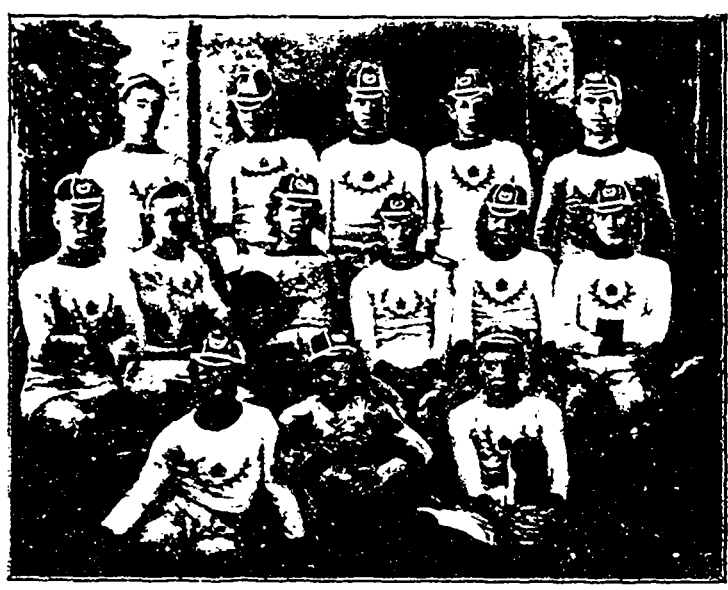


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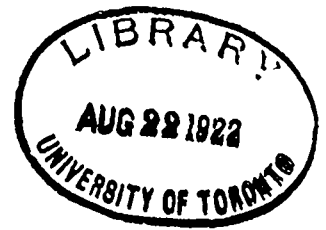
## College           Times.



v. 12, no. 3.

U. C. C. FIFTEEN, '93.

DECEMBER,  

# College Times.

Vol. XII.

DEER PARK, DECEMBER 18, 1898.

No. 3.

## The College Times.

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D. A. ROSS. H. H. LEPPER.

(THE COLLEGE TIMES will be issued ten times during the College year.)

Yearly subscription fee, \$1.00; single copies 10 cents.

All literary contributions should be addressed to the Editors with the writer's signatures appended.

All communications of a business character should be addressed to the Secretary.

Football is over this season and though our record of victories is not amazingly long, yet every one of our fifteen played his best and deserves all credit for so doing. We think that the giving of the colours might be managed so that all the boys could have them before the annual match with T. C. S. Without doubt it is the best possible team the College can put in the field that goes to play our sister school at Port Hope, so that the excuse of not knowing the team cannot be urged. Besides, although to obtain his colours is not the end each player has in view, yet it gives him great pleasure to be able to represent his College in the recognized dress of its best fifteen. Moreover, the number of shades of blue, one otherwise sees on the field detracts considerably from the harmony of the scene, and gives the spectators the idea that they are witnessing a contest between rural players, and the sharpness of the playing does not always over-

come this opinion. In the interest of the College and in the interest of his fifteen, we hope next year's captain will manage this successfully.

Although many of our readers may not have heard of it, a great discovery has been made within the last month. The happy discoverers are the Harbord St. Collegiate students and the discovery is that there is, what they are pleased to call, a barnacle on the Ontario system of Education. This barnacle is neither more nor less than our own College. It is sad that poor old College, who has turned out such warriors, statesmen, lawyers and merchants in the last half century, should be lost sight of when her toil is bearing fruit. But there is one consolation, the mighty and great Harbord, who has given to the world so many great men—although we have never heard the exact number—to supply her place with all the vigour of youth. Harbord is really very young to fill such an important place, and perhaps it would be well first to learn a thing or two from her elders before attempting to occupy such an exalted position. Youth is naturally impetuous and slow to bear defeat, so perhaps we can account for the ill-feeling they bear us, by remembering that the defeat which our smart young second fifteen gave them this fall must still be rankling in their breasts.

