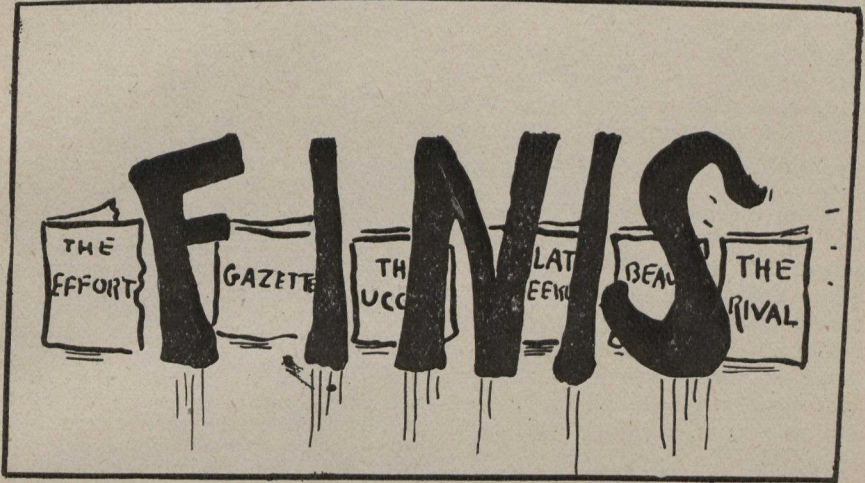


THE RIVAL

VOL. II., No 4.

TORONTO, JUNE 20, 1907.

PRICE 5 CENTS.



In this issue we wish to notify all the fellows at U.C.C., as well as the public at large, that we have decided that this will be the last copy of the Rival which will ever be published.

Our reasons for so doing we feel we should submit to our patrons here who have been of our greatest help in getting the paper out.

There were, we will not try to deny, times when we were hard pressed for news which would interest the fellows, but then there were also times when the paper was full of good sound stuff which we feel sure was appreciated by you. And again there were the knockers (there are always lots of these everywhere), who were only too ready to pull any jokes apart for the originality, as well as criticize the paper as a whole.

But to return to our reasons for disbanding: firstly—the exams are

coming on rapidly and two of our staff are studying for them, and secondly—the weather is altogether of the wrong sort for this work.

We would like to remind some of the ones who might be labelled “knockers,” that before they said the paper was not worth the five cents which they paid for it, they might at least have considered the amount of time and labour which was spent, not only in writing but also in printing it. Sometimes they would say “why not put more pictures in it,” but pictures cost us ten cents per square inch, and when you consider that we have also to pay for part of the printing and the paper on which it is printed, the amount of pictures had to be cut down considerably.

But on the whole we managed fairly well. There were times when we were in hot water over some

sayings which we printed in our columns, and for these we wish to make apology. If on any occasion we have hurt anyone's feelings, we are exceedingly sorry and hope that he will see it in the light it was intended—as a joke.

For the inquisitive ones who would like to know how much we made on the whole thing we reply that it is something like \$1.23 each, while our expenditure reached a total of about \$90.

As a concluding word we would like to thank the fellows for their support of us since our start, and would like to say that if any others should start to edit a paper in this school at any future date, they have our best wishes and we only hope that they will have the same good fortune that it has been our luck to have had.

THE RIVAL STAFF.

CRICKET.

Once more the cricket season has rolled its crease and has strayed back to college. The teams are now at practice every day and a good many matches have already been played.

The firsts promise to make a team which will hold college's excellent standard top end up amongst the clubs which we have yet to play.

Bob Allen is still the same as last year as to bowling, whilst his batting is better than ever. Perce Beatty is better than last year also, in both batting and bowling, while the remainder of the old colors are showing excellent batting and fielding form.

The old colors are—P. Beatty, Allan, Richardson, Green, Walker and Barwick (capt.)

The new men are probably—Gallihier, Davidson, De Gruchy, S. Beatty and Harris or McCullough.

