jimmie, China says if you take some coffee—

H. (interrupting)—When a man drinks whiskey—

M. (continuing)—With cod liver oil in it—

H.—The fumes of the whiskey rise and—

M.—The oil spreads all over the whiskey—

H.—Each of the little *carpussels* takes some on its back—

M.—And keeps it from rising to the head—

H.—Up through the jugular vein—

M.—And keeps off the effects of the whiskey—

H.—And that's what makes a man drunk.

M.—It's all rot, isn't it?

H.—It's right, isn't it, Jimmie?

Jimmie D. (a little confused)—Yes, yes; of course it is; that's it exactly.

M.—I told you so.

H.—I knew Jimmie was right.

M.—He didn't say any such thing. I can beat you at checkers, anyway.

H.—Oh, go on; I've beaten you the last three games.

M.—Yes; but I beat you five straight before that.

H.—Like the dickens you did. I'll beat you to-morrow, anyway.

Enter Mr. Kirkwood, who gives Jimmie an hour.

S. C. NORSWORTHY (VI).

Dixie Land to Spain.

(A Southern War Song by a Southern Boy.)

O, Dixie lan' she ain't forgotten;
Jes lief fight es make cheap cotten.
She's fit an' ready any minit;
Whar thar's a row she'll sho' be in it.

We's got young men an' old time stagers,
A million colonels an' a billion majors.
They're es good at fightin' es they are at blowin',
An' when they're in line they make fipe showin'.

Dar's debts at home that's onpaid yet—
We'd jes lief fight es die in debt—
An' es money an't got jes for the wishin',
We'll trade our whiskey for ammanition.

We ain't cooled down from tuther war yet, suh,
We'll jine the Yanks an' lick Spain, yo' bet, suh.
Ef Lee an' Grant were only here,
They'd fight side by side an' show no fear.

Our young men won't take a lickin',
An' the spurs are sharp on the Southern chicken.
They has quick tempers an' mighty hard heads,
An' they'll stan' cold steel an' a heap of lead.

Yo' didn't think when yo' blew the "Maine" up,
That we'd turn loose the Southern war pup.
So come, Brer Spain, an' take yo' lickin';
Yo' can't back down, so there's no use kickin'.
"ALABAMA" (III).

Pet Savings.

Ambridge—Well, but down in Mexico, they,
etc., etc.

Lumbers—Just tell them I said so and it'll be
all right.

Wade—That just reminds me of the time
when I, etc.

Plunkett—I can't do that.

Josie—Well, boys, you see, I still support
detention.

Bixel—Going to start waxing the ends of it
next week.

Doolittle—Oh, shucks! I had my fingers
crossed.

Hoyles—Its very suggestive, the rhyme be-
tween "we owe" and "Theo"; isn't it?

Pete—Now taking it from MY standpoint,
that is to say the standpoint of etc., *ad libitum*.

Hobbs—Now, Jud, I guess we'll take this little
jasper with our queen.

"Sandy Worthless Matter"—How do you mix
your chemicals for developing them?

Baldie—What would you give 'er, out in this
light, Sandy?

Jud—Oh, wait, I'll make a mess of that little
Chinaman.

Mr. Barr—Oh, yes, thanks, things are coming
fairly good now. I've had three good negatives
out of the last two dozen plates.

Jim Crow—Listen! Got something to tell
you.

HOCKEY SEASON, '95.

A few days before the holidays the follow-
ing committee was elected: Dalton, Hobbs,
Kerr, Doolittle, Hoyles. Owing to the ab-
sence of Kerr after Christmas, Baldwin was
chosen to fill the vacant place.

The committee soon got down to business,
made Frank Hobbs captain and everything
looked bright for a prosperous season. But
the weather willed otherwise, and the fine
coat of ice which had been formed during
the holidays rapidly began to disappear.
The temperature was very variable and it
was almost impossible to get in any regular
work, although lots of material was at hand.

Amongst those most prominent during the
season were Dalton, Allan and Doolittle (and
Hoyles, Ed.) of last year's team, and Hobbs
(captain) McLeod, Baldwin, Harcourt, Pearce,
Gander ma, and Lumbers, who would have
been able to give a pretty good account of
themselves with a little more practice.

As far as it was possible to judge, Hobbs
was a great success; a splendid player him-
self, hard-working and impartial, he easily
gained and kept the support of the team.