We will soon again have Christmas with its holidays, its mirth and pleasant thoughts and with its good wishes for all the world. Many presents must be thought of, and what discernment it requires choose appropriate ones. Those for our intimate friends are quite easily selected, but how difficult it is to please the fancy and suit the taste of the scarcely known uncles, aunts and cousins. However, we manage to do it, assisted by the universal benignity of the season which smiles at ordinary circumstances and laughs merrily over

each amusing incident, which would, at another time, cause only a passing smile. Then follow the dancing, the skating, the drives in the nipping winter air to the music of the sleigh-bells, over the sparkling snow twinkling in the moonlight. Some favoured few have coasting-parties and nothing is more exhilarating than to fly over the snow—down—down—only half seeing as you coast along under the shadows of the trees but the seeming peril is only trifling. Perhaps there is an upset and for a moment you are buried in the flying snow, but you quickly rise and help your partner to her feet—laugh merrily over the incident, and ascend for another flying journey. The New Year grants a moment, in the hours of gaiety, for some sober thought—when one may look back and see what has been effected. Each act bears fruit according to its purpose—if its object were nothing it has accomplished nothing, and yet each act, one of many with a steady purpose, goes to form the action which will bring success. So we would advise our readers to take no half measures in making their holiday plans, and we wish each and all of them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

#### ARIES VERBERANS.

With terriers behind, and terriers before,  
And terriers all 'round, and terriers galore,  
Arrayed in mountain suit, one Sunday morn  
A gentleman stepped forth to brave the storm;  
But such a storm as this he did not think to find,  
While out in Poplar Plains, attack him from behind.

With whiskers on his chin, and whiskers on his sides,  
And whiskers on his back, and bravery besides,  
And armed with crooked horns and head of iron—that day  
A venerable goat set out the self-same way.  
The man he saw before—the dogs he saw them too—  
And straightway down the road on a wild charge he flew.

The charge was true as any knight's, and in the rear  
It caught the trousers of the mountain suit, in full career.  
Then in the road a struggling heap was seen;  
A man, a goat—and terriers in between,  
While tugging at the legs and tugging at the foot  
Of that poor goat, gave time to gain secure retreat.

Secure it was—not long—as at the sholt'ring gate  
The ram, enraged, charged down with overpowering hate;  
It then gave way, and round the neighb'ring trees

The dogs pursued the goat, the goat the man, who  
flow;  
Until, at shouts for help, a roaring youth appears,  
Who scarcely can assist for laughter and for tears.

At length by feats of skill and careful management,  
The beast is got away, nor all his anger spent;  
And p'rhaps it has been learned though one may Latin  
know,  
To read of battering rams, and run them, thus, and so,  
Are very different things; and when they're on a hunt  
It's not always quite safe, of them to get in front.

#### THE WHY AND WHEREFORE.

As we feel that the majority of the boys do not understand the object of the present system of managing the games, we purpose giving, as concisely as possible, the reason for the present condition of affairs.

A minority seem to be in favour of playing several games during any given season of the year, and as it is but right, that as far as possible, everyone should enjoy himself after his own fashion, it appears, at first sight, to be only just that these should be able to gratify their wish. Opposed to this, however, is the great principle of patriotism. We have ventured to use this term in reference to a boy's love for his College, and who will presume to deny that every sincere and manly boy does not love "his College" with his whole soul! And so, on account of their patriotism, the boys are asked to forego their natural inclination. Suppose for a moment that we were to support more than one game a term, a case might arise such as this: The best "Rugby" player might be a great lover of "Association." True, he excels at "Rugby," but he does not care so much for it as for the other game, and in consequence the football team and the College loses its best representative. It might be even worse. Suppose, two, three, or even four of our Rugby team were disposed to play "Association," our fifteen would be ruined and the firm reputation of U. C. C., won on many a hard-fought field, would be sacrificed to the pleasure of a few. Hence we conclude that we can have only *one game each term* to make one game a success. That the game each term is the particular game it is, arises from public opinion outside the College and over which we have no control. We can only show that U. C. C. can, and will, excel in any manly sport which may be popular. The

question then arises: Is this system a success? Last year the whole energy of the College was thrown into Rugby football; and did the blue and white jerseys ever leave the field except as victors? In winter we played hockey, and the nominal junior champions of Ontario were shown how to play *that* game by U. C. C. In summer the cricketers laboured diligently on the crease, and T. C. S., which prides itself in knowing how to play *that* game, at least, was no match for our eleven. Nevertheless, the boys grumble at having to pay one dollar a term to support these organizations and our annual games. Were last year's games a failure? Perhaps they were, but we never heard so. And when the Stewards have received these hardly gotten dollars—are they not used properly? We firmly believe, and the majority of the boys believe, that they are.

It was the intention of the Stewards to give in the columns of the TIMES, statements of the sums received and of the items of expenditure, but as the boys would rather have them on the notice-boards they shall have them there and have them every fortnight.

C. H. BRADBURN,  
Chairman of the Stewards.

AMBITION.

On ambition feeds ambition,  
Never satiated, all fruition,  
But creates an eager longing,  
Vastly grown; intensely strengthened;  
Starved upon the laurels, thronging,  
And the triumphs—only sweetened  
By-indicative innateness—  
Each a step to future greatness.