The second eleven also promise well and have quite a few likely players. Young Woods and Carruthers will probably bowl the majority of

matches. The team is as follows:—Woods, Dean, Young, Oughton, Dickenson, Carruthers, Mulqueen, Bird, Saunders II., Harman and Maclean.

On the whole both teams show the usual amount of skill which college turns out, and the season promises to show both of them pretty high up in this sport.

BASEBALL.

During the early part of the term baseball seemed to take quite a hold on some of the fellows. Several flat teams were formed and some matches played. Although this game is exciting, yet it certainly is a tough kind of sport. The yelling seems to be the part of the game which cannot be dispensed with and where the onlookers can have their say, especially if the umpire makes a decision which does not suit the home team. It is without the slightest doubt one of the games which require a great amount of skill and quick brain work, but even a lot of this is spoilt by the yells of the crowd, some of whom appreciate the work and some of whom appreciate it yet they are too ashamed to admit it. However, as the fellows have stopped playing now, we will have no more of it till next year and then very likely only till cricket starts.

BOXING.

The boxing tournament this year was a complete success. We considered ourselves very lucky to have as judges the renowned athletes, Messrs. Lou Scholes and Joseph Wright, who are well known to a good many of our fellows by their deeds in the athletic world.

There were fourteen entries this year, which goes to show that the interest in this sport is keener than ever.

The Light weight bout, which came first, was won by Gallihier, with E. Green as runner-up. This was one of the fastest bouts of the day, both the contestants showing good training and skill.

The Middleweight was won by W. T. Willison, with Blain as his opponent. Although Blain was plainly beaten, yet he showed that he could give as well as take.

The featherweight was won by R. Dean, who showed his usual quickness and skill, by defeating Pepler and Lefroy.

Millman carried off the Bantam weight honors against Stephen.

The School Championship was won by W. A. Willison, who defeated his brother, the winner of the Middleweight. This fight was eagerly looked forward to, as both brothers had showed excellent form. The fight was very even, and it was not sure who had won until the judge's announcement.

The whole school, as well as numerous old boys, turned up at this event, and went home satisfied that the boxing is just as good, if not better, than ever.

SPORTS' DAY.

The Crowd Larger Than Ever — "Timber" Mulqueen breaks Three College Records.

Despite the fact that St. Andrew's College held their sports on the same day as we did, we had a crowd which has seldom, if ever, been equalled on the College grounds. The day (Friday, May 17), although not exactly what could be called perfect, was nevertheless, a fine one for running, it being just about the right temperature and not too windy.

The track was in perfect condition, having been rolled time and again during the week until it resembled a billiard table, whilst the grounds themselves looked as if they had been given a coat of shamrock-green paint.

There were altogether 30 events, which were gone through with the right amount of snap, so as not to make it tiresome for the onlookers, all of whom took the keenest interest in the races.

"Timber" Mulqueen caused great excitement by breaking the records for the 100 yards dash, which he won in 10 4-5 seconds; the 220 yards in 24 1-5; and the quarter mile in 57 4-5; while "Bill" Willison easily won the mile race in 5 min. 2 seconds. With a few faster competitors, Billy would, without a doubt, have broken the former college record of 4 min. 55 4-5 seconds, as he finished comparatively fresh and without the least distress.

The half-mile was won by H. A. Barwick in 2.15, who made a wonderful spurt in the last 100 yards, beating Pepler, who up to that time was leading, by about ten yards.

The Sack Race caused a good deal of amusement, as did the Relay Race, in which the Old Boys were defeated by Form V.B. J. Gzowski of the Old Boys was the chief cause of the laughter, as he cut off about an eighth of a mile when he saw his side beaten, by running across the oval instead of around the track. Form VB won by about half a lap.

The music during the afternoon was furnished by the Queen's Own Band, and Mrs. G. T. Denison presented the prizes in the Prayer Hall.

The events were as follows:—

TUESDAY'S RESULTS.

Shot put—1st, F. D. Brown; 2nd, A. T. Hemmick, 35 feet 2 inches.

