

The
Stone
Frigate

1914



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C.212

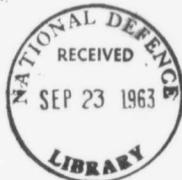
Royal Military College of Canada

Exhib
No. 10
12

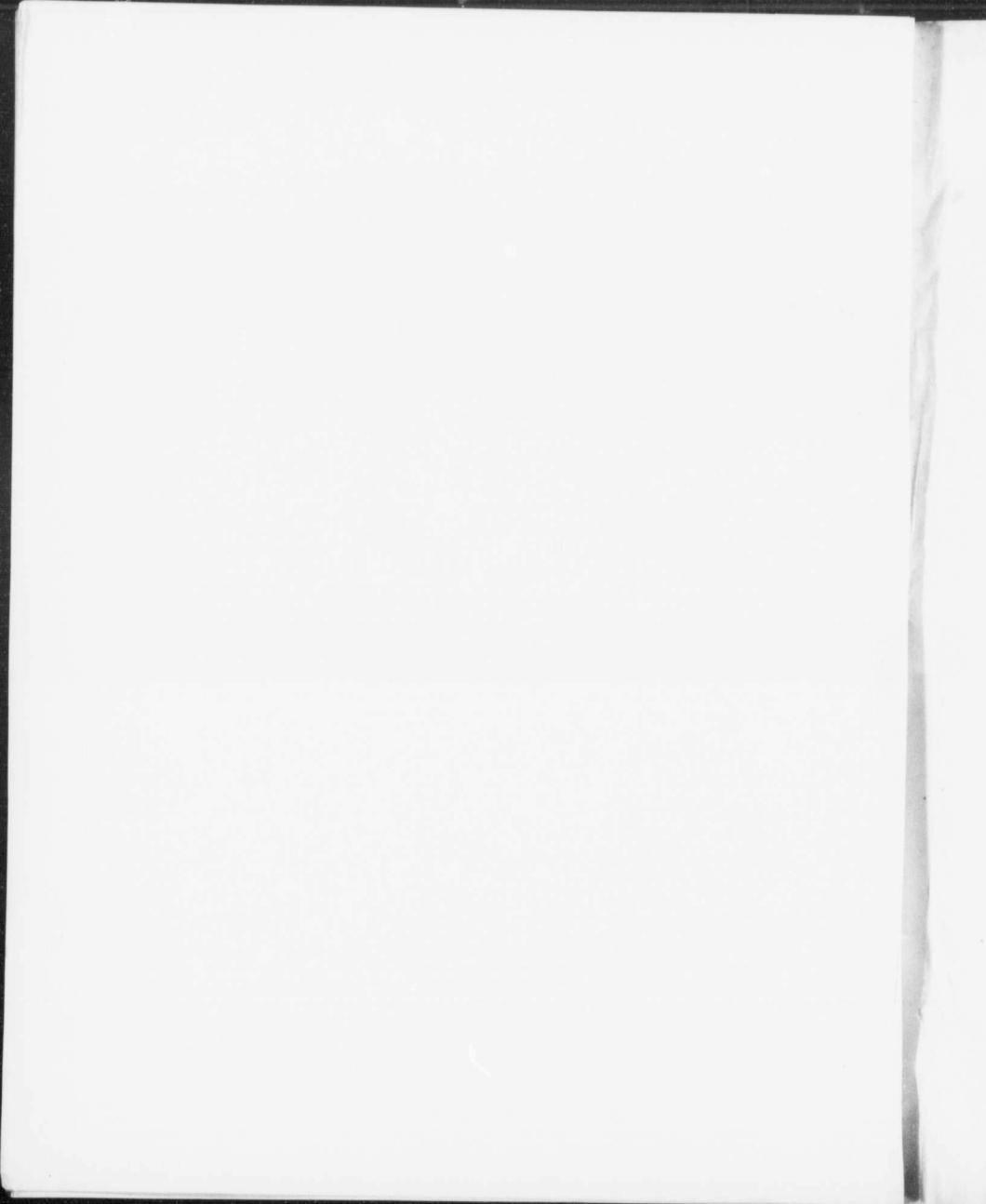
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*Exchange
the first two &
13 in series*

1009

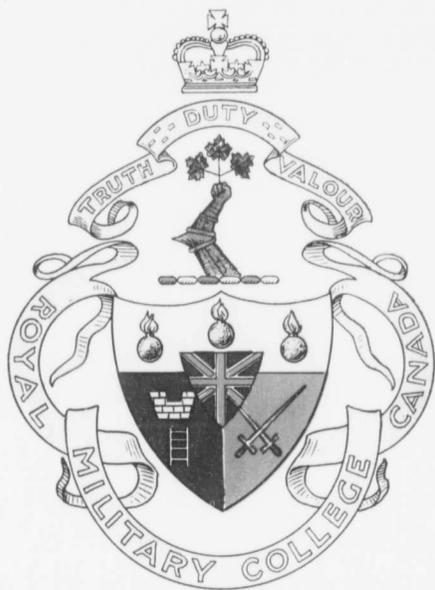


45564









To

Major Charles N. Perreau,

Royal Dublin Fusiliers,

This "Stone Frigate" is respectfully dedicated
by the Class of 1914.



*Major Charles A. Dorrain,
Royal Fusiliers,
Staff Adjutant, B.M.C., 1911.*

Co

Charles N. Perran

James P. Smith

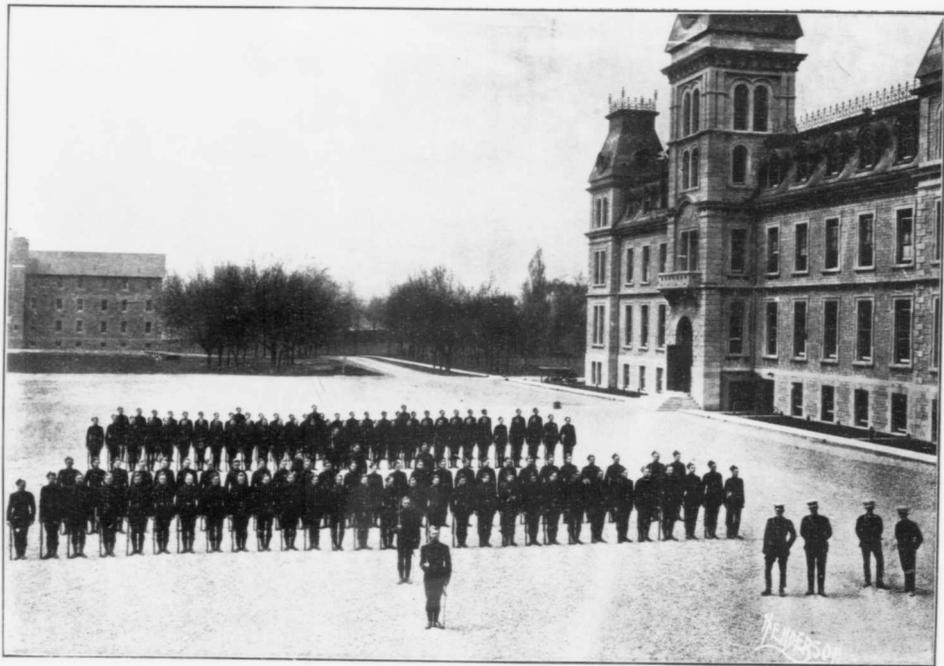
Overhalla, Idaho

1914



*Major Charles A. Perrean,
Royal Dublin Fusiliers,
Staff Adjutant, R.M.C., 1911-12*



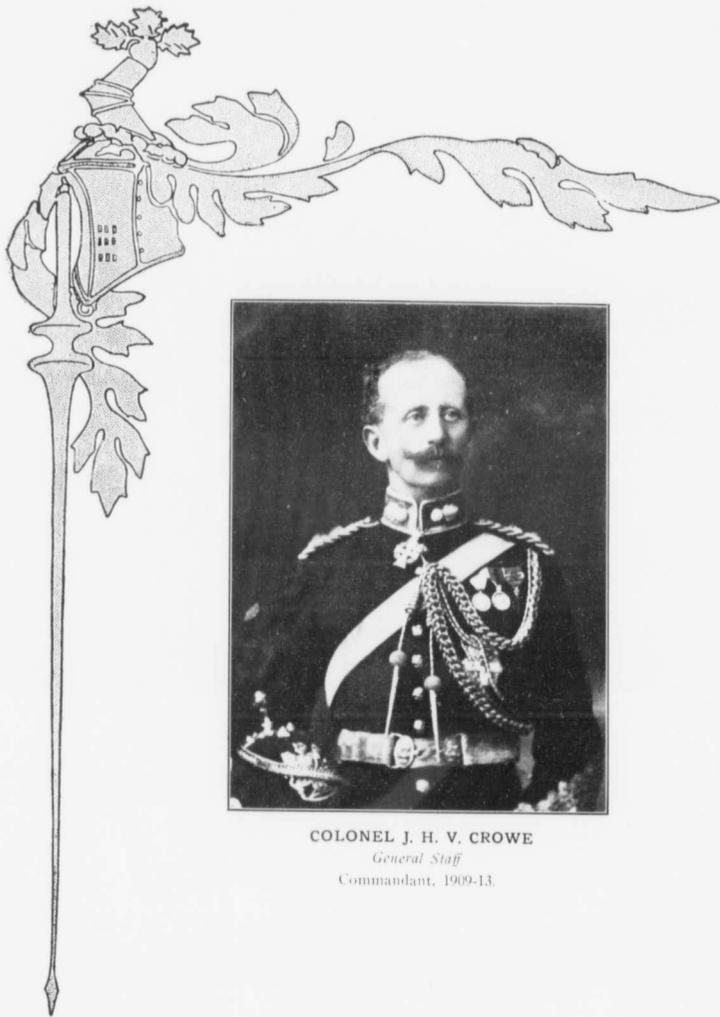


THE BATTALION, 1913-14.



COLONEL L. R. CARLETON, D.S.O.

General Staff
Commandant, 1914.



COLONEL J. H. V. CROWE

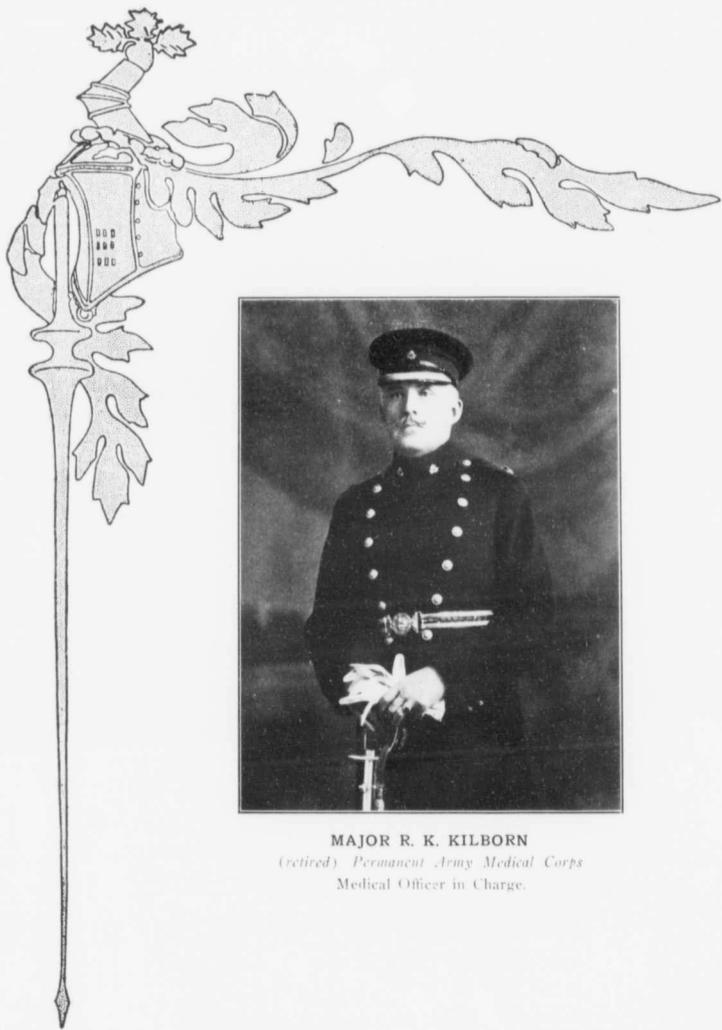
General Staff
Commandant, 1909-13.



LIEUT.-COL. T. BIRCHALL WOOD
General Staff
Acting Commandant, Sept. to Dec., 1913.



MAJOR A. J. WOLFE
Royal Engineers.
Professor of Civil Survey.



MAJOR R. K. KILBORN

*(retired) Permanent Army Medical Corps
Medical Officer in Charge.*



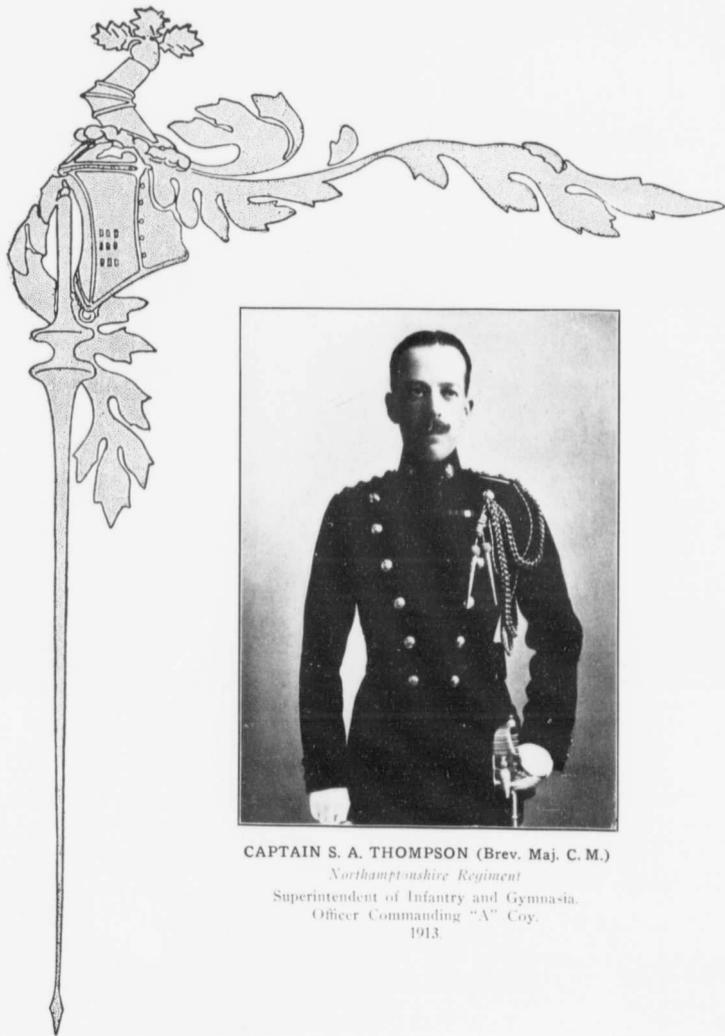
CAPTAIN R. C. HAMMOND (Brev. Maj., C.M.)
Royal Engineers
Professor of Military Engineering.



MAJOR J. P. SHINE

Royal Marine Light Infantry

Superintendent of Infantry and Gymnasia
1909-13.



CAPTAIN S. A. THOMPSON (Brev. Maj. C. M.)

Northamptonshire Regiment

Superintendent of Infantry and Gymnasia.

Officer Commanding "A" Coy.

1913.



CAPTAIN F. R. SEDGWICK (Brev. Maj., C.M.)
(since retired) Royal Field Artillery
Professor of Tactics and Artillery.
1910-13.



CAPTAIN P. A. MELDON

Royal Field Artillery

Professor of Tactics and Artillery.

Officer Commanding "B" Coy.

1914.

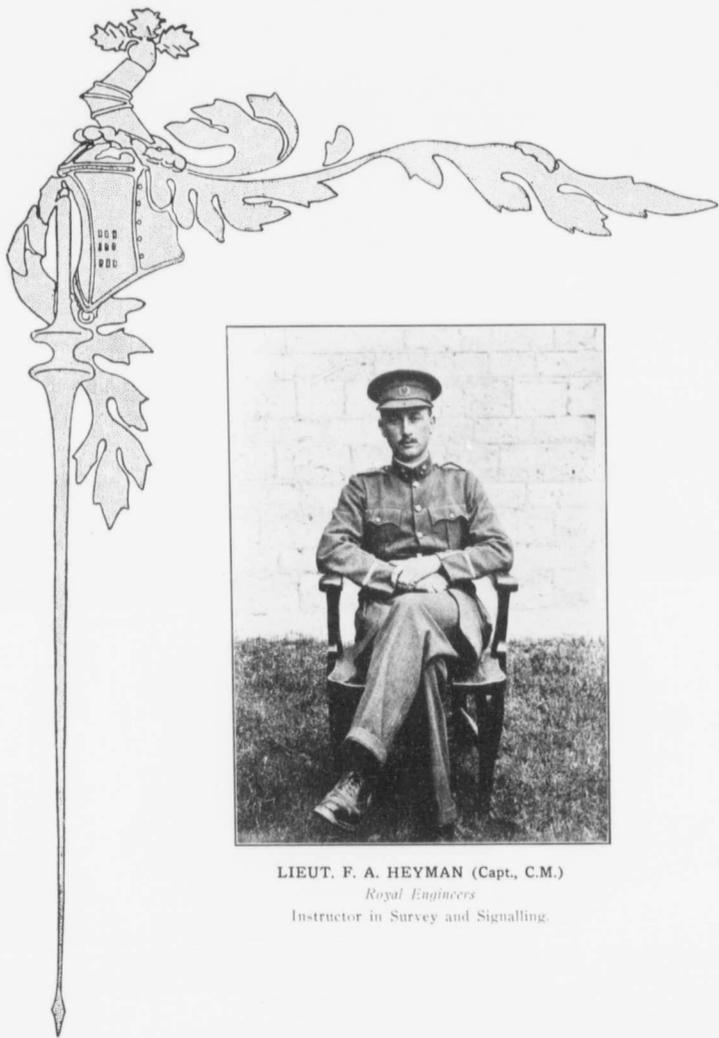


LIEUT. M. V. PLUMMER (Capt., C.M.)

Royal Field Artillery

Instructor in Military Topography and Administration,
1911

(Graduate, Class '03).



LIEUT. F. A. HEYMAN (Capt., C.M.)
Royal Engineers
Instructor in Survey and Signalling.

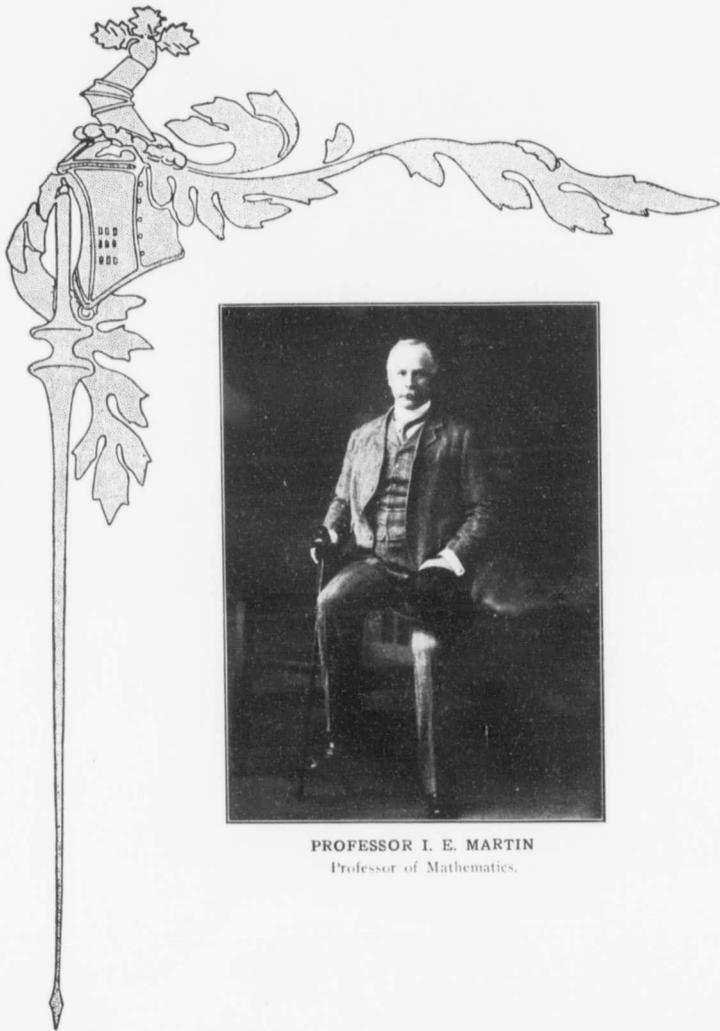


LIEUT. W. RHOADES

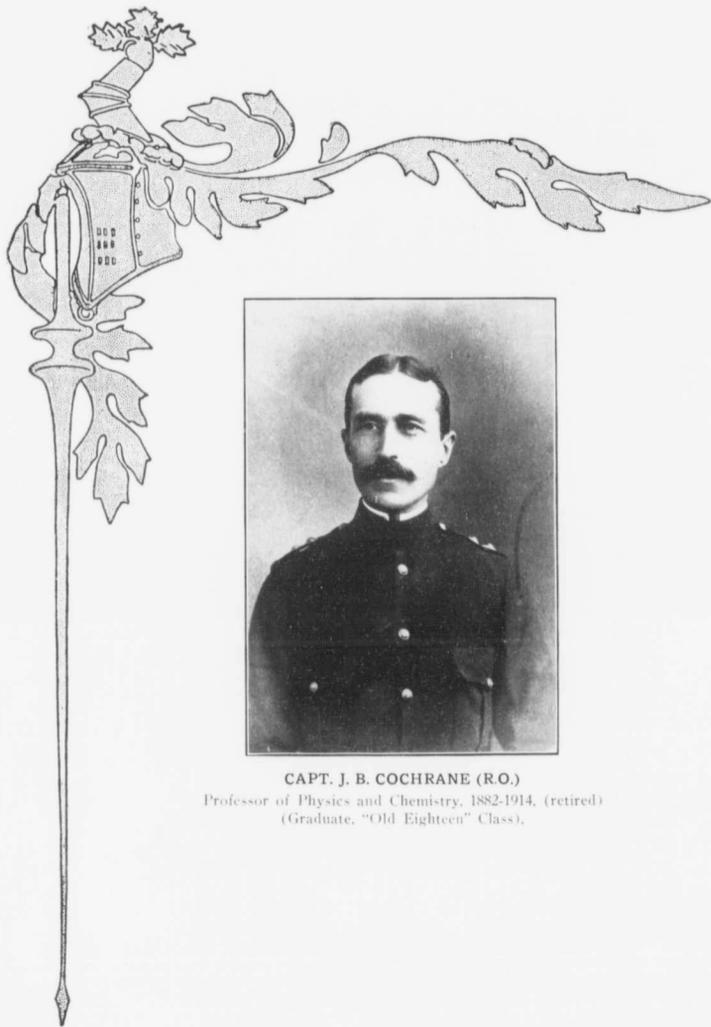
Royal Canadian Dragoons

Riding Master

1911.



PROFESSOR I. E. MARTIN
Professor of Mathematics.



CAPT. J. B. COCHRANE (R.O.)

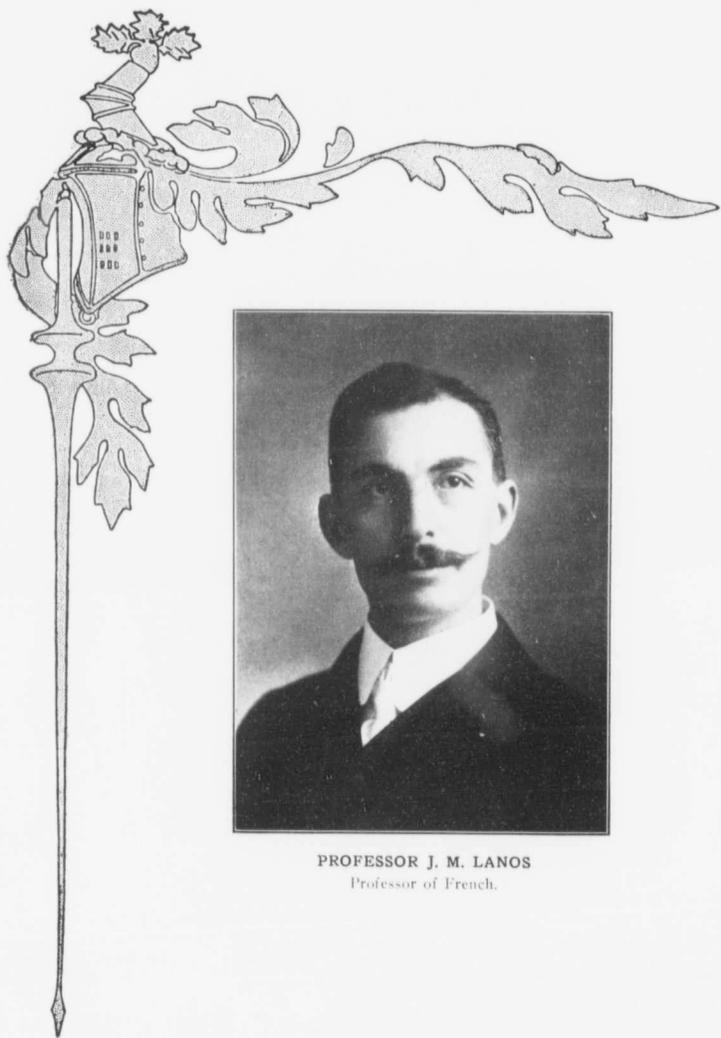
Professor of Physics and Chemistry, 1882-1914, (retired)
(Graduate, "Old Eighteen" Class).



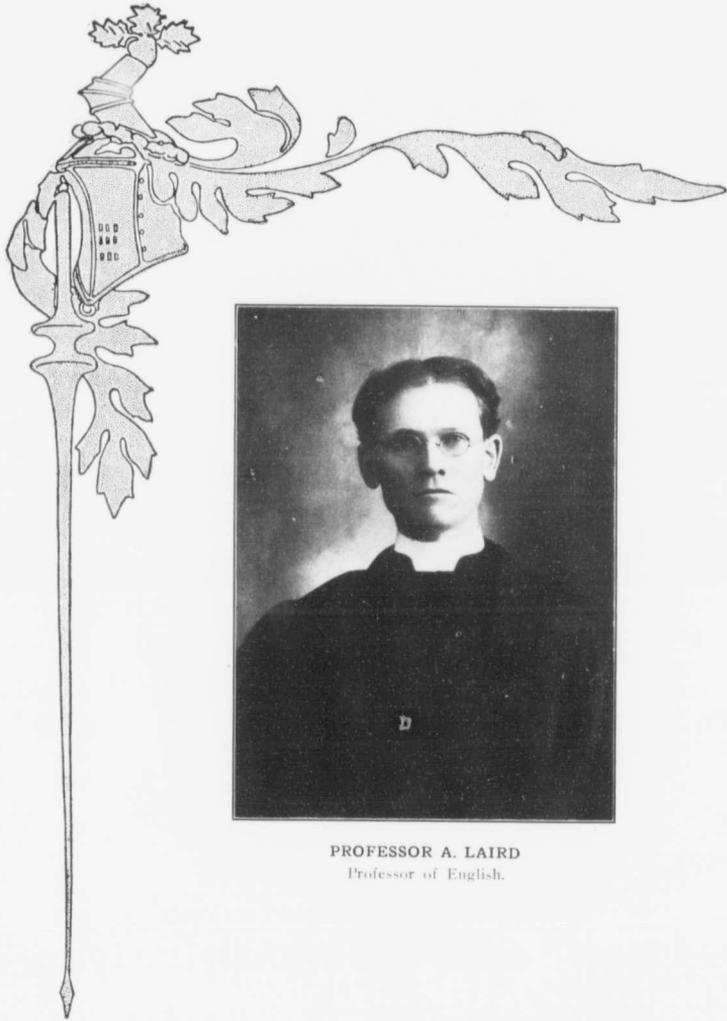
PROFESSOR W. R. BUTLER
Professor of Civil Engineering.



MAJOR H. J. DAWSON
(14th P. W. O. R.)
Instructor in Mathematics.



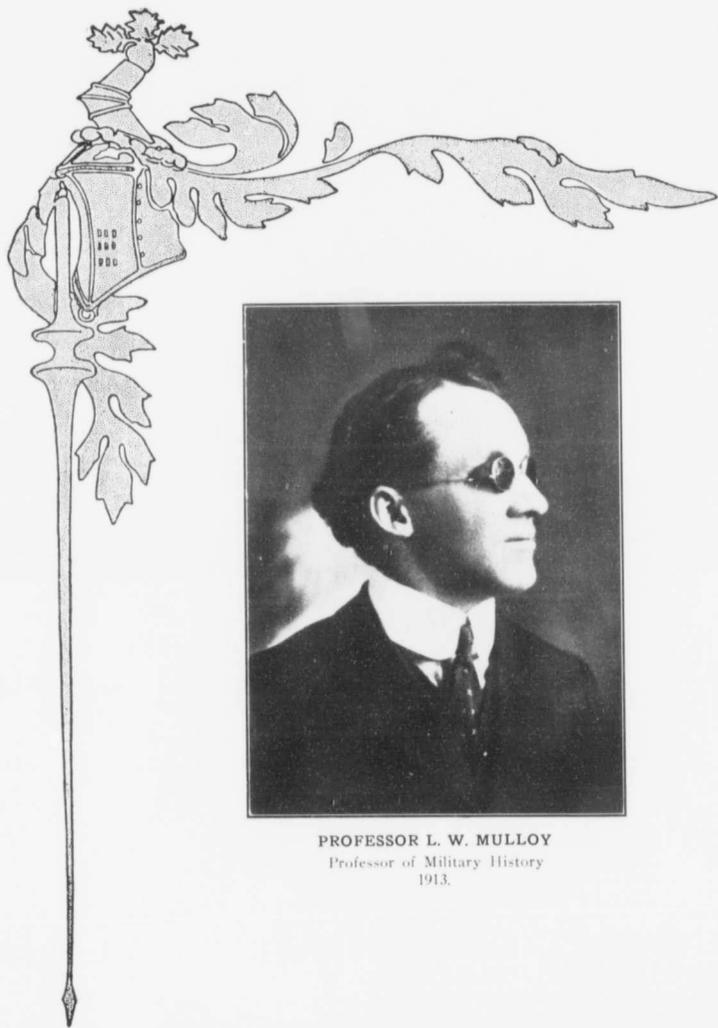
PROFESSOR J. M. LANOS
Professor of French.



PROFESSOR A. LAIRD
Professor of English.



LIEUT. O. T. MACKLEM, (R.O.)
Instructor in Civil Engineering
(Graduate, Class '05)



PROFESSOR L. W. MULLOY

Professor of Military History
1913.



THE "NORTH" BUILDING.



A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.
The College Grounds as a Naval Dockyard.

By kind permission of the
Deputy Minister of Archives.



Point Frederick as a Naval Station

THIS picture is a reproduction of a large painting, painted about the middle of the century, at present in the Archives at Ottawa. There are several interesting features about it, showing the busy Virginia Dock, a new building in the left middle ground. To the right and further back is seen a portion of the building used since its demolition, this year, as a city park. Below this is a dock with a ship, rigged on the starboard side, in building this were of hand-hewn logs, which were, though everything else had disappeared, it became necessary to construct these piles in the way of the boats. Six frames were used, and, on the front of each, a differential tackle plus a line of rope, which was the part of the derrick spar across the gap.

At the head of the dock is seen the long pier, which was covered by the magazine both of which disappeared in 1877. In the middle ground are seen the "cottages," which was demolished in 1877.

It will be noticed that neither Fort Frederick, nor the batteries which existed at this time, and evidently the building of the magazine by the dock came by way of the "stout oaken barge" which was built in the Victoria.

The long-boat beached by the Sicre Frigate had been moved across the stump shown on page 25, still existing. It occupies the present position of the pumping house.

The steam vessels in the harbour, the antique uniforms of the garrison, the Martini-Henry, bayonets and the roofed-over ships of the erstwhile Canadian navy—and even Kingston has changed in a hundred years!



Viewing the Victoria.



A BEACH AT THE
THE GREAT OCEAN AT A BEACH AT THE

By the permission of the
The Trustees of the British Museum



Point Frederick as a Naval Station

(See "Notice Board" page.)

THIS picture is a reproduction of a large print, published early in the nineteenth century, at present in the Archives at Ottawa. There are several interesting features about it, notably the Stone Frigate, then a new building, in the left middle ground. To the right and further back is seen a portion of the building used, until its demolition this year, as a gun park. Below this is a dock with a shear rigged on the end. The piles used in building this were of hand-hewn oak, and this year, though everything else had disappeared, it became necessary to remove these piles, they being in the way of the boats. So firmly were they fixed that the result of using a differential tackle plus a line of heaving Cadets was the fracture of the double spar across the gap.

At the head of the dock is seen the old canoe shed surmounted by the magazine both of which disappeared this spring. In the outer enclosure are seen the "cottages," which were demolished a few years ago.

It will be noticed that neither Fort Frederick nor the Cataragui bridge existed at this time, and evidently the Sunday morning strollers on the Hill came by way of the "stout oaken barge" across the "great river Cataragui."

The long-boat beached by the Stone Frigate has been hauled ashore using the stump shown on page 35, still existing. It occupies the present position of the pumping house.

The steam vessels in the harbour, the antique uniforms of the garrison, the Martini-Henry bayonets and the roofed-over ships of the erstwhile Canadian navy — and even Kingston has changed in a hundred years!



Removing the Toothpicks.



The "Stone Frigate": Its History.

THE First Class of 1914, in publishing this year book, do not intend to apologize for its contents, nor does the writer of this history intend to apologize for what he says; yet some explanation of his object and ground he intends to cover does not seem altogether out of place here. We have named our book "The Stone Frigate," after the building where we have spent, what we shall probably find to have been the happiest and most profitable years of our life. The editors, therefore, considered that their work would not be complete without some account of the building where we have spent so much of our time and which we all leave with the greatest regret.

In gathering material for this purpose two great difficulties have been encountered. In the first place there is extreme scarcity of recorded facts and secondly many of the records which are available are contradictory with regard to certain points. For instance every historian has, apparently, a new date, a new cause and even a new site for Fort Henry, Fort Frederick or the Stone Frigate. Even the map makers of the time when the Frigate was a new building do not agree. Some maps show no stone buildings at all on Point Frederick, some earlier ones show the dormitory building standing, while others again disagree about the positions of the forts and other prominent buildings in the neighborhood. However the following account has been extracted from several sources, so without more delay or explanation, we will begin. About 1789 a naval depot was established on Point Frederick and work there was begun at once. This depot was to be the principal naval dockyard of Great Britain on the great lakes and although there was no great rush of work until the war of 1815, considerable progress was made. By 1815 there existed sufficient store houses, work shops and so forth to keep 1,200



Fort Frederick, in the College grounds.



laborers constantly employed, and the establishment was large enough to necessitate an expenditure of £25,000 per annum for its upkeep. At this time apparently all the buildings were of wood. There were several rough structures used as store-houses and a large wooden barracks was constructed for the quartering of the men employed in the yard. Then a rough stockade was erected on the point and a few small guns mounted out there—the beginning of the present Fort Frederick. At the outbreak of war the naval station at Kingston became an extremely important centre, and the garrison and number of laborers employed were therefore greatly increased. It was no doubt at this time too, that the great need of a large building such as the Stone Frigate became most apparent. As soon as the war was over and workmen could be spared from building ships, work was started on a large stone naval store-house. At first the building was used only as a store-house, the men living in the wooden barracks referred to above. At a later date, however, the store house was used to accommodate the sailors of the lake fleet during the winter months. The building was divided into decks and the whole interior resembled the interior of a frigate. It was all fitted up with the regular furniture of a man-of-war, even to the cartridge cases, marked as belonging to H. M. S. Niagara. It is said by a reliable historian that the officers' quarters in this remarkable ship were beautifully finished in rare woods and were very luxurious indeed.

After the signing of the Rush and Bagot agreement the naval station was soon broken up and by 1823 the Stone Frigate held only large quantities of stores and the luxurious officers' quarters were occupied by a caretaker and his family. This deplorable state of affairs lasted but a short time, however, as



A relic of 1812. The bollard, still standing, used to beach the boats of Navy Bay.



will be seen from the following account of the naval station in 1826, by an officer visiting there:

"We met with a kind reception from the officers of the establishment. The yard is large and in excellent order and completely furnished with stores of every description, which, from the dryness of the atmosphere, are exempted in an extraordinary degree from decay. Here we have two three deckers, a frigate, a sloop of war and a schooner and eleven gun-boats all on the stocks. Their timbers are up, but they are not planked over and the few workmen employed are occupied in keeping them in repair and replacing any unsound parts." The writer (Lieutenant de Roos, R.N.) goes on to describe the war matériel, of which he says there was an unusually large quantity consisting of everything that could possibly be required to equip ships. There were also many things that were not wanted. For example, for the man-of-war St. Lawrence the Admiralty sent out a great heavy expensive apparatus for distilling salt water, and besides full equipments of water barrels and tanks for holding fresh water were sent out for each vessel. We may conveniently mention here that it was at this time that work was begun on that old relic, now a thing of the past, the first Cataraqú Bridge. This bridge was meant to provide for the traffic to and from the settlement on the east side of the Cataraqú, but provision was also made in the contract with the government for the conveyance of officers, men and stores back and forth from the Naval Station at Navy Bay. This method of transportation was to supersede "the stout oaken scow at present in use." The act which incorporated the company



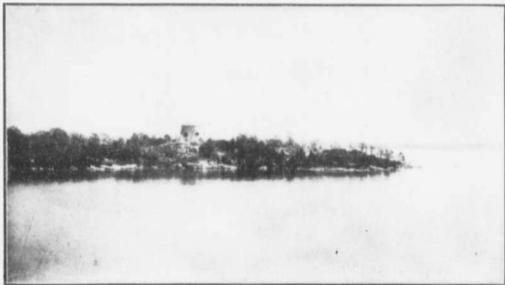
The "Good substantial bridge over the Great River Cataraqú."



gave it the right to build "a good substantial bridge over the great river Cataraqui." Emphasis was laid on the fact that all methods of crossing the river except by the bridge were to be strictly illegal and tolls were carefully collected.

At the outbreak of the rebellion in 1837 the Stone Frigate again became an important centre of interest. Captain Sandon, R.N., was sent with a small force to the Naval Yard and they immediately got the gun-boats ready for use and purchased a small steamer. This little fleet formed the Canadian Navy of 1838 and was the first and best navy Canada ever had of her own. This was the last time Navy Bay had any prominence as a Naval Station, for with the departure of Captain Sandon the building of ships on Point Frederick ceased. The existing ships were either sold for commercial purposes or roofed over and left to rot away and eventually sink in the bay. Closely associated with the history of the Stone Frigate is any information about Fort Henry and our work would not be complete without saying something about the origin of the fortification on the bare hill across the bay. In 1812 there was no work whatever existing on Fort Henry Point and on the outbreak of war the need of some further defence for the important naval station was immediately felt. At first a small battery of 24 pounders behind a rough breastwork of logs formed the whole defence for this high ground, then in 1813 a strong fort of logs surrounded by an embankment was constructed. After the war when there was more time and more men could be spared for the work a more permanent structure was begun. When finished the fort consisted of two strong stone towers fifty feet square and a separate building also of stone for the men's quarters. The whole was surrounded by a stone

wall. (See color engraving, p. 32.) The following is a description of the ground near Fort Henry Point by an officer who was in command of the fort for a time, before



Cathcart Redoubt, on Cedar Island.



the stone barracks had been completed: "It was a wilderness of stumps, fallen trees, boulders and rocks of all sizes and shapes." Before they got into their barracks they must have led a highly uncomfortable life, for he goes on to say: "We were sharing our blankets with reptiles of various species and carrying out the principles of self-sacrificing charity towards the million insects and crawling abominations." Work on the present Fort Henry was not begun till 1832 and was completed four years later. No garrison was placed here, but in 1842 further defences were considered necessary and at this time the advanced battery was added, afterwards looked upon as a blunder of the worst sort. In 1846 Fort Frederick was completed as it exists today, with Martello Tower in the centre built. Two years later the Martello Tower on Cedar Island was completed.

The Cedar Island Martello Tower seems to mark the last of the activity near Navy Bay. The old dormitory became a store-house for obsolete guns and old naval stores; the wharves fell to pieces and the ships were broken up or rotted away and sank in the Bay. The workshops and sheds suffered from disuse and altogether Point Frederick ceased to be of interest to anyone and became a truly obsolete and deserted region. The dormitory building was closed until the College was founded in 1876, when it was cleared out and put into shape for use once again. The decks were turned into flats, the hammock space turned into rooms and the former Stone Frigate became once more the habitation of men. Since then it has been full of life and we hope that its period of usefulness will extend many years to come.

In closing this history the writer wishes to thank all those who assisted him in any way with it. Without the assistance so generously given it would have been impossible to include in this book any story of the Stone Frigate, for we had no idea where to turn for our information. In particular the names of two gentlemen should be mentioned, Professor Grant, of Queen's, and Mr. James White, of the Conservation Commission. Without their kind assistance the history could not have been nearly so accurate or complete. We wish to thank Professor Grant for the advice he gave and the works of reference he lent us and Mr. White for the great trouble he took to gather and send us information which has proved most helpful in writing this brief outline of the life of the Stone Frigate.



One of Fort Henry's flanking towers.

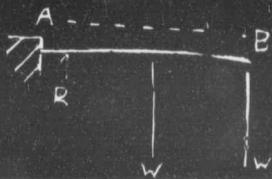


The "Stone Frigate" today.



Fort Henry from the College.

MATHEMATICS



Let us consider the equilibrium
of the cantilever beam AB

Then we have -





MATHEMATICS

“IF a fly is on one side of a sheet of paper, and he moves to the other side, how much farther are his feet away from the other end of the building?” This highly interesting and complex problem is typical. The answer is dx. Do we know why? No, do you? Of course, the subject is not confined to flypaper. Far from it: we can prove that all gamblers are ultimately ruined, and show that if one ship crosses the Atlantic in five days, then five ships cross in one day. Similarly if ten men build a house in ten days, a hundred men do so in one day, and so on, so that 86,400,000 do it in a tenth of a second.

Again, if you can boil ten eggs in a pint of water, enough water flows over Niagara Falls to keep 1,440,000,000 hens laying eggs at the assumed rate of one per day, providing the water is only used once. Then it would require a roost 272,727,272 miles 3,839 feet 11 inches long to accommodate the hens, figured at 11 inches per hen and one inch clearance, the odd inch being left out as the end hen would need no clearance.

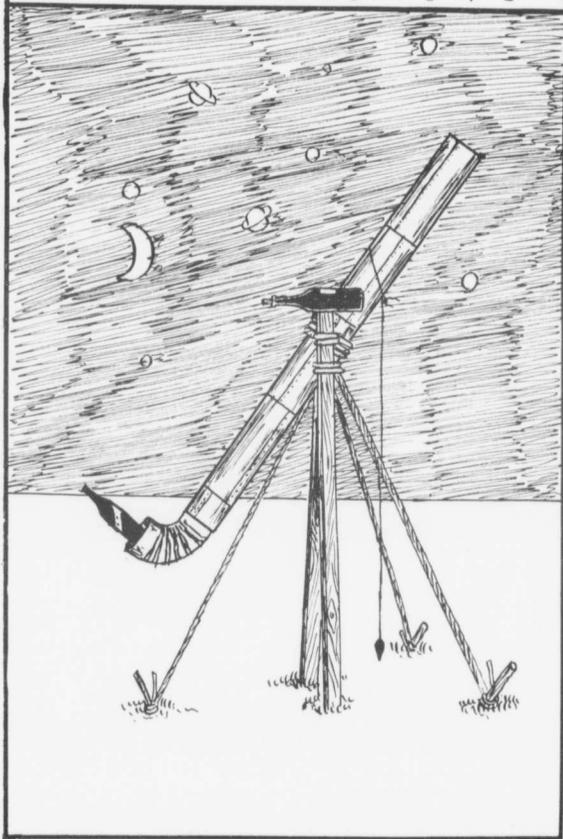
Mathematics does other marvels. Inspired by the wonders of the subject, Wagner composed Rubinstein's Melody in f dash, and we have actually SEEN a man prove that Sine squared A plus Cosine squared A equals one.

Probably the most highly instructive portion of our course consists in finding out the chances of turning up the Queen of Hearts from a pack of cards taken at random, and computing in how many different ways we can arrange the letters in a word like the German Generalstaatsverordnetenversammlung, so that no two vowels come within two letters of each other and the word always begins with a consonant.

As we sit in our class-rooms amongst a silence which has a dark blue smell, we marvel, as we see those wonders being done. Line after line extends its length along the board, x follows y in an endless procession across the sombre funereal black, and we marvel again, that one small piece of chalk could produce so much writing.

“After repeated warning not to do so.”

SURVEY AND ASTRONOMY





SURVEY AND ASTRONOMY

PRACTICAL HINTS TO OBSERVERS

IF the instrument refuses to transit, grasp the telescope with both hands and force it as far as possible. Then tap gently with a boulder, assisted where possible by the application of a crow-bar. Should this prove ineffectual, talk gently to the theodolite while an assistant approaches quietly and hooks the six inch tackle of a steel gin under the horizontal cross hair, and assist as before with the crow-bar and boulder.

It will then be found that the vertical arc clamp was not released, and the scale has been obliterated on half the arc. The other half must then be used. This explains why the scale is cut in both sides.

If the bubble refuses to level after the successive efforts of the whole party, break the glass and remove it altogether—it will serve to simplify the calculations.

If the legs appear to be unsteady, lean the instrument against a tree and continue to observe.

On a dull day the cross hairs may appear dim. If so remove them and substitute a boot lace.

When reading the angles between two points, the initial reading should never be $0^{\circ} 0' 0''$. To ensure avoiding this mistake, scratch out the "zero" on the scale and call it $1^{\circ} 7' 13.5''$. The instrument may then be set to this reading without the slightest danger.

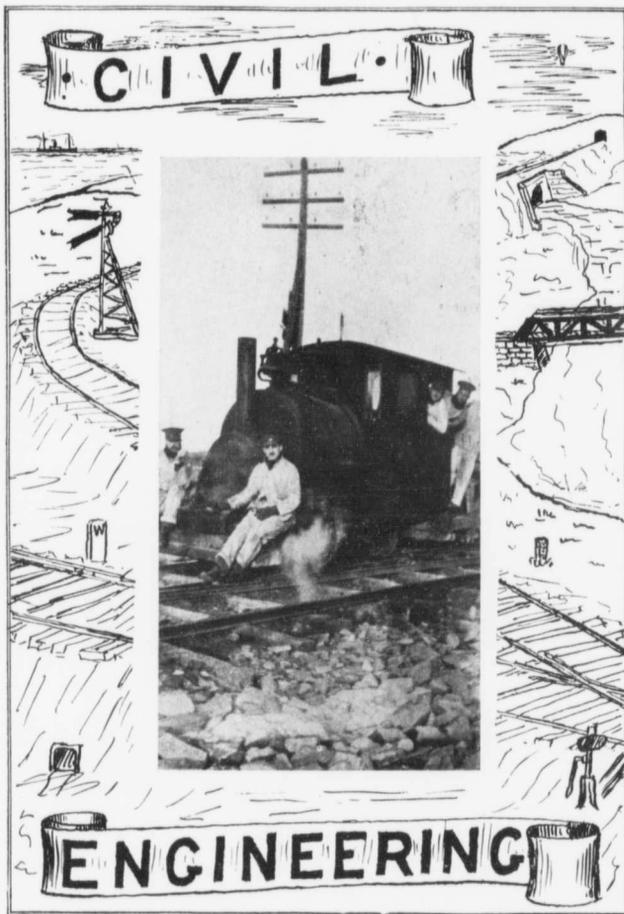
When returning the instrument to its box, the lid will probably not close. In this case the offending parts should be unscrewed and thrown away, and the lid closed and locked.

If a reading arouses any suspicion place a detective on the spot with explicit orders to shoot at sight.

* * * * *

"We determine the altitude angles
At noon when they fire the gun,
Like a father whose boy has the measles,
We are looking for spots on the sun."







CIVIL ENGINEERING

CADETS' Hun! All correct, sir. That is, Mr. Barwis orderly sergeant and Mr. Drummond late.