AMANTIUM IRAE. (Angry wife of his bosom):  
"I wish I was dead and cremated, and my ashes put on an urn on your dressing-table, and then perhaps you'd be s—s—sorry!" Facetious Monster (a member, we regret to say, of the Stock Exchange): "My dear, that wouldn't end the family jars—it would only begin them."

Sports.

COLLEGE vs. LORNES.

The return match with the Lornes was played on the College grounds, on Saturday, November 4th, and resulted in an easy victory for College by 34 to 10.

The teams were:

U. C. C.		LORNES.		
Christie	..... Back.....	Homo	}	
Waldie	} .....	Jeffrey.		
Wood		..... Halvos.....		McMaster
Cameron	} .....	Redding.	}	
Upper		..... Quarter.....		Taylor
Boyd	} .....	Woodbridge	}	
McBean		.....		Dixon
Bull		.....		Livingstone
Holcombe	..... Wings.....	Wimans	}	
Lash	} .....	Lent		
Hoskin		.....		Somorville
Fitzgibbons		.....	Burnside	
Todd	} .....	Jeffrey	}	
Gooderham		..... Forwards.....		Wilson
Brooke, L. W.		.....		Sander

At the kick off, the ball travelled first to College quarter, then to Lornes' 25, and again back near College goal, but here Waldie, Cameron and Hoskin by good combination rushed the length of the field, and Bones secured a try. In the place which followed, however, he was too slow the Lornes reaching the ball before he could kick it. In a couple of minutes more, Hoskin again by a good rush got another touch-down, which Shorty Upper failed to convert. Score 8-0.

Then the Lornes, in their turn, rushed the ball up to College quarter, and kicking behind three times in succession, got three rouges. Score 8-3.

College, however, now woke up again and McBean by a grand run got another try; Hoskin kicked the goal and College were ahead by 11 points. The ball now tarried between College quarter and half way, until in the last minute of the first half, by a slip by Christie the Lornes got a touch-down, and kicked the goal. Score, 14-9.

In the second half the ball was nearly always in Lornes' territory, College adding 20 points to to their previous score, while the Lornes only got a single one.

College scored on tries by Hoskin, Fitzgibbons, Wood, Holcombe, goal from try, Hoskin a rouge and touch-in-goal.

Lornes got a rouge, and when time was called, College had won their first victory of the season by 34 to 10.

## OUR ANNUAL VICTORY.

On Saturday morning the first XV., accompanied by Mr. Collinson and some half-dozen boarders, set out for the Union Station on their way to Port Hope. The station was thoroughly inspected during the two hours the boys were forced to stay in its vicinity. Here the party was joined by Mr. Macdonald, who had consented to act as referee. When at 11 o'clock the train pulled out of the dépôt the boys left Toronto in a merry mood, quite prepared to do their best to win. Port Hope was reached at 1.20 and Senkler was on the platform to receive the football team. Carriages were taken to the St. Lawrence Hall, where much time and muscle were expended in an almost futile effort to wash and to get something to eat. But the boys managed to do both after a fashion (the boarders from long experience excelling in the latter), and then drove to the school.

It was nearly 3 p.m. when the College boys arrived at the School, and at about 3.15 the game began. Bull won the toss and chose to kick with the slight wind that was blowing down the field.

The teams lined up as follows:

Spragge	.....Back.....	Christie.	
Andrews	} .....Halves.....	Waldie	
Gamble		Wood	
Tucker		Cameron	
Gilmour	.....Quarter.....	Upper	
Francis	} .....Wings.....	Brooke	
Revison		McBean	
Smith		Bull	
Ireland		Holcombe	
James		Lash	
Cawdry		Hoskin	
Macdougall		Fitzgibbons	
Walsh		Todd	
Loacombe		.....Forwards.....	Goederham
Jollet			Brooke, L.W.

T. C. S. kicked off and the ball remained at about half-way, where there were several scrimmages, ending in Waldie kicking near T. C. S. goal line, where there was another scrimmage. Here the ball was heeled out to Upper who passed to Cameron, and Mat, by one of his famous rushes, slid through and got the ball over the line, making the first score for U. C. C. within four minutes. The kick was a hard one, and Bones Hoskin made a good attempt although handicapped by his sore leg. Score 4-0.

Trinity kicked to half, but in the scrimmage which followed, College worked up to the School quarter, and Holcombe getting out of touch with the ball, broke through and was tackled on the line. Score 8-0.