Throwing Cricket Ball—1st, Dawson; 2nd, Hebden, 92 yards 4 inches.

Standing Broad Jump—1st, Mabee; 2nd, Roswell, 8 feet 6 1-2 inches.

Running Broad Jump — 1st, DeGruchy; 2nd, Roswell, 16 feet 2 1-2 inches.

High Jump — 1st, Roswell; 2nd Adams, 5 feet 1 1-2 inches

Throwing the Hammer—1st, Morse; 2nd Brown, 73 feet 10 inches.

Pole Vault (open)—1st, F. A. Hebden; 2nd, R. Adams, 8 feet 2 inches.

High Jump (15 and under)—1st, F. Coste; 2nd, R. H. Dean, 4 feet 10 inches.

100 Yards, preparatory, final, 12 and under—1st, Sime, 2nd, Shearer, 14 1-5 seconds.

100 Yards, preparatory, final, (open)—1st, Hawke; 2nd, Wadsworth. Time 13 seconds.

100 Yards, final 15 and under—1st, O'Reilly; 2nd, W. E. Saunders; 3rd, T. Kilgore. Time, 11 4-5 seconds.

100 Yards, (open), final—1st, F. J. Mulqueen; 2nd, R. M. Gzowski. Time 10 4-5 seconds (record).

220 Yards, preparatory, open—1st, G. W. Hawke; 2nd, A. Eastmure, 30 4-5 seconds.

220 Yards, open, final—1st, F. J. Mulqueen; 2nd, R. M. Gzowski. Time, 24 1-5 seconds.

120 Yards, hurdle, preparatory final—1st, E. N. Gunsaulus; 2nd, Walker. Time 19 2-5 seconds.

120 Yards, hurdle, final, 14 and under—1st, R. W. Gouinlock; 2nd, E. P. Muntz. Time, 19 seconds.

120 Yards, hurdle, final, 15 and under—1st, R. H. Dean; 2nd, W. E. Saunders. Time, 22 3-5 seconds.

120 Yards, hurdle, open — 1st, H. Clarkson; 2nd, S. C. Morse. Time, 19 1-5 seconds.

High Jump, preparatory — 1st, Walker; 2nd, Essex. Height, 4 feet.

Sack Race, preparatory, final—1st, McCarter; 2nd, Henderson.

Quarter Mile, final, open — 1st, R. Adams; 2nd, J. R. DeGruchy. Time, 57 4-5 seconds.

Quarter Mile, 14 and under—1st, R. W. Gouinlock; 2nd, B. H. McClure. Time, 66 4-5 seconds.

75 Yards, preparatory, 11 and under—1st, A. M. Inglis; 2nd, A. D. MacLean. Time 11 1-5 seconds.

Half Mile, preparatory, final—1st, W. T. Tuck; 2nd, W. Berkinshaw. Time, 2 minutes 40 seconds.

Half Mile, 15 and under—1st, W. E. Saunders; 2nd, R. H. Dean. Time, 2:26 2-5.

Half-mile Race, open—1st, H. A. Barwick; 2nd, E. Pepler. Time, 2:15.

Sack Race, open—1st, A. W. Baird; 2nd, J. K. Cronyn.

Old Boys' Race, 100 yards — 1st Gooderham, '06; 2nd, Gzowski, '06. Time, 11 2-5.

One Mile, open—1st, W. T. Willison; 2nd, E. Osborne. Time, 5 minutes 2 seconds.

Relay Race, three-quarters of a mile, Form VB. vs. Old Boys, won by Form VB.

OH THE SAUCY BOY!

"Please Sir, will you tell me when you're goin' t' stop (whack, whack), 'I can't keep still.. I s'pose I'll have to take the four on each, although it is against my will (whack, whack). Now you've made me swallow all my chewin' gum. You bet I'll need a pill (whack whack).

"Oh, sir! I never have been caned before — — — — —" (whack whack)

(Editor's note)—We regret to state that the remainder of this little "take off" was lost in a medley of sounds which cannot be expressed in writing, as the poor unfortunate was overcome with grief.