"Gentlemen, before I commence my lecture, about the profiles. Shall we say May 15th as the last date for handing them in. Now Mr. Morphy. You and Mr. Sparks are incurable conversationalists. I shall have to resort to punishment if this continues. Now gentlemen, this represents a length of railroad track, and we wish to know the following. First: take this down please, gentlemen. If a train moving with an initial velocity of forty-three—No! Just a minute. If a train weighing four hundred tons—No, call it five hundred. If a train weighing five hundred tons is proceeding along a straight level track at a rate of fifty-three—or did I say forty-three?—miles per hour, so that the engine is working most economically, and at station cipher it enters onto a curved track with a .1 ascending gradient, whose virtual gradient is .25, how far, gentlemen, how far will it proceed, remembering that the engine is still working economically, that is, using the steam expansively and with a minimum of waste. Now, where were we? Oh yes, how far will it proceed—and you know, gentlemen, that in ninety-nine cases out of ten—Mr. Cronyn, what are you doing!—how far will it proceed up this gradient before coming to rest, and what is the draw-bar pull. Now, gentlemen, I see the time is up, so we will continue this later. This afternoon we will take up Hydraulics, and you will do your culverts tomorrow, and your work will be in the field on Saturday, but I will endeavour to find time to do this example next week some time. Dismiss please, Mr. Macdonald."





MILITARY ENGINEERING

MILITARY Engineering is a subject which, like *ix dx*, is too important to be neglected. It is regarded by some as a healthy and innocent recreation. Others, digging through its little superficialities down to rock-bottom, find from experience that it may be well let alone without incurring any material disadvantages.

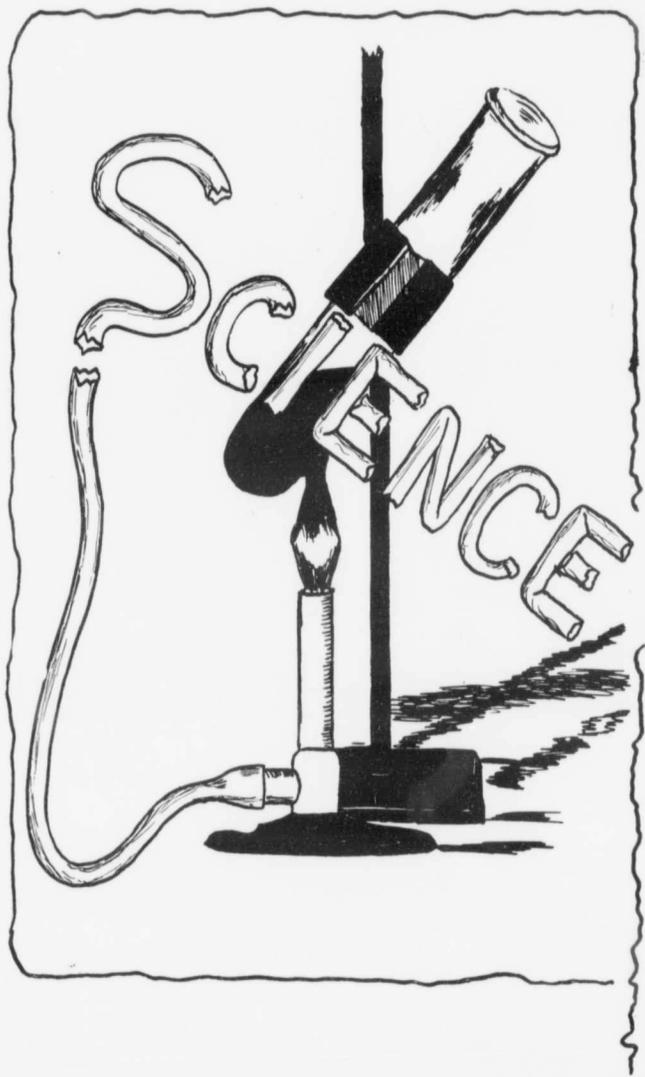
A few—a very few—have a lurking suspicion that it embraces higher ideals than the mere creating of toy models and the building of toboggan slides.

But that is as it may be: "We are not here to bury M. E., but to cremate him." This perhaps might best be carried out by the aid of the patent field incinerator of Messrs. Manlove, Allicott & Co., Limited, Blooms Grove Works, Birmingham. But those whose knowledge of the subject causes their opinions to be at once masticated and swallowed by the common herd, tell us that M. E. is advancing to the forefront of the world's science. If Mr. Bill Stanbridge and the Happy Tramp were to put their heads together, they might cause developments, to say the least, of a rather startling nature!— It is perhaps only a matter of time for Sarge. Johnson to come to the foreground with a sensational theory of the destructibility of matter.

Enough has been said, however, of the lighter side of M. E. Let us now sink beneath the surface of froth and bubbles down to its cool quiet depths of ski slides and low wire entanglements. At the present time the originality of the Cadets is taxed to the utmost. The situation every day grows more and more alarming. M. E. officers, N. C. O's and Cadets move distractedly about the grounds harrowing their minds in search of new schemes. Will nothing turn up to relieve this crucial situation. Will not some inspired genius solve the staggering problem that confronts us?

Stop! just a minute. Ah! I feel it coming, wait!—I have it!—"We will float pontoons in the moat of the Martello Tower on Fort Frederick, which will be kept filled by the continuous action of a Mark II lift and force pump. This artificial basin will be well stocked with perch and pike and other large and gamey fish. From the water craft and from the loop-holes of the tower, will be seen numbers of Cadets indulging in this most exciting of outdoor sports—angling. Crossing and recrossing the moat in various places will be tension, suspension, and cantilever bridges. In the long, cool summer evenings, one will see Cadets strolling over the bridges, or tying true lover's knots and lashings on the transoms, by the light of the moon, or listening to the last long leap of the flying fish as it silently skims the surface of the cool dark water.

The situation is saved.





PHYSICS

THE sky was a litmus blue. Rumford mounted his hypsometer and set forth along a path of rays, amongst the twittering cryophorouses and thistle tubes. His asperator was making a good fifteen ohms, but the moisture in the air affected the leyden jars and they missed repeatedly. After a short period of titration he reached the dew point, and picked up Ikey Newton and his three laws of gravity. At this time a precipitate formed in the hygroscope and the asperator ran out of water, but fortunately stopped right alongside an alternating current. Crawling into Faraday's ice pail, Newton entered the current without feeling any effects, and they refilled the asperator and proceeded on their way. Newton's laws, however, became slightly exothermic and they stopped at the nearest pyrolusite fountain, where each had a monoclynic anhydride; after which each went for a walk and collected like at the Kathode, where Dulong and Petit took them into the Cinnabar for another drink. Feeling much refreshed for their phenolphthalein and soda they left for their home on Orthorhombic Avenue and Tetravalent Street, where the party was received with open arms by their cousins Ethylene and Methane.

Stepping out of his asperator, Rumford was horrified to see his eldest son Alkali embracing the gardener's daughter Aniline, and demanded immediate explanation.

Hastily letting go of the fair Aniline, Swampy woke up, allowing the retort stand which he had been holding (under the impression that it was the gardener's daughter) to clatter to the floor of the Chemistry room.

Rubbing his eyes and looking about him he discovered the entire absence of the Chemistry professor and First Class, whom he could have sworn were there when he went to sleep. Another glance and he noticed the time. Doing thirteen to the dozen down the main stairs he arrived at his post as C. S. M. of "C" Company on dinner parade approximately .000009 seconds late.

But then probably he was out late the night before.



"THE FINEST IN THE WORLD"

1862.



General McCallan having reason to suppose a large body of infantry passing through the vicinity, sends for his Army Detection Corps, the "finest in the world" and instructs them to scour the surrounding country.

3



They strike a road which bears plain traces of having been recently used.

4



One of them rides at full gallop into camp and reports to General McCallan, who

6



The chase grows close, and finally they hear firing around the next corner!

2



They mount and ride over the surrounding country without picking any traces of the enemy, until -

4



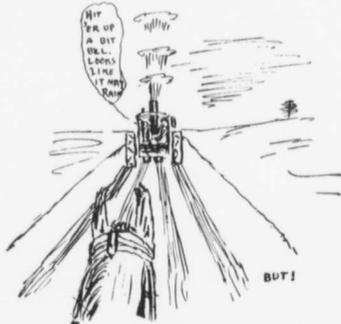
Examining the road more closely, they conclude that it has been but recently marched on by infantry in column of fours!

5

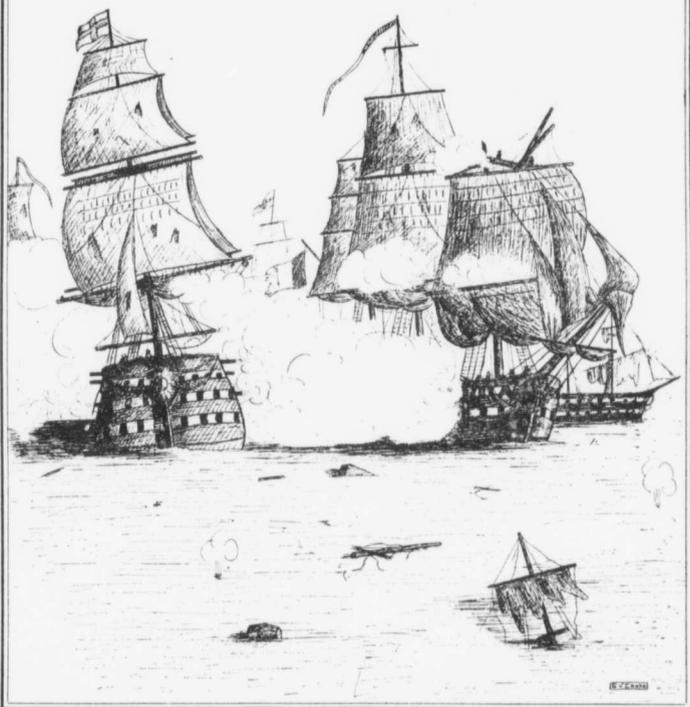


Immediately dispatches 20000 cavalry to wipe the enemy of that portion of the map.

Hit 'em up a bit. Well, looks like it may rain.



E NGLISH





ENGLISH

THERE was in our second year and in our first year a subject which was to most of us a great, deep, unfathomable mystery and which was called on examination papers, English. Many hours a week we spent with numerous volumes of prose, poetry, and maps of India.

When we first joined, and were very young, and very foolish and thirsted for tales of adventure and achievement, we spent many happy hours reading the stories of Robert Louis Stevenson's daring deeds in the wilds of Europe. These wild adventures relieved by the sprightly antics of R. L. S's pet donkey used to keep us happy for hours at a stretch, and, it was only the martial measures of Wordsworth's pastoral poetry that made us give up the deadly habit of going to a sequestered nook and reading in secret our well loved "Travels with a Donkey."

William Wordsworth's pastoral poetry took the class by storm. Our enthusiasm for Robert may have been great, but as compared with our feelings for the perpetrator of Lucy Gray it was as nothing. The pathetic story of Lucy's dismal ending touched us all, and even the most hard hearted was moved by the child's unfortunate habit of wandering about and getting lost in every chance snow-storm that came her way. If course there were some skeptics who doubt very much the veracity of this story and wanted to know how Lucy's foot-steps made in a blinding snow-storm at two in the afternoon, could be traced by her sorrowing parents next morning. But then the skeptics never saw Lucy's feet.

About this time we took up the rules for writing poetry. Poetry should be written in metre. This means that all lines are divided in feet, and the lines are called names derived from Greek and Sanskrit, according to the length and complication of the line. These names show how long the line is. All the poetry in this book is strictly in accordance with the rules.

After taking up the rules we started to read a lot of poetry. All of us remember it well, so there is no use recalling it here.

Then began our real work. We turned once more to prose, but this time to serious prose and not trifling tales of adventure. We began by a few humorous sketches by a man called Francis Bacon, and then turned our active minds to Carlyle's explanation of the mysteries of hell. This was by far the most absorbing study we have ever undertaken, and with a clear picture of our future before us, we closed our books on English at R. M. C. for ever.

FRENCH.





FRENCH

THE ability to converse fluently in French is indispensable to all who aspire to success in the world of culture and refinement. This beautiful language is spoken almost constantly in France and the City of Montreal, as well as by the Royal Family and aristocracy of Patagonia and the more highly educated iggorrotis. To one therefore who looks forward to a diplomatic career French is as much a necessity as a luxury.

The course at R. M. C. is designed with supplying the budding explorer with a fund of useful information and humorous anecdotes with which to regale his travelling companions and rapidly acquire a wide reputation as a humorist. To suit this purpose these sprightly anecdotes are many and varied, ranging from "Bat-Hunting in Lapland" to "The British Mines of South Australia." Thus a person who thoroughly absorbs our wonderful course is bound to succeed wherever French is known, for he is completely equipped with an entertaining story for every occasion, and is also well fortified with a thorough knowledge of the peculiar customs of all parts of the world.

However fortunate he who absorbs knowledge readily may be, the case of the less nimble witted is appalling. This poor fellow is forced to content himself with a story of Napoleon and an account of a camp in a cork forest. These two stories being all the poor fellow knows he is forced to tell them over and over again until at last, an outcast from society, he seeks refuge in an asylum for the insane where English is the only language used.

When not absorbed in these sprightly tales we turn to the realms of literature, and even humorous Irish sentries are forgotten for the more engrossing tales of Bigarreau and the Widow of the Wolf. While the writings of the masters are more entertaining than the stories referred to before they are much more intricate and the tax on the brain is greater, consequently we know less about them and are forced to content ourselves with a mere passing mention of the great characters in fiction with whom no doubt all are familiar, Narcisse the scribe, Bourieux the furieux, Mayrargues the helpless recruit, and hosts of others whose antics have helped us pass many a pleasant hour.

After three years devoted entirely to amassing a knowledge of wonderfully sounding French words we may safely say that we have had a thorough grounding in the rudiments of French, and he who cannot discourse long and earnestly on the beauties of Jean-Marie's blue mare (with no more than ten mistakes per line) must indeed be stupid, or have spent many golden hours in peaceful slumber.



TACTICS

THE chief benefit derived from our instruction in this art is a propensity for making "the best use of existing cover." Tactics figures prominently in all our outdoor work: surveying, civil engineering, mining engineering; as in all these sports our tactical knowledge is of great advantage. References may be found in "How not to appear on the sky-line," by A Prominent Member of the First Class.

We are brought into violent contact with Tactics both in theory and in practice; theory consisting of chats and sundry notes on the subject, and practice of a series of short, sharp runs, each one terminated by flopping on the stomach and pointing a rifle in the direction in which the enemy is supposed to be. This is very instructive, and is often brought to a high pitch of excitement by the use of blank cartridge, which do make a tidy noise. Fire-works are also introduced, which adds to the scenic effect.

We are taught to measure the lengths of columns on the march till we can work out to 100ths the distance between the steam calliope and the last elephant in a circus procession. We can judge ranges, till Base Measurements becomes a waste of time. Our imaginations are developed to an alarming degree. Two men become a whole company at a second's notice, and will cover several hundred yards of front. We also find that "morale" is merely a question of reducing the time to the nearest square meal.

And so our careers in the business world depend very largely upon our tactical ability, and may he who can "concentrate the greatest force at the decisive point" always be the winner.

Closely associated with Tactics is our course in Field Sketching, which means going out in the rain and sitting under a barn or in the shelter of a barbed wire fence and drawing a coloured map of the surrounding country as nearly as possible by memory, and arriving at the contour heights by guesswork.

FIELD SKETCHING.



CONTOUR - "A MENAGERIE LION RUNNING ALONG THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH."



The Passing

ASSOCIATIONS; are they not the very theme of man,
Without which man could not exist, nor has, nor ever can?
But sacred is the memory of the College boys we met,
Though all have gone their diverse ways
Through life's strange paths and tortuous maze;
For some, Life's star has set.

AS years roll on all things must change, and most of all do men,
But customs long established needs must outlive three score ten;
Thus thirty years have wrought but little change at R. M. C. ;
The work begun has been well done
By each Class gone and each Class come,
And will by those to be.

HOW strange, how welcome is the thrill in some forsaken land,
To hear a once familiar voice, to grasp a friendly hand;
Or strolling with the well known stride to feel once more that thrill,
A sounding slap upon the back,
Hello, old man, from R. M. C. ?
Yes I've been through the mill.

AND so the bond of fellowship extends from sea to sea,
Is strong through each succeeding year, throughout the years to be;
And each looks back on R.M.C., each and without regrets,
In life or death, in peace or war,
There always is "l'esprit de corps,"
For all were once Cadets.

WE all have danced till break of day on a summer's night in June,
Have seen the happy couples stroll beneath the warm, full moon;
Have watched the violet shadows grow pale in the morning's chill,
And the rosy tint of another day
In scarlet and gold and pink array
Crown old Fort Henry Hill.



WHEN in the light of that other day we clasp hands in a ring,
With dew dimmed eyes and swelling hearts the last "Auld Lang Syne"
sing:

The guests depart and in our hearts is a sad and deep regret,
As we try to smile, when we say good-bye
To the boys we love, with a choking sigh
For the boys we can't forget.

WE'VE seen the sun in a golden blaze, sink as it were to rest,
Flooding the lake with sparkling rays that lose themselves in the west;
We've seen the lake by moonlight with molten gold o'erspread,
The waves in skimming beauty break,
But can it be this very lake
That gives not back our dead.

ROMANTIC yarns and tales about a hundred years to-day,
Are told of the old "Stone Frigate" at the mouth of Navy Bay;
For there it stands, gaunt sentinel, with its many rooms and halls,
Strange things it knows yet never tells
Of Feu-de-joies and College yells,
Within its four stone walls.

THE little station still is there, the one so well we know,
Through which we came together and through which we all must go,
The first time just as strangers into strange and unknown lands,
The second time as brothers part
With brimming eyes and heavy heart,
And one last clasp of hands.

A thousand Cadets have gone their ways, gone to the ends of the earth
Each in his chosen walk of life to prove the truth of his worth,
Some have left indelible marks, in studies or sports or gym
And his name stands out in letters of gold as an honour befitting him.
But the picture of each and every one whether lowly or of great fame
Is hung with a thousand brother Cadets and beneath is inscribed his name.



SOME may be leaders of men for aye, and some may be easily led
But each with the other is comrade when all has been done and said
Some are dreamers by nature, but dreamers though they may be
Yet everyone is an integral part of his class at the R. M. C.
Three years has worked its wonders and we see 'neath a healthy tan
That the beardless youth has vanished, giving place to the set of a man.

AND each one hopes some day to come and see it once again,
To cross once more that bridge we crossed in sunshine, snow, and rain.
Perchance a class reunion brings us each and all once more
To call up reminiscences of old times by the score;
Surroundings long familiar recall those scenes long past
Within the old enclosure with its guns and shells amassed.

OH memory bring us back once more to those far distant days
When all of us were soldiers with a soldier's rough-shod ways
Many of us are soldiers still who list for the bugle's call
Waking us from our lonely beds to glory or to fall
"Truth and duty and valour" is an emblem of the brave
For a soldier's bed is narrow as is a soldier's grave.

GOOD-BYE my Alma Mater, fare you well old comrades all
We may meet again hereafter, for the world is very small:
The future lies before us and its ways we cannot tell,
But we part, and if forever—then forever fare thee well
We have dreamed our dreams in the springtime, in summer, winter or fall
And we waken to grim realities and make answer to Life's call.

. 'Tis done but it stands in memory and will for all time to be
And the symbols inscribed in my heart are in gold, and the letters are R. M. C.



No. 881, ARCHIBALD MCGOUN

"Arch"

Montreal, P.Q.

Creighton School.

G.C. Lance Corporal.

Gym Squad 3, 2, 1. Minstrel Show 4.

Orchestra 3.



McGoun

YOU would not think to look upon the placid countenance of Archibald, that he was a scoundrel, a bully, a roaring lion seeking whom he might devour, or a terror to all the recruits in the College—no, gentle reader, you would not, as Arch has none of these qualities. On the contrary he is a quiet, unobtrusive fellow who bothers himself with his own business and nobody else's; but by these qualities he has gained for himself a warm place in the hearts of his comrades.

We cannot say that Arch is among the studious ones of the class. In his recruit year he had a close race with old 33 and was beaten by a narrow margin, so he dropped back to meet us and has thus become one of our class. Since then he has worked hard and has always got the better of his enemy 33.

Small of stature, Arch has found that the football field and the hockey rink are no place for diminutive men, but where he stars is on a horse's back, for there he is quite at home, and even the "grey" will jump with Arch "at the helm."

When you go to his room to exchange the time of day and smoke a casual pipe you will see his friendly nature and sunny disposition. Don't jump to the conclusion that Arch is perfect. He is fickle. Few can estimate the havoc he has wrought or the heartaches he has caused, and is still causing by this trait, for Arch is incurable.





No. 889, ERIC IAN HENRY INGS

"Eric" "Ings" "Inks"

Calgary. Trinity College School.

Cross Country winner 4, 1. Track Team 3, 1.

Harrier 3, 2, captain 1. Gym Squad 4, 3, 2, 1.

Sandhurst Revolver 4, 2, captain 1.

Minstrel Show 4, 2, 1.

Clubs 1. Spurs 1.



Ings

ERIC, the midnight stroller-on-the-lake, chief warbler and lazy bones, holds the telephone endurance test of the College. He took the receiver off the hook at 5 p.m. sharp and was late for dinner parade. This he did for twenty-eight days, but that is too sad a story to repeat.

He has a sense of humour peculiar to himself, and spent so much of his second year in the creation and appreciation of jests and in resting on his laurels that he dropped into our midst. Should you wish to know how his laurels were won you have but to watch the First Class ride some day or look up the records of the harrier and cross-country runs, or go to the gym and watch the gym squad at work. You will find that Eric stars in them all. He sings amongst the Caruso's and Scotti's of the College, and the Minstrel Show would be incomplete without him.

He attends early service with a punctilious regularity maintained by no bishop (C. V. and W. A. inclusive) "Oh" you say dubiously, but just you go to early service and watch him. When he comes out of church he grins as he vainly tries to conceal in his sleeve a large paper parcel which he seems to value greatly. On returning to College our hero locks himself up in his room instead of getting breakfast in the mess room. Through the key-hole he is seen unwrapping the parcel tenderly. He glances fervently at a picture on the wall, sniffs the perfumed paper, and with a spasm siezes the top dainty morsel and devours the whole contents of the parcel with the loving tenderness of—well, just use your imagination. He is mad you will say?. No, he is in love.





No. 893, CHARLES BRUCE PITBLADO

"Pit"

Montreal, P.Q.

Lower Canada College.

G.C. Lance Corporal.

Track Team 3, 2. Gym Squad 3, 2, 1. Orchestra 4, 3, 2, 1.

Aquatic Championship 3, 2, 1.



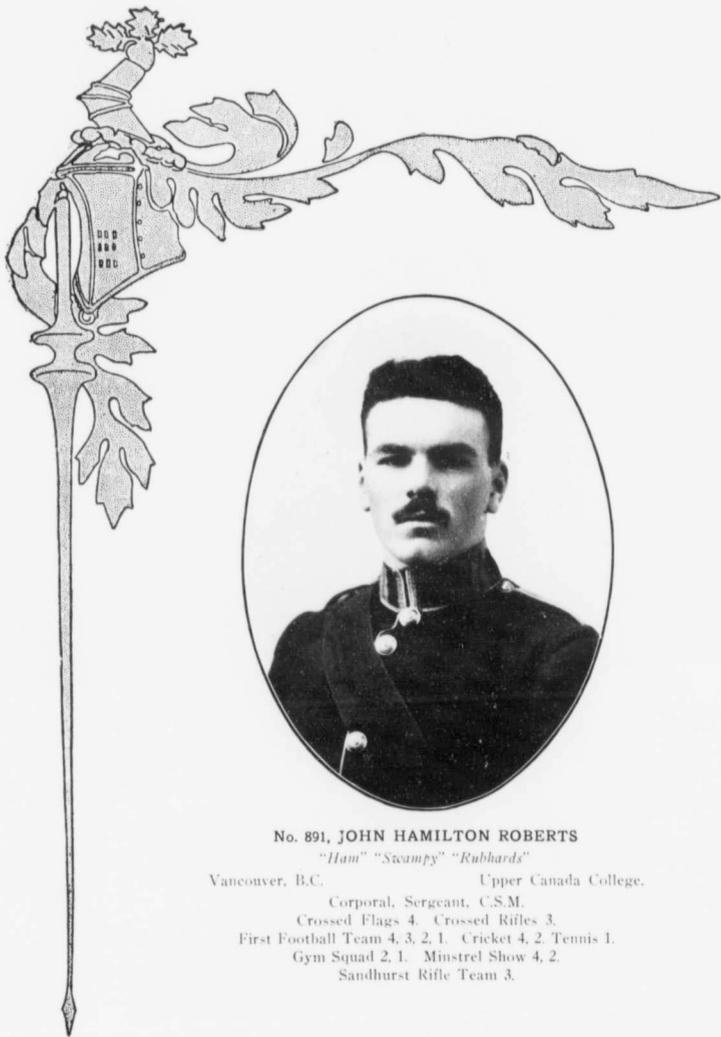
Pitblado

PIT came to us from that paragon of virtue known as "last year's first class" and like all paragons of virtue we did not know whether he was a saint or merely a clever sinner. We have found out since that he is neither, but just a plain mortal like the rest of us. We view Pit's career in this place from afar off, and it is without much hesitation that the scribes who are responsible for this little story undertake to publish it.

The feature of his work has been his swimming. The First Class feel justly proud of having "cleaned up" in the field and aquatic sports and no small share of the latter is due to Mr. Pitblado who for the fourth time won the aquatic championship.

Pit's kind-heartedness and generosity are universally recognized and to mention these qualities is enough. Stubbornness is also a noted feature of this gentleman's make-up. Once he thinks a thing out for himself and forms his opinions he is like the rock of Gibraltar and the only way to shake him is to agree with him when he will take a new tack and argue it over again. In short, Pit has done a lot for himself, the Class, and the College and has been a hard worker at whatever he tries.





No. 891, JOHN HAMILTON ROBERTS

"Ham" "Swampy" "Rubhards"

Vancouver, B.C.

Upper Canada College.

Corporal, Sergeant, C.S.M.

Crossed Flags 4. Crossed Rifles 3.

First Football Team 4, 3, 2, 1. Cricket 4, 2. Tennis 1.

Gym Squad 2, 1. Minstrel Show 4, 2.

Sandhurst Rifle Team 3.



Roberts

WE don't know much of Swampy's early history, but if all he tells us is true he was a devil in his childhood. What a beautiful fat pink baby he must have been! We are sure the nurses all went wild over him—but returning to the present—Swampy is still strong for the ladies; those nursemaids probably turned his young brain and you have only to attend divine service at the Cathedral to see him in all his glory.

At sport he more than holds his own. He has been a member of the football team since his recruit year and has also represented the College in tennis and cricket.

We will gently draw a curtain over his coups in the academic field, and leave to your imagination the horrible snores he can get away with, during a lecture.

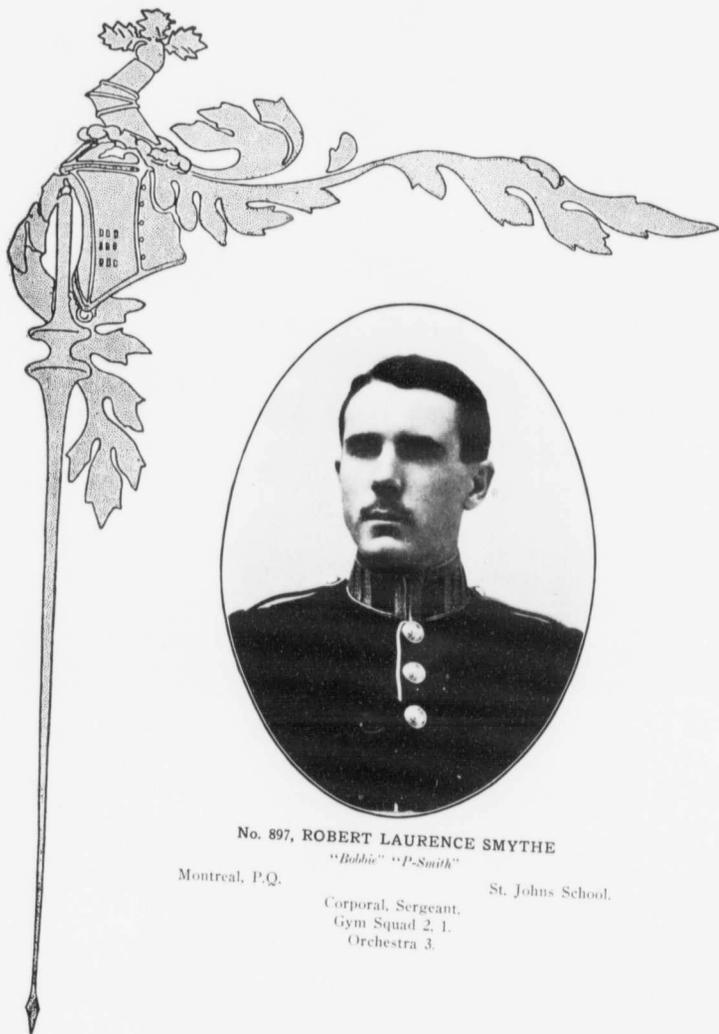
The soundness of his slumbers is borne out by the fact that on one memorable occasion he was left alone in a little slumberland of his own in the chemistry-room after the class was dismissed, and only appeared on dinner parade through the charity of the person who wakened him.

Apart from this dormant facility and though he was never anything to get up and hoot about in class he is the possessor of a good practical head.

From Corporal to C. S. M. is the small increase in his rank during the present year, and we heartily congratulate him on having made good.

By the same token we feel sure that his career in the R. C. H. A. will be as successful as those of other ex-Cadets we might mention, which is as much as can possibly be said.





No. 897, ROBERT LAURENCE SMYTHE
"Bobbie" "P-Smyth"

Montreal, P.Q.

Corporal, Sergeant,
Gym Squad 2, 1,
Orchestra 3.

St. Johns School.



Smythe

“**HE** often speaks of it loosely as neutralization, but it must be borne in mind that the reaction is essentially similar to the preparation of hydrochloric acid, yet in consequence of the weakly acid property and the instability of carbonic acid, as well as of volatility of carbonic anhydride, sodium carbonate can be used in titration.”—Inorganic Chemistry.

Such a sentence is to Bobbie like a red rag to a bull, and he says disgustedly to his neighbor: “Oh! for a place where houses are built without Moments of Inertia, where there is no such thing as $\text{Sin}^2A + \text{Cos}^2A = 1$, and where atmospheric conditions don't change.”

When not searching for the modern “Holy Grail,” or lamenting his failure to find it, Bob plods on and the trajectory of his lucky star still hovers upon the 33.3%, below which it once sank, but that is past and done with.

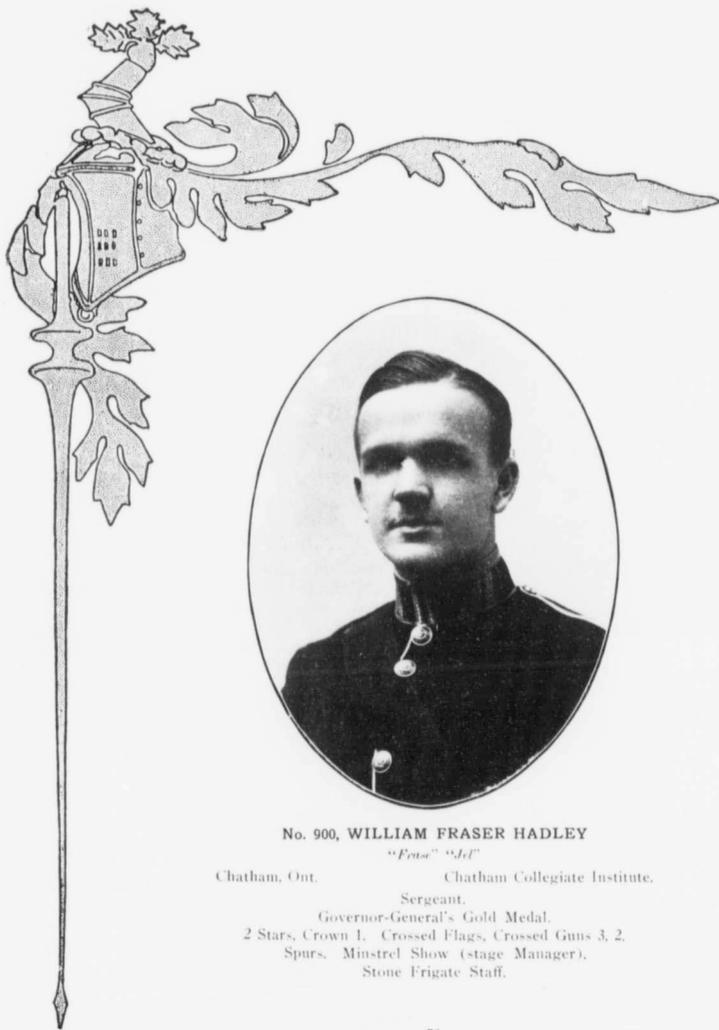
When the exams are over and field work begins Bob is in his element and forgets about his hopeless search. He is a hard worker and a first class man to have in your C. E. squad.

In a canoe he has very few equals and on Aquatic Sports day always carries off a large share of the prizes, including, in his third year, the coveted cup for the single canoe paddling championship.

When in good humour Bob gives vent to his energy by recounting continental anecdotes thirteen to the dozen illustrating his broader European education. There is no time to laugh at the end of a story; in fact it is hard to distinguish the end of one from the beginning of the next.

With all his faults, however, one can generally rely on finding Bobbie at the common sense end of any argument of an every day nature, and this quality coupled with his congenial temperament makes of him a first rate classmate and a sincere friend.





No. 900, WILLIAM FRASER HADLEY

"Fraser" "Jed"

Chatham, Ont.

Chatham Collegiate Institute.

Sergeant.

Governor-General's Gold Medal.

2 Stars, Crown I. Crossed Flags, Crossed Guns 3, 2.

Spurs, Minstrel Show (stage Manager).

Stone Frigate Staff.



Hadley

JELLY is the noblest mathematician of us all; not that we others lack nobleness, but we lack the mathematician part. And he said: "Let x be equal to the unknown quantity, and it was so." With most of us it never is. His first year here was unfortunate. A mistake had been made; he came too young, was ill for most of his recruit year, and in consequence spent the following three years a member of our own class.

How many of us owe our recent success in examinations to his ever present genius, or to a few moments' talk before an impending examination? He is general instructor, coach, tutor, private lecturer, etc., to the class, and never gets tired of answering stupid questions No. 267395. His brain is clear, his heart is sincere and his interest in our scholastic welfare deprives him of all opportunity of study.

The Minstrel Show brought him to the fore in the capacity of stage manager, a varied and thankless job in which position he proved to be a god-send.

His fertile brain and coolness in handling the scenery were praiseworthy.

Is he a gymnast? Excuse us if we smile, but then he does not pretend to be, and his frankness in admitting the fact lets him out.

As he solves problems of the most intricate nature and smokes his pipe in peace, so will he do with all future problems to the end of his days, for if it can't be done by Jelly it can't be done at all.





No. 903, HAROLD STRATTON MATTHEWS

"Fat" "Pontius" "Mat"

Peterborough, Ont. Peterborough Collegiate Institute.

Lance Corporal 2, B.S.M., Sergeant.

Governor-General's Silver Medal. Crown 3, 2.

Second Football Team 3. First Football Team 2, 1.

Second Hockey Team 3, 2. First Hockey Team 1.

Class Relay 2, 1. Gym Squad 2, 1. Minstrel Show 2.

Stone Frigate Staff, Editor-in-Chief.



Matthews

"**T**HAT man Matthews is so damn pig-headed!" How often do we hear that cry when someone thinks differently from Fat, and thinks Fat ought to think his way. However, Fat's pig-headedness is not just ordinary stubbornness: it is the part of Fat which makes him a born leader, for you do not have to know Pontius long to realize that you have before you a man born to lead and not to follow, hence the cry at the beginning.

Fat has been our guiding star all the way through our course, and although owing to a severe snow storm late in February, he joined the sergeants, still he remained the true leader of the first class, though no longer its mouth-piece. The changes made afterwards were due largely to Fat's clear-headedness, and his capacity for leadership when once started.

Although we describe Fat as a leader, do not picture to yourself an aristocrat or a howling demagogue; far be it from such. Fat is one of the rough-house artists of the Class, and his assuming sergeant's duties is traceable perhaps to his being in the middle of everything. To hear Pontius doing tactics one would hardly call him a tactician, but one still dark night the top and bottom flats under the leadership of General Matthews carried off successfully one of the most daring night attacks ever attempted in the history of British arms, and so successfully that not a single enemy escaped.

Fat is one of the best athletes in the Class as his record shows. In his later years his corpulence has put an end to his sprinting days, but he gave a great exhibition of speed in our recruit year. He is a hard worker on all the teams and although sure of his place he never loafs a minute.

Mat is a man of brains. He is editor-in-chief of this book and is known to be by a big margin the brainiest man in the Class. Like most brainy people he is lazy and he slides along remarkably well with a minimum of work. This, however, applies to work that does not interest him. When something comes along—this year book for example—in which he is really interested, he is at once a man of action and he makes himself and everybody else jump.

Fat is and always will be, a leader, and, as he has led our Class so we hope to see him leading others in the future and when "Mr. Matthews will take charge," none need have the slightest doubt that the followers will be led and that the work will be well and truly done.





No. 904, BLYTHE DUPUY ROGERS

"Barney"

Vancouver, B.C.

St. Alban's, Brockville.

G.C. Lance Corporal.

Crossed Rifles 3, 1. Crossed Guns,

Crossed Flags. Marksman. Gym Squad 1.

Orchestra 2. Director of Orchestra 1.

Stone Frigate Staff, Business Manager.



Rogers

“SOMEbody come here, please! Last one?—You might find Rogers and give him these photographs for the year book; if he is not in his ‘office’ look in at the piano, in the dark room, in the work shops or see if he is using the heliograph on the football field—alright, beat it!”

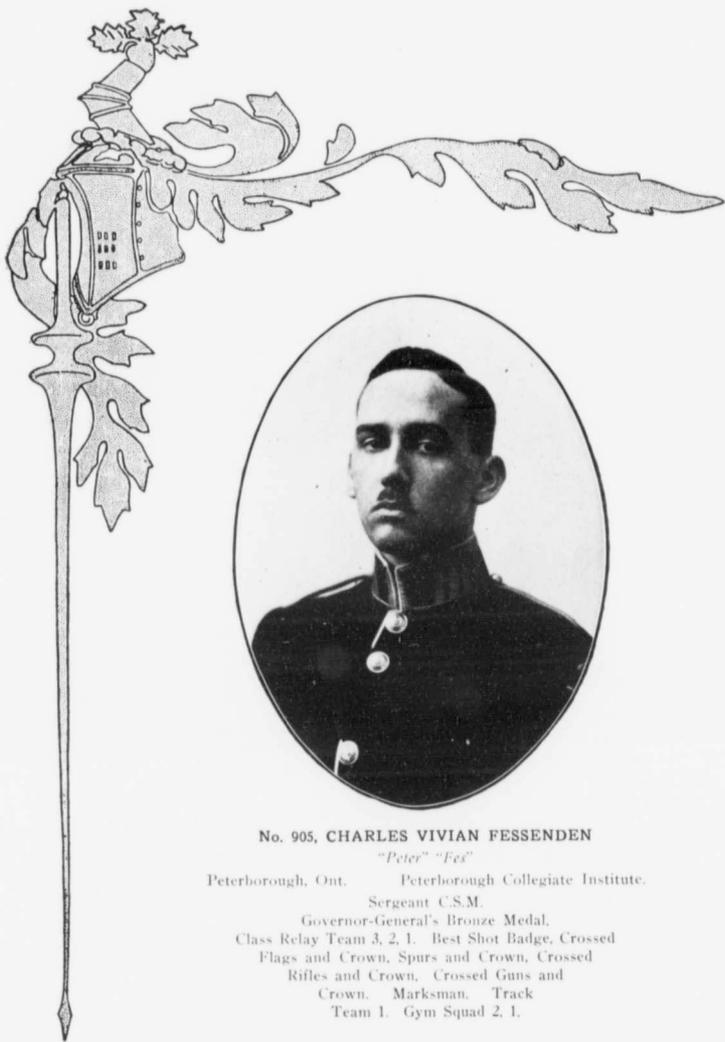
To say positively what Barney is doing would be considered the first sign of imbecility. The most versatile man in the Class, now he is doing an M. E. project, now installing a wireless station, or tuning a piano. How well some of us will remember the compensating sun dial in his desk, the humour curves and the caricatures that were passed around the Class, the graphs of R. L. and C. B., the ludicrous illustrations in his notebooks and perhaps the inside of Barney’s desk as well. They helped to pass along many a dreary attendance of Tactics or Field Sketching.

The Business Manager of a Year Book is a thankless position at the best of times and of a New Year Book, a position which few would have the ability or perseverance to attempt.

The duties have been arduous, and undoubtedly there were many times he would have liked to have done with it all, but the cheerfulness with which he has carried the responsibilities and the success of the “Stone Frigate” speak strongly for Barney’s ability and the pride he takes in doing his work well. In fact he is the one man in the Class who is capable of filling the position he filled, and if there had been no Rogers, there would have been no book.

Barney’s activities are not limited to the year-book, however. Defaulters, until recently, occupied him considerably. The College Orchestra has been reorganized under his leadership, and once “Barney’s Mudwallopers” played a game of football—but over that we draw a veil. As business manager of your own book of life, Barney, may you meet with equal success.





No. 905, CHARLES VIVIAN FESSENDEN

"Peter" "Fes"

Peterborough, Ont. Peterborough Collegiate Institute.

Sergeant C.S.M.

Governor-General's Bronze Medal.

Class Relay Team 3, 2, 1. Best Shot Badge, Crossed

Flags and Crown, Spurs and Crown, Crossed

Rifles and Crown, Crossed Guns and

Crown, Marksman, Track

Team 1. Gym Squad 2, 1.



Fessenden

IT is only necessary to look at Peter's left arm to form a pretty correct opinion of the man who wears it. He didn't get it all at once, the first day he arrived, because the officers or the first class liked his looks; no, he just decided to make a collection with the results as shown. The collar also shows considerable development, but unlike the arm it is nothing to the throat that wears it, for from early morn (6.50 a.m.) till dewy eve (11.30 p.m. approximately) it renders the latest comic opera hits in a lyric tenor about the flats.

During his last summer holidays as a Cadet Peter showed himself worthy of his crossed rifles by winning the Tait-Brassey prize at Long Branch Rifle Meet at Toronto, after which he came back to College in September and proceeded to clean up the spoon-shoots during the rest of the year.

He has never gone far from the position of third place which he obtained in his entrance exams., and as to work—if you are depressed or discouraged just go up to Peter's room for an hour's work and you are cured for sure. He is an adept at keeping your mind off the subject, and you leave his room a new man. To any who know him this will sound unjust, for they know that when he wants to he can work with the best; but nevertheless he has a weakness for conversation. This no doubt has helped considerably to make him the optimist he is. Many of Peter's friends think he has made a great mistake in hiding his light over at the College and not coming over to town, but Peter goes on the principle that if the "people over town" really want to see him they can come and do so at the College dances, or come to church parades on Sunday. In fact it doesn't worry him very much.

"About the Queen's affair, you fellows, it is a flagrant breach of discipline and there will be an inspection by the C.S.M. of the week tonight."





MacPherson

HE may be the smallest man in the Class, but when he knits his brows and gives vent to his displeasure even those who are short-sighted and blasé sit up and take notice. The Doctor seems to be aware of this, and we hear him regularly on Doctor's Inspection—"Looking displeased as usual, MacPherson."

To use an expression of Professor Martin, he is a "clever little beggar," as he ably demonstrates both in class and debate. We do not believe that he is any too fond of strenuous rides as his legs do not fit the dimensions of a horse's back. During his recruit year he had the misfortune to break his collar bone when "Picklebottle" threw him, but he stuck right to it and even though his heels do turn in a little and his position is not perfect, he manages to get there just the same.

Sandy has been a fixture with the Orchestra ever since his recruit year and he deserves great credit as we all know what a thankless task it is.

As he has many times told us "he is a tough guy from a tough place" so tough indeed that "every time he spits it bounces back!" He has certainly borne the wear and tear of this existence with Caledonian fortitude. Keep it up, Barclay, and may your shadow never grow less.





No. 907, HOLLIS HUME BLAKE

"Jack"

Toronto, Ont.

Ridley College.

Corporal, G.C., Lance Corporal.
Crossed Guns 3, 2. Manager First Football 1.
Cricket 3, 2, captain 1. Tennis 1.
Gym Squad 1.



Blake

WHO is that tall chap over there talking to that little fellow? Oh, that is Jock Blake, you've heard of him—tennis, squash, cricket—he's in them all and manages to give everyone a pretty warm time if he doesn't beat them, which latter is generally the case.

He is probably the neatest fellow in the Class (has never been soaked for not having shaved)—and as for work, he passed in fifth and has never been in fear of the 33 mark, for which a good many of us envy him. He made a very successful job of managing the football team, as his natural temperament throws him in with men. But when it comes to ladies poor Jock has an awful time. Not being of the fussing kind, he enjoys himself about as much as a hen thrown into a pool of water, i.e., tries to get away; still he is young, and a great illusion may find him a victim yet.

As captain of the cricket team we are looking for success under his guiding hand and if conscientious endeavor has anything to do with it the team should be as successful this year as it has been in the past.

Jock's course of life among us has been an exceptionally even one. His natural ability has made studies easy for him while his skill as a draughtsman has saved him the many hours of tribulation that most of us experienced. There can be no doubt that he will go through life in the easy friendly way he has gone through College.





No. 908, FRANCIS MALLOCK GIBSON

"Gibby" "Matchlock"

Hamilton.

Hightfield School.

Sergeant, G.C., Corporal.

Crossed Clubs, Crossed Swords 1.

Second Football Team 1. Track Team 3, 2, 1.

Class Relay 3, 2, 1. Gym Squad 3, 2, 1.

Sandhurst Rifle Team 3.



Gibson

AMONG the first to arrive at the jumping-off place on that memorable autumn day in 1911 was a shy young thing that answered timidly to the name of Gibson. But we soon found this to be but a disguise that hid a dark and horrible nature that did not hesitate to do deeds of utmost violence on the unsuspecting at dead of night in company with certain other desperadoes of the middle flat.

Apart from this dual personality he has distinguished himself in various ways. He won his laurels on the track partly owing to his natural ability to run, but in a greater measure to his pluck and determination to win. He has been one of the four chosen each year to represent his class in their relay team, besides carrying off numerous individual prizes.

At the end of his second year he was made a sergeant. But his tenure of this distinguished office was doomed to be short-lived; for, in an unguarded moment he was detected recuperating his fatigued body with sleep in a friendly ditch when he was supposedly repairing the "dip o' death" on the Fort hill. Hence his rapid promotion to the presidency of the G. C's club. However, it seemed that he could not float on this level for any length of time, and the recapture of two of his lost stripes some four months later adds another to the list of his meteoric career.

His unassuming, frank and generous nature has won him a place in the hearts and in the estimation of his classmates, and we feel that it will do the same for him wherever he goes.





No. 903, IAN ROBERT REEKIE MacNAUGHTON

"Reekie" "McNitten"

Montreal, P.Q.

McGill University.

Corporal, Sergeant.

Second Hockey Team 2, 1, captain 1.

Tennis 2, 1, captain 1. Gym Squad 1.

Literary Editor Stone Frigate.



MacNaughton

IAN is without question the scholar of the class. Though never a holder of first place the "Flying Scot" has the appearance and manner of the learned philosopher—one has but to look at Reekie to see why we take all he says to heart.

Sports at various times have claimed the attention of our Socrates, and have brought him to the fore even as much as his beloved books. Last year a member of the tennis team and this year its captain—he has, while the team was not a winner, made an excellent leader, doing his best with only average talent to back him up. As a paddler his record speaks for itself and several trophies have been the reward.

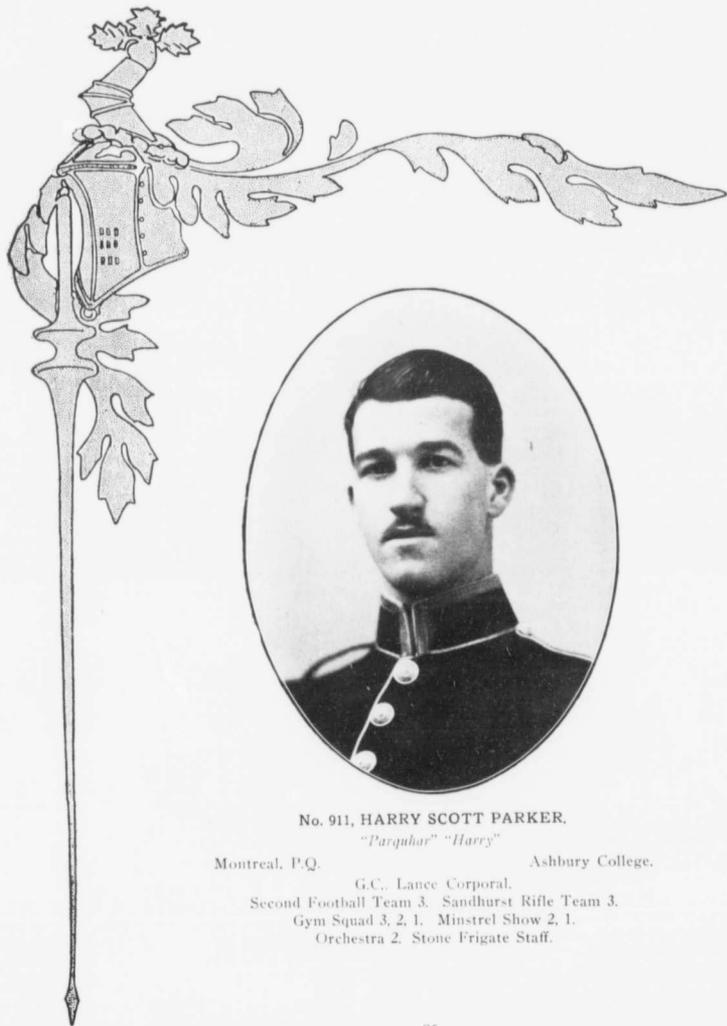
A thoughtful and considerate value coupled with a habit of speaking his mind have characterized Ian's College career. Far from fond of hearing his own voice in argument, our Scot will give his opinion on any subject when called upon, and you can be sure that it is exactly what he thinks.