After a few minutes of scrimmaging in the School quarter, Upper passed to Waldie, who kicked behind the goal and against the fence for a rouge. Score 9-0.

The School kicked into McBean's hands, and Mac. by a good run got behind the line, but went into touch, scoring a touch-in-goal. 10-0.

Twice in succession after this Wood kicked behind for a rouge and touch-in-goal, making score 12-0.

Then came perhaps the star play of the day. T. C. S. kicked to Fitzgibbons who was between quarter and half, and he with a long drop sent the ball over the posts for five more.

T. C. S. kicked well into College territory, but Upper returned and the ball soon came back to the School quarter. Twice Bob Waldie kicked behind for a rouge and Lou. Wood did the same thing once, and thus the score stood 20 to 0 at half time.

At 4.15 play again started and Upper kicked off. The ball was returned to Christie who sent it back again. From scrimmage it was passed to the halves and kicked behind the goals, and Spragge rouged. From the kick-off Fitz secured the ball and rushed up the field into touch near the goal line. Scrimmages followed. When the ball came out of scrimmage, Upper made a bad pass and the ball rolled towards the College goal. Wood got on it at half-way and the halves kicked within T. C. S. twenty-five. From a penalty "Bones" tried a "place" but failed. Gilmour kicked out and Wood made a rush; some scrimmaging ensued. Another place-kick from "no-five-yards" was unsuccessful. Then the ball went into touch; Wood got it and kicked and Spragge was forced to rouge; another rouge followed. Score 23-0.

From the kick Waldie got the ball and went up the field; near the line he dropped it, but redeemed his error by a flying kick and Hoskin following up got the try. Upper made the goal, and the score was 29-0.

When the ball was kicked-off at half-way the School made a gallant attempt to score and sent the ball for the first time into College territory. From the scrimmage which followed, Christie punted the leather down the field and soon the "Red and Black" had again to defend their goal. When the ball was thrown out of touch, Bull secured it and went through the striped jerseys in fine style and made a try. Upper failed to kick, and the College had 33 to their credit. The ball went into touch and was scrimmaged several times before Waldie rushed it over the line and made four more, which completed the total for U. C. C. in their annual match. Then came some scrimmaging and when the whistle blew at the end of time the ball was still near the T. C. S. goal. Score 37-0, and U. C. C. were victors.

It is impossible to discriminate in awarding merit to the XV.; all played their best and all played well.

The College scrimmage walked around the field with that of T. C. S.

The youth and beauty of Port Hope turned out to see the match. They greatly admired the blue and white caps of our XV.

The School ground was in good condition.

Some of the T. C. S. halves occasionally kicked the wrong way.

The town team encouraged the College kickers

Our boys were excellently entertained at tea at the School, and have formed golden opinions of their rivals.

### THE FIFTEEN.

B. F. Bull (captain) lives in the city, and played on last year's team. This season he played wing and was always on hand to mark his man, either when a scrimmage occurred or at the touch-line. Some are of the opinion he would have played to better advantage in scrimmage, though no one will say he would have worked harder there.

L. W. Brooke was one of the men soonest appointed to the team, where he filled the place in centre scrimmage. His weight was of great advantage; nor was he slow in following the ball, or at all easy in handling an opponent who had it. "Hero" calls Brantford home.

H. Brooke played at wing where he was always in the van at chasing a long kick, and where he formed one of the combination, who, when they got together, brought the ball up the field by clever passing; to his speed the College owes many points. "Brookie" lives in the city.

P. E. Boyd was the last man appointed to the team, owing to the time it takes for him to get into form. But when he played it was almost impossible to stop his rushes. Unfortunately "Philip" was ill and could not play in the Port Hope match. He is also one of the city contingent.

M. C. Cameron plays at "half" where his kicking is especially noticeable; it was the bane of the College's opponents when the ball sailed down the field from a long punt. He was inclined to "rush" a trifle too much but played an excellent game. "Mat" also lives in Toronto.

J. M. Christie obtained his place on the fifteen for only the last two matches, and not before he was needed. His playing was cool, yet he was quick in kicking. "Jimmie" did not fail to rouse when necessary but only as a last resort. His home is in the city, but he lives for most of the year in the College boarding-house.

R. G. Fitzgibbons was one of the first chosen to represent U.C.C. on the field, and he has played a steady game throughout. He plays outside wing and was always to be relied on for a rush when occasion offered. "Fitz" resides in Morrisburg when not at College.

H. F. Gooderham was also one of the first chosen, and throughout the season held his place in scrimmage with credit to himself. His tackling deserves mention, for when he gets hold of his man, said man is sure to come down. "Harry" is a boarder and his home is in the city.