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMN

Lost.—A few days ago I lost one of Eaton's 20 cent fountain pens. If anybody has been mean enough to take it, I wish they would return the same and oblige.—B. Young.

Lost or Stolen.—I left a cap pistol and two boxes of caps outside the rink the other day. Will finder please return to Hendrie I.

Found.—After the boxing tournament I found a small quantity of sawdust or some like material on the floor. It was evidently the stuffing out of one of the contestants heads. Loser may have same by applying at the gym.

Wanted.—Some common sense. B. Caldwell.

Personal.—If Ike Harris will be at the rear of the Rink at 2.30 to-morrow, I will clear up with him. Signed, B. Crowther.

Wanted.—Strong and husky fellows for a dangerous mission. No questions must be asked. Apply, Messrs. J. A. Williams and H. Henderson.

"WEARY WILLIE."

"By Gosh, I get blamed for nearly everything nowadays. Why, only yesterday I was going to get licked for whistling in class."

"Well, why didn't you?"

"I wasn't doin' it at all, it was a bird in a tree outside the window."

HIS THOUGHTS WERE FAR AWAY.

Master (in history lesson) "How many men were there at the Battle of Waterloo, Goad?"

Goad (Wearily) "Five!"

CALLING THE MARKS.

"Snowball?"

"Zero."

Bull (reading an account of a fire). —"Last night \$500,000 went up in smoke—.

Gzowski (chiming in).—"Has it come down yet?"

Reminiscences of An Old Boy

"Talking about shows," remarked "Plaster" Paris, one of the members of our joyful little camping trip (which like all others consisted of all work and no play), as we sat around the fire in one of our spare moments and watched the sun play "Home Sweet Home" on the blue and emerald lake. "About the best one I ever saw was at the old school way back in '07. The fellows got up a show among themselves to give the finishing touches to the end of the summer term. That memorable night will give me room for pleasant thoughts for many moons, and I only wish I could witness another like it. However to get to the show; we entered the Prayer Hall, and were nearly struck dumb with the magnificent sight which met our eyes. Everything was decorated to its utmost capacity. Even the ushers each carried big bunches of spring onion tops mingled with turnips, which gave out a delightful odor, forcibly reminding on of hydrogen sulphide.

After a short wait of about a half-hour, the orchestra came in. Now I will say at the beginning, I never in all my life have heard such harmonious music, not even a German Band could touch it, and I think I will say it to the end. The orchestra consisted of several well-known fellows of the school, among whom I will just mention—Bob Allen, Strickland, Turkey Adams, Stan. Beatty, and a few others. After each of the members had taken a drink and a chew of gum, the lights were turned out, and amid tremendous applause the band started up:—'A Temon in the Garden of Love.' After they had played one or two notes the pianist discovered that there were tacks strewn all over the keys of his instrument, and he accordingly left off playing. The drummers, however, kept right on until they reached the chorus, where Bob Allen dropped out on account of not being able to hit high C with his right hand and strike an octave with the left. At first it looked as if Stan. Beatty and Strickland would have to finish up the two other verses and the encore as well, but just then the curtain came to

their rescue by going up, and disclosing a beautiful piece of scenery, which looked like a shell exploding in an ash heap, but really was supposed to represent the top floor of an apartment house sixty-six and two thirds stories above the street (according to the programme.)

"In the far corner reposing on an Oriental lounge, was what at first sight looked like an Ostermoor mattress, but on closer observation turned out to be Fat Patterson, disguised as a lady, who had invested a dollar in a Cobalt mine and made seven million two hundred thousand inside of two weeks.

"On the right-hand side of the stage was a door which at this moment was seen to open very quietly and admit Fen Brown (who, by the programme, was named Raffles).