During the last year a weakness for spending the afternoon at the Country Club has developed. Of course the excuse was a round of the Scottish pastime "golf," but we suspect a cup of tea, a few scones and a "wee lassie" had more to do with it.

Reekie's Scotch nature, his love of good argument and broad knowledge of current events were the salvation of the debates. Even the most skeptical could be convinced by his persuasive logic.

The manly, straightforward nature and the full understanding of all our troubles have won for Ian our entire respect and admiration—his example could not be else but an inspiration to all of us in our future careers.





No. 911, HARRY SCOTT PARKER.

"Parquhar" "Harry"

Montreal, P.Q.

Ashbury College.

G.C. Lance Corporal.

Second Football Team 3. Sandhurst Rifle Team 3.

Gym Squad 3, 2, 1. Minstrel Show 2, 1.

Orchestra 2. Stone Frigate Staff.



Parker

TO describe Harry is impossible. He is indescribable. His motions are neither rhythmic nor harmonious. His speech is unrestricted. His mind disdains the limits of his cranium, and expands at large, as free and fleecy as a summer breeze. It is no use—he is ridiculous, absurd—he is a straight line through three concyclic points. Has he not proved it more than once by gleanng gems of engineering knowledge at the third desk on the left, while at the same time he was 200 miles away in the presence of the only one.

But although the principle upon which this presence moves and has its being is of the fifth dimension, yet he is a creature of habit, a slave of customary whim. He has a usual Sound, a usual Time, a usual Pose and a usual Garb. His usual time is the dead of night. His usual sound is composite. It is a cross between a dying gurgle, a mournful jeer and a cry for help. It is his laugh. His usual pose is one of oratorical expressiveness. One arm is raised above his head in languorous elevation, the other rests akimbo. The whole system supports the wall. His usual garb is one of grace—a jaunty linge de lounge pyjam, "très ventillé," scarce concealing the wondrous outline of the form beneath.

But all these doings are the working out of Harry's temperament. He is not a maniac. He is naturally versatile and clever in an original way. In everything he does he is subconsciously musical. When he dances the music shows in his very feet. He can whistle almost any classic air you would want to hear, and when in the right mood can produce the dreamiest of waltzes from the piano. Harry is undoubtedly a humorist, and keeps us guessing all the time as to what new turn his genius will take.





No. 912, LESLIE KIRK GREENE

"Pip" "Pica"

Montreal, P.Q.

Trinity College School, Port Hope.

Corporal.

Crossed Guns 3. Crossed Rifles 3, 1. Marksman,
Tennis 2, 1. Harrier 3, 1. Cross Country winner 3.

Sandhurst Revolver Team 1. Gym Squad 1.



Greene

THE PEA:—Planted in Montreal, transplanted to Ashbury, T. C. S., across the pond and elsewhere, blossomed in Kingston at R. M. C., where when sweet, he is sported by the ladies. He has a subtle way of saying, "But, Sir! I don't understand," "Lap 'em up," "Leap at 'em," and putting the definite article before people's names when feeling particularly playful. Apart from asking irrelevant questions his chief occupations are tennis, squash, billiards, chess and ping-pong. At all these he is proficient and excels in tennis, being the best player on the team, the captaining of which he missed by a narrow margin. In our recruit year he won the Cross-Country and has been on the Intercollegiate Harrier Team each year. He is a consistently hard worker and has oscillated between third and tenth place in the class, which speaks well for his system of carefully planned work interposed with snatches of recreation, when he may generally be seen wielding a golf club on the football field in the early hours of the afternoon.

He prides himself, not without reason, on his strength and so aroused Ham Roberts by his boasts of ability at presses that a competition was arranged with a small prize to be awarded to the winner by the loser. Roberts did thirty in the hallway while Pip remained in the N.C.O. room. Our hero then appeared and with much groaning and heavy breathing managed forty, but Ham said the sight was worth the money anyway.

He has mapped out a course for himself as a civil engineer and completes his college training at McGill University where we hope he will find his professors congenial and helpful so that he may learn all there is to know.





No. 913, CHARLES BEVERLEY ROBINSON MACDONALD

"Mac" "Bull Pup" "Sea Breeze" "Cousin Bev,"

Edmonton, Alta.

Western Canada College.

C.S.M., B.S.M.

Crossed Clubs 3, 2. Crossed Swords 1. Spurs.

Second Football Team 2, 1. Gym Squad 2, 1. Minstrel Show 2.

Cake Walk Neptune 3.



MacDonald

IF you wet your finger and hold it up, the side nearest him will get cold first showing an atmospheric disturbance of some nature. It is characteristic of Mac that everyone knows when he is about, as he is a hustler if there ever was one. Ever since he first came to the College he has not tried to conceal the fact that he meant to do well and though he never seems to be satisfied with his success his place as fourth in class and his five stripes bear ample testimony to his ability to succeed. With reference to the aforementioned breeze we are safe in saying that in a Hornerite meeting he would have the rest of the assembly backed into a siding en masse. He makes Henri Bourassa sound like a murmuring zephyr. He speaks with the inborn fluency of one who hails from the bald-headed prairie.

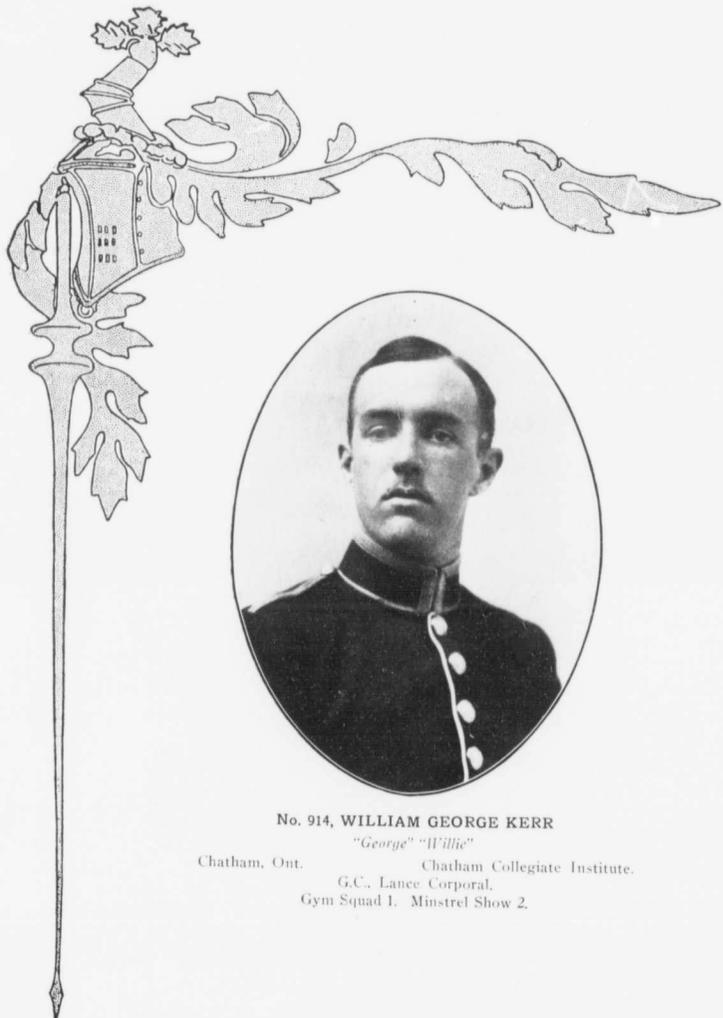
He has also entered the sporting life and gymnastics with characteristic Western spirit and has done well in both branches. He is by no means all hot air.

His verbosity has stood him in good stead among the butterflies of Kingston. This wily wooer was observed leaving for town with two white belts wrapped 'round his middle and he returned with only one.

He has a large expanse of skull and his nickname, "Bullpup," is well borne out by his tenacity of purpose.

Everyone admires Mac for the way he does his work and we feel sure that his future will be a repetition on a larger scale of his early successes. At least he will never regret any wasted hours at College and there is none who does not wish him the best of luck.





No. 914, WILLIAM GEORGE KERR

"George" "Willie"

Chatham, Ont.

Chatham Collegiate Institute.

G.C. Lance Corporal.

Gym Squad 1. Minstrel Show 2.



Kerr

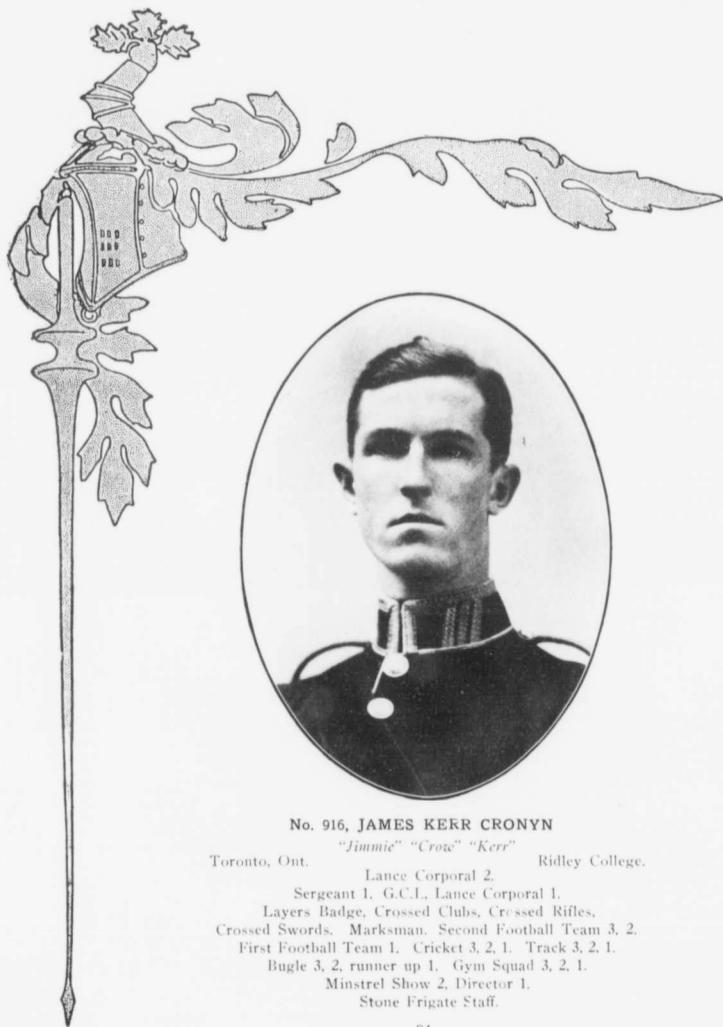
GEORGE is in every sense a normal individual. But do not think him perfect. He has confessed the following faults:—He exaggerates terribly, is a patience fiend, has pictures of pretty girls in his room, eats too much candy and has smoked a cigar. With all these faults and normal though he is, we cannot help wondering how in future life he is going to keep out of jail.

Providence gave George an open countenance, open in more sense than one, which has won him many admirers among the fair sex, whom he entertains with witty joke and chatty story.

But we cannot help feeling that George is a transplanted flower. He would bloom to his fullest "down by Detroit" where the "automobiles grow," watching a ball game with his pals, Dick, Frase, and Joe, of Cocoa Club fame. After gym in the mornings George shines as an orator. Audience consists of Sparks, who also orates. The subject matter of their altercation is "I went four feet up the ladder whereas you only went three." The debate invariably closes by a resolution that they both went four feet whereas Greedy only went two.

In spite of his vices, only a few of which have been enumerated above, George gets through his studies to some effect. We know that in future he will study until he gets to the bottom of whatever business he may enter.





No. 916, JAMES KERR CRONYN

Toronto, Ont. "*Jimmie*" "*Croze*" "*Kerr*" Ridley College.

Lance Corporal 2.
Sergeant 1, G.C.I., Lance Corporal 1,
Layers Badge, Crossed Clubs, Crossed Rifles,
Crossed Swords, Marksman, Second Football Team 3, 2,
First Football Team 1, Cricket 3, 2, 1, Track 3, 2, 1,
Bugle 3, 2, runner up 1, Gym Squad 3, 2, 1,
Minstrel Show 2, Director 1,
Stone Frigate Staff.



Cronyn

"His eye begets occasion for his wit
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth moving jest."—Shakespeare.

JIMMIE" is without a rival in the First Class, for spontaneous humor. He seems to overflow with the ludicrous aspect of affairs, and it is impossible not to laugh when he is about. Does not the mere mention of the little table in the mess room bring vividly the sound of Cronyn's high voice, "Hey anoemia bring in the morgue," and such exclamations.

Nor is Jimmie to be outdone in a contest of words, or, to express it in terms of N. C. O. room slang, "He is right there with the heavy come back." It is a treat to hear Cronyn and "Sarge" Johnson argue on the question of loafing while on M. E.

There is an old saying of "a fat paunch and a lean pate." Kerr was neither, although some people see a slight resemblance to a pull-through in his build. Jimmie is one of the best athletes in the College. To be second in the gym class for two years and to be winner of the bugle for two years is no slight honor; to play on the first football team and to represent your half company in the Sandonald competition are two of the most valued distinctions in the First Class. And we must not forget his good marksmanship and his coils squad ability.

Jimmie's contrast to a lean pate is still more pronounced. His original ideas and nimble wit are everywhere evident. The success of the minstrel show is mainly owing to his brilliant acting and also to his directorship. How grateful we are to Cronyn for looking after the decorations at the dances and for managing our cake walk.

In his second year, Kerr was a lance corporal and he has always taken the deep interest in class matters which was necessary then. Undoubtedly his timely advice has greatly helped the class in many an emergency.





No. 917, FRANCIS FYSHE

"Bass" "Poisson" "Francois"

Montreal, P.Q.

Crichton School.

G.C., Lance Corporal.

Layers Badge, Second Football Team 2, 1.

Second Hockey Team 1. First Hockey Team 1.

Gym Squad 1. Stone Frigate Staff.



Fyshe

HE is undoubtedly the most strenuous roughhouse artist in our class, and we may safely say that no disturbance could be classed as one unless he was part and parcel of it. If the dull thud of an overturning bed be heard in the small hours of the morning no one asks who did it: Bass is a safe bet. He stays awake for amusement and gets up at 6 a.m. to atone for it. He is the male of the species that laughs when a bottle of ink is maliciously upset over it and immediately starts to set fire to the clothes of the offender.

Look him over. He could not stop a cannon ball from rolling between his legs without using his hands. He is built on the plan of a dining-room table and is moreover one of the strong arms of the College. When his bland and open countenance is bisected latitudinally by a winning smile, a casual observer would notice the conspicuous absence of two very important teeth, lost while keeping up his reputation on the football field. (These have been replaced since going to press.) When he laughs it is like unto the puffing of steam engines. Mention his name to the officers, the air will become blue with benedictions. He combines with these many other stirring characteristics. Generosity is indicated by breadth of mouth and brain-power by length of hat-band. He assists this brain by burning not only the midnight but the three o'clock oil, when he suddenly finds there is an exam next day.

He has made his mark in the world of sport. It was only through hard luck that he did not make the first football team, and he was the best substitute on the line. He guarded the first team nets this year in hockey and was instrumental in the success of the team.

Its a crime how we all do love our Bass! By the way, who swiped J. B's pulpit?





No. 918, JOHN FITZGERALD PRESTON

"Gerald" "Piston"

Orangeville, Ont.

Orangeville High School.

G.C., Lance Corporal.



Preston

GERALD is our class encyclopedia of military movements, messes and manoeuvres. When he is around we are never worried about the militia list not being up-to-date. Give Gerald a pipe and some of your tobacco and you have a meditative worldly wise cynic, a student of human nature who will expound the ways in which innocents are stung in every walk of life. He believes in fussing, but sagely advises the headlong young to love the fair ones for their refreshments rather than for their charms. Nevertheless, we callow youths remember one night when the old philosopher wandered in about two hours late for tattoo, enveloped in a cloud of scent, tell-tale parts of his tunic made pink by talcum powder, and a domestic dandelion in his bosom pocket.

One has but to glance at this soldierly figure on church parade, to see he is an empire-builder. There, nestling on his chest one sees a glittering symbol of his valour—a medal. Although he didn't get it from a pawn broker, he becomes strangely irritated when asked how he did get it.

Our soldier sage is not very often with us over week ends. He has a frenzy for the simple life. Give him a day and a half off and his mania seizes him. He dashes feverishly to a certain livery stable, wakes up the bob-tailed mare and sacrilegiously ties a buggy to her. He is then all-aboard, and as soon as "that ole critter of a she-horse" feels well enough he starts for the farm "up by Collin's Bay."





No. 920, LINDSAY DRUMMOND

"Linley" "Drummie"

Toronto, Ont.

Upper Canada College.

C.S.M.

Second Football Team. Cricket 3, 2, 1.

Gym Squad 2, 1. Minstrel Show 2.

Lightweight Champion 3, 2, 1.



Drummond

“NOW, gol darn it, Cronyn!” Thus speaketh our nautical dog so often that already it has become a by-word in the College. In our recruit year Linley was somewhat of a practical joker and he kept things lively for the recruits and seniors living on the middle flat. He knew full well the liking of the first class for sleep, so Linley would make his turn at flat orderly a merry one. In his diabolical mind he conceived the idea of rousing the flat an hour too early; which he did; and again he thought of letting it sleep unaroused at all; which he also did. The next night the seniors decided to play a joke on Linley; which they did. Linley played fewer jokes after that.

Linley's jokes went deeper than that though. At the cake-walk he did several mystifying stunts and made things appear and disappear at such a rate that the bewildered Com. gave him a cake.

Drummond is a boxer of great fame, having beaten all comers in his weight ever since he came to Kingston and for years before, and even Bombardier Wells may yet have to fall and add more laurels to Linley's fair and sunburned brow.

The marine canine is somewhat of a literary genius and he is now absorbed in revising the infantry training. So buried is he in this colossal task that he often forgets himself and uses his new commands on parade, much to O. C. "A" company's bewilderment and our joy. However it is not for us to point out and criticize such minor faults as these in so great an authority on "Infantry as She is Drilled" in words of one syllable by L. D.

Our O. C. "A" Coy. is a genius at bringing order out of chaos, for how often have we heard him caroling gaily to himself as he methodically searched the parade ground for his left tan boot, or the right side of his bed; and still later we have heard him crooning gently to himself as he sorted the fire-hose and the coal shovel out of his bed clothes and socks. Linley just tidies up for pure love of it.

Linley's specialty is photography, and to his success in this line we owe a great many of the snaps in this book.

Drummond works hard at what he likes, and what he works at he usually succeeds at. In after life, Linley, we expect great things of our nautical dog, and don't disappoint us.





No. 921, DOUGALL ANTHONY KITTERMASER

"Kit" "D-D-Dougall"

Chicago, Ill. (Windsor, Ont.), Upper Canada College.

G.C. Corporal.

Layers Badge 2. Crossed Guns 3.

First Football Team 1. Track 3, 2, Captain 1.

Class Relay 3, 1. Gym Squad 1. Minstrel Show 2.

Bugle 1, runner up 3. Stone Frigate Staff.



Kittermaster

“TURN out all the recruits! Quick! The top flat are coming for a bulldog! As you were—it’s Kitter.” McGoun has made another mistake. The big row is only Kitter telling Shoem how the Professor of Physics caught him asleep.

He is a veritable mine of energy. It comes out spontaneously, and his classmates like him all the more for it and for his natural sincerity. Besides this, you only have to see him sign his name to realize that he is already a man to be reckoned with.

The winner of the bugle is a person of no mean consequence, and this year Kitt added this to his conquests. For two years he worked hard, and the plum is finally his. His sprinting has helped him during the rugby season, and we see him playing a hard game at inside wing.

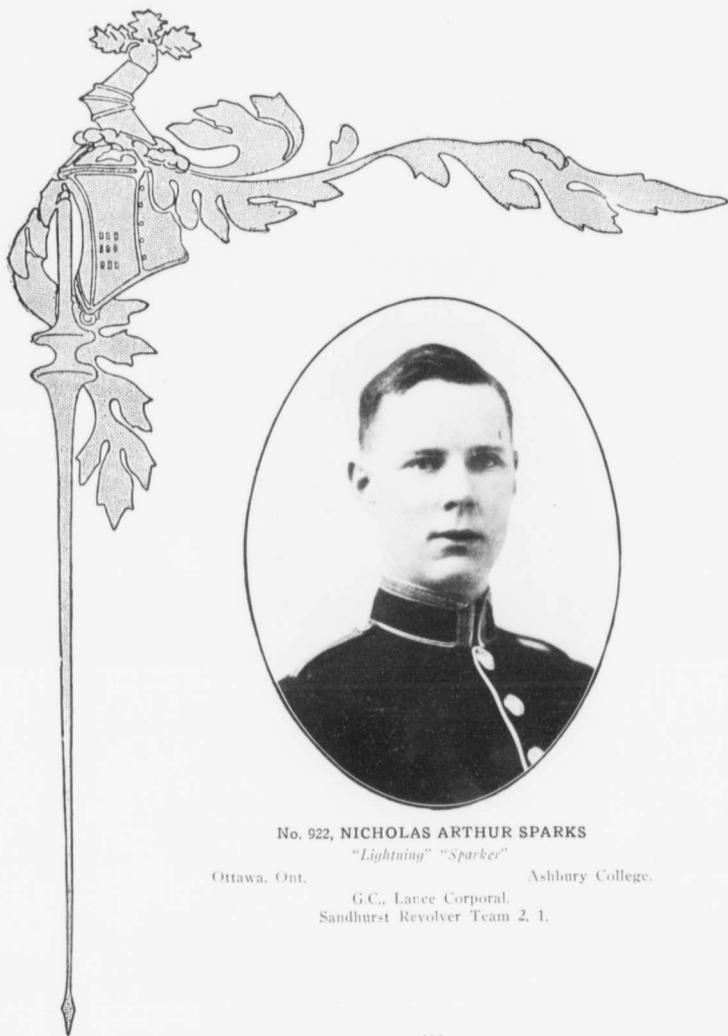
There is an old proverb: “Cupid is a blind gunner.” Surely we have a paradox here—a layer’s badge on his arm and yet a keen fusser. This is easily explained however—the exception proves the rule and Kitt is an exceptional fusser. The atmosphere of “The Stone Frigate” seems to be making somewhat of a sailor out of him—or perhaps it is his lovable nature—however, “They’ll tell thee, sailors, when away.

In every port a mistress find.”

To see the truth of this first look at the pictures in Kitt’s room. Hundreds of them, with relations few and far between.

Don’t run away with the idea though that he is simply a spontaneous fusser, who can run fast, for Kitt’s heart and head are both the right size and in the right place.





No. 922, **NICHOLAS ARTHUR SPARKS**

"Lightning" "Sparker"

Ottawa, Ont.

Ashbury College.

G.C., Lance Corporal.
Sandhurst Revolver Team 2, 1.



Sparks

UILL we knew Nathaniel we always thought that lazy men were fat, sleek, and good-natured. Sparksy is not fat, nor is he sleek, and not always good-natured. Therefore, we must crawl into our shell and wonder what makes us think he is lazy. On the matter of work we may say that he has enough mental acumen to render it unnecessary for him to plug for exams in order to pass; and in other ways, we must say he is not a born athlete.

He takes a great interest in sport, however, and watches N. H. A. and baseball with keen interest. His powers of argument have become famous and his hockey scope is known the world over. Even the invincible Bass was quelled before "Arty's" torrents of words upholding the honor of the Ottawas and consigning the Canadiens to the regions of the damned.

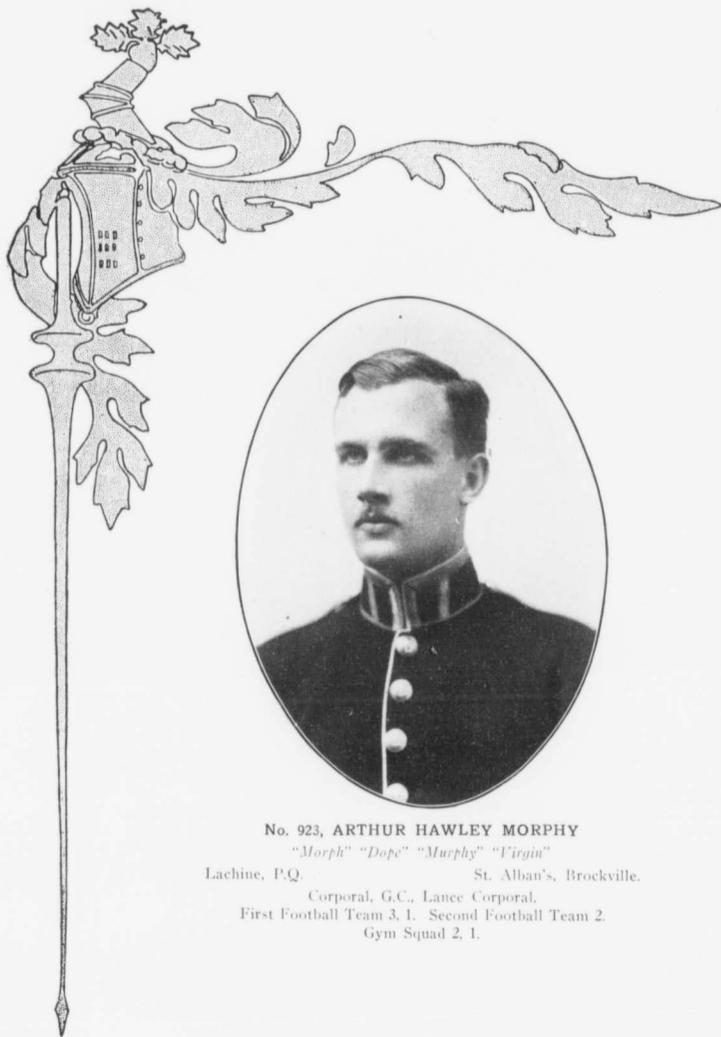
On the ice he is always to be seen, lined up with the amateurs, and is a tower of strength to his class and his company. He is the possessor of an accurate side shot. Look out for that side shot when you are playing against him—but that reminds us—"Lightning" is a crack shot with the revolver as well as the hockey stick.

That "Lightning" likes to pull a good one once in a while everyone knows. Did he not recently tell a credulous neighbor that he had got up at four o'clock to pour cough mixture down a hole to a rat he had heard sneezing! He has also been accused by Tabby of being an "incorrigible conversationalist!"

If Sparksy continues to grin at the remainder of the world with as great success as he has at R. M. C. he has nothing to be afraid of in whatever sphere of life he enters after shaking hands with his former class-mates at the outer station.

"Come on, Murphy. Just because you come from Lachine, is no reason why you should use both desks."





No. 923, **ARTHUR HAWLEY MORPHY**

"Morph" "Dope" "Murphy" "Virgin"

Lachine, P.Q.

St. Alban's, Brockville.

Corporal, G.C., Lance Corporal.

First Football Team 3, 1. Second Football Team 2.

Gym Squad 2, 1.



Morphy

MORPHY is a small Irish lad, six feet, one inch tall, averaging thirty pounds per running foot, especially about centre field. Although a native of Lachine, P.Q., he is not French but 99% Hibernian, and has most of the amiable characteristics of his race. Always good-humored, he is also good hearted. When irritated he very seldom exhibits violence, but merely tells the offender to "run away" in a kindly, fatherly manner; and that is usually enough.

Morphy has a very comely appearance when "dolloed up," and with his Irish blue eyes, and inviting brogue, it is no wonder that he is a favorite of the fair ones.

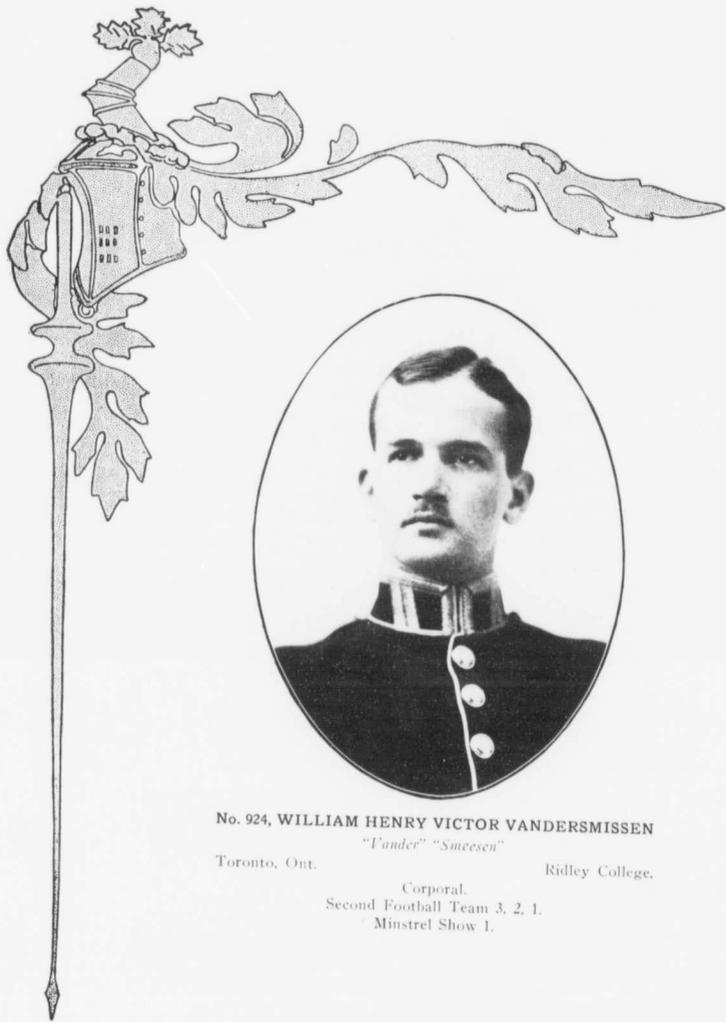
On the football field he is a valuable and experienced man, which he demonstrated to some effect in the last two games of the season.

Had he not been caught in a snowdrift when returning slightly late from a trip to Toronto, he would, no doubt, have graduated a sergeant, but fate had otherwise decreed.

While he is at the College there is no fear of his starving, for he carries, at all times, an emergency ration on his undress. This he collects in a corner of the mess room where "spuds" and other odd vegetables have a habit of coming his way just to show that there is no ill-feeling.

We know that our Morphy, being Irish, will get along well in life someday or another, and we only wait to see in which way he will do it.





No. 924, **WILLIAM HENRY VICTOR VANDERSMISSEN**

"Vander" "Smeesen"

Toronto, Ont.

Ridley College.

Corporal.
Second Football Team 3, 2, 1.
Minstrel Show 1.



Vandersmissen

VANDER believes explicitly in the law of conservation of energy, and in mental equilibrium. He is the most easy-going person you could imagine. We love to jump on him and hear him gurgle and squeak, good naturedly. If you began by parading on his toes, then tested his surface tension with a Mark II detorator, and finished off by experimenting for his coefficient of friction, by dragging him across the parade ground, he would probably remonstrate mildly but his natural dignity would not allow him to go further.

Nature has been kind to Vander in giving him a pair of shoulders that anyone would be proud of, and powers of endurance second to none in his class. This last statement is born out by the reputation he has won in being the last to leave Lake Ontario before it freezes over in the autumn, and the first to enter it when the ice has opened up sufficiently to admit his scantily garbed body. Though he never succeeded in making the first football team, he turned out conscientiously during the three seasons of his course, and proved a worthy addition to the seconds. His example is a worthy one.

Of course he is casual and takes frightful chances; you would think Vander had never learnt anything about elastic limit if you saw him sitting alone but contented in the mess room each day after dismiss. His powers of endurance are thus once more exemplified. He possesses a voice of infinite range and tremendous strength, heard to advantage in the chorus of *Peg O' My Heart*—at least the words are *Peg O' My Heart* but the tune is "Smeesen."

The Flying Dutchman may seem to take things pretty easily, but in reality he is one of the most consistent workers in the College, and certainly no one is more popular. The voice of the class is unanimous in wishing him the success he deserves; we all say "Hoch! Der Kaiser!"





No. 925, DONALD EDWARD ALLAN RISPEN

"Joe" "Don"

Chatham, Ont.

Chatham Collegiate Institute.

G.C., Lance Corporal.

Tennis 1. Class Relay 2.



Rispen

“YOU don’t happen to have anything to eat, do you?” comes in a soft drawling voice from outside your door. “Come in, Joe” you shout and in the doorway is framed a long lanky figure, in whose somewhat generous mouth is stuck a short curved-stem pipe. He seems to hesitate on the threshold, but at the sight of the good things spread before him his big blue eyes gleam, and in he comes in his shy bashful way.

“Dig in,” you say, although you know there is no need of encouragement. “I don’t mind if I do,” answers Joe, and neither he does, judging from the way your eats disappear.

Joe holds the unique record of having his bed dumped while asleep, and reposing peacefully upon the floor till morning, entirely oblivious of the vile trick that had been played upon him.

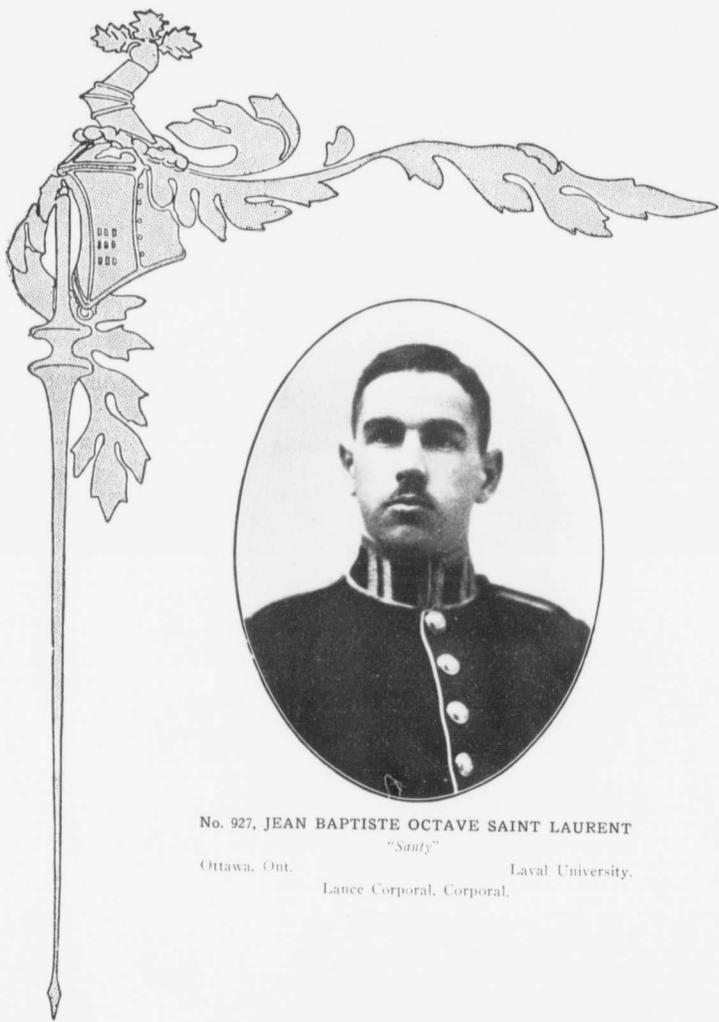
Joe is also credited with being an extremely conscientious worker. In point of fact, did he not reproduce with minute accuracy, when copying an M. E. plan, a blot on the original.

While we cannot resist telling these stories at Joe’s expense, it must not be supposed that he spends his whole time in a similar way—far from it.

His own hampers are neither small nor far between, and on the arrival of one Joe always issues wholesale invitations to his classmates, who have learnt from experience to accept with alacrity.

As a tennis player—southpaw—he has the enviable record of being one of the best players in the College, while on the track he has represented his class on the inter-class relay team, where his long legs proved a valuable asset towards winning the race.





No. 927, JEAN BAPTISTE OCTAVE SAINT LAURENT

"Sauty"

Ottawa, Ont.

Laval University.

Lance Corporal, Corporal.



Saint Laurent

SANTY is a personage of no little versatility. He has been known in one and the same hour to read "Building Construction," throw it aside and peruse "La Patrie," discard it and return to "Building Construction."

He considers "his room is his castle," and leaves no stone unturned in making sure of it. To enter his salon after tattoo is to invite calamity. Don't do it! A rifle falling will give you a headache, and should this miss, the wardrobe will pin you to the ground.

On one night inspection, however, these fortifications cost him a reprimand. The following evening he was observed to remove all obstacles, also to oil the hinges on the door.

Though our friend is no fish, not being able to swim, he can paddle along terra firma at a fair speed, and tear off an odd 100 yards in good time. In the summer months, Santy indulges in that form of recreation which is officially named "hydrographic survey" by the government. As a result of his work in this connection several maps adorn his wall, and these have incurred much adverse criticism on account of the contours which run up and down the level surface of the lake.

Santy's inclinations are towards the civil service. In this field he will undoubtedly get on by dint of his customary hard work, to the mutual benefit of himself and his country. In later years we will naturally picture Santy when at work, peering through a theodolite, and when at play shooting a game of patience with that soldier of fortune—McGoun.





Shoenberger

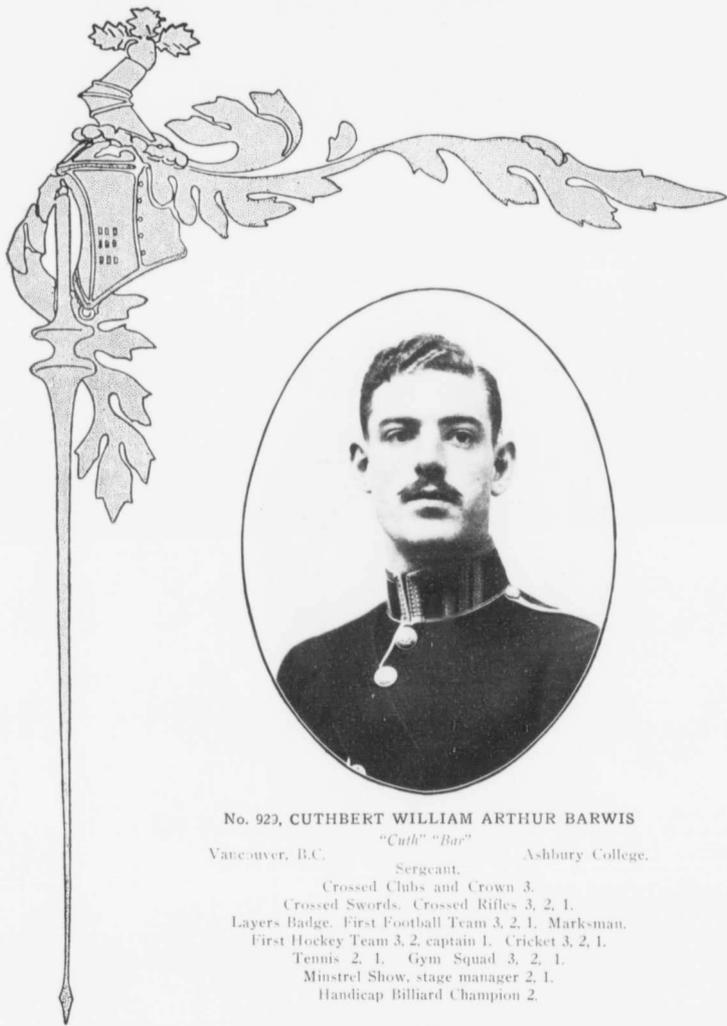
OF all the constitutionally happy people you could ever know, Shom is the happiest. If you are in a cheertul mood he will assist you into the seventh heaven, and if you are foolish enough to be morbid, he is almost offensively cheery—not that he is unsympathetic—on the contrary, if anyone is really in need of a mental tonic, he is an expert at administering it. His vocal ability is much above the average, and like himself of a very cheerful and cheering nature. To put it briefly he always looks on the bright side.

In all the phases of College life, he takes an active part. As outside wing of the first football team, he was one of the mainstays, and in all matches was most favorably "mentioned in despatches." The minstrel show would have suffered seriously from his absence, as would also the different gym squads. To the many questions which come before the class he gives his whole-hearted attention, and is always most enthusiastic and effective in anything he undertakes. If we were writing his final report, we would unhesitatingly write in the column for remarks: "He has always been a strong influence for good in the class."

On Sunday afternoon the orderly sergeant is fairly safe in putting "Shom" in the absentee list, without looking at the leave book; but in view of his loving nature we are inclined to dismiss the charge of fussing as justifiable.

In order to bring this paragon of all virtues near enough for us to have a good look at him it must be admitted that in class he isn't as near the top as in other things, but he is not in the least a bone-head or loafer, so the only conclusion we can draw is that he wasn't made to write chemistry text-books anyway. Having thus brought him under observation we cannot fail to recognize him as one of the most estimable and lovable fellows in the class.





No. 923, CUTHBERT WILLIAM ARTHUR BARWIS

"Cuth" "Bar"

Vancouver, B.C.

Ashbury College.

Sergeant.

Crossed Clubs and Crown 3.

Crossed Swords. Crossed Rifles 3, 2, 1.

Layers Badge. First Football Team 3, 2, 1. Marksman.

First Hockey Team 3, 2, captain 1. Cricket 3, 2, 1.

Tennis 2, 1. Gym Squad 3, 2, 1.

Minstrel Show, stage manager 2, 1.

Handicap Billiard Champion 2.



Barwis

AS the above collection of achievements bears out, Cuth is a real marvel when it comes to athletics; he is one of the best all round sports that has ever been in the College, and the number of his crests makes his sweater look like a smallpox patient.

No one who ever follows Intercollegiate football needs any more than to hear the name Barwis to remember his wonderful kicking last season. He is one of the best punters that ever appeared in the game, and is sure to be heard of in the future if he plays football at all.

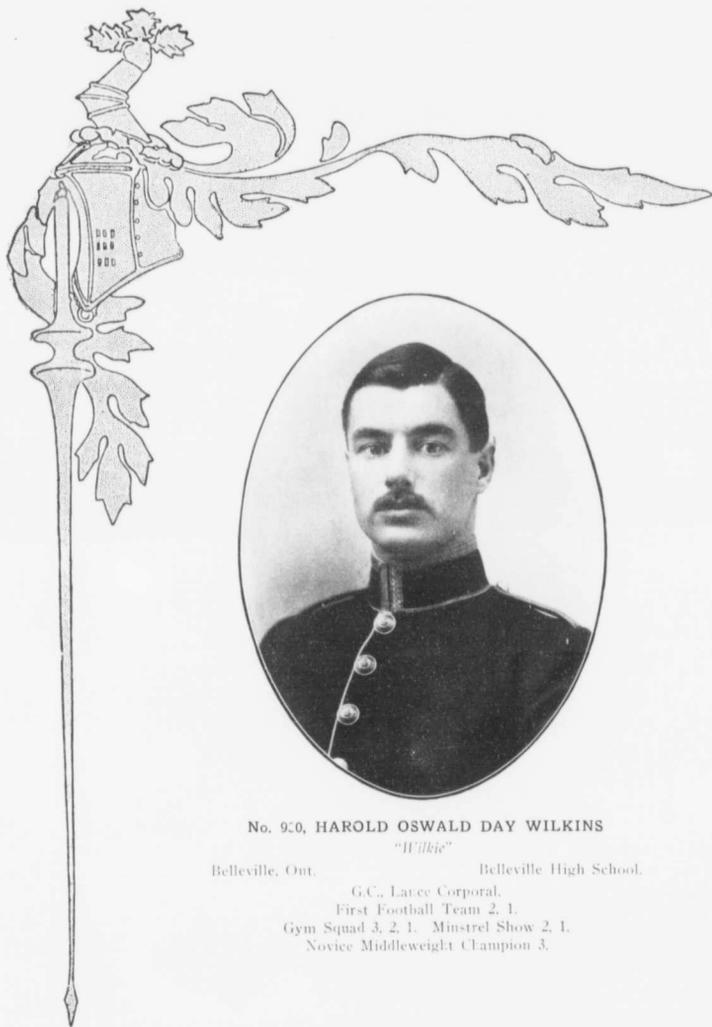
As coverpoint on the hockey team his spectacular skating and stick-handling ability showed him to be one of the best, while his captaincy proved his keen interest in the game. There is no branch of sport in the College at which he does not shine, even to the billiards championship.

That his skill conceals something is testified to by the amount of work he does and the results of his exams. As stage manager for the minstrel show, a hard and thankless job at best, he was a great assistance.

The possessor of a curly head and a well-trained moustache, Cuth shows up well among the fair sex, and when fussing his raiment is unsurpassed.

Though he will be a long way from us in the future we wish him the best of success in both his sporting and domestic life.





No. 920, HAROLD OSWALD DAY WILKINS

"Wilkie"

Belleville, Ont.

Belleville High School.

G.C., Lance Corporal.

First Football Team 2, 1.

Gym Squad 3, 2, 1. Minstrel Show 2, 1.

Novice Middleweight Champion 3.



Wilkins

“BY the Great Horn spoon,” here comes Wilkie. The first impression we have of him, is one of a short stocky fellow, built like a blacksmith, with a hang-dog expression and a voice like a fog-horn, trying to assault and batter a C. S. M. But first impressions are not always the right ones, and we discovered later that the fog-horn voice often exploded into laughter which only differed from the conventional in that it was “He! He!” instead of “Ha! Ha!” and was heard twice as often; while the hang-dog expression is a thing of the past.

His assaulting abilities are still in evidence, however. Wilkie is always on hand when the rough-house begins, and his ability in this line is witnessed by the fact that he won the heavyweight novices in his recruit year.

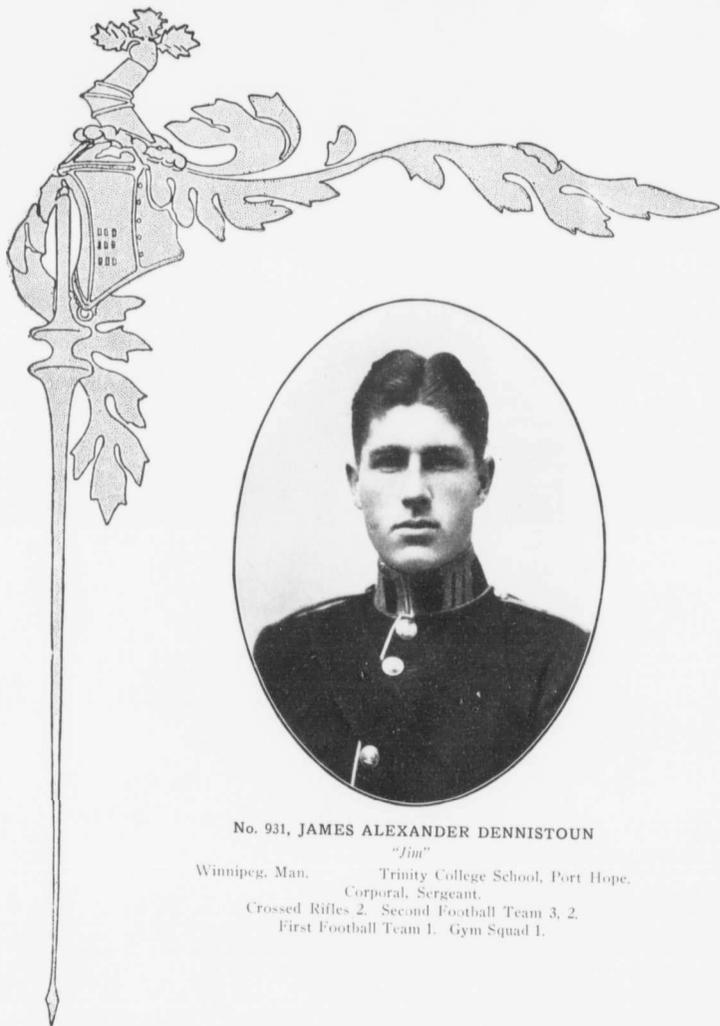
Wilkie is always on hand when any job is to be done which requires good hard work, in the nature of piano-moving, etc. On M. E. he has probably had more to do with the variations in scenery around the College than any one except Major Hammond himself.

He has been a fixture on the football team and gym squads for the last two years and by hard work has been a success at each.