W. A. G. Hoskin, secretary of the Club, had played for College last year and was in great form this season. He played outside wing; where his irresistible rushes were of great advantage. In the match with T. C. S. "Bones" played a plucky game though he was suffering from a strained leg. He lives in Deer Park.

R. C. Holcombe gained his place easily and played with great advantage to the fifteen.

Winning or losing, "Johnnie" was to be relied on to do his best. Hard tackling and brilliant rushes were always to be expected from him. Unfortunately, Holcombe is at home in St. Catharines through illness and does not appear in our engraving.

H. M. McBean was soon appointed to our kickers and took his place among the wings which he filled very creditably. "M'Lord's" rushing and passing were good and his solidity told in every match. Harry comes from Winnipeg.

J. L. Todd, for his play in scrimmage, was the first to get his colours. His strong point was his rushing, at which he was good. "John L." comes from the distant shores of Victoria, B.C.

F. J. Upper was immediately chosen quarterback; nor could the choice have been better. His judgment was generally to be relied upon as to when passing or dribbling were the better play, and he was prompt in choosing. "Shorty" calls the Limestone City home.

K. S. Waldie was chosen as one of the backs and played in every match. His long kicks were always opportune and he knew how to rush, when necessary. His judgment was rarely at fault. "Bob's" home is in the city, though he is a representative of the boarding-house.

L. P. Wood played at half, which position he acquired through his running and clever dodging. His kicking in the Port Hope match was a pleasant surprise. "Lou" lives in Toronto.

CAMERA CLUB.

Meetings were held on Friday, Nov. 17th, and Dec. 1st, at which arrangements for the exhibition were made. The following is the list of prizes and they will be presented in the form of orders for photographic material :

1. Collego pictures--set of 6.....1st \$4 00 2nd \$2 00
2. Scenery pictures--3 land, 3 water.1st 4 00 2nd 2 00
3. Architecture--2 interiors.....
- 2 exteriors ..... 1st 4 00 2nd 2 00
4. Figures (groups or single figure)--.....
- set of six ..... 1st 4 00 2nd 2 00
5. Animals (groups or single figure)--.....
- set of four ..... 1st 3 00 2nd 1 50

6. Fox-terrier--best single picture.....
  - special prize by Mr. Macdonald .....5 00
  7. Prize for greatest number of points obtained in any five sections .....1st \$5 00 2nd \$2 00 3rd \$1 00
- A first prize shall count 4 points, a second 2 and a third 1 point.

Photos may be exhibited in one class only, and must never have been shown before at College.

Now that the club has its new backgrounds, improvement in the photographs may be looked for.

At the meetings of the club, Biggar and Stovel read most interesting papers; the former on the finishing of gelatine paper, the latter on the formation of plates and the chemical change they undergo in development. Votes of thanks were unanimously passed in each case.

As it is thought a club-room would be of great advantage, it was carried that Mr. Milson ask the Principal to grant one. We learn since, that Mr. Dickson has kindly done so and the club now rejoices in a sanctum where the magazine, may be read at leisure, and where the papers read at the different meetings may be kept on file.

The next meeting will be held on Friday, Dec. 15th, in Mr. Milson's room.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The College Publishing Company, 1125 Broadway, New York, has issued a handsome booklet, containing beautiful half-tone group pictures of the 1893 Football teams of Harvard Princeton, University of Pennsylvania and Yale and statistics and records of the individual players. The booklet also contains fine half-tone plates of the Harvard and Yale 1893 crews, and the athletic teams of Columbia, Harvard, Princeton and Yale with statistics and records for the year. The players in the football groups are numbered so that by reference to the text each one's name can be ascertained. The pictures are 4 x 6½ inches, printed on heavy plate paper 6 x 9 inches, and altogether the booklet makes a most delightful and interesting souvenir of College athletics for the year 1893. It will be sent post-paid on receipt of ten two cent stamps.

The November issue of *The University Review* contains, among other articles of College interest, finely illustrated accounts of foreign universities and student life therein; an illustrated description of the Latin play recently presented at New York and the World's Fair by the students of St. Francis Xavier's; papers on journalism in its relation to College men, by Mr. Dana, of the *Sun*, and Mr. Brown, of the Phi Delta Theta *Scroll*: a plea for higher standards in the education of women; illustrated accounts of the history of football in Indiana, and of the recent Williams Centennial; well-chosen verse, and a wide selection of College and fraternity notes.