"Raffles quietly looked around the room, took notice of everything (save the sleeping beauty, who was by far the largest thing in it) and then, espying a painting of very natural fruits hanging on the wall, he coolly walked up and picked off an orange, ate the skin and threw the rest through the window. At this juncture the millionaire woke up, and showed her surprise by emitting an ear-splitting shriek, which closely resembled the Island fog horn, then demanded to know what Raffles was doing there. Whereupon the amateur cracksmen calmly drew from his pocket a water pistol and demanded all the household jewels. Again the heroine blew her danger signal and immediately there came the sounds of a fierce combat from without, including much scraping of sandpaper and dragging of trunks, which was supposed to represent a new six-cylinder automobile, in which the hero was just passing when he heard the cry for help.

"Almost at the same moment, the hero (who was really Stan. Morse all painted up until he looked like a man about twenty years old) entered at the same door and exclaiming in a tragic voice, 'My fair one, your rescue is at hand,' grabbed Raffles by his coat collar and threw him through the window all the way to the street (66 2-3 stories), where he made a

noise as if he had fallen through a conservatory.

"Now from a door on the other side Stan's lady love, who, I might add, was Hendrie in disguise, butted in and immediately a scrap ensued between the two ladies. It looked like a knockout for the thin one, when Stan., with great presence of mind, stuck her down a crack in the stage, so that the fat one could not get at her. This was a rash act, for in a few minutes (when it was time for her to emerge and demand Stan. as her beau), they were unable to extricate her, and this little happening would have very likely spoiled the whole show. Suddenly, however, to break the monotony of the scene, Chris. Dart, correctly dressed in an evening suit with a straw hat, a red necktie, tan shoes and blue stockings, burst into the room and excitedly shouted—'Oh! dear, my music teacher won't be here for an hour, so I'll just rehearse a few little songs.

"He then came to the front of the stage, and sang: 'Who drove tacks in baby's face?' with a voice which certainly felt as if it needed renovating with a fire hose, a lawn-mower and a little grass seed. The delighted audience, of course, demanded an encore, and Chris. returned with a grin (which had the Rocky Mountains skinned a mile for size), and announced that he would now sing a song of his own composition, entitled—'The Bill Boards on Yonge St.,' which he did, and ended up by breaking four of the footlights in his final bow.

The three occupants of the stage now made their entrance out, and Mr. J. A. Williams, the famous juggler and conjurer, made his appearance.

After asking the kind attention of the intelligent looking audience in the usual manner, his attendant then brought in a couple of cannon balls, which had 100 lbs. marked on each of them, also a lawn-mower and a safety razor. He then asked the assistance of some one in the audience, whereupon Croft volunteered his services. The first trick was to balance the cannon balls on top of each other, and the boy wonder was getting on beautifully until some timid person in the audience said in a voice just loud enough for all to hear — 'My if he

should drop them.' The ill-timed words smote on the performer's bulging ears, and he immediately lost his nerve. The top ball dropped on Croft's head, and the second one lit on the piano, and commenced to imitate a sun-fish by knocking off a scale or so. Then getting tired of this form of amusement it rolled off and smote Mr. Stan Beatty on one of his pedal extremities.

"Stan's righteous wrath at once arose (Croft's having aisen beforehand), and immediately all was in an uproar. The Cadet Corps were soon ordered on the scene, and after having fixed bayonets, fired a saulte, formed fours, and presented arms, not to mention a few field manoeuvres, they finally quenched the riot and gracefully received their well-earned applause.

"Then in marched a handsome bunch of fellows, among whom were Art. Hemmick, disguised as a hockey player; Bill Young, who looked really quite a husky Rugby man; Timber Mulqueen, who didn't seem a bit shy in his running togs; Mac Dawson, in a tennis suit; and Hugh Barwick, with a cricket outfit on. They advanced to the centre of the stage, looked at each other, then at the orchestra, and then started to sing. Talk about a saw-mill, it wasn't in it for one minute; why it would even make a boiler factory sound sick. But, without exaggeration, the noise resembled what I should think the Victor, Columbia, Edison, and several other gramophone works all let loose at once would make. After the song each member of the quartet was presented with a cabbage surrounded with onion leaves. As an encore they sang a sweet sentimental song entitled, 'Auntie's Teeth will Soon Fit Sister,' and then commenced a clog dance to end up with, in the middle of which part of the ceiling caved in, the scenery on the wall fell down, one of the plaster pillars collapsed and the middle of the stage broke.