This season seems to have proved con-
clusively that without a covered rink hockey
can never be a success at Ridley, and until
we get one there does not seem to be much
use in trying to deceive ourselves with the
idea that we have a hockey season.

Following is the record: Games played, 0;
games won, 0; games lost, 0.

H. L. HOYLES (VI)

Invitation to the Chess Tournament.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year;
The hockey season's nearly done, and Lent will soon be
here.

So if you're sick of bumming round, and not on study
bent,

Then enter as a novice in the ACTA's tournament.

S. C. NORSWORTHY (VI).

The following gem was discovered by Freddy
and Snively on the other evening. It is present-
ed in its original uncut condition: Mr. Williams
soaks the boys for carving on the desks, because
he says they have not enough sense to leave
them alone, ∴ he should not take the cents
away they have left.

Oh, Artie's shoes have had their day,
And now we can't deny,
The hottest thing in all the school
Is Henry Erswell's tie.

The assault-at-arms which it was intended to hold before Easter has been postponed till afterwards. Mr. Hendry has devoted a good deal of time to a class in gymnastics, and everybody hopes that the entertainment will not be postponed indefinitely.

Besides the *T. C. S. Record*, elsewhere mentioned, the following exchanges have been received: *Trinity University Review*, *McMaster Monthly*. *The Sunbeam* has shone upon us again after a long hiding behind the clouds. *The College Times* for Christmas, the only number we ever receive, contained very interesting and impartial accounts of the school football matches, besides a stirring article on the semi-professionalism in sport which is now so rife.

"Personally, I have always held the belief that the finest training for the journalist is a thorough grounding in Euclid and Algebra. These sciences teach one order; a man who has mastered his Euclid will always write with a purpose; he will set out from a certain

place and arrive at the destination he had in view when he started. He will treat any subject in an orderly and intelligent manner; and this is all important. An article should be an intelligent whole; it should have an object as well as a subject"

[The above extract is from a recent magazine article on "How to write for the Press" by "An old Editorial Hand."]

Mr. Barr's Friday evening lectures have been very much enjoyed and the boys are much beholden to him for the trouble he has taken. The subjects of the lectures were: The History of the Klondyke, The Chinese Question, and The Expansion of the British Empire.

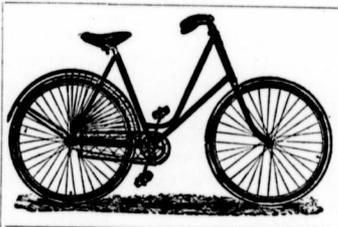
At Shrewsbury school there appears this curious provision of the founder regulating the games of the boys.

"Item, the scholars' play shall be shooting in the long bow and chess play, and no other games unless it be running, wrestling, or leaping; and no game to be above a penny, or match above fourpence.

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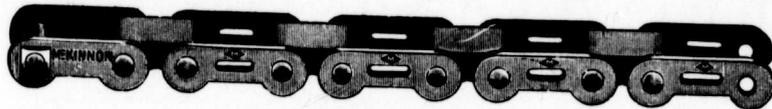
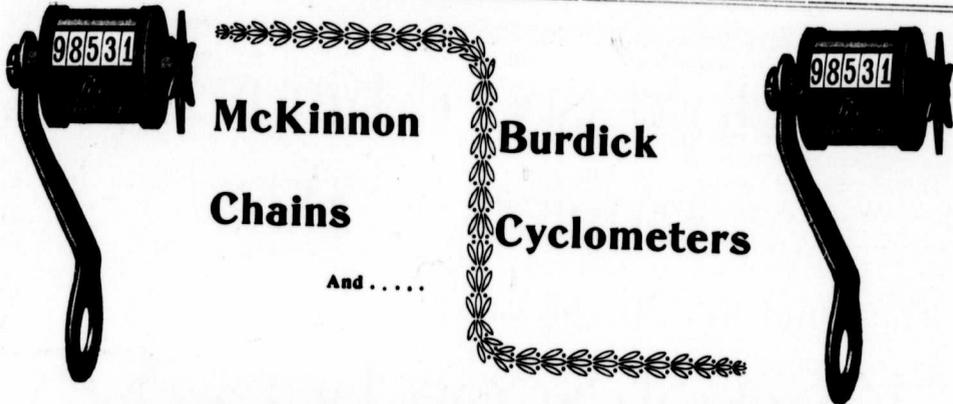
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