#### NINETY-FOUR.\*

A very pretty book is the 1894 Calendar, published by the Toronto Art Students' League. From cover to cover one finds things to please the fancy and delight the taste. The cover itself, the work of Mr. S. H. Howard, is very prettily gotten up. We have heard Mr. Kelly's "Summer" highly praised, and certainly the effort is very fine. The contrasts of the lights and shadows are very pleasing and when one looks from the lily-pads and rushes, one is by no means disappointed by the more distant view. Vanity is found even in this peaceful pool, for Summer (a very modern summer, truly) looks into the mirroring, shadowy water, as she adorns herself with a wreath of maple leaves. A figure more in harmony with the restful water and the whispering stillness of the trees would have been, perhaps, more pleasing. Another thing of beauty is Mr. R. Holmes's "Thistledown," suggested by the verses of Miss E. Pauline Johnson. When one has said they are thistledown, one has said all that can be said; they bud, they blossom, they bloom, become detached,

And like a cobweb shadowy and grey  
Far floats the down—far drifts the dream away!

Mr. Holmes has entered into the spirit of Mr. Edgar's wild "Winter," and has portrayed it with vigor. His poppies and lilies, of death and resurrection, for "On the death of the Queen of Poets,"

\* Designed and published by the Toronto Art Students' League, Imperial Bank Building, Toronto.

ranks second only to his "Thistledown." Mr. F. H. Bridgen's study of "May" is exceptionally pleasing; the blossoms breathe forth fragrance as they sway gently in the wind, and the drooping lilies nod in the friendly breeze. "Verdant leaflets clothe each spray," by Mr. W. B. Blatchly, is not at all ambitious, yet it at once awakens memories of scenes familiar to most Canadians. It is good. Mr. J. Jephcott's treatment of the October, November, and December Calendars is an effective *finale*. Space will not permit of lengthy mention of Mr. Thompson's treatment of "Therese," or of Mr. Manly's or of Mr. Jeffrey's studies, though they are well worthy of careful consideration. The Calendar is a collection by Canadian artists of gems of art and poetry. A more pleasing Christmas souvenir than this will not soon suggest itself, nor can it fail to delight all interested in Canadian art and verse.

#### SLEIGHING LONG AGO.

Boys and girls of ninety-three don't half enjoy the snow;  
Never know the wild delight their parents used to know;  
What's the fun of sleighing in a sleigh that holds but  
two—

'Twasn't thus your fathers went a-sleighing.  
Hurrah, hurrah, two dozen in a sleigh!  
Hurrah, hurrah, wrapped up in furs and hay!  
How we sang and shouted in the winters passed away,  
When boys and girls went a-sleighing.

While the merry bells rang out, we sang a sleighing  
song—  
Sang it with a spirit as we swiftly sped along—  
Sang it as you've never heard it, lustily and strong,  
When boys and girls went a-sleighing.  
Hurrah, hurrah, how merrily we go!  
Hurrah, hurrah, across the fleecy snow!  
So we sang the chorus in the winters long ago,  
When boys and girls went a-sleighing.

When the laughing moon declared the midnight hour was  
come,  
And the team was turned about all covered o'er with  
foam,  
How we laughed and shouted as we madly galloped home,  
When boys and girls went a-sleighing,  
Hurrah, hurrah, how merrily we go!  
Hurrah, hurrah, across the frozen snow!  
Ask your parents how they sang it forty years ago,  
When boys and girls went a-sleighing.

G. W. JOHNSON.

Criticus (looking at a picture of the impressionist school): If that's high art then I'm an idiot. Cynicus: Well, that is high art.



## A VENDETTA.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT).

Widow Saverini lived alone with her son in a little old house on the ramparts of Bonifacio. The town, built on a projection of the mountain, even suspended in places above the sea, looks down on a reef-covered strait, and the lowest coast of Sardinia. At its feet, surrounding it almost entirely, an indenture of the cliff, which resembles a gigantic corridor, serves it for a harbour, and attracts to the nearest houses close to a long inlet between two abrupt cliffs, the little Italian or Sardinian fishing boats, and, every fortnight, the wheezy old steamer which crosses from Ajaccio.

On the white mountain the cluster of houses forms a spot whiter still. Perched thus upon the rock, they have the appearance of wild birds' nests overlooking the terrible passage into which ships are loth to venture. The wind roughens the sea unceasingly, beats upon the rugged mountain fretted by its fury and almost destitute of vegetation; it launches itself into the strait and lays waste the shores. The white foam caught on the black points of innumerable rocks, which protrude above the waves, resembles shreds of cloth rising and falling on the surface of the water.

The house of Widow Saverini, welded to the edge of the cliff, opened its three windows on this wild and desolate landscape.