He has developed two alarming tendencies since he first arrived, which hinge somewhat upon one another. He has cultivated the most wonderful hirsute growth upon his upper lip you can imagine, and seems to have it under perfect control. In conjunction with this, we would enquire why he wears his “pill-box” on his hook during tattoo? Obviously to cross the square with. What should he want in the other building? Why, the telephone! ‘Nuff said.

Here’s looking at you Wilkie; you have the best wishes of all the class and we expect you to tackle your future with the same vigor you have your past.





No. 931, JAMES ALEXANDER DENNISTOUN

"Jim"

Winnipeg, Man. Trinity College School, Port Hope.
Corporal, Sergeant.
Crossed Rifles 2. Second Football Team 3, 2.
First Football Team 1. Gym Squad 1.



Dennistoun

WHEN his name is mentioned you can see him, an old blue dressing gown, "the Unpardonable Sin," slung nonchalantly over his shoulders, lounging on the coils, window-sill or any other convenient object, his placid countenance contemplating you from behind a pipe permanently set in one side of his face.

Looking at him with his straight nose, rosy cheeks and luxurious locks of curly brown hair (parted in the middle with that studied carelessness often noticed in one artistically inclined) you would at once put him down as a heart breaker. If he is, however, it isn't his fault. Fussing, with all its polished arts and intricate details, is not to his taste; and he hasn't the least compunction in refusing invitations to town, unless the inducement of a hearty meal is assured.

Although he appears to be a splendid gymnast, do not be deluded, dear reader. While James Alexander is right there with the "arms bending and stretching" or the dive over the long horse—when sufficiently urged—he does not find it advantageous or expedient to pass his spare hours in such a strenuous pastime.

If you wish to find him after the small hand of the clock has passed the figure ten, do not search for him in the rooms of the studiously inclined of the bottom flat, nor in the musical atmosphere of the top flat, nor yet in the corridors of that noisy part of the building known as the middle flat. But by softly stepping to his room and turning on the light, the object of your search may be seen slumbering under piles of blankets and greatcoats. You will not be blamed for making a somewhat hurried exit, for he is known to be handy with his boots.

Among his accomplishments are football and bridge—he proving himself to be a heady player in both. Here's wishing him continued success in everything.





No. 393, BROUARD HUNTER TYNDALL MACKENZIE

"Mac" "Biscuits"

Moncton, N.B.

Aberdeen High School.

Sergeant.

Layers Badge. Crossed Flags. Gym Squad 2, 1.

Novice Lightweight Champion 3.



Mackenzie

THERE seem to be two types of Scotchmen—, he hot-headed, fire-eating, whiskey-drinking kind, and the quiet, canny, hard-working kind. Both types are idealists and eat much porridge. Our Mac. is an excellent example of the second variety. Had fortune left him alone in Scotland we would expect to find him finally in charge of the engine room of a Clyde-built free lance, smoking a pipe of absolute content. But fortune has given Mac. a higher rank, and higher ambitions.

"Biscuits" came here a quiet studious lad, and so he still is, except that much of the quietness has disappeared, his natural sociability taking its place. He is a man of few words and much thought, blest with an even temper and no little practical common sense.

Mac upheld the reputation of his clan to some effect when he won the lightweight-novices in his recruit year, and has shown the same quality of "sand" all through his course. Though he entered near the foot of the class, he "stayed right with it" and is now well up.

He does not shine at football or hockey, but if you organize a raid on another flat and want a reliable man who won't give in, get "Mac."

None of us doubt for a moment that Mac. will continue to fight henceforth, and we cannot feel worried as to his future.





No. 934, **CECIL VERGE STRONG**

"Verge"

Halifax, N.S.

Windsor Collegiate School.

C.S.M.

Crossed Clubs 3, Crossed Clubs and Crown 2,
Crossed Flags 2, Crossed Swords and Crown, Spurs,
Gym Squad 3, 2, 1, Minstrel Show 2.



Strong

“HELLO fellows, let's make a raid on the bottom flat!” Yes that is Verge Strong, senior of the middle flat, the worst rough-house flat in the barracks. You bet he is neat and a terror for inspecting rooms. Oh—the crossed clubs and crown you say! They are given to the best gymnast in the class. You remember in March at the assault-at-arms he was the chap who walked on his hands so much and whom everybody remarked on as being so graceful and doing the hardest exercises so well that they looked easy.

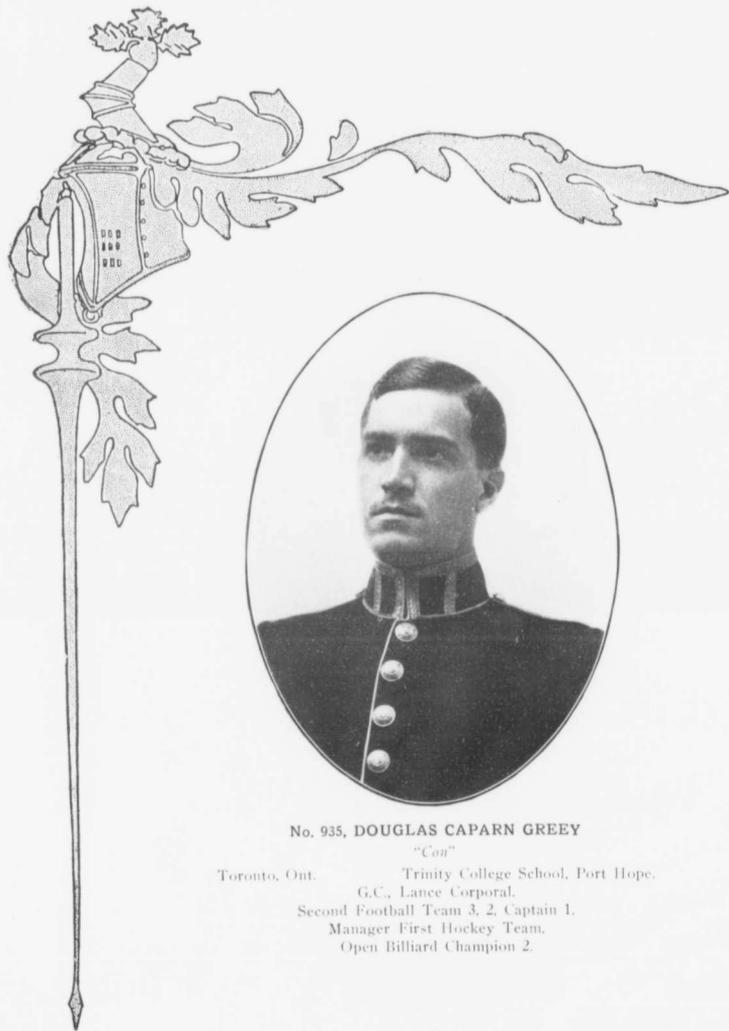
But Verge is not only a good gymnast—his diving is splendid and he ranks among the best in the country.

Did I hear you ask about his studies? The best has been left to the last. He who came in 34th is now 10th and his success is due to hard and steady application to his work.

However, Verge does not work all the time. He is lazy the same as the rest of us. During the winter afternoons if he is not taking a stroll up Barriefield you will, like as not, find him enjoying a quiet little snooze in his room.

If you ask Professor Laird the reason of Strong's success he will very probably reply,—“Certainly, he comes from Nova Scotia where so many of our celebrated Canadians come from”—and if we put our faith in Nova Scotians, Verge is one of the best and we have no doubt that his career in the R. E. will be a successful one.





No. 935, DOUGLAS CAPARN GREEY

"Con"

Toronto, Ont.

Trinity College School, Port Hope.

G.C., Lance Corporal.

Second Football Team 3, 2, Captain 1.

Manager First Hockey Team.

Open Billiard Champion 2.



Greedy

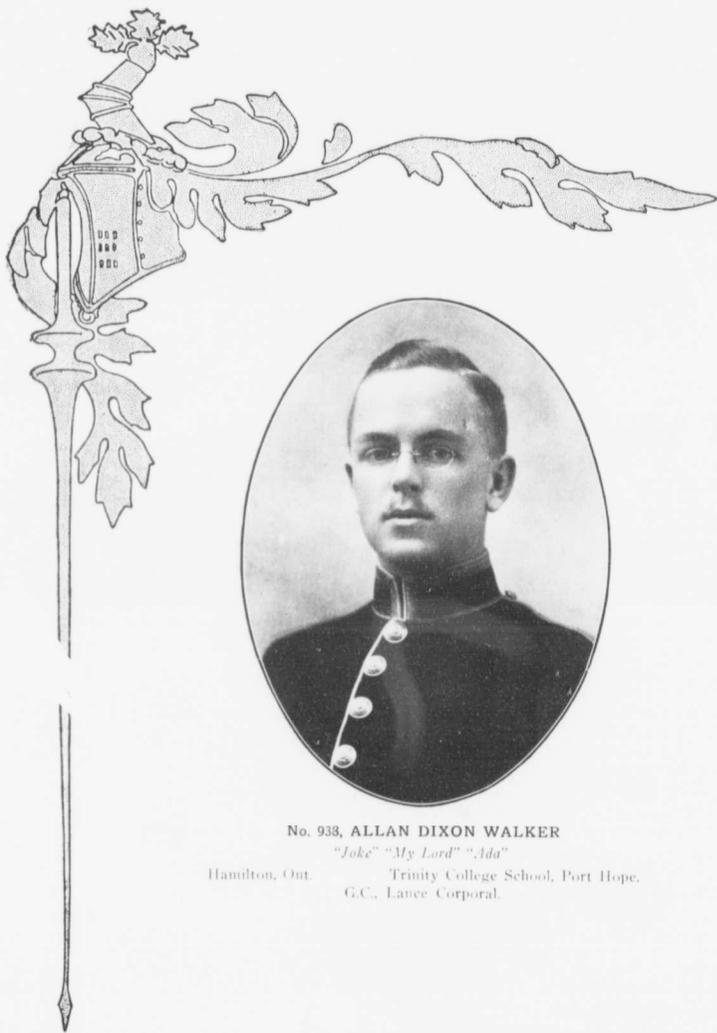
LANCE Corporal Greedy is the possessor of many distinctions. On first meeting him, he is introduced as "Convict Greedy." Convict in itself is an original nickname, but when you see Greedy spelt with two e's the climax is reached. He is distinct as he falls in on parade on the right of the company, and nine times out of ten you see him leading the ride back from the Riding Establishment. In class he is distinct, by reason of the furrowed aspect of his brow, which looks as if he was about to spring the Ionic theorem or concoct the gunpowder plot. In the field, when laying out the railway curves or doing "slopestakes" he is distinguished by his absence. No doubt you could find him in a nearby trench with a pipe and a magazine. In the N. C. O. reading room, he is distinguished by being one of the three best bridge players in the College. In his recruit year he was distinguished by his continued reappearance on defaulters, but then—consider his smartness on parades. His boast was that he could wake up and be on parade in one minute and one half, neglecting ablutions.

Doug. is a strong theorist and prolific schemer. He can do a reconnaissance sketch of Kingston Mills without moving from his chair. His schemes have stood him in good stead on the football field, where as captain of the second team, he was able to bring them into play. As manager of the hockey team also his natural shrewdness and business ability proved invaluable. It would be hard to feel worried about Con's future. Whatever he does he reduces it to a system and gets it "down cold." During final exams we see him, before each exam, spending about an hour or so glancing over carefully filed and tabulated notes. By means of this characteristic bit of system he makes his exams easy.

In "the convict" we have a very useful business head. He retails cocoa at three cents a glass during the winter months and at all times acts as agent, or buffer, between stray tradesmen and the College.

But business is his specialty and he will continue to scheme or systematize until the end of his days, for it is his nature.





No. 938, **ALLAN DIXON WALKER**

"Joke" "My Lord" "Ada"

Hamilton, Ont. Trinity College School, Port Hope.
G.C., Lance Corporal.



Walker

WHO is this aristocrat? Evidently the scion of a noble house. Disguise it as he may, his portly carriage and air of haughty aloofness proclaim him a companion, not of us ordinary mortals, but of emperors. Yes, from his beautifully rounded capital appendage to his daintily shod feet, he is one of the elect. Not to mention the waxed moustache.

However there are moments when M' Lord unbends, when one can discover that he comes from Hamilton and is extremely fond of the opposite sex and likes them well done; that he was once quite a sprinter but does not care for it much now; that he has a strange antipathy for cold baths and boot polish; all of which are quite understandable.

Since the day he first came we have never worried about his health, for nothing seems to perturb him. He takes things as they come and likes them better as they go, which shows a philosophical turn of mind. This, though it shows great common sense in many ways, has nevertheless been a draw-back to Joke, for he has ability to do many things which his philosophical turn of mind has seen fit to let slip. None, however, can deny that he has great patience and tenacity of purpose, as has been evinced on several occasions when his friends saw fit to diet M' Lord.

As to his powers as an entertainer, Joke has many, the chief of which were evinced at the choir practices of our recruit year when he would render in his own inimitable way sweet "strains" of music such as we never heard before.

Well Duke, be as good as you can, and if you can't be good be careful.





No. 939, FRANKLIN SHARP RANKIN

"John"

Woodstock, N.B.

Rothesay Collegiate School.

Lance Corporal, Corporal.

Gym Squad 2, 1.



Rankin

JOHN hails from New Brunswick, not that there is anything extraordinary in that, but somehow people from the Eastern Provinces have a reputation for perseverance, for getting on, in fact for getting there.

Our first picture of "John" is one of a strident young recruit loudly demanding why the water was so hard around here, and whether a 1789 model 18-inch mortar was a modern Q. F. howitzer. But the picture we now have of John is a very different one. It is a picture of a budding all-round man, well developed of body and of mind, who owes this development to the three years' continuous hard work in the class room, in the field, and in the gym. From the first John has been out to learn all that could be learnt from the course, and has certainly imbibed a good bit of it. Any time before an exam you will find him in his room hard at it, learning mathematics by the hammer and tongs method; or else feverishly exercising in the gym.

But do not imagine that John is one who works for marks and place in class. He does not. He works to learn purely and simply, and in doing so he is always ready to lend a helping hand to anyone not quite so learned.

As a friend, John would be hard to equal. He is always the same, never presuming, never forgetting, and ready for anything from a midnight raid to an afternoon pink tea.

In town John is what might be described as "well settled." When he graduates from here we do not expect to see many years go by before he is again "well settled," though whether in a different quarter or not is a matter for conjecture.





No. 941, HUGH McCARTHY INCE

"Hughie" "Sprightly" "Semaphore"

Toronto, Ont. Trinity College School, Port Hope.
G.C., Lance Corporal.



Ince

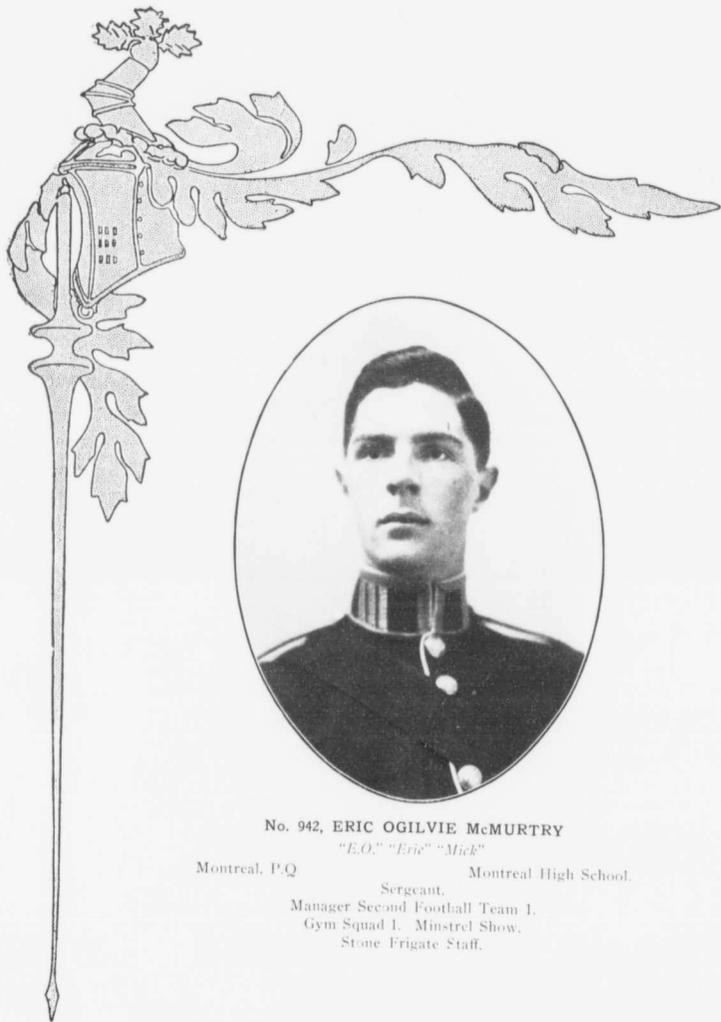
HUGHIE is a large-framed, big-boned, kind-hearted, well-meaning human being whom none of us can help liking. His conscientious and open nature is always in evidence, backed up by a dry sense of humor which occasionally causes the knowing ones to "smole a smile." But like us all, Hughie has his faults; if sleeping and eating may be classed as such, he is a wicked sinner. Should you desire proof of this just stand outside the mess room door after dinner parade has been dismissed. The scene is an unusual one. A group of seniors are gathered about the doors, and money may be seen exchanging hands. The cause of the disturbance is Messes. Vander Smissen and Ince the lone occupants who are having their daily cubical contents contest. Excitement is tense when either one shows signs of inflation.

The scene is now changed to the top flat of the dormitory building on any afternoon several of the first class are lounging on the coils when an unknowing one approaches and asks where Ince is. This time no excitement is caused nor money wagered. It is a safe bet that Hughie is slumbering peacefully in his room.

Although not a star on the gridiron, he deserves great credit for captaining the third team and helping to develop new material.

Hughie has a great passion for horses and expects to go in for the cavalry. No doubt some of us will run across Hughie, galloping at the head of his troop before many training camps are done with.





No. 942, ERIC OGILVIE McMURTRY

"E.O." "Eric" "Mick"

Montreal, P.Q.

Montreal High School.

Sergeant.

Manager Second Football Team 1.

Gym Squad 1. Minstrel Show.

Stone Frigate Staff.



McMurtry

“GENTLEMEN, owing to a slight rise of temperature in the room, and the change of vapour pressure, we will have to apply the correction point naught, naught, to get this experiment approximately correct to 4 places of decimals.”

“Ya doant tell me so,” comes from the back of the room.

“Stop this talking, Mr. McMurtry, I shouldn't have to speak to you.”

With that, Eric is silent, for, to be sure, he is going to town as soon as second drill is over, and 7 R.L. would be inconvenient, to say the least.

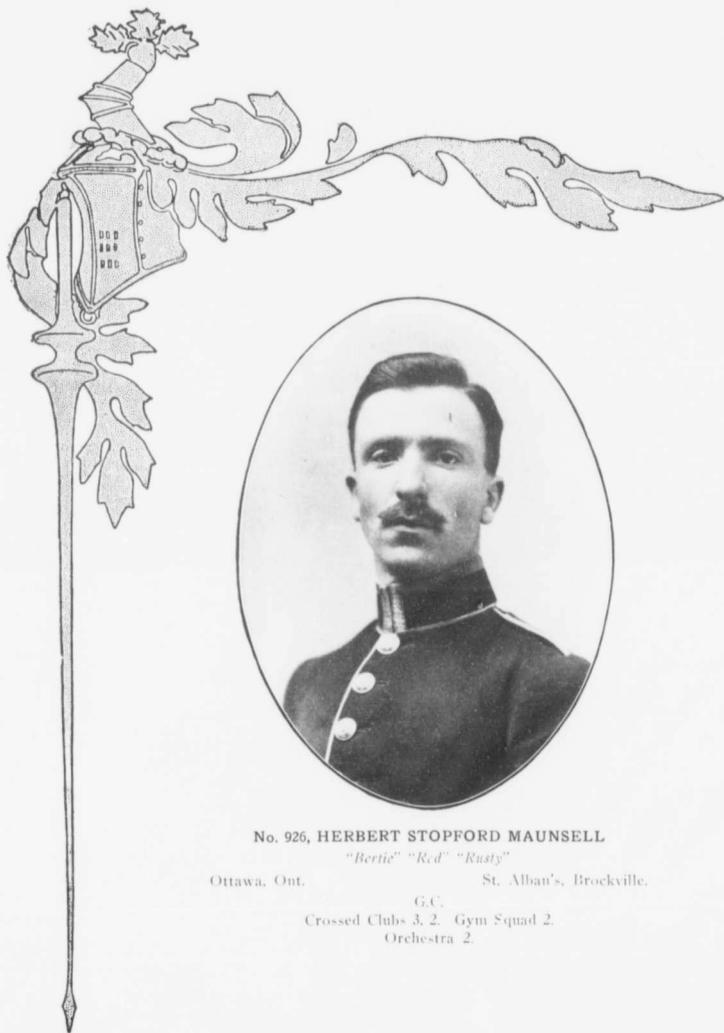
Acknowledged to be the leading fusser of the class, in Kingston, Eric seems to be very popular with the ladies in other places, judging by the number and bulk of his letters. “Dobb's Ferry,” Montreal, and New York are almost synonyms for McMurtry when the First Class mail arrives. But that is natural; why is Eric always chosen to be left marker on a ceremonial parade in Kingston?

Although the fair sex demand much of his attention, Eric takes a keen interest in any matters concerning the Class. We all appreciate his work as representative on the Dance and Aquatic committees, because, undoubtedly considerable time and trouble is necessary to carry out the duties entailed. But we shall remember him more in another respect, for Eric revived the old custom of a Class ring, and spent a great deal of time in getting a proper design, and then having the rings made.

R. M. C. graduates usually take a keen interest in athletics, and Eric is no exception to the rule. Most people would call it an “intelligent interest.” In swimming, the only one who can give Pitblado a close race is distinguished to be sure, and to manage a football team speaks much for his enthusiasm.

Well, old fellow, we wish you all success.





No. 926, HERBERT STOPFORD MAUNSELL

"Bertie" "Red" "Rusty"

Ottawa, Ont.

St. Alban's, Brockville.

G.C.

Crossed Clubs 3. 2. Gym Squad 2.

Orchestra 2.



Maunsell

THERE are "fussers" and "fussers," but when it comes to doing things in a scientific way "Bertie" has them looking like a Reconnaissance Sketch on a rainy day. But the crowning effort in the Maunsell edifice is the dome piece, and what is more it is his own. Some will recommend the favorite method for finding baby in the dark, but this method lacks finish as compared with "The Monacell Portable Headlight" which ever emits a ruddy hue. "Bert" is particularly suited for the army, as his most prominent feature is of the greatest assistance to difficult night marches. Experiments of such a nature have been made with in variable success.

Now to come to his less-talented side—he is a credit to the College in the gymnasium, his style adding fifty per cent. to his work. As a horseman the same may be said as the quadrupeds seem to appreciate him almost as much as his Class does, though even we are not so demonstrative as the fair ones! "Rusty" has virtues, not the least of which is his "good heart," and he can always be counted on as a friend whether in need or not. We do not recommend him for any professorship of Maths. or anything so small as that, for we feel sure that the aforesaid would scorn such mere piffle as the study of "unknown" quantities, for has he not solved that problem: "If five hats cost \$15, how much would three hats cost?" Of course it does make a difference if the headgears are not all consistent with the styles of today, so that must account for the trouble; however, take it for what it is worth—we feel sure that if Bert will only try, he can do almost anything!





No. 936, EDGAR NORMAN REID

"Donald" "Ed"

West Meath.

G.C.

Ashbury College.

Orchestra 4, 3, 2.



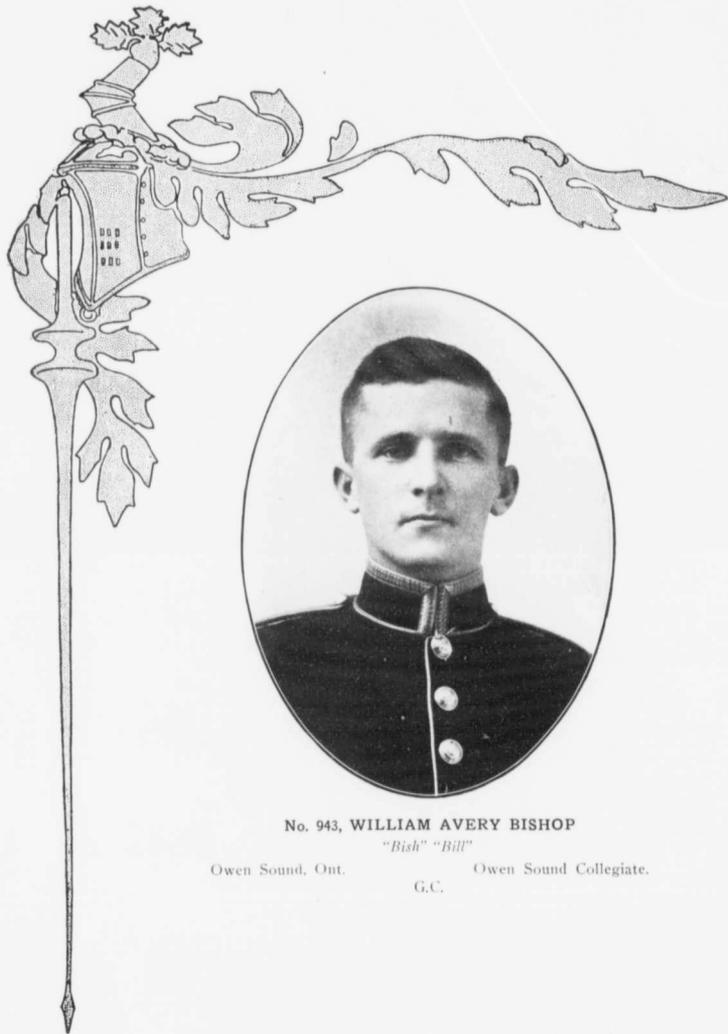
Reid

"Ed," as he is usually called, like the rest of us, possesses certain little eccentricities. For instance, he deems it best on the more sultry days in Fall to turn out to football practice in a bathing suit. Taking him all round, he is a distinctly quiet sort of fellow, although he has exhibited some alarming tendencies towards the attainment of speed; in this respect, that he is able to leave the dormitory building on the first note of "left dress," and reach "A" Coy. by the last, though in doing it, he well nigh ruins the unruffled aspect of the parade ground, and dirties the boots of his neighbors within a radius of several yards. He is usually to be seen, however, amicably pursuing his way, a friend to all the world.

Other examples of his love of speed are not wanting, for on a clear winter's day, he may be seen clinging precariously to the tail-end of an ice boat and flitting over the shining surface of the lake. Lastly, he has a failing for motor cycles, but in this matter there is one feat which he has never quite mastered. When careering at the phenomenal speed of forty miles per hour in the rut of a road, to turn his head and eyes smartly to the right in a military salute. For corroboration, ask Ed., he will probably be annoyed.

Still, his ambition soars high, and we would not be surprised to see him outsoar it in person some day. Who knows?





No. 943, WILLIAM AVERY BISHOP

"Bish" "Bill"

Owen Sound, Ont.

Owen Sound Collegiate.

G.C.



Bishop

VOICE from Cadet with telescope peering out of his window: "There's a red coat on Fort Henry Hill. There's an umbrella there too with a couple of people behind it. Wonder who it can be?" Voice from the next room: "Come on, Steve, Bill Bish is out, let's swipe his tobacco."

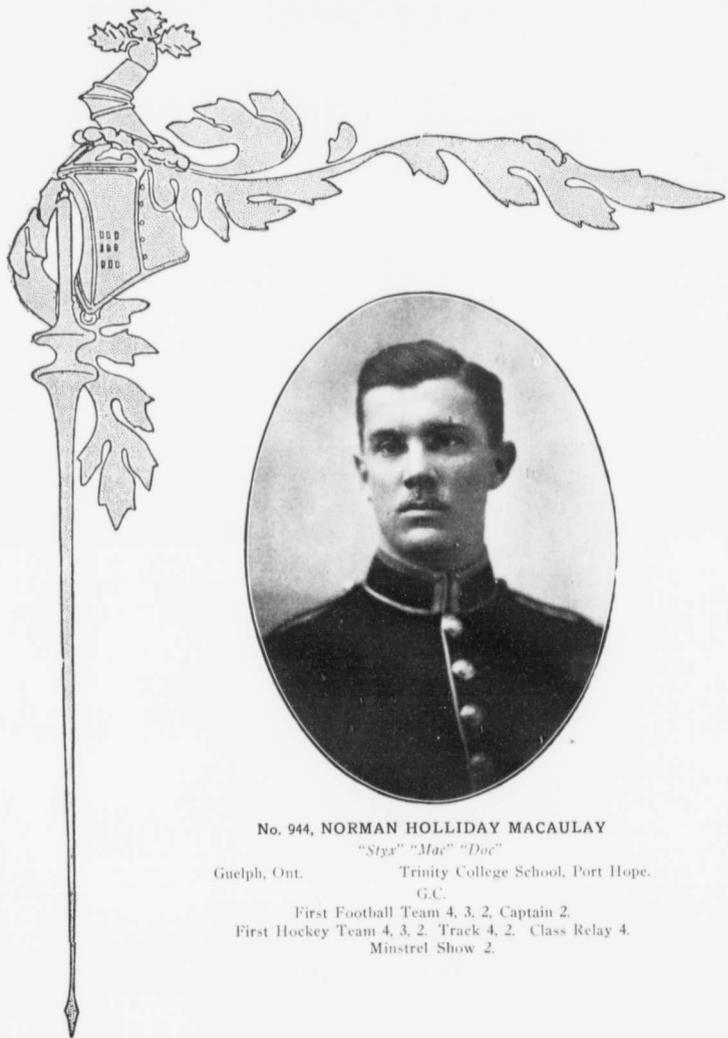
This conversation shows how much we know about Bill's half-holiday habits. His week day habits are somewhat similar. After lectures he can be seen filling the mail-box with enough correspondence to make the Owen Sound postman hire an apprentice. In fact he is a regular "tar," with "one" in every port.

Bill has been known to turn up on the football field. When he does he puts in some good hard work. Though a little fellow with very short legs, he made a good "quarter" for the third team last year.

About a week before the final exams, a great change comes over our William. He no longer dallies with Amaryllis in the shade, but shilly-shallies with maths. into the small hours of the morning. Having made up his mind to pass he usually gets there, as he does with everything when put to it.

When a show comes to town you can always hear Bill auctioneering on the flats. "Does anybody want to buy a tunic? Come on, somebody does,—etc." Strangely enough he still has enough kit to clothe himself, yet he always turns up in the bald-headed row with his "latest."





No. 944, **NORMAN HOLLIDAY MACAULAY**

"Stya" "Mac" "Doc"

Guelph, Ont.

Trinity College School, Port Hope.

G.C.

First Football Team 4, 3, 2, Captain 2.

First Hockey Team 4, 3, 2. Track 4, 2. Class Relay 4.

Minstrel Show 2.



Macaulay

WHEN in December, 1913, the press throughout Canada announced that R.M.C. would enter senior football, all interested in the game sat up and took notice. Few, if any, considered it possible for us to make good, handicapped as we were in numbers, age, coaching, and length of course. The step was a big one. The responsibility incurred by those who took it was great.

But the man at the bottom of it all saw the possibilities as well as the drawbacks of the proposition. He grasped the situation and accepted the risks. This man was Macaulay.

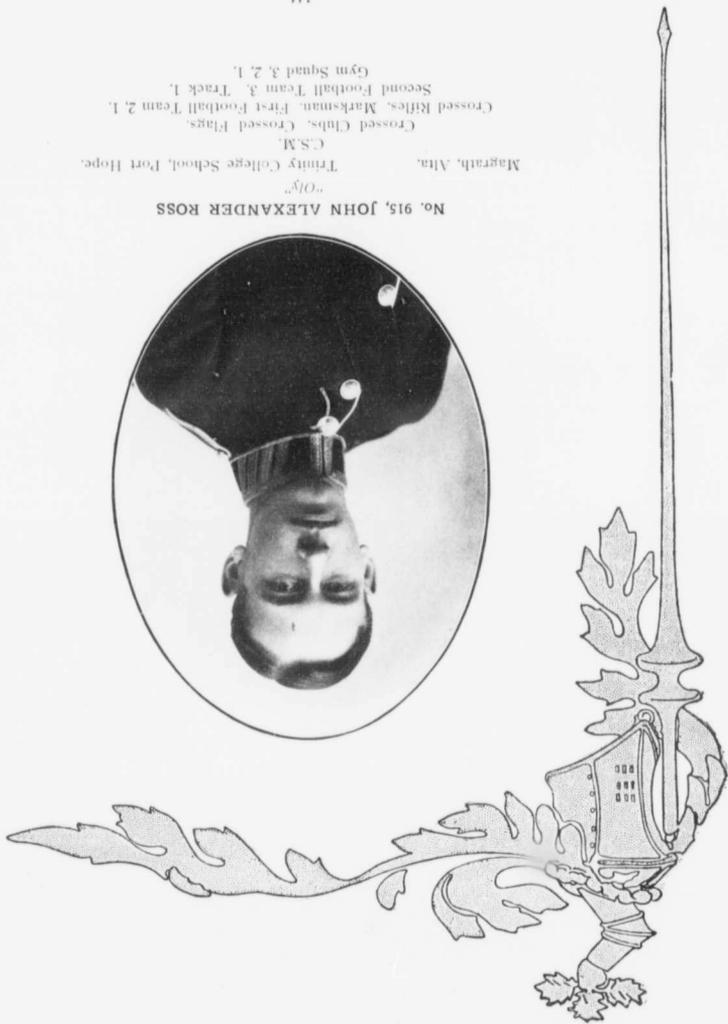
Judging by the expansive smile that usually radiates all round him, you would never accuse him of having instigated anything but a joke. But the smile is part of the bluff that he occasionally carries off, always successfully. It is especially in evidence before and after he has hurled a plate in the mess room. It is a mask for the quick man's brain behind it, which has the elemental sagacity of the savage combined with the moral make-up of what we call a "good head."

He is probably the best all round sport in the College. Football, hockey, cricket, and seamanship go to prove it, and in all these things he is a leader. We might mention here several things in which he is not a leader, calculus for instance. Never mind Mac, the man who is perfect in everything is yet to be made. Though you may be worried about your future, we're not.



Magrath, Alta. Trinity College School, Port Hope.
C.S.M.
Crossed Clubs, Crossed Flags,
Crossed Rifles, Marksman, First Football Team 2, 1,
Second Football Team 3, Track 1,
Gym Squad 3, 2, 1.

"Oly"
No. 915, JOHN ALEXANDER ROSS





Ross

ALTHOUGH Oley tells us that he punches cows out on the wild and woolly prairies of Alberta, he does not carry a six-shooter in his pocket, nor are there any hayseeds apparent in his hair. He has done nothing since he came to the College that has not brought credit upon him, and he has done a great deal.

In his first year he just missed the football team, but more than made up for this error during his second and third by turning out to be one of the best men the R. M. C. had. He has shown up in every thing he has gone into; gym, shooting, and riding being his strong points. As a rider, there are few who have gone through the College that can touch him, as he rode almost before he walked; and as a C.S.M.—just ask his company.

Oley is reserved and unassuming, but when he talks he is worth listening to. He has helped many of his classmates by a few sound words when needed. Don't think that he can't talk if he wants to. On the other hand he has a very winning way, which works wonders along a certain line and he does not hesitate to use it.

Even his winning way, however, did not help Oley much on a certain March morning when his "right" to be where he was was severely "questioned." But who could look dignified in a khaki undress and a pair of blue civilian trousers?

Since his father's illness necessitated his resigning during his final year Oley has been missed more than he would ever believe, and the assurance of respect and admiration he has left behind are the strongest tributes we can pay him.





No. 919, EDWARD ASHWORTH WHITEHEAD

"Arch"

Montreal, P.Q.

Bishops' College School.

Second Football Team 3.

Guns and Crown 3.



Whitehead

“SMILE, Arch!” they would say, and Arch would smile, to the great delight of everybody in the near vicinity. There was something the matter with that smile, or rather something infectious which made him a privileged person in that respect in our year of trial and tribulation.

It was a disappointment to him, we think, that he was only able to be here a year with us, and he can rest assured it certainly was a disappointment to us.

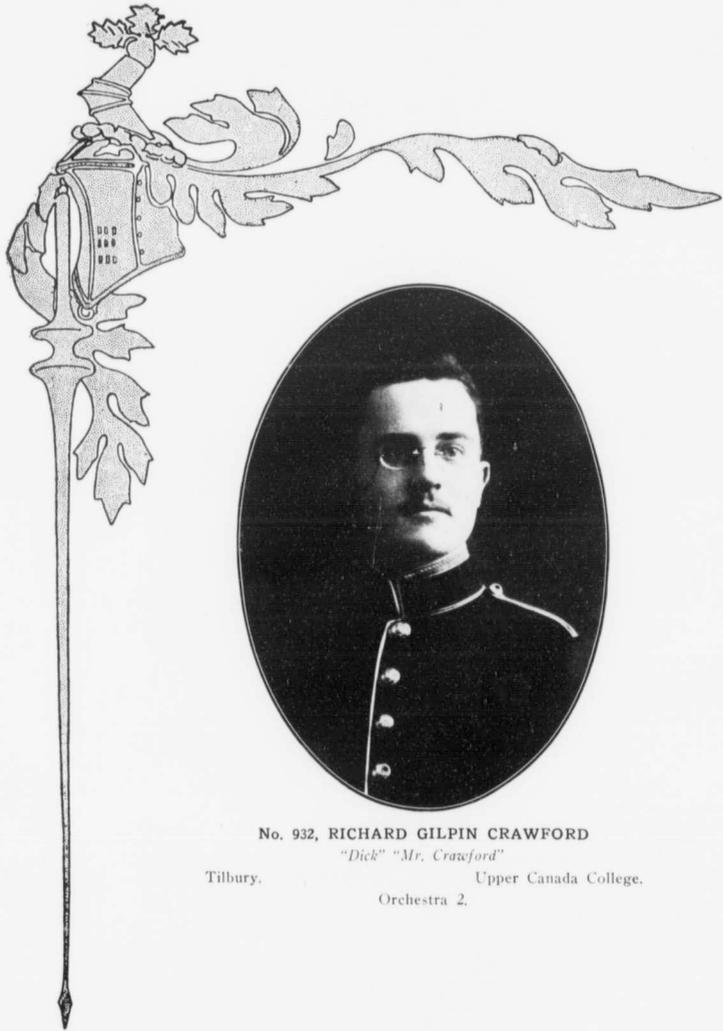
His first year's showing promised great things; rising from seventeenth to fourth place (even in this class) is something to be proud of, and wasn't somebody once heard to remark that “if he had a son like Whitehead he'd be the proudest man on earth.”

The second football team of 1911 was graced by his presence and he was right there with everything that was in him, playing through the biggest half of one of the games with a broken wrist. “Nuff said!”

Arch's chief trouble, that which collected him more than one drill in the “big” year, was his inability to make his feet behave. Frequently on church parade, or any other, (he wasn't particular as to the parades) he would be the only one in step. We cannot say with truth, however, that this ever caused him any loss of sleep.

Somebody once remarked that he possessed what Matthew Arnold terms “Harmonious Development” which, if it is anything complimentary, must be true.

We all sympathize with him in that he was unable to reap the benefits of his hard labor as a recruit, knowing what the “benefits” are, and hope that he hasn't forgotten in the wild rush of his business career that sine ${}^2A + \text{cosine } {}^2A = 1$.



No. 932, RICHARD GILPIN CRAWFORD

"Dick" "Mr. Crawford"

Tilbury.

Upper Canada College.

Orchestra 2.



Crawford

WHEN Dick turned out to our early concerts with a few reams of sheet music from which he vocalized with the air of an operatic star, we marvelled, and put him down as a prodigy. Since then he has been content to rest chiefly upon his laurels.

If driven to it he can assume the pompous demeanor of an emperor and hold it against all odds. He can ponder a weighty question with the gravity of a judge, and withhold his decision with a depth of meaning which might betoken the wisdom of Solomon. His wisdom is of the worldly type and when it comes to fooling the wily examiner he is forced to call up all his mental reserve to get across the divide.

We are apt to picture Dick to ourselves with an empty shredded wheat box on his head calling the shots of his seniors as they pot at him from various parts of the messroom. Or again we may see him carrying on a serious conversation with "Mr. Thompson," tendering "Xmas salutations" to all the latter's friends, and formally welcoming strangers at the table.

In both the Smoker and Cake Walk Mr. Crawford was among the best, never failing to draw a round of applause, and his feats on the bass violin are at least wonderful.

We have never seen him to any degree ruffled and there is no one who does not hope to see him continue his way beyond the precincts of the College as comfortably as ever.





No. 937, JOHN OWEN LEACH

"Rep"

Toronto, Ont.

Ridley College.

Second Football Team 3.
Gym Squad 3.



Leach

THE wood pussy was one of those big gentle lovable creatures commonly known as old dears. His nick names do not do him credit.

He was called "Skunk" because his brother was called "Skunk" after another "Skunk" of similar appearance. The same reasons hold for "Rep" and none of his nick names have anything to do with his character, except perhaps that he had a distressing affection for "donkey-carts."

Where athletics were in evidence Rep might be found, and he was thoroughly popular with us all. In most things he was absolutely fearless, but the moment of a force about a point instilled fear into the very marrow of his bones. His final downfall was due to an inevitable line and a well-balanced sentence conspiring against him, together with one or two graphs. Thus it came about that his recruit year was too much for him. He had failed, but being an ambitious fellow, was put in charge of a rod, perch, and pole on one of Canada's magnificent railway surveys.

John has figured in many things since then, and must, we believe, be doing well. When last heard from, he had received a rise in salary and had a bank account of \$2.01. His work had taken him to the vicinity of Hudson Bay on the H. B. R.R.

We all wish that we could have had him with us longer, for we've missed him sadly; but cheer up, one of these days our missing reptile will blow in from Heaven knows where, with the same cheery smile and the same old handshake with the request, "Got the makin's?"

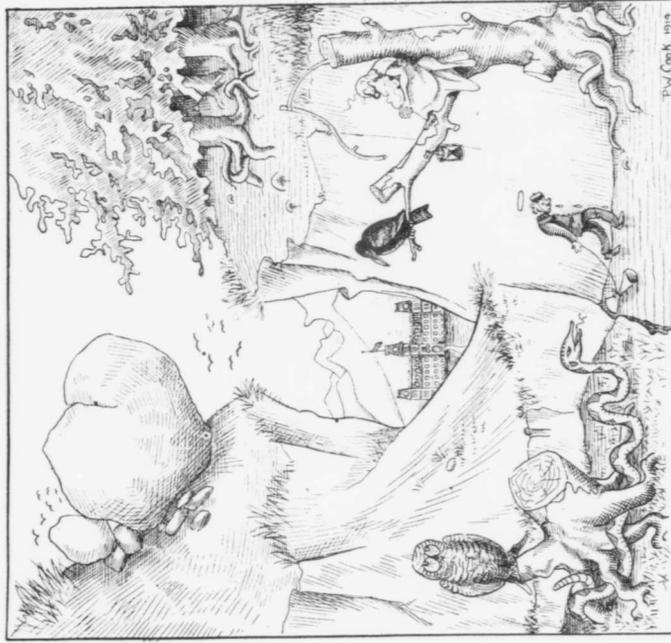


In Memoriam

No. 910, GILBERT STEWART FRY

Died 20th March, 1914

R. I. P.



P. W. Cook 1914

THE FIRST CLASS



The Graduating Class

A VALEDICTORY

INTO file, right turn; right wheel, quick march. Right wheel! halt, left turn.

Class of '14, you are now Graduates of the Royal Military College, and your paths will separate and lead into every corner of the Empire. It will be the duty of some to uphold the noblest traditions of the Army; to some, the life of the engineer will hold its attraction; to some, business will offer its possibilities, and on all, the three years spent as Cadets will have a tremendous influence, and more especially in what is called Class Spirit.

Class Spirit is distinctive of the R.M.C. in its strength and power. In reality, it is the deep friendships which are formed and which enable the Class to have unity of purpose and action. It seems to develop gradually through the hardships of the recruit year and the steady work of the second year until the dignity of the First Class is attained. Doubtless, you have vivid recollections of the first week here as raw recruits; perhaps without a friend, meeting your classmates for the first time and drilling on the barrack square, hot, weary and footsore. Then the First Class returns and fatigues started. Life seemed to be a continuous fatigue, now marking the tennis courts, now rolling the cinder track and a button stick was the most essential part of your kit. Then the winter came,—for Father Time is kindly in the first year and seems to hurry over it,—and with it, some turned out for hockey, while others spent their time in the gym. Do you remember your nervousness before the smoker and the terrors of Barwis' room? Do you remember the perfect joy of lying in your bed at 6.20 and hearing the crunching of the snow as the defaulters marched up and down. More often, however, you would be outside with them, very cold in spite of the great coat and heavy marching order. The boxing is the next event of importance, but it is not such an ordeal after all; and then follow the final examinations. Very soon, the outdoor life is over and you wear your mess kit for the first time at the June Ball. . . . The recruit year is over.

Your first year has pressed your Class together firmly and surely. The bonds of friendship have stood the test of all kinds of conditions, from defaulters and fatigues to the class-room and dances, and they have not broken. The leaders of the Class have made themselves evident and the Class has begun to act as a unit.



The autumn of your second year is much more pleasant, the work is hard, but interesting and you enjoy it; to be under discipline is not as much a weight as in your recruit year, but becomes a habit and already you are planning to excell any previous Class in your final year. You plan to have the best assault-at-arms, the most original minstrel show and the most elaborate June Ball. By the end of the year, the supremacy of the Class as a unit, in all matters of general interest, is undoubted.

The September of 1913 marked the beginning of your final year. It is the plum of your course, the goal after two years of hard work and you enjoy it as one only can when he is conscious of deep and sincere friendship about him. As the year draws to a close, you wish you did not have to leave your classmates so soon.

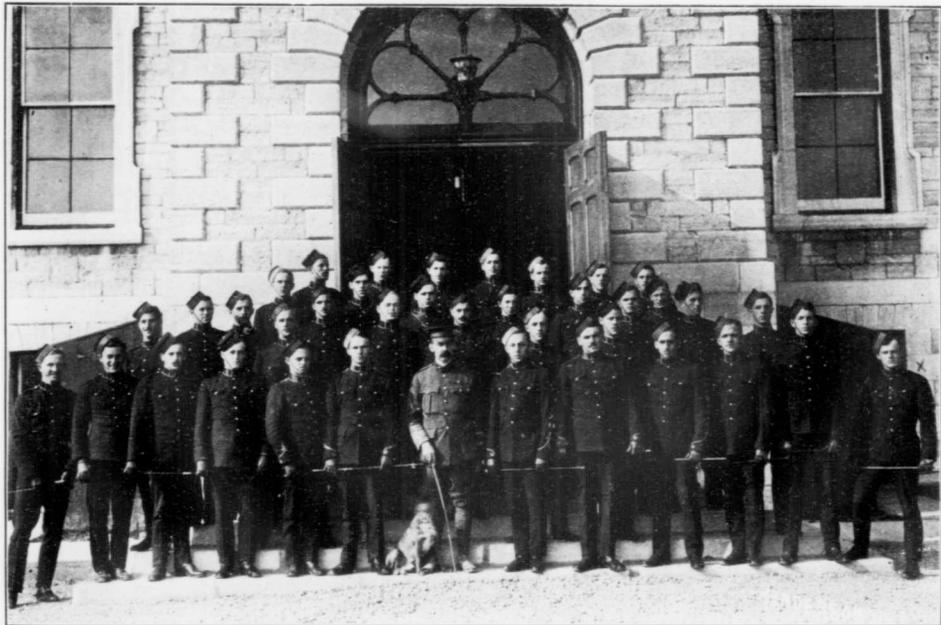
Too soon, the day of Graduation dinner arrives and then you follow the widely scattered paths which ex-cadets take. Those who enter the service may find themselves in a native regiment on the Frontier of India, or perhaps on a survey on the west coast of Africa, or in Australia or in England itself. In Canada, you will find ex-cadets from Victoria to Halifax, in every nook and corner of the Dominion.

And now you may well ask: If you are to separate to such an extent, are these deep friendships to become merely memories? Is this Class Spirit, which has developed under such unique circumstances and which has exerted such a potent force in your career at the R.M.C.—is this to die out? If it is really such a strong force, it will not become nothing, but will merely change. It must be viewed henceforth from a wider point of view, from the view of Imperialism.

Since the strongest ties of the Empire are moral rather than physical, the ties of kin and friendship, of a common tradition and a common literature, and since you scatter throughout the Empire, with the bonds of friendship drawing you all together, should you not be true Imperialists? In the future, will not each of you have an interest in every part of the Empire. In India, in Africa, in Egypt, everywhere you will think of what your Classmates are doing towards the strengthening of the British Empire.

Therefore, Class of '14, no matter what you are doing, you are charged with becoming Imperialists; you are charged with carrying out your duty towards the British Empire, and you are given the Class Spirit of '13 and '14 as a foundation.