"The remaining survivors of the orchestra packed up their music and skidded, whilst the curtain was quickly drawn over the wreckage and we all wended our weary way homewards after having had a very enjoyable evening."

A STRIKING EXAMPLE



VISITOR :—“ And what sort of a gentleman is your master, my little man ? ”

BOY :—“ Oh, he’s a fine, STRAPPING fellow. ”

Seeing Ridley Through a Megaphone

There, ladies and gents, is the spot where the former Ridley College stood until some energetic person set fire to it and burned it down. The night of the fire the boys and masters showed the greatest bravery and coolness in trying to get their belongings out. When they found it impossible to accomplish this, they showed even more valor in getting themselves out. Each boy was rewarded with a leather medal and a brick as a mark of respect from the citizens of St. Catharines in letting the old place burn.

"We will now have to get down and walk, as we cannot cross the river in the motor.

"Note the wild-looking woods on either side of the path. This is where the boys are taught to handle a gun. I might mention they are not allowed to shoot them off for fear of hurting each other.

"At last we have reached the river. No, madam, this is water. To the unpracticed eye it is rather confusing, but nevertheless that peculiar looking mixture is water. Mixed, I will admit, with a good many other things, but still the water is predominant. This is called the Welland Canal. So called because boats at remote times used to pass up and down it, but of later years the mixture has become so thick that the boats were unable to get through even with the aid of tugs. Now we go over this little bridge and up these steps, on top of which you can just see the flagpole. The boys take their daily exercise in a walk up and down here. Ah! at last we are up, and now before you you see Bishop Ridley College.

"First of all we will view the large and spacious laundry. Note the peculiar machine to the left! In this they can clean fourteen shirts, three dress suits, four every-day suits, eighteen pairs of boots and four dozen neckties inside of five minutes. The machine was made by an old college professor who is noted for his several inventions.

"Here we have the spacious engine-room. The engine in the centre is called the 'one-horse engine,' to distinguish it from the donkey-engine over in the far corner. This engine runs the pump, which brings the mixture up out of the Canal. It is then cut in chunks by the cutter over there and served to the boys as a relish three times a day.

"Next we have the kitchen, which is used chiefly to manufacture the meals. The cooks in this establishment are blind, as it is a well-known fact that blind cooks can serve up far better hash than can the ones who have sight. The meals I might say are put up in carload lots, inspected, labelled and put out in an icehouse to keep till needed.

"Here is the diningroom—of which the directors are justly proud. It is, if you will notice, lined with mahogany-trimmed birch bark, and was built at the enormous cost of twenty-three dollars and twenty-three cents. The room is hermetically sealed, so that the cries of the poor inmates cannot be heard by visitors.

"This is the headmaster's study—the peculiar things on the wall are football bladders, which are interwoven with the covers and laces. This school I might add is a great centre of learning—how to play football. And as a result the place is naturally overrun with the accessories of the game.

"The prayer hall, which we are now viewing, is built on the Marie Antoinette style. Everything is of imported mahogany and hemlock timber, even the floor boards are put down with wooden spikes. The boys, when they come in here, have to wear bedroom slippers, and are only allowed to breathe fourteen times a minute, as the superfluity of breath might warp the wood-work. At one end you will see a couple of cups which have been won by the football teams. The last year's one, however, is dented in one corner—if you will look?

"This was caused by the hard struggle they had last year to get it away from U. C. C.

"Let us go up to the flats where the boys sleep! This dormitory, ladies and

gents, is where the junior boys sleep during the night. The remainder of their rest is carried on in their classrooms during school hours. The room is air-tight, so that the boys will not catch cold, while, to the right, you will see a cozy little sun parlor, the floor of which is of emerald and ruby mosaic. The boys have all the modern conveniences, such as running water, towels, and soap, and such like.