She lived alone with her son Antonio and their hunting dog *Sémillante*, a huge gaunt beast with a long shaggy coat, an animal of the species known as *gardiens de troupeaux*.

One evening after a brawl, Antonio was treacherously stabbed by Nicolas Ravolati, who that same night fled to Sardinia. When his old mother received the body of her child, whom the bystanders brought home, she did not weep, but stood motionless looking at him for a long time, then laying her withered hand on his body, she swore that she would carry out the vendetta. She would have no one remain, but shut herself up with the dead man and the moaning dog. The animal howled continuously as it stood at the foot of the bed, with its head stretched towards

its master and its tail drooping between its legs. It moved no more than the mother, whom she bent over the body and wept large, silent tears as she gazed on her son. The young man, lying on his back, clothed in his coarse cloth jacket, rent and torn at the breast, seemed asleep; but there was blood on everything; blood on his shirt, torn away to bandage the wound; blood on his waistcoat; blood on his trousers; blood on his face and blood on his hands; clots of blood had hardened in his hair and in his beard. The old woman began to address him, and at the sound of her voice the dog ceased moaning. "Rest in peace! Rest in peace! Thou shalt be avenged; dost thou hear me? Thy mother swears it and she always keeps her word; thy mother whom thou hast known so well." And slowly she stooped to press her cold lips to the lips of the dead man. Then *Sémillante* began to whine; he uttered a long, blood-curdling wail, and there they stood, the woman and the dog, until morning.

Antonio Saverini was buried the next day and soon they spoke of him no more in Bonifacio.

He had left neither brothers, nor cousins, nor man was there to take up the vendetta. But his old mother, the decrepit old woman, brooded over it. On the other side of the strait she saw from morning till evening a white spot. It is a little Sardinian village, Longosardos, where the Corsican banditti take refuge when too hotly pursued. They alone inhabit this hamlet opposite the coast of their native country, as they await the time when they may return to their haunts. She knew that to this village Nicolas Ravolati had fled.

She sat, friendless, throughout the weary day looking down on this spot as she thought of vengeance. How could she, so old and so near death, accomplish it? But she had promised, nay she had sworn on the corpse, and she could not forget, she could not wait. What could she do? She no longer slept at night, she had neither peace nor rest, and she kept thinking doggedly. *Sémillante* slept at her feet, and occasionally lifting her head, would utter a disconsolate moan. Since her master's death she often roared thus, as if her love kept fresh the memory that nothing could efface.

One evening as Sémillante began to become more content, the mother seized upon an idea, an idea, wild, vindictive, ferocious. She gloated over it until the morning; then astir since day-break, she went to church. Prostrate on the pavement she prayed God to aid her, to sustain her, to give her poor lifeless body the strength that was necessary to avenge her son. Then, she went home. In the yard there was an old barrel, which caught the water from the eaves. She threw it down, emptied it, and fastened it to the ground by means of stakes and stones. She then chained Sémillante to this kennel and went indoors.

She now walked restlessly in her room with her eyes fixed always on the Sardinian coast. The assassin was there. The dog howled all night and all day. In the morning the old woman gave her some water in a bowl, but nothing more; not a scrap of meat, nor a morsel of bread. The day passed. Sémillante slept from sheer exhaustion. The next day her eyes were on fire, her hair stood erect and she tugged and strained at the chain. Still the old woman gave her nothing. The animal became furious and kept baying hoarsely, yet another night passed.

*(To be concluded.)*

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MAYNE REID.

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Mayne Reid was born in the north of Ireland, in the year 1818. His father was a Presbyterian minister and had his son educated for the church but as Reid did not like the idea of settling down to the regular life of a clergyman, he went to America at the age of twenty to make his fortune.

He landed at New Orleans and set out to begin an adventurous life in the prairies and forests of the New World. Among his many journeys he made trapping excursions on the Red River and on the Missouri, and had a good opportunity of studying the manners and customs of the Indians about whom he was to write.

When war broke out in 1845 between the United States and Mexico, he volunteered and received a lieutenant's commission in a New

York regiment. He fought throughout this campaign with great courage, especially at the taking of Chapultepec, a castle in the valley of Mexico. A party of soldiers had advanced to storm the castle, but they halted before reaching it, the fire from the castle being very heavy, so Reid asked leave to join the storming-party with his Grenadiers and Marines. He received permission to advance and by his aid the castle was won against greatly superior numbers.