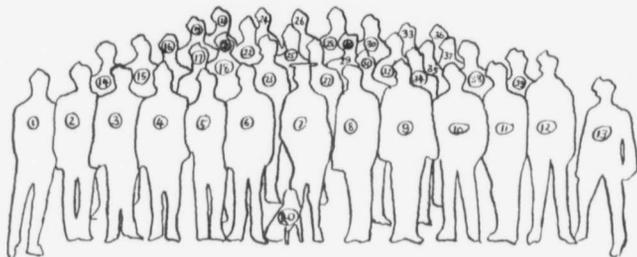
Into file, left turn, . . . left wheel, quick march, . . . left wheel, . . . halt, left turn. . . Dismiss.



THE GRADUATING CLASS, 1914.



The Graduating Class, 1914

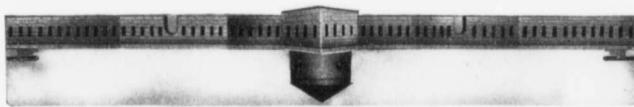
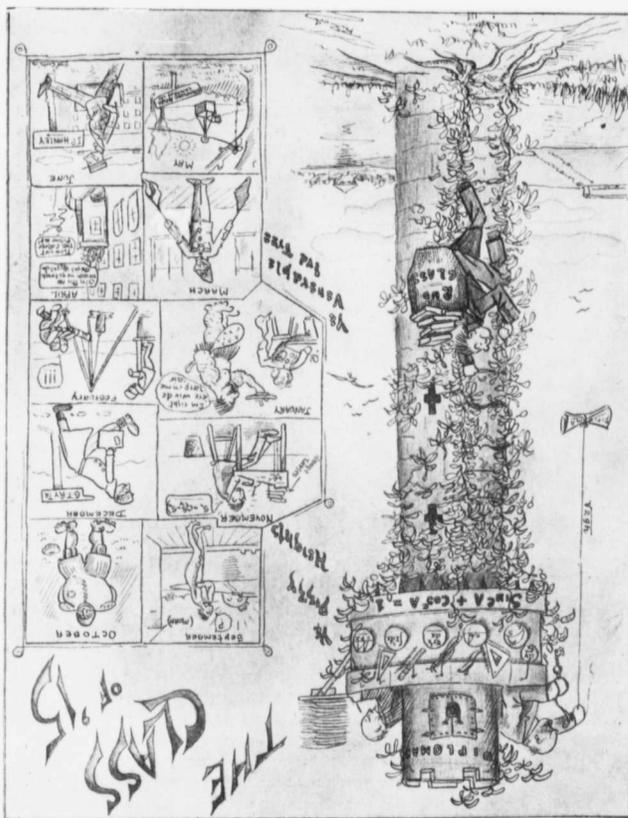


- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| No. 1. L/Cpl J. K. Cronyn. | No. 21. Sgt. C. W. A. Barwis. |
| 2. L/Cpl. F. Fyshe. | 22. L. Cpl. D. E. A. Rispin. |
| 3. L/Cpl. E. I. H. Ings. | 23. L. Cpl. A. D. Walker. |
| 4. Sgt. H. S. Matthews. | 24. L. Cpl. N. A. Sparks. |
| 5. C.S.M. L. Drummond. | 25. Cpl. F. S. Rankin. |
| 6. B.S.M. C. B. R. Macdonald. | 26. L. Cpl. J. F. Preston. |
| 7. Major A. J. Wolfe. | 27. L. Cpl. H. O. Wilkins. |
| 8. C.S.M. C. V. Strong. | 28. L. Cpl. D. C. Greey. |
| 9. C.S.M. J. H. Roberts. | 29. Cpl. J. S. B. Macpherson. |
| 10. C.S.M. C. V. Fessenden. | 30. Cpl. W. H. Vandersmissen. |
| 11. Sgt. W. F. Hadley. | 31. L/Cpl. W. G. Kerr. |
| 12. L/Cpl. H. McC. Ince. | 32. Cpl. J. O. B. St. Laurent. |
| 13. L/Cpl. B. D. Rogers. | 33. L/Cpl. C. B. Pitblado. |
| 14. L/Cpl. H. S. Parker. | 34. Sgt. B. H. T. MacKenzie. |
| 15. Cpl. F. M. Gibson. | 35. Cpl. L. K. Greene. |
| 16. Cpl. D. A. Kittermaster. | 36. Sgt. R. L. Smythe. |
| 17. L/Cpl. A. H. Morphy. | 37. L/Cpl. A. McGoun. |
| 18. Cpl. W. H. Shoenberger. | 38. Sgt. J. A. Dennistoun. |
| 19. I/Cpl. H. H. Blake. | 39. Sgt. E. O. McMurtry. |
| 20. "Fritz." | |

Absent from Parade:—

Sgt. I. R. R. MacNaughton.







The Second Class

THE first of September, 1913, saw every member of the Second Class trooping back to Kingston, their heads held high and chests out as they strutted up and down Princess Street proud of the title of Second Classmen. Then at the College where those inferior people called recruits were busy carrying trunks, running messages, and indulging in the various pastimes, of which the Second Class have vivid recollections, they walked majestically across the parade, waved their hand with a dignified, "Go ahead," to the recruit who stood waiting at the door, casually picked up valises or boxes from the pile and made their way to their rooms. Everyone was happy, back with the Class once more, and even the dark, gloomy, and dreaded ordeals of last year assumed a rosy tint. The bare rooms, now graced by the presence of wardrobes, seemed like those of the most beautiful palace, the window ledges like cushioned thrones, and the beds were far better than home ones.

You wandered into a recruit's room, and experienced a pleasant thrill as he jumped to his feet to receive you, or dived into his pockets to offer you matches. You then settled into the most comfortable place in the room, the middle of his bed, or the edge of his table, and like a king to his subjects, give fatherly advice in a most disinterested matter-of-fact manner to a crowd of gaping, attentive new-comers; until a shout of, "Somebody come here," sends them flying to the door, while you, after the crowd has passed, wend your way along the hall. But woe to the foolish one who forgets himself to such an extent as to accompany that mad rush to the door, and stand stiff at attention before the almighty senior. His dignity is crushed. Let him hide his face.

Then comes the first meal in the old mess-room. But what a change from the last one. The long, glistening tables, the waiting servants, all tend to create the impression of a palatial dining-hall. The tough roast beef that night was like ambrosia from the gods, and the boiled water and "paralyzed" milk like pure nectar. You now sit near the head of the table and watch the recruits cutting bread and pouring water at the middle, eating what they can between times. And then, there was the Second Class Reading Room where you could sit and lounge, play the pianola, learn the tango, and become more or less acquainted with the news of the day from the great collection of newspapers.

The pleasing picture still continued the next morning, when we awakened with the shout of "Swimming Parade," and, half asleep, took the shortest route to the lake and out again, and were ready for the day's work. Those were happy days that followed, each one seeing some novelty develop which last year we watched longingly from a distance. On the rides we were entitled to the use of saddles, and what a smart troop of cavalry we were (when in Kingston). What about the jumping? It is better left unsaid. Then with a haversack across our shoulders and Kerrison's lunch in our pockets, we would start out for the day, provided with theodolites, levels, and chains, for



the survey of Barriefield Common. There was always an argument as to who should use the instrument and who would have to drag the chain. During the first week it was half an hour off for lunch, and then back to work again. Chasing the elusive contour, or looking for pegs that were never where they ought to have been. That was when we were young and foolish, but the time soon came when lunch was prolonged into a much longer meal than the extent of the provisions would ordinarily permit.

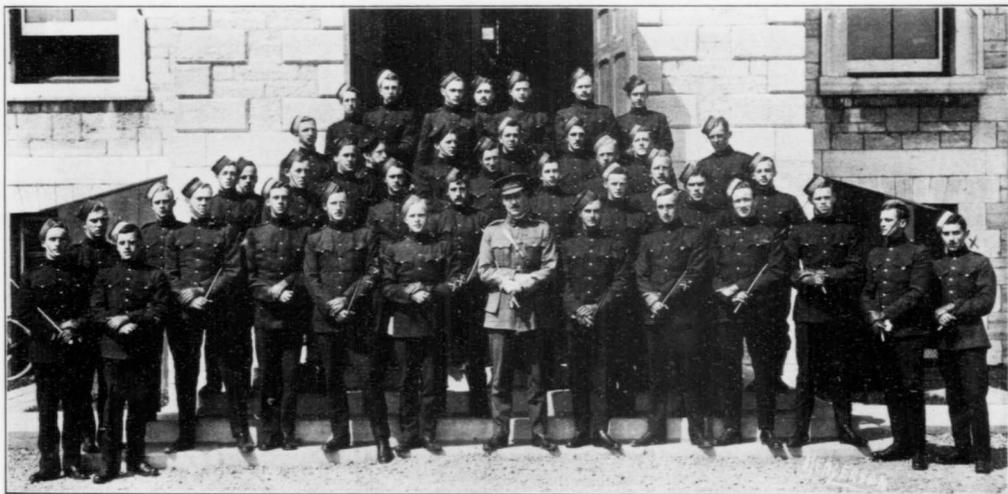
Unfortunately such pleasant sensations can never last, and the wonderful Second Class soon found that they must take a step down from their high throne, and continue to clean their boots, shine their buttons for dinner parade, and make their beds in the morning. The novelty of Field Sketching and Surveying, especially chaining the same lines over and over again, soon wore off. We soon found that life was not all pleasure and enjoyment and that there was a solid month's work ahead of us.

But we would have implored September to stay forever, if our then innocent minds could only have conceived what was to come. Like a whirlwind it was upon us, and we were soon blown about like chips on the seas of Analytical Geometry, Calculus and Spherical Trig. Some foundered for a while, then swam safely back to shore, while others more stunned by the shock slowly recovered the "equilibrium of floating bodies," and were piloted back by the "method of integration." How we were going to enjoy doing that Survey Plan and Military Engineering project, but before many months had passed, and when half holidays were beginning to be spent in the class-room, we realized the folly of our ideals, and made good resolutions for the future.

But there is a better time coming, the goal of our ambitions of a year ago.

Six weeks more and we shall be Seniors. The dreaded final exams are now buried in oblivion—until the results come out. With a certain amount of pleasure we see the prospective Gentlemen Cadets, our recruits to be, worrying over their examinations, happy in their ignorance, and many are the chats and consultations held over the grand times that are to be next year.

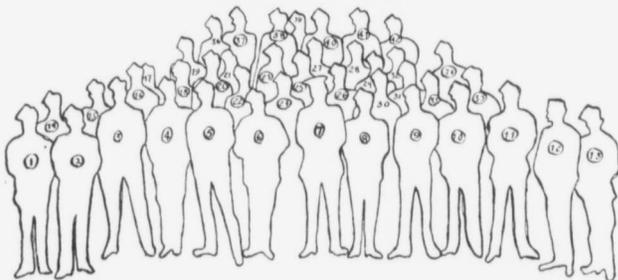




THE SECOND CLASS.



The Second Class.



- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------|
| No. 1. G.C. White. | No. 22. G.C. Ridout. |
| 2. " Fisken | 23. " Bishop (W. A.). |
| 3. " Bishop (A. L.). | 24. " Dobbie. |
| 4. " Crawford. | 25. " Morton. |
| 5. " Clarke. | 26. " Ahern. |
| 6. L/Cpl. Greenwood. | 27. " Palmer. |
| 7. Major C. N. Perreau, R.D.F. | 28. " Sircom |
| 8. L/Cpl. Brooks. | 29. " Reid (L. A.). |
| 9. G.C. Cooke. | 30. " Brown. |
| 10. " Mackeen | 31. " Stratford. |
| 11. " Oxley. | 32. " Strubbe. |
| 12. " Tidswell. | 33. " Leask. |
| 13. " Lethbridge | 34. " Ashcroft. |
| 14. " Macaulay. | 35. " Cassels. |
| 15. " Nelles. | 36. " Dodwell. |
| 16. " Davis. | 37. " Howard. |
| 17. " Ferguson-Davie. | 38. " Hale. |
| 18. " Atwood. | 39. " Reid (E. N.). |
| 19. " Maunsell. | 40. " Penhale. |
| 20. " Lemesurier. | 41. " McQueen. |
| 21. " Thérien. | 42. " Adair. |

AND
WORK MUCH EAT LITTLE



THE THIRD CLASS.



The Third Class.

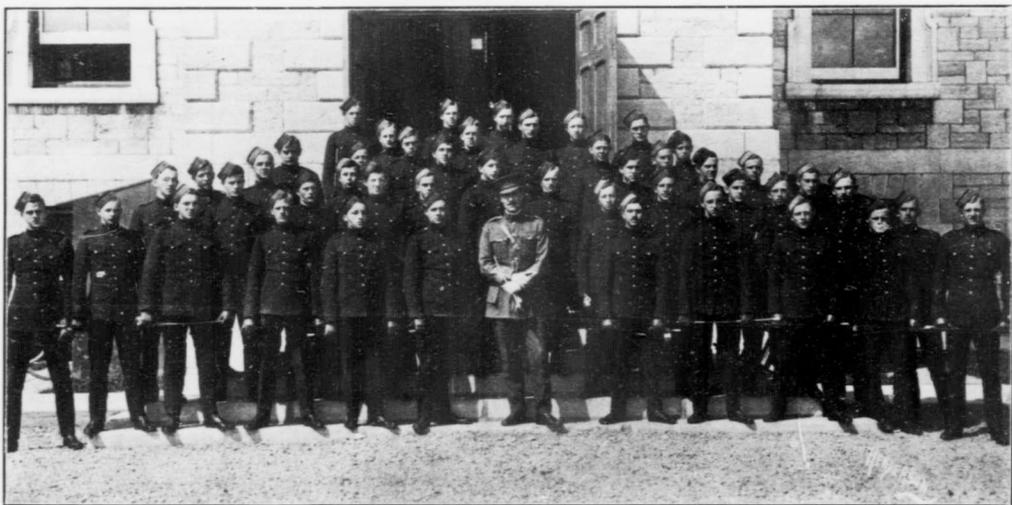


IKE all recruit classes we commenced our military career with a week here by ourselves. What a week that was! Drills, drills, drills, comprised of foot-slogging on the square varied by long hours of gym. However, after about the third day we began to get hardened to it and before the week was over we were quite looking forward to the arrival of the rest of the College. In due time they arrived, and the life after that was not what we imagined it would be. During the first two or three weeks we needed a great deal of "coaching" from "our superiors," but we soon learnt what we were supposed to do and also were able to distinguish between the Commandant and the bugler, and to regulate our salutes accordingly. However, before this was brought about the bugler and his respective friends, including Bill Stanbridge, might be seen walking round with great pomp, owing, no doubt, to the numerous salutations they received.

From this time on we began to enjoy life and to take an interest in such things as the obstacle race and the celebration of Guy Fawke's day, after the latter was over. The days were long and the work hard but through them all we had the hope of putting some worthy senior in the lake at night, so we did not mind them. Before we knew it Christmas was here and we went away for our first holidays, greatly filled with our own importance.

We returned from the Christmas holidays with several non-regulation articles of kit, including dresses, wigs and other stage properties, because during this term we were to prove our ability as actors. First there was the Smoker. It took a great deal of time in rehearsals but it was worth it, because on the night of the performance the N.C.O. room was at our disposal and not in the way it used to be before Christmas. Soon after the Smoker we began work on the cake walk and although it took a great deal of time we were amply repaid by the results. There were only two cakes given, but we managed to wrest one of them from the avaricious hands of the First and Second Classes.

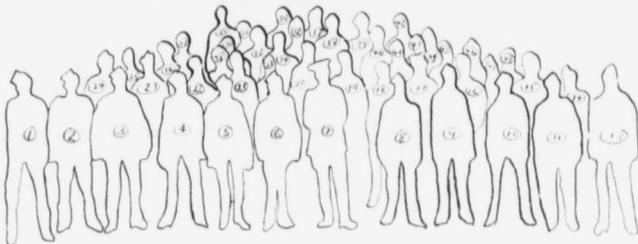
The winter term was not all acting, though, as there was a great deal of work, such as freezing the rink, taking care of the slide and shovelling the lake, which unfortunately fell upon the heads of the recruits. However these things are over and no longer will such speeches as "Third Class, turn out for fatigue right away" or "There will be a First Class meeting immediately after dinner" bother us. When these notices are given we will merely smile and offer future recruits our sympathy.



THE THIRD CLASS.



The Third Class



- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| No. 1. G.C. Chestnut. | No. 26. G.C. Stewart. |
| 2. " Duff-Stuart. | 27. " Murchie. |
| 3. " Stone. | 28. " Parkin. |
| 4. " Fawcett. | 29. " Morris. |
| 5. " Hadrill. | 30. " Mitchell. |
| 6. " Panet. | 31. " Carruthers. |
| 7. Major C. N. Perreau, R.D.F. | 32. " Boulter. |
| 8. G.C. Townesend. | 33. " Grant. |
| 9. " Reid (G.). | 34. " Fitz-Randolph. |
| 10. " Cochran. | 35. " Roberts. |
| 11. " Wardrope. | 36. " Gibson. |
| 13. " Arnoldi. | 37. " Pemberton. |
| 14. " Starr. | 38. " Cook (S. V.). |
| 15. " Scott. | 39. " Williams-Taylor. |
| 16. " Thompson. | 40. " Turnbull. |
| 17. " Crerar. | 41. " Ross. |
| 18. " Pelletier. | 42. " Campbell. |
| 19. " Wurtele. | 43. " Genet. |
| 20. " Boger. | 44. " Tatlow. |
| 22. " Giles. | 45. " Tinling. |
| 23. " Avery. | 46. " Brownfield. |
| 24. " Morrison. | 47. " Gooderham. |
| 25. " Harrower. | 48. " Holmes. |



Diary of the Class

1911.

- Mon., Aug. 28.—Arrival of the Class in the Limestone City. Commandant and staff were not at the station to meet us, as expected. First recruit to arrive mistakes storeman Jock Mackenzie for Field Marshal.
- Tues., Aug. 29.—Rogers, Greey and others go on defaulters.
- Tues., Aug. 29 to Mon., Sept. 4.—The "First Week." Doubling parades and foot-slogging and other worries. Half of the First Class back to take French sup. ^{T₁}
- Mon., Sept. 4.—Arrival of remainder of battalion. Our first experience at baggage-smashing. ^{T₂}
- Thurs., Sept. 7.—Initiation into the mysteries of M. E. notable "Field Fortifications" (Civ. Term, "ditch-digging"). ^{T₃}
- Tues., Sept. 12.—"Sandy" Macpherson mounts "Johnny" from wrong end and breaks shoulder bone. ^{A. (18)}
- Wed., Sept. 13.—We feel conspicuous in "recs."
- Sat., Sept. 16.—Aquatic sports.
- Tues., Sept. 19.—Class divided into two for easier handling in lectures on English.
- Wed., Oct. 4.—Field Sports. Cronyn (3rd Class) wins the challenge bugle.
- Sat., Oct. 7.—R.M.C. vs Queen's in football. Close game ends in score of 83-0 for College.
- Thurs., Oct. 12.—Intercollegiate tennis commences.
- Fri., Oct. 13.—R.M.C. wins same. Team—Rhodes, Macdonald, Carruthers and Green. "Bunty" Thompson organizes the Horse Marines on the top flat.
- Wed., Oct. 18.—R.M.C. II defeats K.C.I. 44-2. Seniors provide entertainment for recruits at Fort Frederick.
- Sat., Oct. 21.—R.M.C. II defeats K.C.I. 36-14. R.M.C. I defeats McGill II 35-11.
- Mon., Oct. 23.—J. A. Dennistoun and J. A. Ross unceremoniously deposed from exalted position of M. E. Squad Commanders.
- Tues., Oct. 24.—Whistle system installed on bottom flat. Two for whisk, three for time, &c.

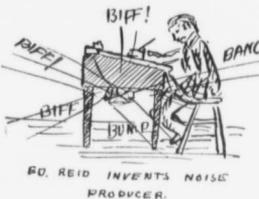




- Wed., Oct. 25.—R.M.C. vs Queen's III, win by 19-7.
Fri., Oct. 27.—R.M.C. II lose to Queen's III, 10-6, but win the round by points.
Sat., Oct. 28.—Thanksgiving holidays. Expressions of thanksgiving heard from all recruits. R.M.C. lose to Queen's I.
Tues., Oct. 31.—Holidays end. Back to the mill.
Fri., Nov. 3.—Two teams leave for Toronto.
Sat., Nov. 4.—First team beats Varsity II, 23-18. Seconds beat Varsity III, 4-3.
Wed., Nov. 8.—First of the first-aid lectures. Interesting but hardly welcome on Wednesday afternoon.
Sat., Nov. 11.—R.M.C. beats Varsity III, 13-10, securing Junior Intercollegiate championship. R.M.C. I loses to Varsity II by 19-17, but wins round by three points.
Sun., Nov. 12.—"Arch" Whitehead discovers wrist was broken in yesterday's game!
Mon., Nov. 13.—First College dance. Recruits decorate doorway, ornamental though hardly useful.
Wed., Nov. 15.—Major Perreau takes over duties as Staff Adjutant from Capt. Kaulback.
Wed., Nov. 22.—"B" company wins cross country, Greene (3rd Class) arriving first.
Fri., Nov. 24.—Both football teams leave for Montreal.
Sat., Nov. 25.—R.M.C. I defeat M.A.A.A. II, 26-5. R.M.C. II defeat M.A.A.A. III, 17-16, ten minutes extra time.
Thurs., Nov. 30.—H. S. Parker forgets to return a jug.
Sat., Dec. 2.—Visit of Field Marshal H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada. First team defeats Hamilton "Tigers," 10-9, winning Dominion Intermediate Intercollegiate championship.
Sat., Dec. 2 to Sun., Dec. 3.—Lid's off.
Fri., Dec. 8.—Memorable trip of seconds to Petrolia. Seconds lose to Petrolia, 27-12.
Mon., Dec. 11.—^{T₉}_{A(1911)}.
Tues., Dec. 19.—First of the thousand and one slide fatigues. Christmas dance held.
Wed., Dec. 20.—Commencement of Christmas holidays.
1912.
Thur., Jan. 4.—From the sublime to the ridiculous.
Fri., Jan. 5.—Competition of weather bureau verses Third Class, as regards snow on the rink.
Wed., Jan. 7.—^{T₉}_{A(1911)}. "Voluntary?" gym commences.
Wed., Feb. 14.—Gymkhana, Cadets vs. Ladies of Kingston in hockey.
Sat., Feb. 17.—R.M.C. I vs McGill II, 7-2.



- Mon., Feb. 19.—Third College dance.
- Tues., Feb. 20.—Auction sale on top flat, MacDonald officiating (the mouthy b - - - r). Full enjoyment of lecture period marred by untimely arrival of Commandant and Adjutant.
- Tues., Feb. 27.—Ed. Reid becomes famous by brushing teeth while crossing parade ground, using snow as lubricant.
- Mon., Mar. 4.—Ed. Reid invents noise-producer as attachment to desk.
- Fri., Mar. 8.—Hockey championship won. Removal of lid.
- Sat., Mar. 9.—Return of lid and cessation of "voluntary" gym.
- Fri., Mar. 15.—Successful "cake-walk" held.
- Fri., Mar. 22.—First bouts of the boxing.
- Mon., Mar. 26.—Macaulay disqualified. Ross hammers Matthews' broken nose to a finish.
- Wed., Mar. 27.—Finals in boxing in morning. Successful assault-at-arms to follow.
- Sat., April 3.—Ron. Sutherland joins the G. C. Club.
- Fri., April 5.—Easter Holidays start.
- Tues., April 9.—Finish of same.
- Wed., April 24.—Pow-wow at Fort Frederick.
- Sun., April 28.—Vandersmissen discovers voice. Earns title of Caruso.
- Mon., June 3.—The Feu-de-joie.
- Sat., June 8.—Commencement of June Ball fatigues.
- Mon., June 10.—First recruit walks across parade. June 10, to June 16.—June Ball Fatigues.
- Mon., June 17.—The June Ball.
- Tues., June 18.—General clean-up.
- Wed., June 19.—Diploma Day; Liberté, Egalité et Fraternité.
- Mon., Sept. 21.—SECOND CLASS! return to the College minus "Rep" Leach.
- Sat., Sept. 14.—Aquatic sports.
- Mon., Sept. 16.—"Arch" Whitehead leaves us.
- Wed., Sept. 18.—"Having in his possession kit, the property of another, &c., &c.," causes a few to join the afternoon walkers.
- Sat., Sept. 28.—Field sports held. Cronyn defends the bugle.
- Sun., Sept. 29.—"Prayer for rain" answered at last—for the first time since joining.
- Fri., Oct. 4.—Heroic? rescue of one of the Superior Staff from immersion in Navy Bay, by Hadley.





Wed., Oct. 9.—Greenwood (Third Class) wins the cross country.
Sat., Oct. 12.—R.M.C. I defeats McGill II, 43-0.
Tues., Oct. 15.—College commences shifting girders. Union hours not recognized.
Wed., Oct. 16.—R.M.C. I beat Queen's II, 24-0.
Tues., Oct. 22.—R.M.C. II beat Queen's III, 12-2.
Wed., Oct. 23.—R.M.C. I beat Queen's II, 26-4.
Sat., Oct. 26.—R.M.C. I beat McGill II, 15-2. Commencement of Thanksgiving leave.
Tues., Oct. 29.—Finish of same.
Wed., Oct. 30.—Thanksgiving dance.
Sat., Nov. 2.—Exhibition game against Varsity, with view towards entering Senior C.I.R.F.U. for 1913-14. Lost, 35-21.
Sat., Nov. 9.—R.M.C. I beat Varsity II, 46-1.
Sat., Nov. 30.—Hamilton game. Lost, 18-40.
Tues., Dec. 12.—Opening bars of Smoker and Cake-Walk.
Fri., Dec. 20.—Christmas dance.
Sat., Dec. 21.—Christmas holidays commence.

1913.

Mon., Jan. 6.—Arrived back from Christmas leave, sadder and poorer men.
Fri., Jan. 10.—My Lord the Duke, with others, put on R.P. for 'Xmas exams.
Mon., Jan. 20.—Prof. I. E. Martin's Anti-Swearing League turned down.
Tues., Jan. 21.—Third Class Smoker, grand show! "Miss" Cassels, as a chorus girl, makes the hit of the evening.
Wed., Jan. 22.—One of us gets 28 C.B. today! What for? Why for helping out Prof. Cochrane with a difficult experiment.
Thurs., Jan. 23.—The "Sporting Major" expounds his theories regarding a "ten to fifteen page" essay for the G.C.'s of the Second Class, on "The Development of Linear Tactics." Needless to say the idea is not very cordially received.
Thurs., Jan. 30.—The Major says what he thinks of the remarkably similar two-page essays handed in, and demands an essay of not less than 3,000 words inside fourteen days.
Wed. Feb. 5.—Ash Wednesday.
Fri., Feb. 7.—First performance of the Minstrel Show at Rockwood Asylum. Jimmie Cronyn the unanimous favorite of the esteemed inmates.
Tues., Feb. 11.—The Minstrel Show?
Wed., Feb. 12.—Hockey: R.M.C., 7; Queen's II, 5. (The coming "Charles Dickens" and "R. L. Stevenson" still working on their young book for the Major.)



- Fri., Feb. 14.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught spends the morning at the College and finds everything all correct (but what is much more important, we get a half holiday).
- Wed., Feb. 19.—Hockey: R.M.C., 7; McGill II, 4.
- Sat., Mar. 1.—The Fat Boy still being removed from his cosy room and put in the bath, daily at 5.30 a.m., by Fernie Gendron, Charlie Slater and their faithful henchmen.
- Thurs., Mar. 6.—Big rush on the Hospital (cut it out Kerrison!!).
- Fri., Mar. 7.—Boxing preliminaries. K-K-Kitt, bent on a charitable mission into the Hospital, pinched by Tim, sifted 10 C.B.
- Wed., Mar. 12.—Boxing finals and assault-at-arms. Part of the "Red Widow" Coy. visit the College in the afternoon to look the place over.
- Sat., Mar. 15.—Hockey (in Toronto): R.M.C., 8; McMaster, 1. Winning Intermediate championship of Canada.
- Mon., Mar. 17.—St. Patrick's Day and the big day for the Third Class. Cake-walk in the evening.
- Thurs., Mar. 20.—Easter leave started, away from Kingston on the midnight.
- Tues., Mar. 25.—Easter leave over. Help! Finals start on the 28th proximo!
- Mon., Mar. 31.—College Dance.
- Tues., April 1.—April Fools' Day, and we fooled them by not having any First Drill.
- Mon., April 14.—Summer time-table starts.
- Sat., April 26.—Last Mathematical attendance with Prof. Martin. There was weeping and gnashing of teeth.
- Mon., April 28.—The Big Day arrives at last. Everybody in the Class nearly off their head working for the exams, which started today.
- Mon., April 28 to Wed., May 7.—We'll draw a veil over this little period, thank you!!! Having just digested nine exams, for graduation into the First Class.
- Thurs., May 8.—Our little jaunts into the surrounding country begin; Field Sketching, Survey, and Reconnaissance. Some very pleasant outings in view.
- Sat., Sun. and Mon., May 24, 25, and 26.—Holiday; College practically deserted; picnics, canoe-trips, etc. We win a game of baseball from the Third Class the morning of the 26th. Tea parade much appreciated by the Barrack Orderlies and the Orderly Sergeant.
- Fri., May 30.—Big night!!! Stables on fire and over 100 horses rescued by Teddy Huggins. Many of the Class, including Hughie Ince, displayed conspicuous gallantry.
- Tues., June 3.—King's Birthday. Paraded in the dust of Kingston and fired a feu-de-joie, assisted by the Battery and the 14th P.W.O.R. Much needed holiday in the afternoon.



- Thurs., June 5.—Exams. completely finished at last, Survey and Chemistry putting a finishing touch to the year. Peter Fessenden collected a few more decorations by today's orders.
- Mon., June 9.—Many surprises today for all concerned. Stripes were read out and all previous lists called off.
- Fri., June 13.—Iva's prophecies fulfilled and the drops made known; incidentally the standing of the lucky ones.
- Sun., June 15.—Dean Starr talked to the First Class this morning. Good sleep for the weary ones of the congregation.
- Mon., June 16.—Mounted sports—very successful. The Second Class played tag and jumped on numnahs. Eric Ings won the cup.
- Tues., June 17.—Officers had big dinner for Col. Crowe and Majors Shine and Sedgwick. College turned out to give them a send-off. Major Shine's seven word speech the feature of the evening.
- Wed., June 18.—Diploma Day! We were thoroughly inspected in all departments by Sir Ian Hamilton, after which the First Class were given their pieces of paper they'd been trying to get for three years. A few prizes were scattered around also.
- Thurs., June 19.—We said good-bye to the First Class who stayed over for the Graduation dinner. It would be hard to find a better bunch of fellows anywhere and it was mighty hard to say good-bye to the crowd.
- Mon., Aug. 25.—The recruits joined and the four burnt offerings were sent (Linley, Shoem, Blake and E. O. McMurtry).
- Mon., Sept. 1.—All the boys back now and ready to sail the great year.
- Tues., Sept. 2.—First drill of the year—a ride.
- Tues., Sept. 9.—Football begins in dead earnest.
- Sun., Sept. 21.—No church parade owing to rain. Captain Heyman established new record for mess room service, 3 mins., 55 3/5 secs.; all stops for breath included.
- Mon., Sept. 22.—Preliminaries of aquatic sports, looks like a clean-up for the First Class.
- Fri., Sept. 26.—Finals of aquatic sports attended by the usual deputation from town—a clean-up for the First Class.
- Fri., Oct. 3.—Sports day preliminaries.
- Sat., Oct. 4.—Very successful field sports. Officers compliment all concerned on the excellent manner in which all arrangements were carried out, and everyone pleased with himself. Kitter wins the bugle, and certainly deserves it.



- Mon., Oct. 6.—Winter time-table with new arrangements for evening study, i.e., Study 2-3; Drill 3.05-4; Study in rooms 8.30-9.30; Dinner in blue.
- Sat., Oct. 11.—First game in Senior football, R.M.C. 15, Varsity 14. College goes wild, and team returns amid great rejoicing. Varsity team over to dinner and are given small show.
- Sat., Oct. 18.—R.M.C., 15; Queen's, 6. More joy, and everybody goes away on Thanksgiving leave happy.
- Wednesday, Oct. 22.—Back at réveillé, very much all in and unhappy.
- Sat., Oct. 25.—R.M.C., 7; McGill, 30. Not so much joy, but a good game. McGill enjoyed themselves hugely at the dinner over at the College.
- Tues., Oct. 28.—Big run on the hospital. Cross country run very much enjoyed by all taking part.
- Sat., Nov. 1.—R.M.C., 17; Varsity, 36. Varsity got its revenge in Toronto. Our fellows had a fine dinner at McConkey's and enjoyed "The Whip."
- Tues., Nov. 4.—"A" and "B" companies had a little debate, very intellectual.
- Sat., Nov. 8.—R.M.C., 12; McGill, 48; in Montreal; game very spectacular and drew a very large crowd. Team entertained by McGill and by R.M.C. Clubs.
- Sat., Nov. 21.—R.M.C., 3; Queen's, 14. Last game. An accident somewhere. Queen's hold a parade in which they perpetrate a funny joke at our expense—great.
- Sat., Nov. 22.—The long looked for Class Rings arrive.
- Tues., Nov. 25.—Debate: First vs. Second Class. Second Class won.
- Wed., Nov. 26.—Dance—First of the year and most enjoyable; dance committee cover themselves with glory.
- Mon., Dec. 1.—Oly Ross left us and we lost one of the best in the Class. We were all sorry to see him go, and wait till he comes back!!
- Tues., Dec. 2.—First Class spent all yesterday borrowing paints and luridly colored chalks for the M.E. Final today. Many beautiful papers handed in. Robert's looked like a futurist picture.
- Thurs., Dec. 4.—Arrival of Capt. Meldon; the band did not turn out.
- Wed., Dec. 10.—Lady Ada Walker's Ball the social event of the year. Great success and dancing enjoyed until a late hour. Sousa's band supplied the music and the chefs of the Royal, the food.
- Thurs., Dec. 11.—Colonel L. R. Carleton, D.S.O., new Commandant, arrives.
- Wed., Dec. 17.—We had "heat" for the last time today. Final exam, much sorrow, and books being framed as souvenirs.
- Thurs., Dec. 18.—'Xmas dance. Best dance in history of the College. People from outside places out in large numbers, more joy, and bills for the much harassed dance committee.
- Fri., Dec. 19.—Home for 'Xmas; 'Nuff said.



1914.

- Mon., Jan. 8—Everyone back again. Who to hell said the best part of going away was the coming back. That girl on the train sure had remarkable eyes.
- Tues., Jan. 9—One regulation G. D. C. E. exam.
- Fri., Jan. 16—Bachelors' Ball.
- Sat., Jan. 17—Pinched.
- Sun., Jan. 18—Ings walks in his sleep.
- Mon., Jan. 19—Ings walks otherwise than in his sleep.
- Tues., Jan. 20—The Strange Case of the Missing Pulpit. Detective Merchant with a Magnifying Glass of Focal Length 10 inches searches for the Missing Article. N.C.O's enjoy roaring Fire in Reading Room.
- Mon., Jan. 16—Third Class break all records in their Smoker. Ings still walks.
- Tues., Jan. 27—First team ties with Queen's II, a good game.
- Wed., Feb. 4—7 to 3 this time. Ings walks on.
- Tues., Feb. 10—Charity Ball.
- Thurs., Feb. 12—Minstrel Show proceeds to amuse the Rockwood inmates, and vice versa.
- Tues., Feb. 17—First team plays McGill at Brockville for the semi-final. Half of Kingston's fair sex migrates. R.M.C. wins 10-5.
- Thurs., Feb. 19—Minstrel Show runs off smoothly.
- Fri., Feb. 20—Pre-lenten dance.
- Mon., Feb. 23—New time-table commences. Drill before breakfast.
- Sat., Feb. 28—Won from Varsity, 6-2, at Toronto. Bass enjoys the trip.
- Sun., Feb. 29—G.T.R. arranges snow storm, and some people feel the cold.
- Mon., Feb. 30—Snow still drifts. Has anybody here seen Kelly?
- Thurs., Mar. 6—Lost to Varsity, 4-2, but win championship on points.
- Tues., Mar. 10—16 G.C's assume dignity of Lance Corporals.
- Mon., Mar. 20—"B" Company wins the inter-company hockey.
- Tues., April 3—Boxing preliminaries speak well for the Class of '16.
- Mon., April 6—Semi-finals in boxing. Finals to take place after Easter.
- Wed., April 8—Easter leave
- Thurs., April 14— ends.
- Tues., April 21—Boxing finals.
- Thurs., April 23—Some people commence work.
- Thurs., April 30—Artillery and Horse Management. Swampy says he got through.
- Fri., May 1—French and Tactics. Swampy says he got through.
- Sat., May 2—Railway Construction I. Swampy thinks he got through.
- Mon., May 4—Railway II and Hydraulics. Swampy thinks he got 60.
- Tues., May 5—Graphic Statics and Military History. Swampy guesses he passed.



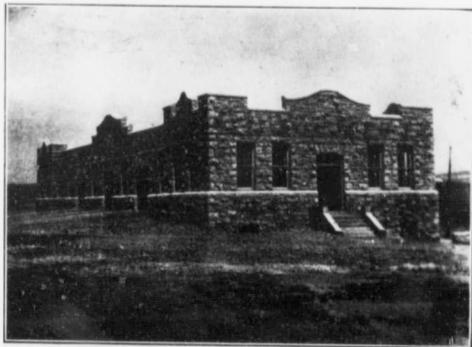
- Wed., May 6—Electricity. Swampy says he got through.
Thurs., May 8—Properties of Materials and Engineering. Swampy through, he says.
Fri., May 9—Steam. Swampy passes, he thinks.
Mon., May 11—C. E. oral. Swampy passes.
Sun., May 24—Sandhurst revolver team fails to keep last year's record.
Wed., May 27—Chemistry, Survey and a Yacht Club dance. Swampy gets through all of them.
Fri., May 29—Grad. dinner will be dry.
Mon., June 1—The last lap.
Tues., June 2—Visit of the Royal party, and general entertainments.
Wed., June 3—Providence provided rain until the parade was called off and then a clear day.
Thurs., June 4—Final in Reconnaissance in the darndest rain storm ever. Professor Butler's initial picnic. Swampy passes both.
Wed., June 10—Mounted Sports a big success.
Sat., June 13—Many leave for the camps.
Mon., June 16—Lid comes off for this year.
Wed., June 24—Diploma Day. Swampy IS through.
Thurs., June 25—Grad. dinner.



"Oh You Chicken-Pox."



The New Dormitory Building.



The New Gun Park and M. E. Stores.



THE SERGEANT MAJORS.

September, 1913.

C.S.M. L. Drummond.

C.S.M. J. A. Ross

C.S.M. C. B. R. Macdonald.

B.S.M. H. S. Matthews.

C.S.M. C. V. Strong.



THE SERGEANT MAJORS.

June, 1914.

C.S.M. C. V. Fessenden.

C.S.M. J. H. Roberts

C.S.M. C. V. Strong.

B.S.M. C. B. R. Macdonald

C.S.M. L. Drummond.



HONORARY COACH ELLIOT A. GREENE
Graduate, Class '10.

To whose efforts, with those of Captain Constantine, R.C.H.A., are largely due
our football season's successes.



The Football Season

AT the commencement of the College year there were many things with which to occupy one's mind, but the predominating one was football, and well it might be, for the College at the last annual meeting of the Intercollegiate Rugby Union had asked to take the place which the withdrawal of Ottawa College had left vacant, and had been accepted.

There were many who thought that this was a bigger job than we could handle, but as we had won the Intermediate Championship for the four previous years, it was decided to have a try at senior rugby.

The season from the Cadets' standpoint was entirely successful, even though we did not win the championship. We won two of our six games which showed that though we were a light team, we could win, but as is the case at the College, and will be till the promised improvements come and we are enabled to augment our numbers, injuries shattered our prospects and we did not have first line material to fall back on. Although this state of affairs may last for several years, after that it should be all plain sailing. Another difficulty which the football team encountered was the coaching. Thanks to Mr. Greene and Capt. Constantine we were never without someone, but what is needed is a man who can devote the majority of his time to the game.

To Elliot Greene we give the credit of our showing. He gave up his position in Peterboro for two weeks to help us, and it was evident during his first day on the field how his coaching helped. He saw quickly the weaknesses of every man and in his quiet way corrected them. Not only did he drill the wing line, but he gave valuable assistance to the backs; so much so that at the end of the two weeks he had a machine that was running very smoothly. Coming to the College and knowing only two men on the squad, some would think that coaching would keep his hands full, but he got to know every man on the field, and when he left he had made many close friends.

Capt. Constantine gave us valuable assistance at the running game which is so essential to a light team.

From what has been said it may be seen that though we have little spare material at our disposal, we expect the enlargement of the College in the near future to remedy this defect.



Captain Macaulay.



R.M.C. vs VARSITY.

At Kingston.

THE first match of the Intercollegiate series, between R.M.C. and Toronto University, was played on Queen's grounds, Saturday, October 13th. Public opinion was strongly in favor of an easy win, if not a walk-over, for Varsity, and odds of twenty to one in their favor were offered in Ottawa and Toronto. Few people outside of the College had any idea that the Cadets would hold their own, as the Blue and White carried a very heavy team.

From early morning until the match began the wind blew strongly from the south-east, which is the general direction of the field. When the match was called it was easing perceptibly but blew enough to affect the kicking to some extent. By the toss the Cadets took the windward, and Varsity led off with a kick that put the ball behind the line, where Barwis received it and took advantage of the wind to return it. The Varsity man was promptly tackled, and Toronto took their first down. As was to be expected they played a bucking game, but found the Cadets' wing-line practically impregnable. For the first few downs they gained enough in each buck to make their yards, but the Cadets finally held them completely and took the ball. Another long punt by Barwis, followed by a further series of bucks from Varsity, put the ball fairly near the Varsity back line; another kick and the ball crossed the dead line, counting the first point for the College.

Varsity led off again with an onside kick but were promptly tackled. Realizing the futility of bucking, they experimented with end-runs, and lost the ball to the Cadets, who promptly punted for another point. The first quarter was played in this way entirely, ending with a score of 6-0, all the points having been secured one at a time on kicks.

With the wind behind them, in the second quarter, Varsity changed their tactics, and replaced bucks with kicking, with much the same success as attended the Cadets in the first quarter, though their points were piled up more slowly. Unfortunately, about the middle of the quarter, a pass to Clarke from Barwis, who had just received a Varsity kick, was intercepted by a Toronto man, who got away for a touch, which was converted, giving Toronto 9 points to the Cadets' 6 for that quarter.

The intended onside kick-off by the Cadets was ruled off-side and Varsity kicked the ball behind the Cadets' line, where it was received by Clarke and carried just clear of the line. In the first down the Cadets gained on a buck, but lost the ball on an off-side, when dangerously close to the line. Two bucks by the Toronto team put them very little closer to the line, as the Cadets were out to defend it at all costs. Being greedy for a touch, the Toronto team tried



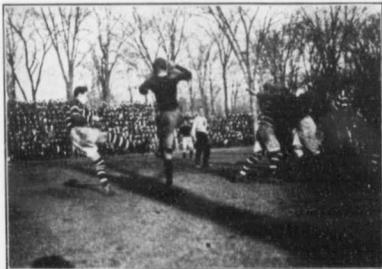
an end-run rather than a kick to a certain score behind the dead-line. They failed, and the Cadets kicked to a safer position. The first half closed with a score of 9-6 for Varsity.

By the time the second half commenced the wind was almost negligible. R.M.C. was forced back to its own line again once during the quarter, but managed to hold Varsity down. The Blues again tried for a touch instead of a dead-line kick, and again failed signally. The ball was kicked out from the first scrimmage and Varsity returned it. Two bucks and an end-run gained their yards, and they followed with a dead-liner which scored for them the only point in the quarter. Score 10 to 6 for Varsity.

The last quarter had hardly begun when Cochrane, the R.M.C. quarter, got the ball from a fumble and tore down a clear field, backed by two other Cadets and closely followed by Campbell for Varsity. Campbell was gaining when Cochrane made a final leap and landed on the ball behind the line. He lost the ball immediately afterwards, but as it was apparent that he still held it, when he cleared the line and touched, the score rose to 12 to 11 in favor of R.M.C. Dobbie tried to convert but the ball hit the post and was thrown back.

Varsity now forced R.M.C. back to their line and close play within ten yards of ruin made the rooters in the grandstand hold their breath. The end of this came when Cochrane was forced over the line while getting the ball out of scrimmage, giving Toronto two points, this putting them in the lead. Unfortunately for Varsity Maynard had to leave the game owing to an injury at this time. A few minutes later, Barwis, receiving a kick, cleared the line with the ball, but was forced back for another two points, making the score 14 to 11 for Varsity with very few minutes to play.

R.M.C. now got their backs up and forced Varsity down the field. Toronto lost the ball on downs, as their bucks were held every time. Excitement became intense, and when Barwis took the ball from the first scrimmage and dropped it neatly over the goals, evening the score, the spectators went crazy.





When the ball was kicked off there were two minutes to play. With but fifty seconds of the two minutes left, R.M.C. had the ball midway between the half-line and Varsity quarter-line. Barwis kicked from the first down and the Cadets followed en masse, when Shoenberger tackled the Varsity man behind the line for a rouge, giving the Cadets the lead by one point; the spectators one and all went crazy. When time was called the R.M.C. team was carried off the field by a "thin red line," and the noise was terrific. Decrepit old gentlemen and dignified ladies stood up and howled. Their enthusiasm could not be dampened, even by the heavy thunder storm which came up, after the most exciting football match that had been seen for some time.

R.M.C. vs QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

ON the following Saturday (October 19th) the College met Queen's University team on their own grounds. The weather was promising at no time during the day, and rain began to fall shortly before the kick-off. As the light Cadet team get a great advantage against a heavy team with a dry field it was realized that the game would be no walk-over, in spite of the overwhelming defeat Queen's suffered at the hands of McGill University the previous week.

The toss resulted in the Cadets getting the wind behind them. Queen's kicked off and R.M.C. began to play a strong offensive game, resulting in a point for the College when Hazlett, of Queen's, fumbled a catch and the ball rolled behind the dead-line. After the quarter-line kick, R.M.C. again pressed the University but McQuay, for Queen's, intercepted a pass and raced down an open field with Cochrane and Barwis in hot pursuit. Barwis was gaining but only succeeded in bringing him down just clear of the touch-line. Queen's failed to convert.

The play moved to the centre of the field for a while, though Brownfield kicked to another point for the Cadets. The first quarter ended with a score of 5-2 for Queen's.

R.M.C. opened the second quarter with several trick plays and bucks, but found the opposing line too heavy for these tactics to produce any effect. Further kicking resulted in Hill, of Queen's, being forced to rouge on Brownfield's punt.

As soon as the College again got the ball Barwis attempted a drop over, which unfortunately went wide. Hazlett returned to Macaulay, who passed to Barwis from the scrimmage. Barwis kicked to another point in touch behind. Half-time was called with the score 6-3 for Queen's.



In the third quarter the teams seemed to be about even. The Cadets—especially Ross and Shoenberger—did fine tackling, but Queen's proved no mean opponents and prevented the College from scoring more than two points, again singly by Barwis' punts.

During the last quarter it was apparent that the strain of the third had told far more heavily on Queen's than on the Cadets. The latter soon gave evidence of that tendency they have always shown, for a strong finish. Brownfield's punt again forced Hill to rouge, evening the score. When Queen's kicked off from quarter, the Cadets held them for their three downs, and took the ball. Cochrane dribbled it over the dead-line, putting the College ahead. Queen's tried to get away with a long kick from quarter, but in spite of the fact that the wind was now opposing them, the Cadets' first punt resulted in another rouge; Queen's tried another outside kick and kicked on their last down but again had to rouge on Barwis' return. Queen's never got away from that quarter-line and when time was called the Cadets had piled up 15 points, all singly, except one drop, which Barwis engineered during the last moments of play.

Owing to the weather the crowd was a small one, but those who turned out enjoyed a good clean game; the rain had ceased after half-time, and the Cadets went away for their Thanksgiving leave with two victories to their credit. During the game results being posted of the McGill-Varsity match in Montreal showed that McGill was getting the better of the Toronto team, giving them two victories as well. The line-up of the local game was:—

Queen's—Flying wing, Macdonald; halves, Hazlett, McCartney, Hill; scrimmage, McLeod, McLachlan, McQuay; wings, McIlquham, Rodden, Box, Ellis, White, Kennedy; quarter, Quigley.

R.M.C.—Flying wing, Brownfield; halves, Clarke, Barwis, Macaulay; scrimmage, Wilkins, Dennistoun, Greenwood; wings, Shoenberger, Matthews, Stewart, Kittermaster, Ross, Dobbie; quarter, Cochrane.

R.M.C. vs MCGILL.

SO far R.M.C. had not been beaten, and as McGill University was in a similar position, it was recognized that the first clash between the two would be full of interest.