"Now for a little peep into one of the senior's rooms. Here is a room done on J. T. Rottenfeller's plan. The boy's parents are evidently millionaires, for if you will notice the fireplace is of onyx, while the walls are papered with bank notes and farm mortgages, the floor is of cement, and the windows of glass, while even the hinges of the door are made of platinum.

"Down stairs again please, and we will just have a glance at the front hall as we go out. In this glass case we have wreaths made out of the hair of the former headmaster, of the present headmaster, and also of the one that is to be. Next is a picture of the founder in football togs, also a couple of safety pins, and an A. B. C. book, the sole souvenirs of the college fire.

Here is a soda water fountain, which plays 'Waiting at the Church' every hour; the water is supplied by the Cork Springs Company of Toronto. "Next is the Stenographers' Room, where a young lady tries to teach some of the boys shorthand.

The boys, it is said, are sometimes so dense that the young lady has quite often to guide their hands over the work.

"Before you is the front door, which is all inlaid with rhinestones and Dresden china. This then ends our trip, and I thank you all for your kind attention."

Bull (to Gzowski, who has been scrapping with him)—"Now, look out, or I'll throw a microbe at you."

Jaw Williams (warning a friend not to board at a certain school).—"Gee, I wouldn't go there if I were you. Why, they even make you wash every day."

THE CIRCULATION OF THE RIVAL

Since we first started in as a college paper, our circulation has steadily increased, as anyone would expect. There were about thirty copies of our first issue, which was done on a duplicator. Of Vol. I., No. 6, sixty copies were printed (It will be remembered that this was the first to be printed at The Telegram) Steadily the circulation grew, at an average of between 20 and 25 copies an issue, till now it has reached 300.

Harris (to ticket agent at Union Station).—"I want a ticket to London."

Ticket Agent.—"Yes, sir, but which London. London, Ont., or London, England?"

Harris.—"Well, which is the cheapest?"

Walker (who has got into a scrape with Garmany, and come out with a licking)—"Well, I thought——"

Garmany (indignantly)—"Ah, that's what is the matter. I knew something awful would happen if you ever started to think."

HADN'T THE PRICE.

"I'm afraid your husband is a regular drunkard," said the vicar's wife.

"No ma'am, he ain't, his wages ain't steady enough."

TOO SWIFT FOR HIM.

"My boy," said the old broker, solemnly, as he handed a message to the messenger, "do you see that statue? Well, that is Mercury, the swiftest messenger boy on record. Now, I want you to take this telegram and go as fast as Mercury."

Jimmy shifted his chewing gum and toyed with the ends of his dog-eared novel.

"Yer'll have to excuse me, mister," he responded, "but I can't do anything of de kind. In de first place, I've got more clothes on dan dat lobster and, in de second place, if I was caught running like dat I'd get turned out of de union."

And then Jimmy winked at the janitor and started off at the same old gait.

COLLEGE EVENS UP WITH S. A. C.

Once More the Old School Glorifies Itself.

On Saturday, June the eighth, College played St. Andrews and erased a few smudges from our athletic slate. St. Andrews were defeated by an innings and three runs.

The game, although it was a rather a one-sided contest throughout, was nevertheless full of excitement caused by the fact that College had yet to pay off an old score in football. At no time were our opponents dangerous and it was pretty certain who would come out on top from the beginning.

St. Andrews' strong point was their snappy fielding, which was just the reverse with U.C.C. Our fielding was of the kind that is rarely ever seen here and it is to be hoped that it will not be seen again. Although S.A.C. got 50 runs in the first innings they only deserved about 30 and they should be thankful that our men had more than the usual amount of grease on their fingers.