In 1849, he raised a body of men in New York and offered his services to the Hungarian Insurgents, but before he could join them he received word that the insurrection was over, so he went to England. He settled down there with the rank of a captain in the American army, and in 1849 began his series of interesting stories of adventure with the Rifle Rangers, followed the next year by the "Scalp Hunters." His intimate knowledge of the Indians and his actual experiences in the places about which he writes, make his books far more useful and interesting than ordinary novels, besides, the many facts which are mixed up with the fiction give one some idea of the country and people about which he is writing, without any effort of memory on the reader's part.

The "Rifle Rangers," the "Scalp Hunters" and the "White Chief," are generally conceded to be his best works. The "Scalp Hunters" is a romance of Northern Mexico. It opens in St. Louis and from there the hero travels southward to Mexico with a band of "Prairie Merchants," who have many exciting adventures on the journey. The story develops more fully when they reach Mexico and to the very end the interest never flags.

The detailed knowledge of the places and Indians which the author displays in this work was probably obtained when he fought in the campaign between the United States and Mexico for, unless he had some such practical acquaintance with his subject, he could never have drawn such true and interesting pictures of Indian life.

The great Sahara Desert is the land about which the "Boy Slaves" is written. The heroes are three midshipmen and a sailor who get wrecked on the

const of Africa. As usual the three "middies" are English, Irish and Scotch and the tar is a nondescript, who might be of any one of the three nationalities. They go through great hardship in the desert and are made slaves, but they at last escape and get back to England in safety.

This book is not so good as many of his others, and I think it will be found that his novels which are written about the American Continent are much more interesting than those written about other countries, and this is natural, since he spent the best years of his life in roaming through the wilds of this continent, and having exciting adventures, which formed a groundwork for books which he afterwards wrote.

### Local and Personal.

Harry Putnam is in the Jefferson branch of the Home Loan Insurance Company.

Charlie Davis is learning the hardware business in Toronto.

"Reg" Wilson, of last year's "Times" staff is taking a course in arts at Varsity, preparatory to a science course at McGill.

Mr. Jackson had a short spell of illness last week and the boys are glad to see that he is around again and has quite recovered his health.

The library has been opened again and books may be obtained by asking any of the masters. A catalogue of the books will be found in one of the table drawers.

The manly and military forms of Corporals Edgar and Smith appeared among the mark(er)s in the church parade on Sunday, November 12th.

Norman Cosby will attend a military school in Oxford, Eng., with a view to entering the British Army.

We notice with pleasure that it is intended to place any profit which may be made from the sale of the History of Upper Canada College to the credit of the fund for purchasing an organ for the public hall of the College.

"Johnnie" Holcombe has gone home on account of a severe cold, or rather a sort of chronic cough. He was troubled considerably with it during football season.

Towards the latter part of the football season, A. F. Barr, of '92, coached the team, in order to get them into shape for the Port Hope match. The boys take this opportunity of thanking him for his valuable services.

The boys appreciate very highly the Sunday evening solos with which Mr. Robinson has been treating them lately, and hope that he will favor them with many more; for the boys are begin-

ning to feel the effects of the choir and will not be able to hold out against it much longer.

In honour of the late W. H. Howland, Esq., an old College boy and a warm friend of his school, the classes were dismissed earlier on Thursday. It was impossible to have the College flag flying, as the rigging of the flag-staff was out of order.

"Did you notice that dark, handsome little officer who marched in the rear of the Upper Canada College corps?" remarked a young lady as the company marched past.

The inside rink was flooded for the first time on December the 4th, but owing to unfavorable weather there was no skating on it until the 12th.

In the cut of the 1st Fifteen, the names of the boys, going from left to right, are—1st row: Brooke L., Hoskin, Boyd, Todd, Gooderham. 2nd row: MacBean, Brooke, H., Bull (Capt.), Waldie, Christie, Fitzgibbons. 3rd row: Cameron, Upper, Wood.

Mr. Christopher Robinson, an old College boy, proffered the honour of Knighthood, but though he saw fit to decline the title, the offer reflects great credit on his ability.

The boys hope to see the outside rink in good condition, on their return from the Christmas holidays, for a good outside rink is essential to the success of the Hockey team, as the inside rink is too small to practice on.

The sixth form have recently been studying the French Revolution, and it seems that the weak brain of one of its members could not stand the strain of so thrilling a history, for he has simply gone crazy on the subject, and has ventured so far as to try and inspire a revolt against the present stewards. He is strenuously backed up by the first form, who are under the impression that they are fighting for a holiday. No doubt *he* will be a steward *some* day.

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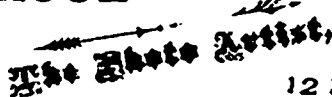
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