The field was in process of drying after many days of rain and a fairly strong northerly breeze was blowing.

For the third consecutive match the College won the toss and took the wind, McGill kicking off. Barwis returned and McGill lost the ball in the



scrimmage for interference. McGill held the first two downs and took the ball from Barwis' punt, in return trying an onside kick by which Shoenberger got the ball. Barwis punted behind the line but Laing evaded the Cadets and got out. Lemay's bucking then came into play, and yards were made more than once by these means. But the Cadets again got the ball and Barwis punted to Draper, whom Brownfield forced to rouge. R.M.C. 1, McGill 0.

McGill kicked from quarter and Barwis took the ball from scrimmage and succeeded in planting a pretty field goal, making a score of R.M.C. 4, McGill 0.

McGill tried bucking and trick plays but they failed to get yards, and as soon as the Cadets got the ball Barwis tried another field goal which missed by a few inches and scored a dead-line kick instead. R.M.C. 5, McGill 0.

The play became fast and furious for a few minutes, and the first quarter ended by Shoenberger forcing Wollat to rouge. R.M.C. 6, McGill 0.

Cochrane opened the second quarter by intercepting a McGill pass and clearing away for a good run, but the Montrealers had the wind and more than held their own on the line. Their tactics consisted in opening up the Cadets' line by a wedge formation, and giving the man with the ball a clear passage. Before this system the Cadets' wings could do nothing and the back division had to do a large amount of tackling, with the result that McGill had little difficulty in making their yards. Waterous, for McGill, scored the first touch by hurdling the scrimmage. Brophy converted the touch, evening the score. More fast and furious play ended in Barwis being forced to rouge on Draper's punt, making the score 7-6 for McGill. The play then was kept near the Cadets' well-defended line, until Jeffry crossed it for the second touch, which Brophy again converted. McGill 13, R.M.C. 6.

McGill took the ball for the kick-off and by playing their wedge system forced the play slowly and steadily to the Cadets' line when Lemay got away for a touch, which Brophy again converted. McGill 19, R.M.C. 6.

McGill could not make their yards after the kick-off and the Cadets took the ball, Barwis punting the ball against the wind to Brophy, who returned. Barwis fumbled but recovered the ball, but the suddenness with which the McGill team had scored their three touches seemed to affect the Cadets for a



while, and McGill took every advantage. Draper twice forced Barwis to rouge, within a few moments, and half-time was called with McGill leading, by 21 points to 6.

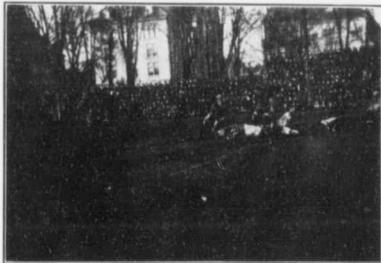
The Cadets' supporters hoped for a recovery with the wind behind, but the Cadets tried harder than ever to buck the line, probably realizing that to kick to a sufficient number of points to insure a win would need a longer period than available. But McGill held them only too well, and even pressed the game so as to score a touch, also converted by Brophy, making a score of 27 to 6, Donnelly having intercepted an R.M.C. onside kick.

At this point Donnelly, having received slight but inconvenient injuries, was replaced by Williamson.

R.M.C. made their last score when Barwis punted behind the University dead-line; McGill 27, R.M.C. 7. This ended the third quarter.

In the last quarter McGill also made little use of the wind. The Cadets came in with their usual strong finish, and had the game lasted longer they would doubtless have increased their score. A McGill man was penalized for scragging, and the play became rather fast. Draper again forced a rouge, this time on Clarke, making the score 28 to 7. R.M.C. then picked up wonderfully and seemed to daze the Montrealers a little, managing good end runs and up-wind kicks. Draper was almost forced to rouge but by some pretty dodging he managed to regain the field, and McGill kicked down with the wind behind them ending with the dead-line kick. Score 29-7

Another rouge for McGill ended the scoring, McGill 30, R.M.C. 7. McGill weakened perceptibly and the Cadets pressed hard. Several men on each team had to leave the game with injuries — Ross and Wick-





sam replacing Hughes and Waterous for McGill, Roberts and Bishop replacing Kittermaster and Dobbie for R.M.C. None were seriously hurt. The line-up was as follows:—

McGill—Flying wing, Lee; halves, Draper, Brophy, Wollatt; quarter, Montgomery; scrimmage, McKay, Abbott, Dermott; wings, Hughes, Donnelly, Waterous, Lemey, Jeffrey, Laing.

R.M.C.—Flying wing, Brownfield; halves, Macaulay, Barwis, Clarke; quarter, Cochrane; scrimmage, Wilkins, Greenwood, Dennistoun; wings, Kittermaster, Matthews, Dobbie, Stewart, Shoenberger, Ross.

The officials were:—Referee, Prof. Malcolm, of Queen's; Umpire, Prof. McEvenue, of McGill.

It was universally conceded that the game was not represented by the score. The Cadets played a fine game, but McGill played a better one, and though the best team undoubtedly won, there was no cause for anything but congratulations for the College team.

R.M.C. vs VARSITY.

FOR this game the weather was clear with a light breeze blowing diagonally across the field. Before the play started the Varsity rooters in the bleachers, who had their song sheets of red, white and blue, first formed a large blue V with white background. When this had melted away a blazing red C took its place.

Throughout the first quarter the play was very even. Varsity got their first point when Barwis was forced to rouge. Close play was then substituted for kicking and some heavy bucking which resulted in a touch, which was converted. Score 7-0 for Varsity. A drop kick by Barwis from the field went wide and a safety touch was made for the Cadets by Ross, after which some more kicking resulted in another point for Varsity. Soon after this the Cadets got the ball on a Varsity off-side and using Roberts as a ram, tore their way through to within a yard of the line and then bucked it over. This evened the score. Before the end of the quarter Varsity got another point on kicking, bringing the total to 9-8 in their favor.



At the beginning of the second quarter Varsity got close down to the Cadet line and it looked as if they were going to buck the ball over for another score. But they were held rigidly and by strong kicking the play was forced back to mid-field. In the play which followed, tackling by Cochrane and Shoenberger was very conspicuous, but before the end of the quarter, by end runs and heavy bucking Varsity secured another touch. Score 15-8. Soon after play began again Campbell got an opening to score the easiest touch of the game. Then MacKenzie made some brilliant end runs. On a kick the Cadets fumbled but recovered just in time to frustrate another touch. Score: Varsity 21, R.M.C. 8. A great deal of kicking followed which resulted in scoring by single points; 23-11 at the end of the quarter.

At the beginning of the last part of the play Matthews injured his shoulder by coming into contact with a goal post. The Cadets held Varsity for two downs but they broke through for another touch on the third. A little later Macaulay was forced to rouge. Varsity 30, R.M.C. 11. Then Cadets came back and got another touch after a buck headed by Roberts. Then a kick by Maynard bounced off a Cadet into the arms of a Varsity man, who had a clear opening and made another touch. Finally Varsity scored another touch before time was called. Score: Varsity 36, Cadets 17.

On the whole the game was more closely contested than the score would indicate. It was clean football, no penalties being awarded at all.

In the evening Varsity entertained the visiting team at McConkey's. When everyone had done full justice to the excellent dinner provided, President Gage rose to congratulate both teams on their work, and called on Captain Macaulay for a few words. Mr. Macaulay thanked Varsity for their hospitality and





went on to say that events had shown that R.M.C. had made no mistake by entering senior football. Captain Maynard heartily agreed to this. After his speech the party broke up to meet again at the Royal Alexandria to see a performance of the "Whip."

McGILL vs R.M.C.

ON Saturday, November 8th, the Cadets went to Montreal to play the return match against McGill University.

As the weather was perfect, there was a record attendance on the McGill campus, all the extra bleachers being filled to overflowing. There was good prospect of an exciting game as R.M.C. had to win to keep in the running, while McGill were fresh from defeat at the hands of Queen's and so could take no chances of losing once more.

As usual the Cadets won the toss. After some preliminary play McGill kicked and on a fumble secured their first down a few yards from the line. Two heavy bucks put it over for a touch, which Brophy converted. McGill 6, R.M.C. 0. McGill then continued their policy of heavy bucking and soon succeeded in getting another touch which Brophy again converted, 12-0. At this point Dobbie was slightly hurt and the game began to liven up. McGill tried to rush the Cadets off their feet by quick formations, but the latter stood their ground well. The first quarter ended without further score. There was a great deal of kicking done in the first part of the second quarter by Barwis, Draper and Brophy. The end of it was that the Cadets lost the ball by an off-side close to their goal line. McGill got it over for another touch. McGill 18, R.M.C. 0. A little later Clarke was forced to rouge and then McGill dropped on the ball after both teams had fumbled, bringing the score to 25-0. Next Clarke fumbled and Macaulay was forced to rouge. This ended the second quarter; McGill 26, R.M.C. 0.

In the second half the Cadets picked up wonderfully. They soon scored their first point, after a pretty end-run, by a dead-line kick. Then Cronyn, who had replaced Macaulay whose knee had given way, secured the ball from



an onside kick and made a touch, which was converted by Dobbie; McGill 26, R.M.C. 7. But soon McGill, after a Cadet fumble near the line, bucked the ball over for another touch. Score 31 to 7 for McGill, at the end of the third quarter.

At the beginning of the last quarter Fry hurt his shoulder and Bishop went on in his place. In this part of the play McGill secured three more touches, bringing the score up to 48-7. The scoring was due to brilliant runs by Draper combined with a series of heavy bucks. Now, just at the time when things seemed hopeless, Cadets played their most aggressive game. Barwis caught the ball well back, tore through the whole McGill team and made a pretty pass to Shoenberger who, just as he was about to be tackled passed to Roberts. The latter made the touch which brought the final score to 48-12 for McGill. During the rest of the game Barwis in kicking kept the McGill team at their own end of the field. The line-up was as follows:—

McGill—Flying wing, Lee; halves, Draper, Brophy, Laing; quarter, Montgomery; inside wings, Hughes, Donnelly; middle wings, Waterous, Ross; outside wings, Jeffrey, Gendron; scrimmage, Demuth, Abbott, McLean.

R.M.C.—Flying wing, Ross; halves, Macaulay, Barwis, Clarke; quarter, Cochrane; inside wings, Kittermaster, Stewart; middle wings, Dobbie, Roberts; outside wings, Fry, Shoenberger; scrimmage, MacKeen, Greenwood, Dennistoun.

Officials—Referee, McEvenue; Umpire, E. Green.

RETURN GAME R.M.C. vs QUEEN'S.

THE close of the Senior Intercollegiate league took place on Saturday, November 15th, with R.M.C. playing Queen's on the latter's gridiron, and McGill coming up against Varsity in Toronto.

In the local game, Queen's revenged themselves on the College for their previous defeat at our hands. In Toronto McGill defended their title by defeating Varsity by a score of 22 to 14.

The local game started at 2.45, Queen's winning the toss. They elected to play with what little wind there was behind them, and the Cadets kicked



off. Queen's opened the play about midfield, but the Cadets held them effectually and took the ball, following this with tactics that forced the ball to the University 25-yard line. But the same result followed, as had so often proved the spoiling of our chances to gain ground,—Queen's got the ball from an on-side kick and succeeded in forcing the play dangerously far back. This ended in Barwis having a rouge on Hazlett's punt, giving Queen's the first point.

Queen's now showed their best form, and soon had the ball where they could again reach well behind the College line. Clarke took the catch but was downed by White in a deep puddle of water. Queen's 2, R.M.C. 0. This was the last score of the first quarter. The Cadets seemed to get their feet and the teams were evenly matched: so much so that plays hardly covered by the regulations might be seen even by the casual onlooker. After a time even the referee saw one, and Roberts and Rodden had a few minutes of idleness on the side-lines.

This style of game—except for the roughness—characterized the first five minutes of the second quarter, and the College supporters hoped that the strain would tell more on the University. At this juncture, however, the game was suddenly stopped, for no apparent reason, as no doctor was called out to examine a possible injury. The mystery was fully explained only when Clarke left the field draped in a great coat in lieu of other articles of clothing which had become damaged in the play. After repairs had been effected the game was resumed, and, much to the chagrin of the College, Queen's got away for a run that ended in a touch. Owing to recent necessary changes in the team, Ross had fallen back from his regular place as outside wing to the back division, and the new wing man, unused to the position, allowed Kennedy an open field. Hazlett saw the opening and Queen's gained a clear forty yards on the run. Adopting a bucking game, the University succeeded in forcing the ball over in spite of all the Cadets could do. They failed to convert. Queen's 7, R.M.C. 0.

Shortly after this Hill blocked one of Barwis' punts, but the ball rolled behind the line and Hazlett fell on it. A safety touch was awarded. Queen's 7, R.M.C. 3. This ended the first half.



The second half opened with a kicking duel between Rodden and Clarke. Unfortunately the former got the better of the argument and Clarke was forced to rouse again, giving Queen's 8 to our 3. At this point the slacking off of the University team expected by the College supporters seemed to commence, and the College made a mighty effort. Taking possession of the ball near their own line, they forced it down the whole length of the field, using speed and weight alternately, and fighting for every inch of the way. But apparently Queen's had only suffered a relapse, and they recovered in time to prevent the touch which, with a convert, would have put the College in the lead. Queen's showed a tendency to use rough plays for the remainder of the quarter, which closed with no further score.

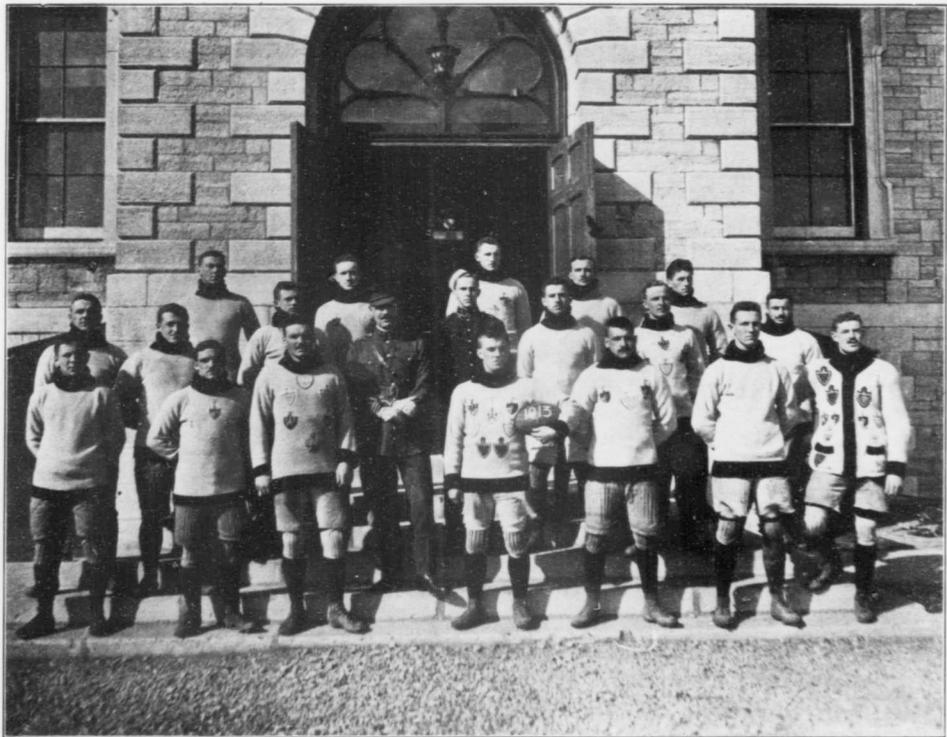
In the last quarter the College showed their usual strong finish, but unfortunately Queen's brought on a stronger one. The struggle was hard and the honours went to neither side up to the last few minutes. At one time it looked as though Queen's were going to repeat their last performance, but the Cadets held their bucks and the University had to be content with a dead-line kick, which raised their score one point. With only a few minutes to play the hopelessness of their position seemed to tell on the Cadets, and they allowed Queen's another unconverted touch. The game closed with a score of 14 to 3 for Queen's.

The College was severely handicapped by the loss of Captain Macaulay, whose injured knee prevented him from leading his team. The line-up was:—

Queen's—Flying wing, McCartney; halves, Macdonald, Hazlett, Hill; quarter, Quigley; scrumage, Raitt, McLeod, McQuay; inside wings, Ellis, Freida; middle wings, Rodden, White; outside wings, Kennedy, Box.

R.M.C.—Flying wing, Ross; halves, Cronyn, Barwis, Clarke; quarter, Cochrane; scrumage, Mackeen, Dennistoun, Stewart; inside wings, Kittermaster, Morphy; middle wings, Roberts, Dobbie; outside wings, Shoenberger, Greenwood.

Officials—Referee, Prof. L. Malcolm; Umpire, A. T. Hatch.



THE FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM.



The Second Team



Duff Stuart	Fawcett	McMurtry (Mgr.)
Gibson	Holmes	Brown
Carruthers	Major Perreau	Macdonald
Vandersmissen		Reid, L. A.
		Cassels
	Greay (Capt.)	Drummond
		Penhale

THE second team, under the leadership of Captain Greay, performed the role of butt for the benefit of the first team in an excellent manner. They were, however, hardly as successful in the Junior Intercollegiate, being hardly a match for the very fast Kingston Collegiate team, and though they put forth their best efforts they never won a match.



The First Hockey Team



Goal, Fyshe; defence, Barwis (captain), Matthews; rover, Macaulay; forwards, Cochrane, Brownfield, Stewart; spare, Holmes.



Hockey

CHAMPIONS again? For the third year in succession we have won the Intermediate Intercollegiate cup. The trophy is now the property of the College and swells the collection in the mess-room.

But this does not imply that we have had things all our own way. This year's championship was a close thing, and history shows that when we won out three years ago, it was for the first time in five years.

Though this season has been a very successful one, it provided much toil and no little anxiety for the team itself. Only two old colors were left us from last year and one of these was out of the game for the first two matches. We started in with an entirely new forward line and a new goalkeeper—always an uncertainty. In spite of hard practice our inexperience showed up in the first game with Queen's II, which we nevertheless managed to tie. After that we won out our section with Queen's II and then the semi-final with McGill II. This left only Varsity II between us and the coveted championship, Varsity II having defeated McMaster and Trinity College in the western section. In Toronto we won easily enough by four goals. The return match in Kingston, however, created much excitement. Varsity won it by two goals in a hard fast game. But points counted, and the championship was ours by two goals.

We have felt the need of a covered rink at the College even more this season than formerly. To get practice accommodation at the Queen's Rink, in town, is a matter of the greatest uncertainty, and when practices are secured they are seldom earlier than 10 p.m. (usually 11 p.m.)

This puts a considerable burden on Cadet hockey players, who must needs turn in between one and two o'clock on practice nights and attend 7 a.m. drill the following morning.

Handicapped in this way, it will be impossible for the College to enter senior hockey. A covered rink is a long-felt want, and one which, we hope, will be remedied in the near future.



QUEEN'S vs R.M.C.

First Game—Tuesday, January 27th.

THE clash between the intermediate teams resulted in a tie, with a score of two all. At half-time the score was tied at one all. Both teams had considerable weight and they certainly used it to great advantage.

Play had only been going five minutes when Stewart scored for R.M.C. Rodden followed up a few minutes later, tying the game. During the second period McLean and Matthews each scored for their respective teams. The teams were:—

Queen's II—Goal, Paoli; defence, Byron, McGregor; rover, Rappell; centre, Rodden; wings, Raitt, Leacock.

R.M.C.—Goal, Fyshe; defence, Barwis, Matthews; rover, Holmes; centre, Cochran; wings, Brownfield, Stewart.

Summary—First Half: R.M.C., Stewart; Queen's, Rodden.

Second Half: Queen's, McLean; R.M.C., Matthews.

QUEEN'S vs R.M.C.

Second Game—Wednesday, February 4th.

(From the "British Whig.")

RM.C. senior hockey team will soon meet McGill II in the Intermediate Intercollegiate series, having won its round with Queen's II by 9-5.

In the second game of the round on Wednesday night the Cadets were triumphant by 7 to 3, and led at half-time. The students gave the military lads a close "go" this season, having tied them 2-2 last week and held them down to one of a margin up to the finishing minute of last night's game.

The ice was fast and both teams went hard after it from the initial face-off. Matthews and the soldier forwards soon let Paoli know that they were in action. However, he warded the shots off, a couple of them being saved by purely good luck.

It was eleven minutes before the nets were located, and this time by Stewart for the Red and White. He scored when he secured a shot off Holmes which had bounded to his wing after striking Paoli's pads. On the



second tally, Holmes got possession, through Queen's defence and took his measure. Queen's scored its only goal of the period from a scratch to the right of the nets, following a scramble which had taken place in front of Fyshe, the R.M.C. tally box defender, who was down on his knees.

Queen's took the first goal in the second half when, with Brownfield in the penalty box, Raitt's shot on Fyshe was recovered and packed in by Laycock.

With the score 4-2, Queen's added one and the Cadets three goals, in the last five minutes; all scored in quick succession. R.M.C. finished strong as usual.

Queen's II—Goal, Paoli; defence, Quigley, Whyte; rover, Rappelle; centre, Rodden; wings, Laycock, Raitt.

R.M.C.—Goal, Fyshe; defence, Barwis, Matthews; rover, Holmes; centre, Cochran; wings, Brownfield, Stewart.

Summary—First Half: R.M.C., Stewart, Holmes; Queen's, Rodden.

Second Half: Queen's, Laycock; R.M.C., Matthews, Cochran;

Queen's, Raitt; R.M.C., Holmes, Cochran, Holmes.

R.M.C. vs MCGILL.

HAVING defeated Queen's University in the aggregate of the two local games, R.M.C. was scheduled to play McGill II in Montreal. But home and home games could not be arranged, owing to an epidemic of scarlet fever in Montreal, so that it was finally settled to play a "sudden death" game at an intermediate point, Brockville being chosen.

On Tuesday, February 17th, the team left for Brockville, expecting a hard fight ahead, but supported by the elite of Kingston's fair sex whom mere distance could not deter from seeing the match.

At 8.15 the game started, under the direction of Referee Brouse, of the Kingston Frontenacs.

R.M.C. played a stealy aggressive game, while the defence carried out their work excellently. R.M.C. scored the first two points, then McGill one. The scoring ran as follows:—



First Half.	Second Half.
R.M.C. 1 2 2 3 4 4 4	4 5 5 6 7 8 8 9 10—10
McGill 0 0 1 1 1 2 3	3 3 4 4 4 4 5 5 5— 5

It will be observed that R.M.C. led through the whole game. The play was exceptionally clean, and the penalty timekeeper's work was light. Nor was the result a certainty until the time bell rang, as McGill proved no mean opponents. The team as it first went on the ice was:—

Goal, Fyshe; defence, Barwis, Matthews; rover, Macaulay; forwards, Cochran, Brownfield, Stewart. Holmes replaced Macaulay ten minutes before half-time, and was in turn replaced by Sircom for the second half.

R.M.C. vs TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

R. M.C. left for Toronto for the first of the championship games, on Friday, February 27th, taking the same team that had played the semi-final in Brockville.

The match was called for 2.30 p.m. on Saturday, but considerable delay was caused by the loss of one regulation captain and one manager. These eventually having turned up, the game commenced.

Varsity seemed to play an aimless sort of game, and whether this had a bad effect on the College team, or whether the Arena sheet was too large, the Cadets did not play as well as they did in the Brockville match.

Under these circumstances it was a dull game to watch. Toronto scored the first point, but R.M.C. drew up with them a few moments later. A desultory half was passed without any other excitement than another for the University.

After half-time the game began to liven up. The College again evened the score, then drew one ahead. (3-2 for R.M.C.)

During the last few minutes this became more noticeable, especially with the Cadets, who drilled in another three points before the time bell rang.

Macaulay succeeded in playing throughout the match, in spite of his injured knee.



R.M.C. vs VARSITY II.

THE final game against Varsity to decide the Intermediate Intercollegiate title was played in Kingston on March 5th.

The game started with a rush and Varsity netted the puck in six minutes, Macdowall doing the trick. The teams were the same which lined up against each other a week before in Toronto, but the Varsity players played a hundred per cent. better hockey and rushed the Cadets off their feet in the early stages. The Cadets soon, however, got their bearings and through individual rushes kept Armstrong, in the nets for the Blue and White, pretty busy. Colton and Wilson, for Varsity, worked a nice two-man combination, but Barwis and Matthews kept them shooting from a distance and Vezina handled everything with ease.

Towards the end of the first half Varsity weakened and on a lone rush by Macaulay the Cadets got their first counter. Score 1-1. Wilson came back for Varsity and put his team in the lead by wriggling his way through the R.M.C. team and beating Fyshe with a low one. At this stage of the game some very pretty hockey was seen and both forward lines rushed beautifully only to be stopped at the goal mouth. Pearce, the big Varsity man, on a lone rush evaded everybody only to fall with only Poessoa to beat.

One minute before half-time the diminutive Shrimp wormed his way through the entire Varsity team and evened up the score. Half-time score 2 all.

Play became strenuous and both teams handed out bumps freely—Cochran and Gouinlock were benched for exchanging wallops. Stewart drew a major for a trip and with Varsity one man to the good Colton slammed in a rebound from Fyshe's pads for Varsity's third goal.

At this stage of the game the Cadets seemed to go to sleep and bunch up in the centre and it was only due to the excellent defence work of Matthews, Barwis and Fyshe that the score was not much larger.

Varsity kept hammering away and from a scrimmage in front of goal Gouinlock pushed in their fourth counter. Our four goal margin was now threatened and so the Cadets once more found themselves and got busy. It was clearly seen that some of the Varsity players were in poor condition and had it not been for the phenomenal work of Armstrong in goal Varsity would most certainly have been scored on several times in the last ten minutes. Final score 4-2 for Varsity. Wilson and Armstrong were easily the best and for the Cadets Matthews, Cochran and Macaulay starred. Bouncer Brouse of the Frontenacs handled the game in splendid fashion to the entire satisfaction of both teams.



The Aquatic Sports



ON Friday morning, September 26th, it looked as if we were in for a rainy day for our aquatic sports. Before noon, however, the rain stopped, and during the races conditions were perfect for those paddling.

In spite of the threatening sky our guests from Kingston totalled a large number, which supplied the remaining requisite for a successful afternoon.

The entry list was very large and from six to eight heats were run off in each event on the preceding Monday and Tuesday to decide the eight best entries

who competed in the final. The heats for the Inter-Company War Canoe and Water Polo were also decided, and, as usual, aroused great enthusiasm among the companies. In the first heat of the War Canoe "A" Company led "D" all the way, winning by a length. The second heat was more exciting as "C" Company lead "B" till the last fifty yards when the latter struck up a terrific spurt which won them the race by nearly a length. This left "A" and "B" to fight it out in the finals.

A recent cold spell had made the lake very cold for water polo but company spirit ran so high that only unbreakable ice would have prevented the teams playing. In the first heat "A" and "C" battled to a one all tie, and





as the ice was rapidly forming it was decided to toss a coin to decide the winner, which proved to be "A" Company. "B" and "D" then played, "D" winning a well deserved victory by the score of three to one.

In the finals of the Inter-Company events "B" defeated "A" in the War Canoe by about half a length and "D" beat "A" in the Water Polo by two to one. This gave the championship to "A" Company, with six points, "B" and "D" each getting five.

The rivalry as to which class should provide most winners in the individual events was also very keen and this honor fell to the First Class by an overwhelming margin, as they gained first place in every race as well as second and third in a large majority. Perhaps this being their last opportunity to make their mark in the aquatic sports had something to do with it but as this would not explain why they did the same in their recruit and second years, some other reason is needed which we are too modest to mention.

In considering the sports from an inter-class and inter-company standpoint we must not forget those who, by their individual efforts, won honor for their class and company as well as for themselves. G. C. Pitblado, First Class, "D" Company, was the individual champion, entering six events and coming first in each, thus winning the challenge cup and miniature, presented to the G. C. winning the largest number of points in the events marked with a star. As a short and long distance swimmer he is in a class by himself at the College. B.S.M. Matthews was the runner-up, he winning the Canoe Single, and with G.C. Macaulay, the Canoe Doubles, both of which were half mile races. He was also in the second canoe to finish in the Canoe Fours.

In the Diving Competition C.S.M. Strong gave a very pretty exhibition of straight and fancy diving but keen competition was given by Sergeant Cronyn and others. The Tilting in Canoes afforded great amusement and besides the work of the winners, the tilting of G.C. Reid deserves particular credit as it undoubtedly required more to knock "Ed" out of the canoe than anybody else. The other notable feature of this event was the dumping of C.S.M. "Swampy" Roberts (then Corporal) which seemed to be the most popular ducking of the day if we can judge from the cheers of the crowd and "Ham's" happy smile as he pulled himself on to the dock.



Most of the credit for the success of the sports is due to Captain Plummer, who was very energetic in his efforts to have everything run off smoothly, and also to the ex-cadets, who donated the many cups and other prizes for the different events, and for the all-round championship.

THE EVENTS.

*Quarter Mile Swimming (Saturday, Sept. 20th)—1, G.C. Pitblado, 2, Sergt. McMurtry; 3, G.C. Pemberton.

*Canoe Singles—1, B.S.M. Matthews; 2, Corp. Smyth; 3, Sergt. Fessenden.

Single Gunwale—1, G.C. Pitblado; 2, Corp. Smyth; 3, Sergt. Fessenden.

*50 Yards Swimming—1, G.C. Pitblado; 2, Sergt. McMurtry; 3, G.C. Greey.

*Diving Competition—1, C.S.M. Strong; 2, Sergt. Cronyn; 3, C.S.M. Drummond.

*Canoe Doubles—1, B.S.M. Matthews and G.C. Macaulay; 2, Corp. Smyth and Corp. Macnaughton; 3, G.C. Carruthers and G.C. Brownfield.

Tilting in Canoes—1, G.C. Greey and G.C. Pitblado; 2, G.C. Reid and G.C. Ahern.

Canoe Fours—1st, Corp. Smyth, G.C. Pitblado, C.S.M. MacDonald, Corp. Vandersmissen; 2nd, B.S.M. Matthews, G.C. Macaulay, G.C. Greey, Corp. Macnaughton; 3rd, G.C. Carruthers, G.C. Brownfield, G.C. Stewart, G.C. Starr.

Crab Race—1, Corp. Greene; 2, G.C. Fitz-Randolph.

Hurry Scurry Race—1, G.C. Pitblado; 2, G.C. Reid; 3, G.C. Hale.

War Canoe—1, "B" Company; 2, "A" Company.

Water Polo—1, "D" Company; 2, "A" Company.

Winner of all-round championship—G.C. Pitblado. Runner-up—B.S.M. Matthews.

Immediately after the presentation of the prizes, tea was served in the North Building by the representatives of the "ever-generous" Army Service Corps, and as at least an hour remained before "Fall In" would send our guests home, it rapidly developed into a "Thé Dansant."

Many volunteers from among the ranks of the Third Class were forthcoming to "push the pedals" of our hard-worked player piano and a very enjoyable little programme followed.



The Field Sports

THE annual athletic sports took place on Saturday, Oct. 4th. The day was an ideal one and a large number of people came up to witness the events.

A pleasing feature of this year's sports was the presence of competitors from Queen's University in the open events. Another point of interest was the fact that No. 916, Sergt. J. K. Cronyn, had already won the Kingsmill challenge bugle twice and if successful this year he was to retain the trophy. However, fate was against him and he was placed second in the championship scoring.

The running long jump was an easy win for 916, Sergt. Cronyn, his 20 feet, 5 inches being a very fine effort; 915, C.S.M. J. A. Ross was second with 18 feet, 7 inches, and 921, G.C. D. A. Kittermaster third with 18 feet, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch.

The cricket ball was won by 929, Sergt. W. B. Barwis, with the fine throw of 113 yards, 1 foot, 4 inches; 911, G.C. H. S. Parker being second with 105 yards, 2 feet, and Sergt. J. K. Cronyn third with 101 yards, 1 foot, 6 inches.

J. K. Cronyn again easily won the hop, step and jump with 41 feet. C.S.M. Ross being second with 38 feet, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and 1020, G.C. J. H. Scott third with 37 feet, $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

G.C. Kittermaster won the 100 yards in 10 3-5 seconds. 1002 G.C. G. Reed being a close second, and 927 Corpl. J. O. St. Laurent third.

G.C. Kittermaster won the shot put with a put of 30 feet; G.C. Parker second with 29 feet, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and G.C. Scott third with 28 feet, 8 inches.

The semi-final heats of the tug-of-war left "D" and "A" companies to compete in the final. The pulls this year were far more exciting than those of last year.

G.C. Kittermaster won the quarter mile from Sergt. Gibson by twelve yards in 56 2-5 seconds. 1017 G.C. Duff - Stuart being placed third. Owing to a misunderstanding the open 220 yards was in reality only 200 and was won by G.C. Kittermaster in 21 seconds. Hill, of Queen's, being second and G.C. Cassels third.





A very good race won by a few inches. The high jump was won by Sergt. Cronyn with 5 feet, 2 inches. C.S.M. Ross second and Calderhead, of Queen's, third. The open half mile was won by L/Cpl. H. F. G. Greenwood. Shaw, of Queen's, being fifteen yards behind for second place, and Kittermaster third. Time, 2.13.

The 120 yard hurdles was won by Sergt. Cronyn, who had a good eight yards to spare. Sergt. Barwis second and C.S.M. Ross third. Time, 17 3-5.

Final of the tug-of-war produced some long and trying pulls. "A" company eventually winning by two pulls to one. Pole jump resulted in a competition between G.C. W. F. Clarke and Sergt. Barwis, the former winning the jump of 8 feet, 11 inches. Barwis being second with 8 feet, 8 inches. 1018 G.C. W. E. R. M. Stone third with 8 feet, 6 inches.

L/Cpl. Greenwood easily won the open one mile by 50 yards in 5 minutes, 9 seconds. The three Queen's representatives all falling out. 955 G.C. Morton was second, and 1027 G.C. Arnoldi third.

The relay race was won by the First Class, represented by B.S.M. Matthews, Sergt. Gibson, Sergt. Fessenden and G.C. Kittermaster. Time, 3 minutes, 52 seconds. Second Class second, and Third Class third.

The obstacle race presented some novelties this year in the way of spars rigged to the ground under which competitors had to dig their way, a glissade down greasy planks into water and out over wires charged with electricity in a mild form. About forty-nine starters formed up and the race was won in good style by 998 G.C. J. H. Ross; 1015 G.C. G. A. Grant being second, and 1027 G.C. Arnoldi third.

The two mile race had been run off previous to the actual day of the sports and had been won by G.C. Morton in 11 minutes, 25 second. G.C. Tidswill second, and Cpl. Green third.

The challenge bugle fell to 921 G.C. Kittermaster with 24 points; Sergt. Cronyn second with 21.

At the conclusion of the sports Mrs. Burchall-Wood, wife of the Acting Commandant, presented the prizes. Tea was served in the educational building and what may be considered a very successful sports concluded with a small impromptu dance, ably assisted by the College Orchestra.



THE INTERCOLLEGIATE TRACK MEET.

THE Intercollegiate Track Meet was, this year, held at the Queen's Athletic Grounds, on October 23rd. The weather was unfavorable to record breaking performances as a chilling wind blew down the track and it threatened rain all afternoon.

Varsity carried all before them and won easily with 65 points, while McGill was in second place with 39 points. Queen's totaled 7 points and we finished fourth with 5. Kittermaster was unable to run owing to slight injuries received on the football field, or we might have beaten our tail-end rivals out for third place. Cronyn secured second place in the broad jump and third in the high, while Morris with a strong finish took third place in the three mile. He ran a good race but was unaccustomed to the distance and did not time himself quite right.

THE EVENTS.

Half Mile—1, Moore, Varsity; 2, Hughes, Varsity; 3, White, McGill. Time, 2 minutes, 14 4/5 seconds.

Pole Vault—1, Bucker, Varsity; 2, Cushing, McGill; 3, Greatus, Varsity. Distance, 11 feet, 7 inches (Intercollegiate record).

16 Lb. Hammer—1, MacDougall, McGill; 2, O'Reilly, Varsity; 3, MacKinnon, Queen's. Distance, 127 feet, 10 inches.

220 Yard Dash—1, Brown, Varsity; 2, Barness, McGill; 3, Fraser, McGill. Time, 24 4/5 seconds.

High Jump—1, McKeough, Varsity; 2, Richardson; 3, Cronyn, R.M.C. Height, 5 feet, 6 1/4 inches.

Putting the Shot—1, MacDougal, McGill; 2, MacKinnon, Queen's; 3, Sutherland, McGill. Distance, 38 feet, 1 1/2 inches.

100 Yard Dash—1, Hillier; 2, Barnes, McGill; 3, Brown, Varsity. Time, 10 3/5 seconds.

Mile—1, Clarke, Varsity; 2, Towny, McGill; 3, Crombie, McGill. Time, 5 minutes, 5 3/5 seconds.

Broad Jump—1, Bucker, Varsity; 2, Cronyn, R.M.C.; 3, Klein, McGill. Distance, 20 feet, 8 1/2 inches.

Discus—1, MacDougal, McGill; 2, MacKinnon, Queen's; 3, Grisdale, Varsity. Distance, 103 feet, 4 1/2 inches.

Hurdles—1, Brown, Varsity; 2, Cushing, McGill; 3, Bucker, Varsity. Time, 18 2/5 seconds.



440 Yard—1, Barness, Varsity; 2, Seymore, Varsity; 3, Hoey, McGill.
Time, 56 2/5 seconds.

Three Mile—1, Cambridge, McGill; 2, Cluff, Varsity; 3, Morris, R.M.C.
Time, 17 minutes, 23 seconds.

Relay—Varsity.

THE CROSS COUNTRY RUN.

THE Annual Cross Country Run took place on Tuesday, October 28th. The day was cold and wet and a strong wind was blowing. The course this year was slightly different to that of other years. The starting point was at the north end of Navy Bay, thence up Barrielfield Hill past the Ordnance Stores to "The Pines," from there in a circular sweep to the Gananoque Road via Cartwright's and from there to the College, finishing at the Educational Building, in all some three miles.

Eighty competitors started, and the first fifteen of each company counted for points. Officials were stationed along the course to see that all took the proper line.

At "The Pines" Lemesurier was leading, but Ings, Morris and Morton passed him and finished in that order.

The time taken by the winner (Ings) was 24 minutes, 5 seconds, which was good considering the strong head wind on the home stretch.

Although Ings belonged to "A" Company, the aggregate showed "B" Company, C.S.M. Strong, in the lead. "C" Company was not placed, so that "D" took third place.

Composite Sketch of 99.99% of the 1st Class.





CRICKET.

GAMES were arranged this year with Upper Canada College (June 15th), Highfield School (June 16th), Ridley College (June 17th), and Toronto (June 18th). R.M.C. won all games, and Cadet Dobbie, in one case, himself outran the opposing team. The tabulated results are as follows:—

R.M.C. vs U.C.C.—R.M.C. won by an innings and 28 runs.

R.M.C.	131	Capt. Plummer	44	Capt. Meldon	6 wickets
U.C.C.	30 1st innings.	G.C. Dobbie	37	G.C. Dobbie	4 wickets
	73 2nd innings.	G.C. Blake	20		

R.M.C. vs Highfield—R.M.C. won by 151 runs.

R.M.C.	357	G.C. Dobbie	228	Capt. Meldon	5 wickets
Highfield	206			G.C. Dobbie	6 wickets

R.M.C. vs Ridley College—R.M.C. won by 95 runs.

R.M.C.	160	G.C. Dobbie	49	Capt. Meldon	6 wickets
Ridley		G.C. Clarke	28	G.C. Dobbie	7 wickets
1st innings	65	G.C. Cassels	19		
2nd innings, 3 wkts	135				

R.M.C. vs Toronto—R.M.C. won by 53 runs.

Toronto	152	Capt. Plummer	58
R.M.C.	205	Capt. Meldon	26
		G.C. Dobbie	26
		G.C. Clarke	22

Gapt. Meldon 7 wickets

G.C. Dobbie 3 wickets

THE CRICKET XI.

Captain P. A. Meldon, R.A.; Captain M. V. Plummer, R.A.; Captain F. A. Heymann, R.E.; C.S.M. Drummond, L/Cpl. Blake; Cadets Dobbie, Macaulay, Cassels, Clarke, Carruthers, Crerar, Tatlaw. Spares, L/Cpl. Brooks, Cadet Gibson.



Capt. P. A. Meldon, R.F.A.
Captain of the Cricket XI.



Boxing

THIS year the Annual Boxing Tournament covered several days. Operations commenced on April 2nd, but owing to the Easter leave they were not completed at once. Considerable talent was discovered, especially in the "Featherweight" and "Novice Heavy" classes. A little instruction in the manly art would no doubt furnish us with many white hopes and qualified bruisers.

Major Thompson made a most satisfactory referee and had as assistants Capt. Meldon and Prof. I. E. Martin. Capt. Plummer handled the clock.

LIGHTWEIGHT NOVICES.

There were twelve entries in this class. Good exhibitions were put on but things soon narrowed down to Giles, Crerar, Cochrane and Boger.

Semi-Finals—Giles vs Cochrane.

- (1) Both men feeling. Giles swung, Cochrane ducked and landed to the body. Neat foot-work kept them separated and the round was even.
- (2) Giles got home to the jaw. Cochrane avoids his heavy swings and gets in good body blows.
- (3) Giles swings take effect. Cochrane closed and delivered left and right hooks.

Extra—Giles landed heavily, Cochrane saved by a clinch on several occasions. Giles' decision.

Semi-Finals—Crerar vs Boger.

- (1) Boger led continually. Crerar had the reach but neglected to use it. Boger landed to the jaw and blocked a counter.
- (2) Boger got in with left and right. Crerar used his left to advantage. Good guard shown by both.
- (3) Hard fighting and reach gave Crerar considerable advantage. Boger failed to penetrate his guard.

Extra—Both men started strong. Boger led to the jaw continually. Crerar landed several swings and had a slight advantage. Crerar's decision.



Finals—Crerar vs Giles.

- (1) Giles led frequently with right. Crerar kept out. Giles landed twice as gong sounded.
- (2) Crerar led and used his reach. Clever foot-work enabled him to avoid Giles' swings. Blows to head and face exchanged.
- (3) Round commenced with a rush. Giles retired on the defensive. Crerar closed and landed. Crerar used left to advantage and had good protection. Crerar's decision.

HEAVYWEIGHT NOVICES.

The men nearly all used an open style and were contented to exchange blows. There were sixteen entries, but it was soon evident that Wardrope, Duff-Stuart, Arnoldi and Chestnut were the pick.

Semi-Final—Arnoldi vs Wardrope.

- (1) Wardrope led and mixed it up. Arnoldi had the reach and landed heavily. He favored a hard swing with the right and it was effective.
- (2) Heavy blows exchanged, and rushing in evidence. Wardrope countered well and kept on the defensive.
- (3) Arnoldi closed and landed an uppercut. Heavy swings exchanged and the men fought hard. Arnoldi's reach told and Wardrope failed to connect. Arnoldi's decision.

Semi-Finals—Chestnut vs Duff-Stuart.

- (1) Stuart opened with a low one and followed his advantage well. Chestnut stalled and his reach saved him till he regained his wind.
- (2) Stuart advanced and set a fast pace. Chestnut guarded well. Chestnut countered heavily and floored his man.
- (3) Both men going strong and some clever fighting took place. Stuart still on the aggressive but could not land. Chestnut blocked and countered well. Chestnut's decision.

Finals—Chestnut vs Arnoldi.

- (1) Both men swing heavily and were evenly matched. Hard fighting and honors were even.



- (2) Arnoldi landed several to the body, Chestnut could not block them but countered to the head. Arnoldi reached the jaw on the gong.
- (3) Chestnut took the offensive and put Arnoldi into the ropes. Arnoldi landed to the body but could not protect his head. Chestnut freshened up and got in some good blows to the head. Chestnut's decision.

FEATHERWEIGHT.

This weight showed the fastest fighting of the tournament and the interest taken was very great.

Finals—Roberts vs Grant.

- (1) Grant rushed and landed right and left to the head. Roberts guarded well. Both men weak on counters.
- (2) Hard and fast fighting. Grant landed rapidly to the head and face. Roberts floored but saved by the gong.
- (3) Roberts rushed and put Grant to the ropes. Grant done up and fell back on defensive taking heavy punishment. Robert's decision.

LIGHTWEIGHT.

Finals—Drummond vs Mitchell.

- (1) Drummond feeling his man and did not exert himself. Mitchell led frequently but failed to get home.
- (2) Mitchell rushed and landed hard swings. Drummond countered to head and face and showed speed and judgment.
- (3) Mitchell rushed. Drummond avoided and got in several fast uppers and body blows. Mitchell got home but took much punishment. Drummond's decision.

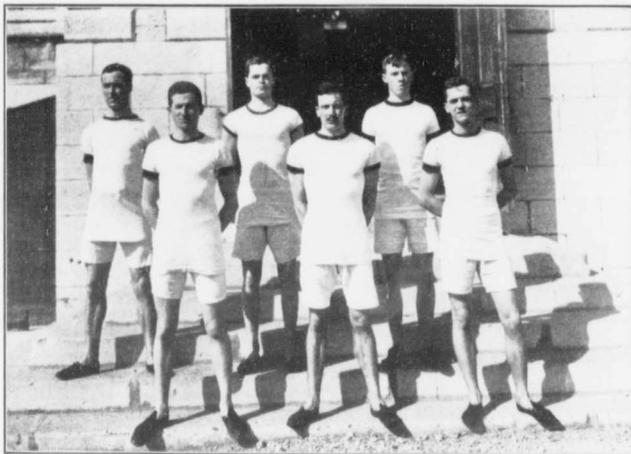
MIDDLEWEIGHT.

Final—Sircom vs Brown.

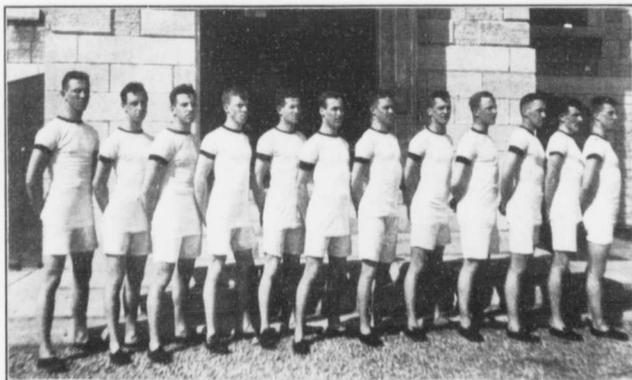
- (1) Brown led and got home some hard swings. Sircom held defensive and protected well.
- (2) Sircom aggressive and swung to jaw. Brown groggy and was floored twice. Gong saved knock-out.
- (3) Brown dazed, Sircom eased off and failed to get a knock-out. Sircom's decision.

WELTERWEIGHT AND HEAVYWEIGHT.

These weights were not contested and the titles go to Le Mesurier and Clarke respectively.



HARRIER TEAM, 1913-14.



TRACK TEAM, 1913-14.



Equitation



HIS is without doubt the most popular drill we have, especially in the First and Second classes, and for a few favoured ones of the Third Class to whom instinct and good luck give a natural grip and a balance, while the others roll round in agony on their mounts.

It was with a feeling very much akin to awe that we first marched down to the stables and led forth our horses. To many of us a horse was a four-legged animal with a head and a tail, and was used extensively to pull cabs, grocery wagons, carriages, sometimes automobiles, and occasionally to be ridden. One who rode was looked on as a being too lazy to walk and who therefore sat peacefully on a saddle and allowed a horse to carry him. With these thoughts in our heads and dread in our hearts we led forth our champing steeds and clambered aboard as per instructions. A



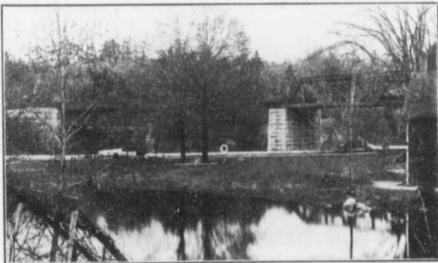
few fortunate ones stayed there, but many fell by the wayside and rides came to be looked on as one of the lowest circles of the inferno moved for the time being into our midst. During our first and second years



the horse was also principally in a numnah. This thing is a piece of felt to which you are meant to cling by a judicious use of the knees and a sixth sense called "balance"; most of us, it is to be feared, clung to our numnah by the grace of Providence and then on remaining there, depended on our keeping the good-will of the horse.