The batting, however, was considerably better, and we knocked up in one innings three more runs than S. A. C. did in the two. Gallagher, DeGruchy, and Walker, did most of the scoring for College, and played fine cricket. The score—

Upper Canada College.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----|
| P. W. Beaty 1bw, Graham | 9 |
| Barwick, c Smith, b Graham | 2 |
| Davidson, run out | 6 |
| J. S. Beaty, c Duncanson, b McPherson | 4 |
| Green, c McPherson, b Graham | 0 |
| Walker, c and b McLaren | 8 |
| Woods, c McLaren, b McPherson | 5 |
| Galliher, c Fleming, b McPherson | 17 |
| Richardson, run out | 6 |
| De Gruchy, not out | 8 |
| Allan, c Grant, b Lidy | 3 |
| Extras | 3 |
| Total | 74 |

St. Andrew's C.—First Inning.

| | |
|--------------------------------|----|
| McPherson, b Galliher | 3 |
| Hastings, mi., run out | 3 |
| Grant, c Galliher, b Allan | 17 |
| McLaren, c Barwick, b Galliher | 11 |
| Graham, b Green | 5 |
| Duncanson, b Green | 4 |
| Fleming, b Green | 4 |
| Miller, c Richardson, b Green | 0 |
| Smith, b Green | 0 |
| Lidy, b Green | 6 |
| Hope, not out | 0 |
| Extras | 0 |
| Total | 50 |

Second Inning.

| | |
|--------------------------------|----|
| McPherson, b Allan | 4 |
| Hastings, mi., not out | 6 |
| Grant, c and b Allan | 3 |
| McLaren, c Green, b Galliher | 0 |
| Graham, c Richardson, b Allan | 0 |
| Duncanson, c Beaty, b Galliher | 1 |
| Fleming, b Galliher | 0 |
| Miller, b Galliher | 2 |
| Smith, b Galliher | 0 |
| Lidy, b Galliher | 0 |
| Hope, b Beaty | 0 |
| Extras | 2 |
| Total | 21 |

Upper Canada College won by an inning and three runs.

MIDNIGHT FLYERS.

The Mayor of Bacon Ridge was fishing off the milldam when the stranger in the tall silk hat approached.

"Think a show would pay around here?" asked the stranger.

"What kind of a show, mister?" queried the Mayor as he unhooked another eel.

"Why, a show of wild, untamed man eaters."

"Shucks! Thar be too many wild man eaters around here now, mister."

"What kind of man eaters are they?"

"Skeeters, mister, skeeters!"

WOULDN'T TRUST ALLIGATOR.

A colored preacher took some candidates for immersion down to a river. Seeing alligators in the stream, one of them objected.

"Why, brother," urged the pastor, "can't you trust Providence? It took care of Jonah, didn't it?"

"Y-a-a-s," admitted the darkey, "but a whale's diff'rent. A whale's got a memory, but ef one o' dem 'gators wus ter swaller dis nigger, he'd jes' go ter sleep dar in de sun an' fergit all 'bout me."

Beware of kicking up a dust—the blame stuff always settles.

Our worries would be few if it wasn't for the things that never happen.

HE DESERVED TO DIE.

"Look out," exclaimed the maa who had seen another bravely rescued from the water. "Handle that fellow carefully or he might revive."

"Brute," exclaimed the rescuers. "Brute nothing," rejoined the first speaker. "I noticed him rocking the boat."

IN A QUANDARY.

"I've thought up a good joke."

"Well?"

"Shall I sell it for 50 cents and relieve my immediate necessities, or shall I write a musical comedy around it?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

OURS WOULD BE.

The Scientist—There is every reason to believe that the ancients used illuminating gas. In fact, I once dug up an article which I have no doubt was a primitive form of gas meter.

The Householder—Was it still working?—Judge.

CARRIE.

"Ever hear about the fellow that drove a horse car? Had a baby. Didn't know what to name it."

"Boy or girl?" asked the minister.

"Boy."

"Call it Oscar. He did."

Met the preacher again a year later.

"'Nother baby at our house. Suggest 'nother name."

"Boy or girl?"

"Girl."

"Call her Car-line." He did.

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