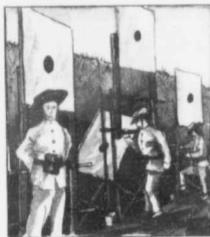
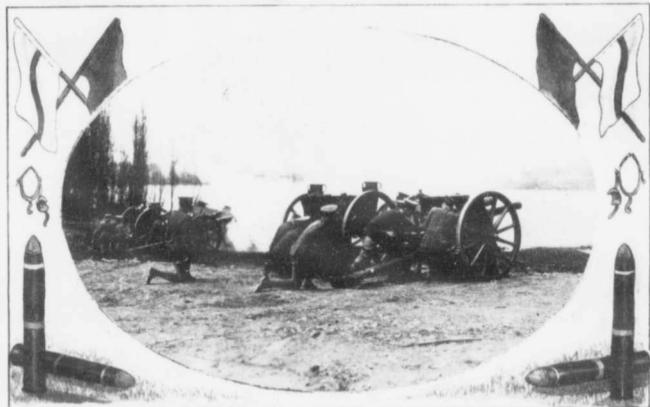
Towards the end of the year we began to take more pleasure out of our riding and looked on it with less dread; this feeling increased until about the middle of our second year a new terror, and at the same time a joy was added to our pent up feelings—we were given spurs. The endeavour of the rider is to keep these appendages from assuming a position normal to the surface of the horse. Here we have an outstanding exception to the rule concerning forces acting at right angles. Also at this time we began to indulge in numnah-jumping. This was at first the cause of many accidents but later we became used to it, and still later came to enjoy it.

A great difference is made in our last year. The horse is now armed with a saddle, and it adds considerably to the comfort of the rider. We were not allowed to forget our grip, and were frequently tortured with stripped saddles. This is the worst feature of riding, but an extremely useful one. In one last year we got a great deal of jumping and dismounted action. When we are just beginning to get confidence in ourselves and to learn how to handle our horses and ourselves at the same time, our course comes to an end, and we leave R. M. C. with these three lessons thoroughly bumped into us, "grip with your knees, turn your heels out, sit up."



Kingston Mills, the objective of many rides.

DRILLS AND EXERCISES.



Staff
 Major, **Perreau**, R.F.A.
 Infantry and Gym
 Major, **Thompson**, Inf
 Artillery
 Capt. **Meldon**, R.F.A.
 Capt. **Plummer**, R.F.A.
 Signaling
 Capt. **Hryman**, R.E.
 Riding
 Lieut. **Rhoades**, R.C.D.

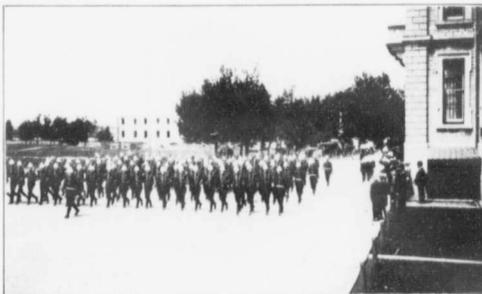




Infantry

FEW people graduate from this College without having done a little Infantry. However, this brief discourse is not intended for the wise but rather for those who have yet to experience the dangers and excitements of this thrilling sport—or for those who have passed through life and have not even tasted the joys and terrors of the game.

In a small red manual entitled "Infantry Training" is set forth how to perform the various movements, something after this style:—"At the command so-and-so, the right hand man will mark time while the remainder form up on his left, &c., &c." But this is all but a bluff to fool the unwary. What



really does happen is this: on the command so-and-so, the right hand man halts, turns about, looks bewildered, marks time, turns left about, and finally relapses into a state of coma, while the remainder form mass by the shortest route and halt.



This system of drill is greatly superior to the original form, as the necessity of learning different movements is avoided, and one word of command suffices for a whole hour's drill. It is universally adopted by recruit classes and the more open-minded of the Canadian militia.

Sleeping in your walk is a pernicious habit indulged in by all ranks at times, though strictly it is a C.M.S.'s privilege.

Great amusement is caused on parade by any humorous-minded C.S.M. executing a sword dance over a sheet of smooth but unresisting ice just under the N.C.O. room windows, or suddenly springing new and original commands on unsuspecting ordinary mortals. Any disturbance or confusion so caused



is always a source of great amusement to the authorities in charge. The latter practice has been followed with marked success during the past year. We have heard "On the right form line, remainder as you were . . ." we have marched past at the short trail, fixed bayonets at the slope, and momentarily expected to be called upon to form extended column of route to the centre in five ranks.

Too much cannot possibly be said on the joys of advancing in review order and firing Feu-de-joies. The fact that almost all Cadets on graduation seek appointments in mounted units is not in any way due to lack of respect for the great game, but rather to a natural craving for horses.

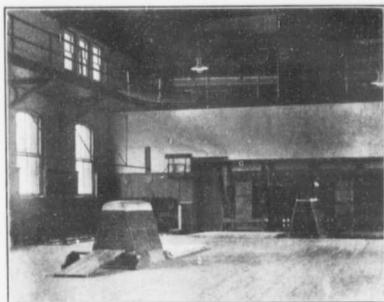


Gymnastics

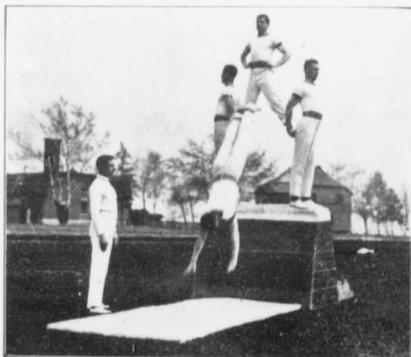


EARS, three in number, of undeniably strenuous exercise had at last rendered him muscle bound. His rigid form was a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Upward circles were mere nothings to his ape-like body, he could do prsses by day and bridge ladders by the cubic yard. He first appeared at this, our institution of knowledge

and menial department, a wearied mortal, and it took him exactly four days to raise his chest from daturm to the three hundred foot level. From this point on his development was abnormal, and he soon attained complete control over his anatomy. "He could open and close his pores at will" and thanks to this overwhelming asset he managed to make a coveted place on the gym squad.



One might quite reasonably ask the question, "Of what use will this training be in after life?" Of course to any body who has seen him in his native haunts the answer is quite apparent.



He can look after himself quite readily without the kindly assistance of a nurse; this unquestionably saves expense, whilst on the other hand he might even make a few cents, in his spare hours, holding down such positions as, bar bouncer, muscle-dancer or dock walloper.



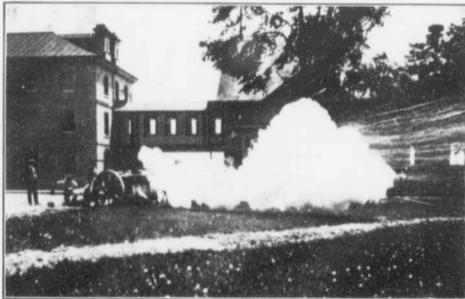
Artillery

THE sport of Emperors' —— for was not Napoleon an Artilleryman and an Emperor? So are we —— (Artillerymen).

Well, to be brief and to avoid burdening your mind with useless details and technical nomenclature, this artillery of ours takes up a goodly amount of our time and energy, mostly time, while at R.M.C. By the end of our second year quite a number of us are fairly proficient in the sport, being able to detect at once on looking at a cannon, which end must be pried open to receive the bullet and which lever to pull to shoot the gun; we manage to gather other details, but after all, these are the principal ones.

Several "Rule Books" have been printed for the guidance of those who take up the pastime for a living, but these books are so full of professional jargon, that it sometimes is necessary to correct them so that they can be understood by the lay mind—for example: When the section commander says, "prepare for action," No. 2 is expected to remove the breech and muzzle covers and any pots, cooking utensils or old boots that may have collected in the bore, also to take off the hydraulic buffer and strap it to the front of the shield; the rest of the numbers, if not actively engaged in offering advice, will look busy so as to fool the section commander.

Besides cannon drill there is another sad side to our artillery department, known as Repository, which includes some of the following interest-





ing, and no doubt profitable occupation:—Moving the right and left cheeks of a gyn. alternately in and out, to say nothing of manoueuering the pry pole; hauling the late Quebec Bridge to and fro, hither and thither; withdrawing ancient and slippery oak piles, through the holes in the ice, from the depths of Lake Ontario, which seems very reluctant to let them go. This last we must say, is a winter amusement and is accomplished with the least possible expenditure of energy by those engaged.

HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

1. T. & P. No. 80 is not a particular brand of tobacco. It is a fuze.
2. Do not drop the tube electric vent, sealing, friction, retaining, lever, wireless. It is delicate in spite of its name.
3. When ordered to scotch up the gyn. do not mix a horrible drink, but merely push blocks of wood under the feet of the implement.

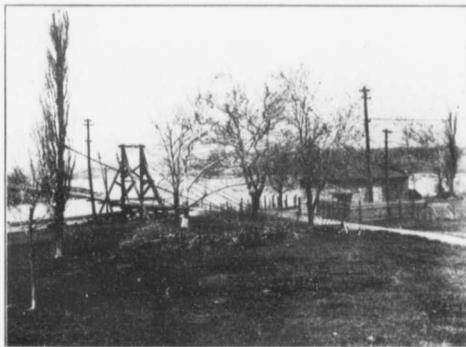




THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE UNDER CONSTRUCTION.



Preparing the defences of the log-shed. The Graduating Class
in their second year.



War as it actually is: what a modern attack is "up against."
Note the stockades, wire entanglements and abbatis.



Work on the Aerial Transport.



THE COLLEGE FROM FORT HENRY.

Contrast this with the Colony Engraving on Page 30.



SURVEY: At Maple Knoll, (trig. point b), and a party at the Observatory taking altitudes of the sun.



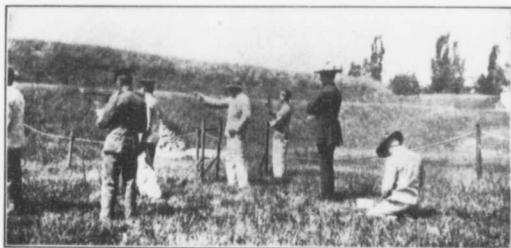
Survey Plane-tableing on Quarry Hill, for the location of the R.M.C. and Gananoque Railway. (R.M.C. and G.R.R.)



Returning from a trip to repair the Fort Henry Dip-o'-Death.



Civil Engineering.—Calculating the flow of a stream through a weir.

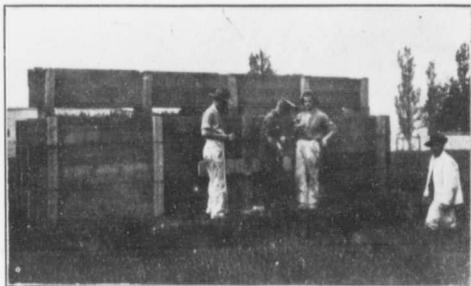


Revolver Shooting, in which the College competes against R.M.C. Sandhurst annually.

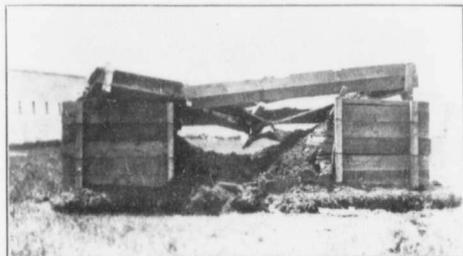


Digging the holes to contain the sixty pounds of powder to be set off, in service, by the accidental tripping of a wire by a passing body of men. The immediate result, as may be gathered from the photograph, is rather sudden.





Laying the demolishing charge, of dry gunnetton, on the side of the
2' 6" stockade.



The result of a button being pressed a considerable distance away.



Diploma Day.

June 24th, 1914.

- 10:30 A.M. Reception of His Honour The Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario
by the Cadet Battalion.
11:00 A.M. Inspection of Drawings.
11:15 A.M. Gymnastics.
11:35 A.M. Artillery Drill.
11:45 A.M. Inspection of Gun-Model Shed and New Dormitory.
12:00 Noon Presentation of Prizes.

LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS, 1914.

- Sword of Honour—B.S.M., C. B. R. Macdonald.
Governor-General's Gold Medal—Sergt. W. F. Hadley.
Governor-General's Silver Medal—Sergt. H. S. Matthews.
Governor-General's Bronze Medal—C.S.M., C. V. Fessenden.
Term Work—1st Class Prize—Sergt. W. F. Hadley.
2nd Class Prize—Gent. Cadet G. S. Ridout.
3rd Class Prize—Gent. Cadet R. Fitz Randolph.

FIRST CLASS PRIZES.

- General Proficiency in Military Subjects—Sergt. W. F. Hadley.
Military Engineering—B.S.M., C. B. R. MacDonald.
Tactics and Reconnaissance—Sergt. W. F. Hadley.
Artillery—Corporal J. S. B. Macpherson.
Physics—Sergt. W. F. Hadley.
Chemistry—Sergt. W. F. Hadley.
Surveying—Sergt. W. F. Hadley.
Civil Engineering—Sergt. W. F. Hadley.
L'Alliance Française, French Medal—Corporal L. K. Green.
Drills and Exercises—C.S.M., C. V. Fessenden.

SECOND CLASS PRIZES.

- Military History—Gent. Cadet A. G. Dobbie.
Military Administration and Military Law—Gent. Cadet G. S. Ridout.
Field Sketching and Map Reading—L./Corporal A. C. Brooks.
Mathematics and Mechanics—Gent. Cadet G. S. Ridout.
Geometrical and Engineering Drawing—Gent. Cadet G. S. Ridout.
French—Gent. Cadet S. A. J. Therien.



THIRD CLASS PRIZES.

English—Gent. Cadet R. Fitz Randolph.

French—Gent. Cadet H. de L. Panet.

ARTILLERY AND MUSKETRY.

Open to First Class. A prize for the best essay written during the year on Artillery. Presented by the Canadian Artillery Association.—Corporal F. M. Gibson.

Presented by the Province of Ontario for highest score in the Annual Course of Musketry—First Class, C.S.M., C. V. Fessenden; Second Class, Gent. Cadet P. W. Cook; Third Class, Gent. Cadet H. T. Genet.

Presented by the Province of Quebec for the highest aggregate in R.M.C. Rifle Matches—1st prize, C.S.M., C. V. Fessenden; 2nd prize, Gent. Cadet C. R. Sircom; 3rd prize, Gent. Cadet W. W. Turnbull.

Challenge Cup for Artillery. Presented by Ontario Artillery Association—Corporal J. S. B. Macpherson.

Musketry Challenge Shield. Presented by Province of Ontario—Won by "B" Company; C.S.M. C. V. Strong.

Revolver Challenge Shield. Presented by Sir F. W. Borden—Gent. Cadet E. A. F. Hale.

GYMNASTIC AND BOXING.

Inter-Co'y Gymnastic Cup. Presented by Major W. A. Scott, R.M.L.I.—Won by "B" Co'y; C.S.M., C.V. Strong.

Bayonet Fighting Competition—Sergt. H. S. Matthews.

Novices' Boxing Challenge Cup. Presented by Major J. P. Shine, R.M.L.I.—Lightweight, Gent. Cadet A. J. Crerar; Heavyweight, Gent. Cadet J. A. Chestnut.

Featherweight Boxing Challenge Cup. Presented by Lt.-Col. R. E. Kent, 14th Regt.—Gent. Cadet H. A. Roberts.

Lightweight Boxing Challenge Cup. Presented by Officers' Staff Course, 1899—C.S.M., L. Drummond.



Middleweight Boxing Challenge Cup. Presented by Long Course Officers, 1906—Gent. Cadet C. R. Sircom.

Heavyweight Boxing Challenge Cup. Presented by Major-General E. T. Hutton—Gent. Cadet W. F. Clarke.

Welterweight Boxing—Gent. Cadet H. V. LeMesurier.

RIDING.

Challenge Cup. Presented by Major George Hooper—C.S.M., C. V. Fessenden.

Mounted Patrol Challenge Cup. Presented by the Earl of Dundonald—"C" Section of "A" Co'y; C.S.M., J. H. Roberts.

Jumping Challenge Cup. Presented by Lieut. H. P. Holt, 3rd Dragoon Guards—B.S.M., C. B. R. MacDonald.

Dummy Thrusting Challenge Cup. Presented by Captain E. C. Hamilton—B.S.M., C. B. R. MacDonald.

Jumping on Numnahs—Gent. Cadet R. W. L. Crawford.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Open Squash Racquet Tournament—L/Corporal H. H. Blake.

Handicap Squash Racquet Tournament—Corporal L. K. Greene.

Cross Country Run (Cup presented by Colonel H. S. Greenwood)—L/Corporal E. I. H. Ings.

Tennis Singles Challenge Cup—Corporal L. K. Greene.

Open Singles—Second, Gent. Cadet N. C. Nelles.

Handicap Singles—First, Gent. Cadet G. T. Cassels; Second, Sergt. C. W. A. Barwis.

Open Doubles—1st, C.S.M., L. Drummond and Gent. Cadet H. G. A. Giles; 2nd, L/Corporal H. H. Blake and L/Corporal D. E. A. Rispin.

Handicap Doubles—1st, Sergt. C. W. A. Barwis and Corporal L. K. Green; 2nd, Gent. Cadet N. C. Nelles and Gent. Cadet G. T. Cassels.

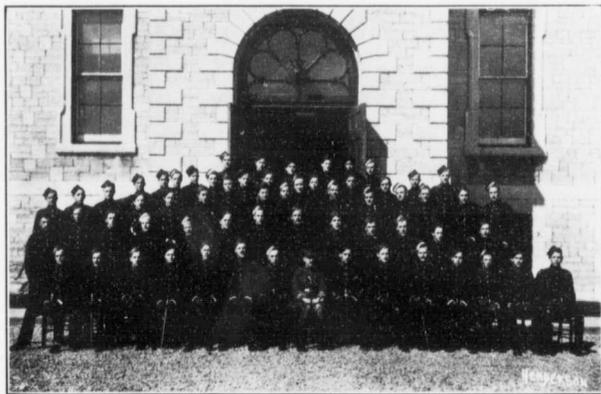


THE SUBORDINATE STAFF.

Top Row—Q.M.S. Johnson, Q.M.S.I. Coldham, C.Q.M.S. Trowbridge, Q.M.S. Ruffell, Q.M.S.I. Howdie,
Staff Sergt. Patemen.

Centre Row—Q.M.S. Harvey, S.M.I. Cutbush, S.M.I. Boutillier, S.M.I. Kerrison, S.M.I. Vokes.

Bottom Row—Staff Sergt. McManus, Col. Sergt. Instr. Sawyer.



"B" COMPANY.



Graduating Class, 1914.

1.	Sergeant W. F. Hadley	23220	Diploma with Honours.
2.	Sergeant H. S. Matthews	22309	" " "
3.	C.S. Major C. V. Fessenden	22183	" " "
4.	B.S. Major C. B. R. MacDonald	21878	" " "
5.	Corporal L. K. Greene	21113	" " "
6.	Corporal H. H. Blake	20707	Diploma.
7.	C.S. Major C. V. Strong	20647	Diploma with Honours.
8.	Corporal J. S. B. Macpherson	20553	" " "
9.	C.S. Major L. Drummond	20404	" " "
10.	Corporal F. S. Rankin	19918	" " "
11.	Sergeant B. H. Mackenzie	19705	Diploma.
12.	Sergeant I. R. MacNaughton	19046	"
13.	L/Corporal W. G. Kerr	18633	"
14.	Corporal F. M. Gibson	18263	"
15.	L/Corporal B. D. Rogers	18225	"
16.	Sergeant C. W. A. Barwis	18080	"
17.	Sergeant E. O. McMurtry	18067	"
18.	Corporal J. O. B. St. Laurent	17944	"
19.	L/Corporal J. K. Cronyn	17733	"
20.	L/Corporal F. Fyshe	17707	"
21.	Corporal W. Vandersmissen	17608	"
22.	Corporal D. A. Kittermaster	17520	"
23.	L/Corporal J. F. Preston	17511	"
24.	L/Corporal A. H. Morphy	17467	"
25.	L/Corporal A. McGoun	17433	"
26.	L/Corporal D. C. Greey	17214	"
27.	Corporal W. H. Shoenberger	17094	"
28.	L/Corporal N. A. Sparks	16918	"
29.	Sergeant J. A. Dennistoun	16879	"
30.	L/Corporal H. S. Parker	16529	"
31.	L/Corporal H. D. Wilkins	16128	"
32.	C.S. Major J. H. Roberts	16006	"
33.	L/Corporal D. E. A. Rispin	15989	"
34.	L/Corporal A. D. Walker	15580	"
35.	L/Corporal E. I. H. Ings	15242	"
36.	L/Corporal H. E. M. Ince	15023	"
37.	L/Corporal C. B. Pitblado	14898	"



The Closing Exercises.

DIPLOMA DAY, JUNE 24th.

HOW many of us, as we were doing our Latin for the Entrance Examinations ever realized the significance of the word ex? Then we desired nothing more than to become a Cadet. And as a Cadet, how often have we wished for the day when we would attach ex to our name in the word ex-cadet? Diploma day seemed far distant then.

Diploma day is now of the past. Following the usual custom of a dark rainy day on returning to College and a bright, sunny day, on leaving for the holidays, the weather was splendid.

At 10.15 the Cadet Battalion was drawn up in a line and shortly afterwards Sir John Gibson, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, arrived and inspected the Cadets. After the march past and other ceremonial drill, the drawings and survey plans of the Cadets were inspected.

While the work in the draughting room was being examined, the gym squad, thirty-six strong, paraded in the gym. For three-quarters of an hour exercises on the horses, the parallel bars and the horizontal bar were rushed through in quick succession and this display of muscular ability was particularly appreciated by the parents and other out-of-town visitors.

As soon as the gym. was over a picked squad of the Second Class went quickly through the drill of a field battery in action.

Shortly after twelve o'clock the First, Second and Third classes formed up in a U formation in one end of the gym. In the other end, standing on the dais, Sir John Gibson presented the prizes and diplomas. In all thirty-seven marched proudly up, saluted and marched back with their diplomas grasped safely in the left hands. Of these nine graduated with honours and the rest doing so well that the average is the highest recorded in the history of the College.

After the presentation of diplomas and prizes, Sir John Gibson spoke briefly. In his remarks he spoke of his own high esteem for ex-cadets and he concluded with a timely bit of advice, the more forcible because it was unexpected: "To start work soon and not loiter around."

By one o'clock the closing exercises were over; the Third Class had become the proud Second Class and the Second Class were henceforth haughty First Class, and the First Class had done their last infantry and gym. at the R.M.C.



Debating.

THE FIRST DEBATE.

IT was decided by the Debating Committee that the first debate of the year should be between "A" and "B" companies, the subject to be, "Resolved that Professionalism is Detrimental to Sport." For "B" company Mr. Fyshe and Mr. McKenzie were to argue on the affirmative side of the question, while for "A" company Mr. Fessenden and Mr. Ridout were to present the negative.

The debate was held on Tuesday, November 4th. Major Perreau and Professor Laird were the judges. Mr. Fyshe opened the debate for the affirmative, then Mr. Fessenden, Mr. McKenzie and Mr. Ridout all brought their arguments forth in turn. Mr. Fyshe was on the whole the most interesting. Mr. Fessenden's speech was ingenious but rather difficult to follow, and Mr. Ridout had perhaps the best material.

At the end Major Perreau made a few remarks about what he had seen of professional sport in Canada, particularly professional hockey, for which he has a profound admiration. Then Professor Laird made his customary comments on the substance, style and delivery of the respective speeches. Finally he announced that the verdict of the judges was that "A" company had had the better of the argument.

THE SECOND DEBATE.

November 25th.

TO make things more interesting it was decided this time to have a debate between the First and Second classes. The speakers were chosen by vote, so there was considerable interest taken in the results. The subject was: Resolved that "The U.S. by making war on the present Mexican Government, would be acting in the best interests of that nation." The First Class were represented by Mr. Matthews and Mr. MacNaughton, while Mr. Therien and Mr. Ferguson-Davie upheld the cause of the Second Class. The First Class proved unequal to the task of showing that Mexico would get peace and happiness from armed interference on the part of the U.S. Their failure was due chiefly to Mr. Therien's speech: the latter had the best material but made very free use of notes. At the end Col. Wood gave the decision of the judges, which was, that they should not consider the proposition proved and that therefore the Second Class had won the debate. Prof. Mulloy also spoke for a few minutes. He assured the Cadets that he would do all in his power to promote the interest in debating.



THE THIRD DEBATE.

THE last debate, a very interesting one, was held on February 11th, between the West of Canada and the East. Rogers and Ridout speaking for the former, Brooks and Macpherson for the latter. Colonel Carleton presided.

The subject was, "Resolved, that the admission of efficient Hindu labor into Canada is in the best interests of the British Empire." The East chose the affirmative.

Mr. Macpherson, opening the debate, explained the subject. By an efficient laborer is meant an ordinary workman, not a mechanic. The objections to Hindus are held by working men, their admission is favored by corporations. The western states have been built up on cheap labor, would not Canada be greatly benefitted by them. The great congestion in India would be relieved, the money they sent out would still remain in the Empire, and would do much good in India. The Hindus are part of the Empire and should be admitted. How can we improve the conditions of Canada without knowing the ideas of other nations. The character of the Hindu is by no means vicious, he is often superior to the white workman.

Mr. Rogers, in reply, dealt with the labor side of the question. The Hindu, he said, was a man of weak moral character, when admitted in large numbers, would swell the ranks of the trades unions, whose leaders would hold them securely under their sway. He emphatically stated that the Hindu is not the equal of the white man, is steeped in vice, and unfitted for the climate. The parliament of Canada instead of facing the question, has "beat about the bush," and affirmed that as soon as an arrangement can be made with India, the Hindu can come in—the result will be the expulsion of the Hindu from British Columbia or the separation of British Columbia from the Dominion.

Mr. Brooks pointed out the small number of the Hindu emigrants, of these the majority are Sikhs, a sober, hard-working, faithful race, not vicious but cleanly. A compromise could be brought forward shutting out the Jap and Chinaman, but admitting the Hindu, who is as much a British subject as we are.



Mr. Ridout ridiculed some of his opponents' points, and then took up the religious and social side of the subject. Our attempt to assimilate two entirely different races will result in a trouble like the Negro in the Southern States. The Hindu will introduce his own customs when he gets the vote—child marriages, starvation, and poverty would result. His religion would be a great evil if introduced into Canada. In India the Hindu is under the army, what army is there in Canada to control him?

Mr. Macpherson (reply) ridiculed Mr. Ridout's ideas about the introduction of Hindu customs; the child marriages were entirely overestimated.

Colonel Carleton, in a few words, said that it had been a very interesting debate, but that the practical side of the question had been rather neglected. The affirmative's arguments were rather far-fetched, while those of the negative, although impractical sometimes, were real.

The judges—Colonel Carleton, Capt. Meldon, and Prof. Mulloy—after some discussion, announced that the West had won "hands down."

Visit and Inspection by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught.

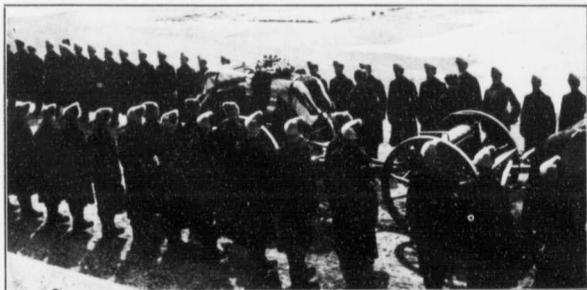
ON Tuesday, June 2nd, H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada, reviewed the Battalion and inspected the College. Commencing at five p.m. with the Royal salute and the march past by the Battalion, His Royal Highness then inspected the new buildings and witnessed a practice of the Dundonald Cup teams in riding. The horse and bar gymnastic squads then gave a display, after which the Battalion again paraded in the gymnasium.

In a few words His Royal Highness expressed his regret that this should be his final visit to the College as Governor-General, and remarked that while he was acknowledged a severe critic, he could unhesitatingly say that the exhibition he had just witnessed were up to the mark in all respects. He wished the Cadets the best of success in whatever profession they might enter, and hoped that none would forget the things they had learned at the College.

His Royal Highness then left the College.



The funeral of Cadet Fry leaving the parade ground.



Passing down the drive.



Dances.

Thursday, 18th December.

FRIDAY the 19th drew near, so did Thursday the 18th, but Wednesday the 17th drew nearer still. It was decided we were to go home for our Christmas leave on the 19th; we thought we would like to have a dance the 18th, and it was decreed that we, the hard working First Class, should write an exam. in one of Professor J. B's "simple subjects" "Heat," on the 17th. To make matters worse it was to be a final, but little cared we for that. (Liar.) The exam. came and went, however, and thus passed the last of our troubles for the year 1913 (except the purchasing of about twenty-five dollars' worth of Christmas presents with a cash balance of about \$5.17!!).

Sparing no pains and expense the Dance Committee secured Arbuckle and his faithful henchmen, Kingston's matchless marvels at making music, for the night of the 18th. The dance was due to start at 8.30 and everybody was on hand at the hour mentioned, as it is a well known fact that the authorities at the R.M.C. have an unfortunate habit of cutting short the dances at rather an early hour. We welcomed our new Commandant, Col. Carleton, D.S.O., on this occasion, it being his first appearance at a College function, and we also said good-bye to Col. Birchall Wood, the retiring Commandant.

The Thanksgiving Dance, Wednesday, Nov. 26th.

AN account of the length of the football season this year and the many people who were in training, the usual Thanksgiving Dance, instead of being held immediately before Thanksgiving, which was on October 15th, was postponed till Wednesday, the 26th of November.

Although later than usual and approaching the exams, it was thoroughly enjoyed—by most of us any how.



Wednesday afternoon the Third Class turned out in full strength together with most of the First and Second classes to make the gym. "not look like a gym." We can't say that ribbon, ferns and flowers were used in profusion, but we can say that accoutrements were. Rifles, belts, haversacks, signalling flags, and in fact any of the "King's property" temporarily in our possession that could be utilized, appeared for the evening.

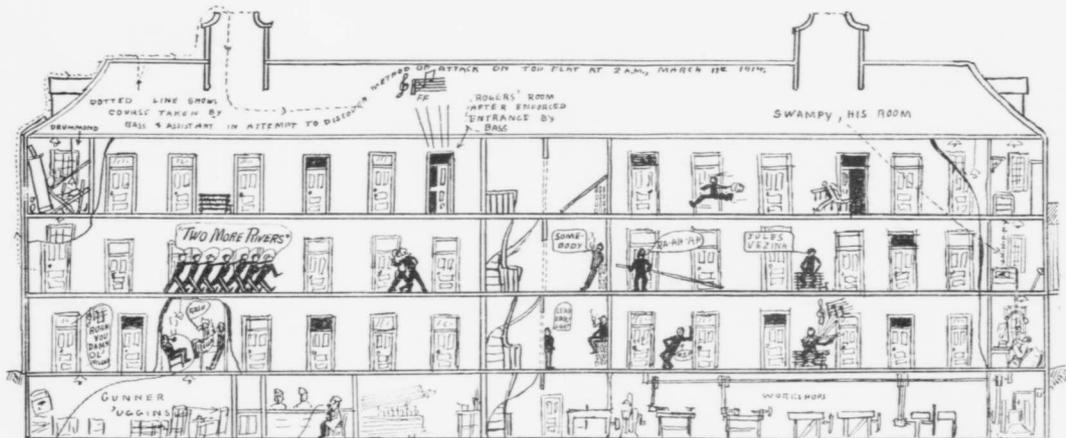
A simple colour scheme in red and white was carried out which, with the accoutrements, succeeded in making the gym. into a very presentable ball room.

ON March 12th Kingston's 400 gathered in the gym. for the annual Easter dance. Mrs. Perreau received the guests, ably supported by the Commandant and the Fat lad (his last public appearance in the role of chief push). Wealth, charm, beauty and art were all represented, and the Bass had his hands washed. The guests included Col. and Mrs. A., who looked very attractive in grey suède bouclé at the shoulders and a spray in the hair; Mrs. B. and her eight charming daughters; the proud mother was clung in some quaint old mauve stuff and her daughters wore the same stuff varying in colour universally as a rainbow. Miss C. was very piquantly attired in veiled tulle with an overdress of minoa gathered slightly at the waist, her friend, the dashing Miss D., from Gananoque, wore neutral tint à la bon-bon. Lady de G. Whiz appeared, slung in a Paquine robe-de-soie overlapped with broadcloth à la canvas-coat.

Heavy refreshments (about two tons per running foot) were served from daintily decorated tables in the Sergt.-Major's dressing room, whilst the married people and superior staff took theirs neat in the shower baths.

Whilst the orchestra were feeding, on one bottle of beer, the College musicians took the stand. From this point the dance rapidly declined until it broke up at one p.m.

There were a number of people from civilized parts of the country all of which added to the enjoyment of the Cadets.



(BRISTON)
 WELL THE
 QUALITY IS A
 LAYE UNITS BE
 DUES TO COMPAR
 SPINALS, MARCH
 ARE INCREASING
 NOT RELAXED
 AND NOT INCLIN
 IN THE APPROX
 ESTABLISHMENT
 OR PAGE 17

YESSIR, AND I SEE ALL SET
 GOING, WELL I SEE TO
 COLLINWOOD "THE GUNNER
 JUGGINS LAID IS GUN" AND
 "I SEE "YESSIR" SO "I SEE
 WHICH LET THE DEMONSTR
 COMMENCE". YESSIR, YESSIR
 902? JUST A MINUTE SIR!

LONGITUDINAL CENTRE SECTION
 OF
 THE STONE FRIGATE

Scale 1:1000
 Scale of pounds per square foot per second, R.F. = 1000

R. M. C.
 11 P.M.

W. G. W. P.





The Minstrel Show, 1914.

UES to the same old minstrel show, although in appearance and nature it has altered much in the last few years. The old time Negro song chorus with the end and middle man have entirely disappeared, giving place to lively and amusing skits and cleverly acted dramas representing the humourous side of every-day life.

But as long as the College is in existence it is sure to contain some who profess to sing. We don't know whether this species of humanity is increasing, or whether it was merely due to the unusually mild winter, but suffice it to say that for more than a month prior to this performance, the buildings used to resound at times with their various cries and songs, as they trained their vocal organs for the occasion. On this night, however, they broke all their previous records. To watch Shoenberger and Parker break forth into song, one would never imagine that it required any extraordinary effort. They both finished strong, and as fresh as ever. The bird-like warble, the clearness and symmetry of which was remarked on by many, flew lightly from the mouth of one E. H. Ings.

Of course no one was expected to know the authors of the sounds likened by some of the audience to waves booming on a rock-bound coast. This voluminous base was perpetrated by Wilkins and Campbell. The whole conglomeration was nicely perfected and rounded out by the symphonies of Fiskien, who played no mean part in the success of the sextet. Throughout the act it was generally remarked the way in which each one rose and sang with that careless abandon of one who is merely carrying out a momentary impulse. The act opened with a few chirps and trills from the songsters, but gathering courage as the time progressed, the sounds became louder and louder, and the room rang and the whole troupe were involved; then it gradually died away to mournful notes, not unlike those of a loon which has lost his mate. At the conclusion everyone was enthusiastically applauded.



In Ischgabibble Cronyn succeeded in demonstrating that he is much more at home perambulating about behind the footlights to the tune of a popular rag, than under the rigor and discipline of the class-room. Shoenberger aided and abetted him in producing their highly creditable song, dance and dialogue stunt, and the actors left the stage amid great éclat.

Some people say that the army breeds common sense but had they seen Private Macaulay peering into the mouth of the canon after touching off the fuze, they might have changed their opinions. Of course this might have been just a natural stupidity. General Parker had all the unnecessary qualifications of a good general, and Sergeant Townsend was as bright intellectually as the average sergeant. Cassels, however, made a charming red cross nurse, whatever his capabilities may have been.

It may or may not be a usual thing for ex-Cadets to dream of Kingston and those whom it contains, once they have left its vicinity, but McMurtry did, and the faces which appeared before him were not unpleasing, roughly sketched as they were by Cook in the space of a minute.

It is bad enough to see Mutt and Jeff in the newspapers, but when their ugly faces stare at you over the footlights, it is too much. Their conversation was choice and very original and their actions inclined to be rough. Jeff got away without serious damage however.

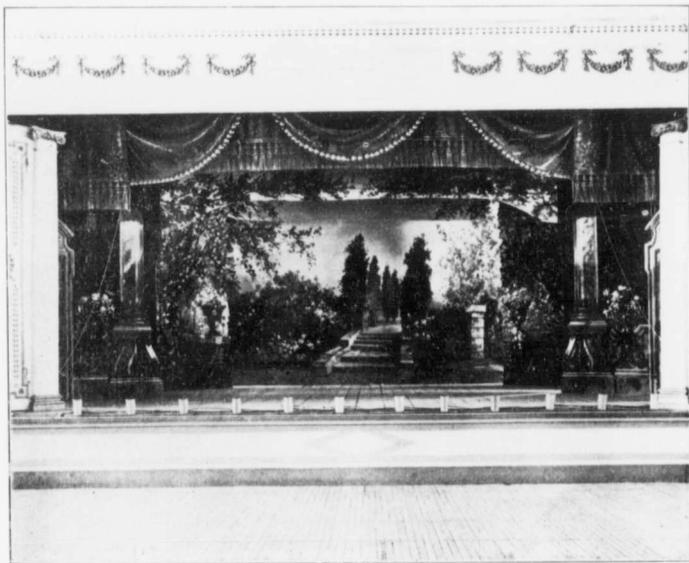
To what depths will not a respectable minstrel show descend? Before the audience realized it they were played into the depths of a soul-gripping melodram. While the villain, Lord, was insulting the fair young heroine, the audience held its breath, only to release it again when Arnoldi, the undergardener and hero, dashes in at the critical moment and saves the heroine and the situation. The remainder of the cast were either poisoned or shot at various times.

For genuine laughter and fun give us Bishop's and Fisker's pantomime. They had the motion picture actors beaten to a standstill. Their expressions were always eloquent, although the former's was considerably hidden by a liberal supply of white paint.

The second part of the show consisted of a humorous one act farce with Cronyn, the village apothecary, playing the leading part. His wife and sister-in-law were undoubtedly as charming a pair as you ever see on Princess



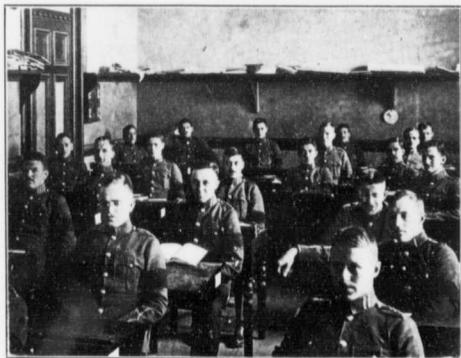
street on a Saturday afternoon. The great agitation of the apothecary on hearing that his wife had had five previous husbands, all of whom had died suddenly, was amusing to say the least. It reaches a climax when he suspects her of trying to poison him with the tomato catsup. Everybody in the cast played their parts to perfection. The intervals between acts were pleasantly filled by the College Orchestra, which also played the dances which followed. Many out of town guests were present to see the performance and all agreed that they had never seen anything like it before ?? I wonder just exactly what they meant?



THE STAGE.



Office of the "Stone Frigate."



First Class at work? in their class-room.



The Cake Walk, 1914.

Neptune—G. Avery. H. E. Cochrane, Manager.

1. A Little Bit of Everything - - - - Reed and Harrower
 2. Pebeco Tooth Paste - - - - - Chestnut and Grant
 3. Nursery Rhymes - - - - - Townsend and Genet
 4. An Assinine Couple - - - - - Mitchell and Scott
 5. Livingstone—up-to-date - - - - Turnbull and Wurtele
 6. The Honeymoon Express - - Carruthers and Brownfield
 7. The Boxing Master - - - - - Pope, Pemberton and Ross
 8. Two Nuts (?) - - - - - Pelletier and Fawcett
 9. Baby Mine - - - - - Tinning and Hadrill
 10. The Racing Parson - - - - - Giles and Taylor
 11. Shipwrecked - - - - - Gibson and Roberts
 12. The Brass Bottle - Campbell, Crerar, Cooke and Thompson
- Steps:—Holmes and Starr, Panet and Parkin, Stewart
and Murchie, Stuart and Stone, Wardrope and
Roberts, Morris and Tatlow.

Electrician, G. P. Morrison; Master Carpenter, H. Boutler.

FOR three weeks the flats had been deserted by the recruits,—for three weeks they had been sitting out in the fort in twos or threes with heads between hands pondering how best to avail themselves of the opportunity of expressing with impunity their views on the behavior and multifold defects of the abhorred First Class.

At last the nerve racking day arrived—nerve racking for both seniors and recruits, and finally at eight o'clock on the evening of the 19th of March the curtain rose disclosing—to the actors—a mass of officers, First Class and Second Class, veiled in cigarette smoke, and to the audience a stage cleverly fitted up to represent a modern sea shore where a mermaid basked in the sun perusing the latest Paris novel, while Father Neptune merged from the deep in a diving outfit to open the performance.

If you harbored any delusions as to the symmetry of your face or figure they were soon dispelled, for this was an opportunity to express opinions long suppressed. From first to last none were forgotten and no quarter given.

Some eccentric dancing and original buck and wing work was provided by the more nimble footed of the Class while the scenery was being changed for the next stunt.

As usual Tattoo that night presented a most cosmopolitan appearance and it was some days before the last trace of grease paint was quite removed and the last sigh of thankfulness given for the passing of another milestone in the year of a recruit.



The Smoker, 1914.

" 'Tis better to smoke here than hereafter."

1. Salt Breeze - - - - - Reed and Harrower
2. Mutt and Jeff - - - - - Chestnut and Grant
3. A tough guy from a tough place - - - Mitchell and Co.
4. Nothing in Particular - - - - - Fawcett and Pelletier
5. We Want Work (?) - - - - - Townsend and Tatlow
6. Three Nationalities - - - - - Arnoldi and Gooderham
7. Spanish Onion - - - - - Giles and Taylor
8. Two of a Kind - - - - - Morris and Roberts
9. Our Mechanical Toy - - - - - Cochran and Parker
10. Anna Paulova - - - - - Brownfield and Co.
11. Doctor M. C. Hearse - - - - - Avery and Morrison
12. A Third Class Quartet and a Bat - - - "Bunty" Boger
Campbell, Cooke and Crerar.

WING to the size of the recruit class the smoker was split in two. The first part was on Sunday night and our fussers missed much merriment and glee. Genet and Scott (true to life as a farmer) sang the following:

Like Macaulay needs some plugging,
Like McMurtry needs a girl,
Like the rink needs shovelling,
To keep its ice unfurled.
Like Maunsell needs his hair oil,
Like Matthews needs to have his way,
Like Wilkins needs to be reduced;
That's how we love (this space to let).

On Monday night Reed and Harrower yarned away Teddy Hugginsishly about Shoenberger cheeses (the smallest made), the Green sea and its Swampy shores (his city residence being approximately on them), Dennis-toun, where they couldn't kid the bar-maid and so tried to Kittermaster, but



the fellow cha-cha-cha-chucked them out you know. Then in came a little fellow with side whiskers who continually asked his tall skinny mut of a friend to have a clam shell, ever so many times. The tall fellow pushed him in the face and declined polite. Geoff generously gives Mutt a match to light his pipe with, swearing it lit alright a few minutes ago when he struck it. Mitch introduces the phrase, "Chicken, clutch," into high society while a fellow called Pip tended Bar. Mitch is our prize thug (on the stage). Pelletier and his partner let out at Pitblado for playing his violin on the bottom flat in "He'd have to get under," Get down and get under his table to avoid wee Barclay's hobnailed boots. Ex-Cadets will be pleased to note the ? after the title of the fifth show. Spanish Onion (Giles and Taylor) judging from a song they sang refers in a technical manner to a portion of the human anatomy. Morris and Roberts delighted the audience with the following:

There was a little man
And he was afraid that someone would rag him
So he jumped into bed and fixed up his door with
A hammer and a saw
For he was afraid that someone would rag him,
But along came a Sergt. with a great big charge
And oh! how he soaked him.

Poetic license allowed them to use a hammer and saw for a bayonet, and a serg for a C.S.M. and the officer of the week. Anna Paulova was exquisite but we doubt if any of the Russian dancers (especially the famous ones) wear anything similar to what we saw on Paulova. Our mechanical toy noticed while reading the papers and other things that Strong teeth were prominent in tooth paste and Cochrane refers to one of our C.S.M's, as having Brown teeth and Hazel eyes. Morrison made a fine Dr. Hearse and looked most lugubrious decause he said Pontius had been fired from the Knights of Pythias band (Peterborough, see also Mariposa) because he was unable to hit the drum in the centre. Hence the nickname Polaire II^{***}. The crowning feature of the evening, however, was the quartet who sang very beautifully. One of them happened to be reading the papers and saw that Miss Blue Eyes having been knocked over by a train lay beside the car granoin (Kerr Cronyn). The cat did not sing.



THE COLLEGE ORCHESTRA.



The Orchestra.

WHEN we came here in 1911 the chief features of the College orchestra were the tambourine and Moore Cosgrave, the artful musician, who played it. Besides the tambourine there were several mandolins, two or three violins and always J. N. Cantin with his cornet. This orchestra was followed in 1912-13 by one of greater musical talent. The mandolins were rejected, a drum, a flute and bass violin and another cornet were added. Cockburn assumed the position of leader, and under his leadership the orchestra commenced to become what it is today.

This year the orchestra of our recruit year was revived under the title of "Sousa's Band." We would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. E. A. Whitehead for his presentation of instruments to the same.

In addition to Sousa's Band we have had the pleasure (at times) of a really good orchestra. Rogers succeeded to Cockburn's position and improved the music very much. It was chiefly due to his energy and that of the musicians that the orchestra was able to render so many very fine selections on so many occasions. This is the first year we have had music at dinners given in the College, I refer to the football dinners. The orchestra was always ready to render some selections on occasions such as the aquatic sports when a "thé dansant" invariably followed.

The orchestra has distinguished itself this year by not playing the same selections more than twice in public, whereas formerly the same pieces were played dance after dance, year in and year out.

Such could not have been the case if they had not each and every one supported Rogers' energy and given up much of their valuable time to orchestra practices, and we hope that they all appreciate the pleasure that they have afforded us and the thanks we wish to return to them.



MILITARY HISTORY

(Jackson's
Valley Campaign
1862)



"Gen. Fremont cut his line of communications, compelling him to fall back on the Shenandoah mountains. At the same time Gen. Banks attacked his rear."

THE STONE FRIGATE

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ENTERED, ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT IN THE DEPT. OF PURE FOODS

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MATTERS MILITARY

THE FIRST ROYAL SEAFIFTH HIGHLANDERS.

WING to the feeling of insecurity on the top flat following up the disbanding of Bunty's Horse Marines and the Royal Submarine Heavy Artillery of 1913, an Act was passed providing for the recruiting and equipping of a defensive force as soon as circumstances would permit.

For noise, efficiency, training, and uniform, Barney's Highlanders certainly outshone their predecessors. Though the Colonel does not usually beat the drum himself, and bagpipes do not consist of a collection of flageolets and two droning horns, still neither do both towels and whisks really constitute kilts and sporrans.

The following orders were read to the regiment by the Staff Adjutant, Lieut. Wardrope, on their first parade:

FIRST REGIMENT, ROYAL SEAFIFTH HIGHLANDERS, ORDERS.

Kingston, Ont., Sept. 5th, 1913.

No. 1. Review.—His Lordship the Duke of Toronto will hold a review of the regiment at such time and place as will be given out in further orders.

No. 2. Pay.—Regimental pay is cancelled until further orders.

No. 3. Promotion.—No. 5, Sergeant Brownfield, to be Quartermaster Sergeant Instructor from this date. Authority H. Q. No. 12579-B. of 1st Inst.

No. 4. Board of Enquiry.—A board, composed as under, will convene at such time and place as the President may direct, to enquire into and report upon the conditions under which a musical instrument belonging to Sergeant Boulter became lost. After sitting on Sergeant Boulter the board will report in triplicate to the Adjutant.

No. 5. Leave.—Thanksgiving leave for the Regiment will extend from 6.45 p.m. 28th prox. to quarter to seven same date. Those intending to remain will notify the Staff Adjutant.

(Signed) W. H. WARDROPE, Lieut., Staff Adjutant,
1st Royal Seafifth Highlanders.

The Regiment paraded to be reviewed by the following, at different dates: Vautelet, Storms, Wilmot, E. A. Green, Gemmil, Sutherland, Whitehead, Stratton, C. V. Bishop, and others.

The personnel consisted of—Colonel, J. Duff-Stuart; Staff Adjutant, Lieut. W. H. Wardrope; Q.M.S., I. Brownfield; S e r g t., Gooderham; Corpls. Hadrill, Boulter; Ptes. Wurtell, Thompson, Grant and Stone.



THE NIGHT ATTACK OF MARCH 17th.

IN order to investigate fully the diplomatic causes which led up to the war, it is necessary to go back to the treaty of the Double Entente, signed by representatives of the Top and Bottom flats in the latter part of February, 1914, the gist of which was that:

1. The middle flat were overstepping their authority with respect to Foreign Powers, and
2. That in case of war the Top and Bottom flats would unite for common cause and afford mutual aid until the treaty expired. The treaty was to expire on the twentieth day of June, 1914.

Even with the superiority of numbers thus gained, it would be no easy task to subdue the trained forces of the middle flat. With this in view the military leaders of the Entente held a secret council and determined to organize the forces at their disposal and make all preparations for extremely rapid mobilization. The date for the attack was fixed for March 17th, and the following orders drawn up and distributed to the officers commanding the several units:

ATTACK ORDERS NO. 1.—Copy No. 5.

By Sergt. Mathews, Commanding Top and Bottom Flats.
Reference Map—Dormitory and Gym. Sheet I.

Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont., March 16th, 1914.

No. 1. Information.—Information has come to hand that the members of the Middle Flat are conceited, bumptious, disorderly and otherwise detestable.

No. 2. Pretention.—The top and bottom flats will make a surprise night attack, capture the enemy and put them in cold baths.

No. 3. Distribution.—As per margin:—

The Right Attack, under Sergeant-Major Fessenden, will deploy in the gymnasium at 9.20, and on hearing the starting signal will attack the enemy's left flank by way of the Passage Way.

The Centre Attack, consisting of squad of six scouts under L/Cpl. Shoenberger will proceed with the usual precautions to G.C. Ross' room ensuring the silence of the occupants. The O.C. Centre Attack will instruct his men before tattoo and enjoin them to absolute secrecy.

The Left Attack, under L/Cpl. Greey, will attack from the top flat by way of the stairs.

No. 4. Starting Signal.—All attacks will operate simultaneously upon hearing a bugle blast from the south end of the top flat. The bugle will sound at 9.25 p.m. Great care will be taken to excite no suspicion of hostility until the bugle blows.

No. 5. Reserve.—A general reserve, under G.C. Macaulay, will operate on the top flat. They will take charge of all prisoners and will send reinforcements upon order from the G.O.C.

No. 6. Prisoners.—All prisoners will be taken back along the Line of Communications to the Top Flat and put in suitably defended rooms pending punishments. The O.C. reserve will see to the defence of these rooms and will detail a reservist to guide parties in charge of prisoners to the proper cells.

No. 7. Engineers.—Engineers, under Sergt. Barwis, will accompany attacks, equipped with lashings, and will attend to the trussing of over-powered enemies. The O.C. engineers will see that the baths of the top flat are filled before tattoo and will detail an engineer to close the water mains on the middle flat at 9.15 p.m. The fire hose of the middle flat will be previously disconnected and the nozzle removed.

No. 8. Orders.—Orders will be read to the rank and file before the attack is made. The utmost secrecy is essential.

No. 9. Second Class.—No Second Class will participate.

No. 10. Orderlies.—One orderly will be detailed to O.C.'s right and left attacks.

No. 11. Reports.—To head of main stairs.

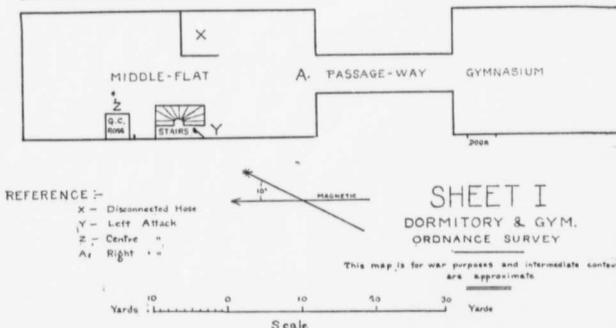
Signed,

B. D. ROGERS, L/Cpl., Staff Adjutant.

H. S. MATTHEWS, Sergt., Gen. O.C.

Copy No. 1 to O.C. Left Attack.
Copy No. 2 to O.C. Centre Attack.
Copy No. 3 to O.C. Right Attack.
Copy No. 4 to O.C. Engineers.
Copy No. 5 (filed) to Year Book.

CONFIDENTIAL



The commanding officers immediately passed the order to mobilize and the preparations were all made without any suspicion being excited. Two engineers procured twenty-five ten-fathom lashings, and another examined the water mains and arranged for the cutting off of the supply to the middle flat so as to preclude any possibility of the use of water in the defence. In order not to arouse suspicion, the water was not cut off until the last minute. At 7 p.m. a party of engineers disconnected the fire hose on the middle flat and removed the key and nozzle, having in mind a previous defence of another flat in which the hose used as artillery held back the assailants and forced them to retire in disorder. An orderly was also sent to town to procure a heavy padlock.

At 9.15 p.m. tattoo was dismissed. At 9.20 a telephone call came from Kingston for the B.S.M., who was kept in a conversation by one of Kingston's fair ones until the action was over.

At 9.25 p.m. the bugle sounded and the Entente soldiers rushed to the attack, to find the enemy utterly unsuspecting. The fact that they were unprepared for war offset any advantage which they might have had through standing on interior lines.

The Centre Attack was the first to close with the enemy, the Left Attack then made a feint of rushing the flat, and the enemy, taking by surprise, executed a flank movement at the double towards the gymnasium, having a rear party to carry on a delaying action, while they intended to take up a position near the gymnasium. At this moment the Right Attack appeared and assailed the enemy's left flank from the rear and the latter found themselves attacked from both flanks and split in the centre.

Within four minutes the fighting was over, and the reserves and engineers were lashing the prisoners, three to each lashing. The captives were then immersed in cold baths, one by one, and given free passage to their own country.

In the meantime an engineer and a reservist fastened a heavy lock on the inside of the main door, and removed the handle from the outside. The fire hose was trained on the door and the valve loosened and left ready for use or removal in case of the hose being captured. An outpost scheme was then drawn up and sentries posted.

At short intervals during the early part of the night small parties of skirmishers would attack the door and the transom was finally battered in. That this was a strategic weakness was apparent, but the O.C. engineers professed himself utterly unable to cope with the situation. Reference to all parts of "Military Engineering" failed to find any instruction or advice on the subject, so that the forces retained after posting a piquet with a police whistle covering the door.

A silent attack about midnight resulted in the piquet being soused with water.

About two a.m. the enemy dispatched a patrol to the roof with the object of discovering a salient point from this position. Having met with no success the fire-escapes were then examined, but the storm windows precluded any attack by this route.

The enemy forthwith held a council of war and resolved to make a pretence of retiring from action for the night. At three a.m. a reconnoitering party observed that the Entente outpost line was asleep, a scout effected an entrance through the transom and overpowered the line. The lock was then removed and the line carried back along the line of communication and disposed off. As soon as this was effected parties of R.A.M.C. detailed for water were sent out by the enemy and succeeding in deluging two of the Entente officers before the alarm was raised. The enemy retired and no further action took place.

During the following day detached skirmishes took place at irregular intervals, but no actual fighting occurred owing to the electricity (exam) in the air. A temporary truce was arranged, and a Hague tribunal drew up the code to be followed in waging civilized war, stipulating that tunics and blue undresses be removed before immersion in cold baths.

That the war was no pillow fight, but a traditional bull-dog, was evident from the marks received by men of both sides.

SCIENTIFIC

THE HISTORY OF THE LOST CALORIE

WE all know the law—total quantity of Heat before equal total quantity of Heat after. So did Scottie, who stokes the dormitory building furnaces. This happens to be what he was doing on 12/13/14 as he smoked his 3.27 a.m. pipe. (He is a man of precise habits.)

Why did Nature choose that very day and that particular boiler to deviate from her invariable rule? Yet so it was ordained.

At the exact hour mentioned, on this memorable day, Scottie heard a throbbing sound, and smelt a buzzing odor from his boiler. Being a man of inborn sagacity, he dashed to the affected spot and took the temperature of a gramme of the boiling liquid. He found this to be 101 C. He wrote down the result, with a worried frown, muttering—"Tis no canny"—and again—"Tis no muckle," and again, "Tis no braw"—and again—"Hoots toots." Then as if wiping aside momentary indecision, he put his hat in his pocket and climbed on to the dormitory roof. Once up there he took the temperature of a sample gramme taken from the cistern. His result was 100 C. In other words one calorie was lost. Nature had had a lapse. The poor fellow was non-plussed—paralyzed. "Mickilimacinae," he said, and started to

glide down the roof. As luck would have it he hung on a nail by his trousers. When the unfortunate man came to he breathlessly told his hair-raising tale to the College authorities. These naturally telegraphed for help to Ottawa, who, in due course, sent a detachment of government engineers. In the meantime poor Scottie, having delivered his message, became stark and raving mad. An examination of him brought only the irrelevant remark, "Michilmackinack." The poor fellow's evidence was untrustworthy. The engineers tore their hair, stamped their feet, ate cigars and chewed the rag, but the lost calorie was not to be found. Matters went from bad to worse. A leak developed that set the newspapers the world over prating of the awful phenomenon. A week slipped by and the calorie was yet unfound.

The situation was finally solved by a Cadet. This worthy was entering the building from a football practice, and was about to take a bath. No sooner, however, did his foot touch the water than he became unconscious from an unwonted shock. The water was warm! When he came to, he looked at the bath askance, for there, lying peacefully on the surface, was the missing calorie.

MATHEMATICS AND C. E.

MOMENT OF INERTIA

THE moment of inertia is the time you lie in bed after the alarm has gone when on a.m. defaulters.

It depends on the hour angle, which is the number of minutes from 6h. 15m. 0s., S. M. T.

When this angle is minus, an award is applied by the company commander.

This award is called the "Correction for Acceleration," and is worked out from the formula.

$$C.B. + \tan a^2s ?$$

Where the factor c.b. consists of c. the hour angle and the value b, the coefficient of the O.C's. temper, which is made up of the factors K Z T, where K=Temperature and Pressure

Z=Weather

T=What said officer had for breakfast.

(N.B.—Kappa doesn't matter, and Sigma doesn't matter, but Tau!)

Example:—Hor. angle=—4

$$K Z T = 10 = -0.7500014$$

Hence we have

$$\begin{aligned} C B \text{ in days} &= C \times K Z T \\ &= -4 \times -.7500014 \\ &= 3.0000056 \end{aligned}$$

or approximately 3 days C.B.

CIVIL ENGINEERING

A LONG time ago, when I was just a boy, my young sister asked me if I was going to be a civilized engineer, to which I replied, in that older brother manner, that I only had hopes of being a civil one. Of course she did not realize how funny that was then—I do now. Not that we don't like our C. E. on the other hand (I can't refrain from saying "she had a wart" but to continue) we like our C. E. and just love watching the funny looking formulae being put up on the board.

Of course we take up lots of things, for instance just before 'Xmas there was an examination for curves, none were found, however, and the matter was dropped until April when they will try again. We also hear considerable B.S. and S.E. The latter stands for south east and two or three other things which have slipped the writer's mind at the moment, but it must stand for some kind of an attractive thing which can keep a train, which is going the pace pretty well, from leaving the narrow track.

During the afternoons when everyone is feeling spry, we dash upstairs to the class-room and tear off an hour's "odds and ends"; this may sound indecent, but visitors are often shown in during the period and never seemed shocked at the appearance of the class—merely surprised.

Outside work is taken up when the College re-opens in September. This is an ideal month as far as temperature and weather are concerned, lunches are served up in little paper parcels—to eat—but owing to the economical habits accumulated during the summer leaves these lunches are often never touched. I have even seen a group of Cadets after two hours hard out-door work give their lunches to a chicken to eat, or out of pure fun stun a cow with a well directed piece of cheese, but the latter is the exception and not the rule. This out-door work is kept up till the cold weather sets in and everyone is keen to get inside and work at their plans. These, of course, are made up from notes gathered while not having lunch during the out-door work, and from these notes and their results, namely, the "plans for railways" the character of each man may be deduced and extraordinary as it may seem one often finds five or six different people with remarkably similar characters.

These notes one takes in the field are extremely interesting, however; time and time again have I seen a man come in from the field, take out his note-book and stare at it for a long time, his brow puckered up with interest, but unable to get to work on his plan because of the puzzling fascination of his notes. The "plans" alas don't take half long enough and are soon dashed off and one is ready for the next thing.

During the last few weeks before 'Xmas your attention is turned to your "profile"; this of course is much simpler than your plan, being merely the plan turned sideways and copied onto another piece of paper.

'Xmas comes around and reluctantly these profiles are handed in, so reluctantly are some to part with them that considerable difficulty is often experienced in getting people to give them up at all, lots wants to take their profiles home with them even during the holiday time and keep right at them there is always a plea to be allowed just a few more days work on them. It is quite a moving sight.

On returning after 'Xmas lectures on the strength of all kinds of material is gone into thoroughly, how long different sticks will be when one pulls at them, and also what weights they can hold up, and many other little pieces of general knowledge. If a man intends to go in for architecture he has a great opportunity to learn how to mix his mortar, lay bricks, make them look like hour glasses, almost all the little tricks of the trade. This last, however, can only be done by means of a large instrument kept for the purpose at a nearby university, the process being to push a little sliding weight out on a long arm till such a leverage is obtained that it will crush a brick to atoms.

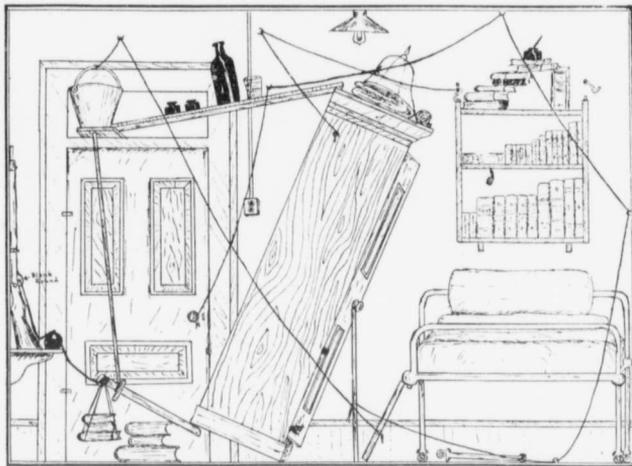
The months go on, 'Xmas comes and goes again almost immediately, and still the great thirst for knowledge cannot be satisfied, the minds of the class seem to be insatiable, cavernous. The combined efforts of the civilian and military staff seem unable to cope with questions; every available means is used; awful problems in earthworks, heartrending stories of broken down bridges and engineers, minstrel shows, cake walk, smoker, complicated timetable, exciting orderly rooms, but all of no avail, the various examinations show the uselessness.

About March, however, a great secret always gets out and is spread around. The First Class is building a railway, a species of K. & P. to go round Fort Henry. It appears that the reason we have been learning about suspension bridges, roof trusses and surveying the east end of Barriefield Base is simply to keep the secret from getting out so that it would be more of a surprise when it was finally discovered and the whole First Class would enjoy sitting around and watching the work go on.

Once this secret gets out there is little more to describe, some of the work has to be in and finished before June, so all social affairs are put aside for a couple of days and every one gets down to real work.

This is a good opportunity to leave the First Class and as it may not come again this year we will leave any further details of the C. E. course to some future edition of The Stone Frigate.

HOW TO PUT A ROOM ON THE ROCKS



THE science of rendering a respectable room akin to the inside of a second hand store after a severe earthquake is one having a few devotees of some capability at the College.

As a general rule the wardrobe could occupy any position but the vertical, and most wardrobes are ex-officio repositories for most of the mess that collects from time to time in a room. Of course it is imperative that the rightful occupant be busy elsewhere: but then it is noticeable that these anarchists seldom go out at night.

The bed is then dissected: and a cornersewer should be sufficiently adept to be able to do this inside of three seconds in the dark, including placing the castors in convenient rat-holes. Small pieces of paper fitted into the light sockets remove all chance of the owner seeing what he is walking into, and finally a blank round in a rifle with the trigger attached to the door handle by means of a pull through and the fundamental work is complete....

In order to assist, all movable articles from ladders and the trunk-truck down to the boot brushes are then wedged in via the transom, and the whole awaits the prodigal's return.

Water also enters into the science—and, by the way, that is how Fyshe came by his names.

CRITICISMS.

1. Not being the possessor of a gramophone I have been unable to resolve upon your sketch sufficiently quickly to read all the names the right way up.
2. Your North Point, like yourself, appears to have considerable constant local attraction towards the city!
3. "To Kingston 3 Miles."—Are you not confusing the true distance with the distance you try to make your company commander believe it is when returning later after a dance.
4. Your selection of numbers for your so-called contours is unfortunate.
5. It is usual to sign a sketch, but perhaps you are well advised not to do so in this case.
6. "One Tree Hill" has apparently been recently moved towards your Roman Numerals and Ws.
7. Re "Mylie Byrnes."—Is this 'Her' name, or should the letters P. H. follow it?
8. It is said that the designer of "Fort Henry" built the fort facing in the wrong direction and on discovering this committed suicide. You have endeavored to make it face another direction (which incidentally is also wrong) and so far unfortunately have not followed his excellent example.
9. You have apparently dammed the Catarqui River—I have done the same to your sketch but differ with you in regard to the spelling of the name of the river and the action taken.

SUMMARY:

"Very bad" as a field sketch but I understand you have spent most of this last year doing Survey work, which may account for it.

A PHYSICAL OBSTACLE RACE

A luminous ray was on its way
 Through a homogeneous space,
 When an umbral cone who wandered alone
 Proposed an obstacle race.

The day was fair and the ray asked where
 The test of speed should be made.
 "Let's run around there on the inverse square
 Where the defaulters always parade."

So they started away, the cone and the ray
 And they passed through a concave lens;
 The cone's breath was spent and the ray was bent
 But they kept on towards the end.

They left the square and they ran through the air
 Along the path of rays.
 It was the locus of a principle focus:
 Then they entered a pinhole maze.

A partial penumbra came after the umbra
 And spanked his little rear,
 And the luminous ray went another way
 With a most unholy fear.

SOCIAL

LADY A DE WALKER'S DANCE

ONE of Kingston's most popular hostesses, Lady Ada Walker, well known in the military set, gave a charming dance on the top flat, in honor of her admirer, Major Loup. Though the latter failed to put in an appearance the dance was a decided success, both the music, which was rendered in "a" flat, and the supper being features beyond reproach.

The winsome hostess, Lady Ada, received in a costume of osprey spinach and carrying a bouquet of cabbages. Her dress, an heirloom, which William the Conqueror is said to have worn at the Battle of the Nile, was of white ventilation with an overdress of tennis net with skunk fur trimming.

Among those present were the Countess of Leblanque, in a dress of yellow satin with green tunique and red shoes and stockings to match; Mrs. Longitude Rispona, draped in the national Spanish mode and clicking castanets.

The younger set was much in evidence. Miss McGoun was among the most charming, her costume being most striking. The right reverend Bishop of Owen Sound graced the function by his presence, disguised as a girl of sweet sixteen, and was a whirling vivaciousness from "Oh come, let us tango," to "Home Sweet Home."

Miss Inkbottle and her friend, Miss Tumbledown, were also present. Particular interest was evinced with regard to these ladies, as much had been heard previously about their charms from Commendatore Ivano Martini, their chaperon.

Captain Strong and William Kerr (Lord Chatham), Mr. Gerald Piston, equerry to Lady Leblanque, in the handsome uniform of the Fifth Orangeville Ladykillers, and wearing a medal for conspicuous bravery in the Action of Collin's Bay, Mr. Feetan Inches, and many others were present.

The supper table was decorated in green with occasional splashes of butter. Most of the guests left after supper. Those not intelligent enough to do so were forcibly removed some time later.

M E N U

WHAT WE WOULD LIKE TO HAVE

S O U P

PEA GREENE SOUP

F Y S H E

LARGE MOUTH BASS

FRESH HAD'EY

GREEY TROUT

M E A T

MATTHEWS' FRESH PORK

STEWED HAM

SAUSAGES A LA KERR

IRISH STEW A LA MORPHY

E N T R E E

LAMB'S FRYS

V E G E T A B L E S

BOILED CARROTS A LA MAUNSELL

SAUERKRAUT A LA VANDERSMISSEN

ROASTED MURPHIES

STRING BEANS A LA CRONYN

S A H A R A D E S E R T

M'INCE PIES

JELLY BELLY ROLLS

F R U I T

GREENGAGES

PLUM—S

B E V E R A G E S

PLAIN COCOA (Comment celui de Hadley—Nothing in it).

BURGER CHEESE

W I N E L I S T

JOHNNY WALKER SCOTCH WHISKEY

ROSS'S SLOE GIN

SPARK—LING BURGUNDY

BASS'S ALE

ADAM'S ALE



TEDDY HUGGINS

For being the main stay of the British Navy, the pride of Nelson, the cause of success at Aboukir Bay and a man whose stories will cause a recruit to miss a meal.



TIM PATEMAN

For his kindly appreciation of a good attack of "examinitis," for the awful chances he takes with his wages during the football season and for being first spareman for the Big Four.



ETHAN BRAND

For discovering the "Unardonable Sin"—WORK. For being able to pull single-landed a race that ordinarily takes seven detachments, and for being the only one of the many connected with the College to earn his pay.



CLINE AND HIS KITCHEN COHORTS

For his high record of sanitation, the perfection of the Bertillon system of finger prints on Jellies, for his Tact in carving and for his continued appearance in his undershirt.



CHARLIE ANSON

For being able to keep enough food appearing to satisfy the B.S.M. and his four attaches, and for his habit of being around whenever he happens to be wanted—especially where financial gain is possible.

PICNICS

T seems a curious state of affairs when a party of apparently sane people will leave their happy homes and meals to go and eat indigestible and spidery food, sitting on hard rocks or wet grass. Nevertheless it is a fact that it is done and apparently enjoyed.

A picnic rapidly resolves itself into a grim struggle, with the ultimate survival of the fittest. These individuals are those who can eat fastest and hold the most. It may be said that Smeesen and Crowthers generally survive. On such expeditions an individual called a chaperon is usually carried, and if the party be somewhat experienced the above may be made great use of when it comes to washing the dishes and other manual labors. This completes her duties, and she is then wished on to some carefully selected and unsuspecting individual who will smoke a pipe in her vicinity for the next few hours. The remainder of the party then gather in a mob to decide what game they will play. They keep right on deciding for an hour or so and then decide again. The inevitable result is a failure to arrive at a decision, so no game is played.

By this time he with the chaperon has become distinctly ill. He is waning fast and has reached a state of coma. Some one then takes a few photographs as a remembrance of a happy afternoon in the woods. A rush is then made for the van, where a combat ensues between the various feet and knees of the party. It may then be suggested that a song be sung and then for the whole homeward journey everybody proceeds to wail; why such songs as Tosti's "Good-bye" and "A Perfect Day," should be sung is not known, but it is always done.

Providing the van holds together long enough to reach the town, they proceed en masse to inflict themselves on some happy homestead, where a young dance is started. This keeps up as long as sundry corns will allow, and in desperation the owners eat once more.

A picnic may be summed up in three words—drive, dance, eat—and the greatest of the three is "eat."

Sometimes, however, a picnic takes place on the water. The outward trip and procedure are much the same, but coming home—!

It started as a picnic, but the wind dropped and kept right on dropping until it couldn't drop any more. We made three hundred yards on the shove off, and the current soon made double this distance in the opposite direction. At 11.30 a solitary motor boat might have been seen approaching. It was closely followed by another solitary motor boat, and yet more until the immediate vicinity seemed alive with solitary motor boats.

After a heart-breaking farewell the females and Swampy were saved by two solitary motor boats, and the scene underwent a kaleidoscopic change. It was unanimously agreed that Mudpuddle be elected dog, night, and morning watch, seconded also unanimously. With the assistance of a full moon the com-

pany retired, such comfortable sites as cleats, bollards, and centre-boards being eagerly sought for. The crew did not remain dormant, and by means of dropping the hank over the bow and heaving in astern he kept up a speed about equal to the backward force of the current. In the opinion of the watch below, the crew might have been rolling masses of iron around the deck. He then began a final adjustment of the riding light, which lasted the best part of an hour.

After this the crew informed the passengers he smelt a breeze, but as his nasal ganglia were over sensitive he spent the next half hour taking exmeridian altitudes of Polaris through a curved pipe-stem. The breeze then made itself apparent by the delectable aroma wafted the ten miles from the grain elevator. We arose and made a meal on three lumps of sugar, a Y.M.C.A. cocktail, minus the prune, and a Sweet Cap butt.

In an attempt to outwit the Cock Robin, the Nut took a chance on the short route via Cartwright's Point, but hit the point amidst a funeral dirge from the two passengers, who, in spite of eminent danger, froze to the ostermoor with great éclat.

We made port with numerous crop-eared knaves waiting to greet us with open arms.

FICTION

THE SAD CASE OF X.

(Apologies to Stephen Leacock and Samuel L. Clemens' "Punch in the Presence of the Passenger.")

HE started life at an early age, and for a few years showed signs of an average and normal intelligence. At school, however, he developed a marked ability at Mathematics, having once successfully divided four-teen marbles amongst his three friends A, B and C, so that A received two more than half the number B received, while C got half as many as A and B together.

At College, however, this became a mania. He raved for a week if he got as little as 99% in any paper, and his hunger for knowledge taxed the available supply. For his first year this continued. In his second it grew worse, and towards the end he began to walk about with an absent and thoughtful expression, mumbling to himself.

When he returned for his final year his case was so serious that even doctors realized that he was ill, and his friends, in a kindly effort to revive him, had the recruits put him in a cold bath. He stayed there three-quarters of an hour, mumbling formulae for the determination of specific heat. He did everything by formulae. When he was walked he was careful to proceed at nothing more nor less than v velos, and never placed his foot down with a force greater than q poundals without first ascertaining the average compres-

sive strength of the medium beneath. Not that this impeded him in any way; consistent practice had enabled him to do this for each pace of a hundred yards dash. He weighed w pdls., and once, calculating the safe resistance to lateral motion over ice, used a misprinted table and slipped. He did not rise, and several people in the vicinity rushed to his aid. Seeing his white upturned face and slowly moving lips, "He must be hurt! Yes, he must be—wait! He is not dead—he speaks." He says "I have found it, at last. My centre of grav—," he fainted.

When he came to he was in the hospital. I called to see him and was told that I might go in as soon as he had finished calculating the central deflection of the bed-springs. I went in, accompanied by the doctor, and found him raving horribly. "Ex," he said "e—e—e—oh this is awful!—e—e—ex—e squared equals—equals—Oh doctor, what does e squared equal?" The doctor shook his head sadly. He said, "He must be suffering extreme fibre stress. I can only give him a few bending moments to live, unless he ceases raving." He did. Having discovered the equation, he subsided into a deep sleep. Day after day I visited him. Each day the doctor had the same sad head-shake, and X grew noticeably worse. Evidently some horrible thought harrowed his mind. A murder perhaps, which he longed to confess!

At last one morning the doctor met me with a very serious face. "I fear," he said, "I fear his last moment of inertia is at hand. He is asking for you." I entered and was horrified at his awful appearance. He was almost too weak to speak, and he beckoned to me. "Old fellow," he murmured, "will you take a message for me." I hastened to reassure him. "Yes" I told him, "I am going over on Sunday afternoon, and I will surely tell her." "Thanks," he replied, fervently, "thanks, thanks, thanks, thanks, thanks, tha—oh what am I saying. This is horrible. Tell her, oh please tell her." His voice trailed away. "Yes, yes," I said, reaching for an ear-trumpet, "tell me all." "Tell her, tell her that—that—oh si—s—s—s— sine squared A plus co—co—cosine squared A equals ONE!" His emaciated eyes gleamed with a superhuman triumph. He laughed hysterically, and in a loud voice said, "Ex—oh x is zero" and died.

The doctor entered and I rose to say something appropriate. I cudgelled my brains but could think of nothing. Turning slowly in a low voice I said, "Doctor, oh doctor, $x=0$, $x=0$, ex equals z-e-r—o" My voice faded away; he looked sadly at me and shook his head. Yes, I had contracted it. How I lived through the next three days I do not know. If I had been refused a pass on Sunday I would have gone mad. As it was the company officer wanted to know who had been working out stress diagrams and integral calculus in the leave book. Sunday came. Poor girl, I knew her fate, but could do nothing to avoid it. I gave my friends last message in a sepulchral voice, adding a rider or two of my own. Immediately I became my normal self while that ghastly hue overspread her face and she mumbled—"Oh yes, I feared so. I knew it. Why not. Har, Har! Ex equals zero, $\text{Sin}^2 A + \text{Cos}^2 A = 1$. Har, Har, HAR!

She died. As the mean sun crossed the meridian of the first point of Aries she opened her eyes, which one might still see were once beautiful, now horrible in their glaring mania. She gave a long, hysterical, inhuman laugh and said, "I go. I die. Q poundals" and passed away.

R. M. C. THROUGH AN EAR-TRUMPET

(The following pearls of thought were gleaned from the raving of a Cook's guide conducting a party through the College.)

HERE, ladies and gentlemen, we have the famous Catarauqui bridge. The second bridge is now being completed farther from the College as the Cadets' boots have been wearing too long and the market is flooded. At the far end we will be just in time to see the arrival of the Kingston and Barriefield Flyer as it coasts majestically down the hill. No, lady, these are neither painters or plumbers you see. Merely some of the recruits amusing the horses. Farther to the left we see the stables where the same Cadets while away the happy hours polishing their studs. It was saved from fire at great risk a short time ago. Nearby we see the servants' quarters, the partitions of which are inter-changeable. As a result of this peculiarity a whole family of Bevises was lost for more than a week. Here on the left are the staff quarters where the company officers are boarded and clothed. Along this driveway we have a magnificent view of Kingston harbor, with its imposing grain elevators, said to be of the finest Grecian architecture. A little farther on we see the Colonel's house, which he visits from time to time during the week. This little red house on the eminence is the observatory. The Cadets come down here in the evenings to count the stars, but when they weary of this game they play merry-go-round on the revolving roof which a divine Providence has placed on a pivot for that purpose.

Ladies and gentlemen observe the approaching figure. His left hand is placed recklessly in his pocket. His head is thrust forward into the middle foreground and he moves over the ground at a breakneck speed. He leaves the cow-gate spinning frantically behind him. This is the Loup, ladies and gents, as you have already guessed, travelling at his customary velocity. Just inside the gate on the left we have what is known as the guard-house. This is only used on Sundays in the afternoon. A few devout spirits hold a prayer meeting here and from time to time a solitary figure will be seen to move up and down the sidewalk in silent penitential prayer. Across from this shrine we have the new dormitory. When about half way through the building of this structure the contractor evidently got tired of seeing it grow and he stopped both ends at once by means of an incipient brick wall. This gives it a singularly abbreviated appearance and adds materially to the beauty of the edifice. It is rumored that this building is some day to be occupied. In the distance, on the right, we see a Martello tower, extending several yards above

the horizon. It has now passed into disuse and contains a large quantity of scrap iron. Beyond the tower are two cannons which will be used in the next war against the U.S.A. Coming back to the road, we enter the Educational and Prandial Building. Yes there is a chemical laboratory but the present atmosphere disturbance is only the heterogeneous lunch provided for the Cadets. Ascending to the next flat we are just in time to hear the three hearty cheers which invariably follow Tiff from the First Class room. On the next floor we are only aware of muffled snores, and unmuffled smells, dominated by an injunction to stop the talking emitted in a monotone. Taking you outside again, ladies and gents, you see the dormitory building into which we dare not venture. Do not listen too intently to the various noises which emanate from it. Passing around to the rear of the main building I will finish by showing the products of many men-hours' labor, built during the pleasant pastime of military engineering. A suspension bridge, an aerial transport and a water chute. This, ladies and gentlemen, finish the College and I will conduct you back to Kingston. Thank you.

YO—HO—HO AND A BOX OF PILLS

SCENE:—The Hospital. Time:—8.25 a.m., any day.

Enter three dilapidated mortals headed by the Orderly Sergeant, with the sick report. They all sit down on the bench.

Mac.—“Well, Bass, old boy, what's up?”

(Noise resembling a traction engine going up a 7% V gradient on a 10 degree curve belches forth from Fyshe's cadaverous looking face.)

Bass (huskily):—“Got a fierce cold.”

Mac.:—“That's tough old boy . . . but you ought to see my”
The usual hard-luck story is cut short by the appearance of the Doc., closely followed by Tim, who tips the usual wink.

Mac.:—“Cadets, 'Hun!'” (with the usual alacrity).

(Doc. enters his sanctum and as usual washes his hands and fusses about generally) “Kittermaster!” (Kitt. limps in.)

Doc.:—“Well my boy?”

Kitt.:—“Sir my ch-ch-charley horse is g-g-getting worse.”

Doc.:—“Let me see it, my boy.”

Kitt (baring a shapely shaft):—“S-S-Sir I c-cant do my w-work, I don't th-th-think.”

Doc.:—“Pateman, give him a couple of those brown pills . . . Well, what work have you got today?”

Kitt.:—“Infantry and gy-gy-gymnastics, sir.”

Doc.:—“All right, my boy, we'll give you ex-ridz. . . . MACDONALD!”
(Exit Kitt, looking like a yiddish pawnbroker who has lost a nickle, and enter the Bull Pup.)

Doc.:—"Well, my boy?"

Mac.:—"Much better sir, quite revived sir, of course I was a bit troubled during the night, sir, but I think I can get along all right sir."

Doc.:—"You don't look well, my boy. Let me see your tongue." (Looks.)

Mac.:—"I think my trouble is purely a case of climate, sir. Now out West I was never troubled in this way."

Doc.:—"You're not well, my boy!"

Mac.:—"Sir, I'd like to go down town if I could" (then mutters something about "Just back from Paris.")

Doc.:—"You had better come into the hospital, my boy."

Mac. (under his breath):—"Well, I'll be damned," and a few rare Western expressions.

Doc. "FYSHE!" (enter the Bass, who is suffering acutely from Infantitis, and who has previously eaten half a tin of T. & B. and a cake of soap in the vain hope of making himself look ill.). "Well, my boy?"

Bass.:—"Not very, sir, . . . got a bad cold and my stomach is upset."

Doc.:—"You look hungry, my boy."

Bass.:—"I nearly always am, sir."

Doc.:—"Do you take lots of exercise, my boy?"

Bass.:—"Yes sir, Mr. Morphy and I play together constantly."

Doc.:—"How about your work?"

Bass.:—"Couldn't possibly do infantry, sir."

Doc.:—"Nothing like the fresh air. Full duty. Away with you, my boy." (Exit Bass, with tears in his eyes and wringing his hands.)

Doc.:—"Well, Tim, what do you think of the football team. Of course I think they made a great mistake when, &c., &c., &c."

SONG OF A MAD CADET

"O, level the bubble and open the breech
Dividing through by "y,"
Ten Cossack posts of ten men each,
And let the shrapnel fly.

Right section ranging, 4—39,
Prone falling, down, he said.
Third Class wear puttees if it's fine,
"Turn out, turn out" of bed.

Clothing parade at 2.45:
Orchestra right after tea:
Find the chances that A is alive
Next year, if he's now 83.

Converging meniscus, luminous ray,
Spine bending odd numbers ready,
First tableau—Go! Hips firm, by the way,
"Dismiss please, Sir?" "Certainly." "STEADY!!!"

Corrector 180, detachment rear,
Fall out MacDonald and Blake,
Defaulters in canvas, "Someone come here!"
(He ought to be put in the lake.)

Use the slow motion, don't you see?
Form a blank file, you cow!
Dress by the centre—no mail for me?
Cut out that ding-busted row!

ELEGY

Retreat now tolls the knells of parting day,
The bugler slowly crosses o'er the lea,
The long-course homeward plod their weary way,
Which leaves the world to darkness during tea.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where Bill Beavis wheels his droning flight
And culinary tinklings interrupt the Rolls.

The bugler blows Defaulters in the morn,
A swallow twitters from the M. E. shed:
You curse like blazes as you hit a corn
Against the iron castor of your bed.

Let not Sir Cutbush mock their useless toils,
Their hollow-backs, the cramp one sometimes gets,
Nor officers hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short but serious Charge of Cadets.

Con Greey (finishing a vivid account of how he was nearly drowned near Toronto):—"And then I sank for the third time with the noise of the waves washing against the gravel in my ears."

THE LOUP

Who is it makes a short review
Of work, and all except a few
Have half begun by the time he's through
 The Loup.

And often on the starry nights
Who is it telephones or writes,
"Come down, and see celestial lights,"
 The Loup.

Who hands a spade, says "Dig a hole
Ah there you see that copper pole
Well that my boy is a "bannerole."
 The Loup.

JAW

Had I but lived in days of yore,
In days of legendary lore,
In Roman times, perhaps before,
Under Alexander, or
Some other famous leader, nor
Nor would I have spent a minute more
Than I could help, except at war.
Then armies battled with a roar,
And everywhere red blood would pour,
And all the field was red with gore,
And littered with dead men galore,
There was no Army Service Corps,
Or 18 pr. Q.F. bore,
Or service rat-trap, figure four,
Or book of Military Law,
Or Quartermaster clothing store,
Or even Kappa Sigma Tau,
I would have been the Conqueror,
And made the Roman Eagle soar,
And risen to be Emperor.
But now I have to stay indoor,
And while the weary classes snore,
I lecture on the class-room floor,
And talk about the Boer war,
And jaw, and jaw, and jaw, and jaw.

MORTE D'ARTHUR

So through the siderial day the battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea,
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their Lord.
The trouble was the 'lastic limit of their armour,
The Modulus of elasticity,
Was less than normal surface crushing strength
Of Merlin's battle axes. So it fell
That Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
Uplifted him, when Arthur fain would fall,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross;
The latter showing clear an "hour-glass"
As it had broke from undue pressure on't.
Then spake King Arthur, breathing heavily,
"My metacarpal phalanges are split,
And further effort is impossible.
But take thou hence my sword Excalibur,
'Tis made of drop-forged Krupp vanadium steel,
And fling it in the mere." When he had spoke,
Sir Bedivere took hold the sword and left,
Proceeded to the shore and flung it in,
Accelerating it with 40 celos.
But as it traced out its parabola,
Reaching a point x, y , upon the curve,
Where x is y^2 , then he saw a hand,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Rise up and draw it under. But he knew,
The index of refraction of the water
Was but two-thirds, so that thus
It must have been hallucinationous.

REALIZATION

Oh why did I come to R. M. C. To be a d—n recruit. I might have known the day would come When I would live to rue it.	Oh Lord what a horrid shock I got, Things weren't as I expected For a week we tramped that blasted square With rude abuse corrected.
I fondly thought when I arrived The staff would be there to meet me And the senior class would have a parade With the feu-de-joie to greet me.	But every cloud has a silver line Or so good people say. So we do our time with a sickly smile A hope for a happy day.

ALL ON A SUNDAY MORNING

Who's the orderly sergeant? When do we eat today?
Merchant give me a six by nine. We're pinched so what'll we say?
First Class infantry on the square, how many drills did I get?
Doctors inspection stripped to the waist. Clean that up and don't forget!

Is Heymann on Breakfast? Sir, do that once more!
Own up, who pinched my undress. No, I look down the bore.
Anaemia, get some more butter. All right, I'll shoot you a game,
Put in a req. for a haircut, O Lord we do pray for some rain.

Fall in at once with your hats on. Yessir, Green book or Blue?
Turn out the Third Class, come on, shake a leg. No sir, I've only got two.
What was that data? I missed it. I've got to observe to-night,
Point against Mr. Macpherson. Pull the running end tight.

I can only get this approximate, .00009,
Shea, give me five of Sultana, the Com. for me this time!
Macdonald, the 'phone, call 1089, pay attention a minute please,
I want to go on with earthworks now, "A" company stand at EASE.

FINANCIAL

AT a meeting of the directors of the Consolidated Eats Co., of the middle flat, it was decided to float \$1.50 worth of bonds for the purpose of securing suitable machinery to carry on operations. The financial report, read by Secretary-Treasurer Shoenberger, showed a decided increase in consumption over the previous month. This point was undoubtedly due to the fact that Vice-President Dennistoun had completely recovered from indigestion. The great drop in the common stock which occurred on the resignation of the Honorary President, J. A. Ross, was not due so much to the withdrawal of the worthy gentleman, but to the fact that it was rumored J. H. Roberts was to succeed him. The directors showed great foresight in not appointing the aforesaid gentleman, as is only too self-evident that the Company would have been forced to liquidate in less than a week.

It was moved by E. O. McMurtry, on behalf of the executive, that an extra steward be appointed vice Sylvia Cook reduced, and Mr. Townsend was appointed chef-in-chief.

The meeting was adjourned and the epicurians removed to the Louis XIV room where luke-warm beans and oozy toast awaited their ever-increasing capacities.

OUR PUZZLE SECTION OR LINLEY'S HOUR

IT is a square box, secured to the wall of the messenger room by four binding posts. It has an aperture in the top through which a charge C is passed, resulting in the formation of a cell. Resistance is useless. In front there is a key to insulate the box, i.e., preventing the escape of the charge. The removal of this key, as our Bass discovered, results in the generation of a much heavier charge.

Occasionally, when our piscatorial classmate breaks a window, or lights a bon-fire of chemistry text-books in the corridor of the middle flat, the charge is introduced into the box accompanied by a loud report.

Our worthy Professor of Chemistry has said that "a charge cannot exist within a closed container." This is false, and Mr. Fyshe's attempt to demonstrate its truth failed to convince the Staff Adjutant. We only wish that the charge would disappear occasionally.

Anyway, what is it?



Class Ring.



Courtesy of Henry Birks & Sons, Montreal.

THE Class Ring is the emblem of unity of the Class. Although it has not been the custom in years past, a proposal to institute it was made, and our thanks are due to McMurtry, who gave the matter his experienced consideration and devoted no little time and effort towards producing a ring worthy its purpose.

We believe another class—far back in the Archaic Era—originated the Ring as far as the College is concerned, but it was not carried on, and we hope our revival will not suffer the same treatment.



THE NOTICE BOARD

Acknowledgements

THE thanks of the Class of '14, for timely assistance in the publication of this first "Stone Frigate," to Col. L. R. Carleton, Major Perreau, Lt.-Col. E. F. Wurtele, 9th Infantry Brigade; Mr. A. Tappan Adney, of Woodstock; Mr. James White, of Ottawa; Dr. Doughty, Deputy Minister of the Dominion Archives; Mr. Ince, of Toronto, and any others whom we may have omitted to mention.

* * * * *

Copies of the "Stone Frigate," to a limited number, may be had upon remittance of the selling price (\$5.00) to

MR. B. D. ROGERS,
1531 Davie Street,
Vancouver, B.C.

* * * * *

Owing to the fact that these are bound upon receipt of orders, it may be two weeks before orders are filled.

* * * * *

Copies, mounted or dismounted, of the special four-colour engraving on page 30 may be purchased from the "Staff Adjutant," Royal Military College. The proceeds will be devoted to improvements of the reading rooms at the College.

* * * * *

It is requested that you patronize our advertisers, as by so doing you will further the interests of this book, and through it the interests of the College itself.

* * * * *

Address of the Class Secretary—H. S. MATTHEWS, ESQ.,
510 Water Street,
Peterborough, Ont.

(NOTE.—Matters in reference to year book to address of Rogers, above.)



An Apology

IT is with the greatest regret that the staff of the "Stone Frigate" acknowledges the tardiness of the publication thereof. This, however, we must blame on the Kaiser. The latter part of the book was finally compiled under the protection of a bell tent in the officers' lines of a coast defence battery, and frantic appeals from the business manager, then on a submarine, to the editor-in-chief, elicited the reply that he had gone to the front. Thus things have lapsed, and now that we are able again to exchange the sword for the mightier (?) pen it is with the hope that we may be excused, under the circumstances.

Owing to the varied shifting about of the copy, it is found that "Yahoo," a jewel of Cronyn's humor, has unfortunately disappeared, else the volume had been that much better.

Our thanks to Mr. Hanson, of the Whig, who in the stress of circumstances, rendered great assistance to us at his own inconvenience.





Extra Commissions.

SINCE going to press, it seems needless to remark, Europe has been involved in the greatest war in history. The following is a list of those of our own Class and the two following whom we have ascertained have taken commissions for service at the front:—

IMPERIAL ARMY.

Name.	Regiment.
Arthur Leonard Bishop.....	Middlesex Regiment.
Albert Collum Brooks.....	Royal Engineers.
Harold Gustave Francis Greenwood..	" "
William Francis Howard Tidswell...	Royal Field Artillery.
Edward Davey Ashcroft.....	Royal Engineers.
Archibald Gordon Dobbie.....	King's Own Scottish Borderers.
Arthur Hope Stratford.....	Bedfordshire Regiment.
Hugh Ethelred McCarthy Ince.....	Royal Field Artillery.
Leonard Alexander Reid.....	Lancashire Fusiliers.
Charles Hamilton Palmer.....	Royal Irish Fusiliers.
Patrick Alexander Ogilvie Leask.....	" " "
Ernest Denison Black Oxley.....	North Staffordshire Regiment.
Allen Dixon Walker.....	Lincolnshire Regiment.
Norman Cummings Nelles.....	Northamptonshire Regiment.
Cyril Gordon Dodwell.....	East Lancaster Regiment.
Herbert Stopford Maunsell.....	Warwickshire Regiment.
Harold Oswald Day Wilkins.....	Bedfordshire Regiment.
Archibald McGoun.....	King's Own Lancaster Regiment.
Henry Herrick Ferguson-Davie.....	The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles).
Miles Wheelton Brown.....	Leicestershire Regiment.
Geoffrey Swaby Ridout.....	Royal Engineers.
Samuel Davis.....	
Richard Eric White.....	
Edward Amherst Forbes Hale.....	
Sidney Ford Fischen.....	
Robert Alexander Shearer Adair.....	
Henri de Lotbiniere Panet.....	
Geoffrey Holmes.....	
Francis John Plunkett Gibson.....	



Ernest John Denis Townesend.....
 Henry Taylor Genet.....
 George Evelyn Tinning.....
 Eric Dudley Carruthers.....
 Harry Adrian Roberts.....
 Henry George Anderson Giles.....
 James Howard Scott.....
 George Raleigh Parkin..... 6th Service Bn, York & Lanc. Regt.
 Charles Beverley Robinson MacDonald

CANADIAN MILITIA AND OVERSEAS CONTINGENT.

Name.	Regiment.
Norman Halday Macaulay.....	Canadian Field Artillery.
Gordon Thompson Cassels.....	" " "
Philip Waldron Cook.....	" " "
William Avery Bishop.....	9th Mississauga Horse.
Travers Frederick Williams Taylor.....	5th Royal Highlanders.
Harold Stratton Matthews.....	Canadian Field Artillery.
Francis Fyshe.....	" " "
John Stewart Barclay Macpherson.....	" " "
Franklin Sharp Rankin.....	Canadian Engineers.
William Henry Victor Vandersmissen.....	3rd Infantry Battalion.
James Ker Cronyn.....	" " "
James Alexander Dennistoun.....	6th Infantry Battalion.
Charles Bruce Pitblado.....	13th Infantry Battalion.
William Hamilton Shoenberger.....	14th Infantry Battalion.
Charles Vivian Fessenden.....	14th Infantry Battalion.
Nicholas Arthur Sparks.....	9th Infantry Battalion.
Francis Malloch Gibson.....	14th Infantry Battalion.
William George Kerr.....	21st Infantry Battalion.
Eric Ogilvie McMurtry.....	24th Infantry Battalion.
Blythe Dupuy Rogers.....	6th Field Co. Canadian Engineers (Vancouver).
Arthur Hawley Archibald Morphy.....	24th Battalion.
Harry Scott Parker.....	Canadian Field Artillery.
Ian Robert Reekie MacNaughton.....	



CANADIAN PERMANENT FORCE.

Name.	Regiment.
Robert Lawrence Smyth.....	Royal Canadian Artillery.
Cecil Randolph Sircom.....	Canadian Ordnance Corps.
John Henry McQueen.....	" " "
Ralph Otter Geoffrey Morton.....	Royal Canadian Artillery.
Henry Vernon LeMesurier.....	Royal Canadian Dragoons.
James Duff Stuart.....	Lord Strathcona's Horse (R.C.).
Hugh Esme Eric Cochran.....	Royal Canadian Dragoons.
John Henry Boulter.....	" " "
Donald Archie Grant.....	" " "
Alaistair John Crerar.....	" " "
William Hugh Wardrope.....	" " "
Percy Clarence Fauquier Arnoldi.....	" " "
William Otway Boger.....	Lord Strathcona's Horse (R.C.).
John Garnett Tatlow.....	" " " "
David Whitney MacKeen.....	Royal Canadian Artillery.
Andrew Rodgie Stewart.....	" " "
William Edward Reginald Millar Stone	" " "
Harold Oswald Neville Brownfield...	" " "
Stuart Vernon Cooke.....	Canadian Ordnance Corps.
Harold Alexander Campbell.....	" " "
Robert Hamilton Harrower.....	Lord Strathcona's Horse (R.C.).
Walter Findlay Clarke.....	Royal Canadian Artillery.
Edward Ross Lethbridge.....	Lord Strathcona's Horse.
Gordon Byron Howard.....	Canadian Ordnance Corps.

These do not include the regular commissions taken on graduation and recorded elsewhere. We leave the remainder of the page blank so that names may be filled in after publication.

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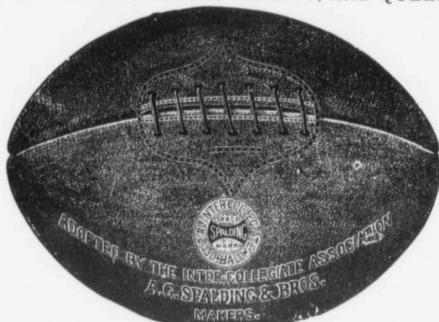
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