

Acta Ridleiana.

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Acta Ridleiana.

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Editorial Notes.

The Committee regret that several articles of considerable merit have been crowded out of this number, and will appear at Easter.

The ACTA staff has been sadly thinned by the departure of Street, Price and Hills, who have left school, and Mair, who has resigned. Black (III) and McLeod (IV) have been appointed to fill the vacancies, and Black has already made a splendid success of the advertising department.

It is to be hoped that the conscienceless person who appropriated the colored poster from the board on June 23rd last, has sense enough to know that some time it may be valuable as the early work of a famous artist. The public are notified that all notices, posters, etc., are the exclusive property of ACTA RIDLEIANA.

After hugely enjoying the "roasts" in our Midsummer number, certain tender hearted members of the Third have been sympathetic with those who got "done brown," and are worked up into a state of righteous indignation. Jamie McLa'en, it is said, was seen with a fierce gleam in his eye, stalking around, looking for some one. Angus also carried a club for a while. Upon interviewing the survivors, however, we find that they rather liked it than otherwise, told us to go ahead, and guaranteed us against action for libel. We advise the thin skinned one, to start a magazine of their own and call it "Nestle's Milk for Infants."

The news has just been received that Mason's slot machine has been granted a patent. He and a few other wealthy speculators intend to form a stock company and manufacture the new machine extensively. The name of the company is to be: "The Sure Cheat Automatic Slot Machine Co.," and the officers are as follows: H. D. Mason, (inventor) President and General Manager; F. W. Nicholls, Vice-President and Secretary; J. Crow Nicholls, Treasurer. Mr. Mason has spent many weary weeks and gone without sleep and nourishment, trying to make his machine excel

all others on the market. The special feature of the new invention is that you stand little show of getting your money's worth. It is an ingenious piece of work, and shows that the inventor is good for something else besides planning battles and executing imaginary military manœuvres. The latest news received is that Mason has applied to the College for a bonus.

Old Boys' Doings.

E. M. Hooper, who this year graduated in medicine at Toronto University, is now in England. He is further qualifying himself for his profession by a year's work at London Hospital, the largest in the great metropolis.

Fred Haszard spent the summer months in the West Indies, and is now at McGill beginning the study of medicine. He has found that Law is not suited to his constitution. He has, however, captained a football XV, played hockey for this season with the champion club of P. E. I., and steadily pursued the cultivation of his fine voice.

Harry Griffith gained a scholarship at Trinity and is now a popular young Freshman there. A Trinity correspondent writes that his plucky play at quarter-back has a good deal to do with his popularity, but Harry has lots of good qualities to recommend him besides this.

Julian Street, the clever artist, the hardworking and brilliant contributor to the ACTA, the literary confidant of the small boy, the mirror of fashion, is in Chicago in his father's office. He has, however, other aspirations, which will probably be fulfilled. He is much missed on the ACTA staff, but he has promised to send occasional contributions.

Hal Harmer, after passing the Matric, has decided not to go to McGill, but is with his father in the Massey-Harris firm of Toronto.

The Varsity Football Team, champions of Ontario, contained two ex-Ridleians, Courtney Kingstone, half-back, captain of the Ridley XV of '91, and Frank Perry, who played scrimmage.

Courtney Kingstone and C. C. Riordon, both graduated B. A. at Toronto this year. The former will study law, and the latter is in his father's large paper mill at Merritton, where he is learning all the processes of paper manufacture.

Who noticed Mackenzie in church for the first time for five Sundays singing: "I'm but a stranger here?"

Fifth Annual Cross Country.

The annual cross-country was run off on the 13th of November. In the seniors it was generally expected to be a close race between Schramm and Mair, but the latter's condition plainly put him out of it. Duggan was held to have the best chance in the juniors, but he failed to keep ahead of Hoyles mi.

The juniors were started at about a quarter to three, Duggan taking the lead which he kept increasing till after the tow path was left, where Hoyles mi passed him. When the Brewery was reached the youngsters had a considerable lead, which was increased till the finish. Counter disappointed his numerous backers, who expected him to be an easy winner. His failure is to be entirely attributed to the heaviness of his spirits, which he foolishly took with him, as Mr. Williams had that morning given him eight verbs to write out for betting on himself during class.

The seniors started a few minutes after the juniors, Mair, Schramm and Trench keeping well together. Trench's running was a great surprise to all, he finishing third after running a hard, plucky race.

Cooke's fine showing was greatly due to his careful training, but it is a pity that he should have been so careless as not to win or even to finish.

The following is the order:

Seniors.

1. Schramm.
2. Mair.
3. Trench.
4. Bourne.
5. Lye.

Juniors.

1. Hoyles mi.
2. Duggan.
3. Nersworthy.
4. Mackenzie mi.

N. B.—Try to find Cooke's name in the list. You'll have to try hard, so start early.

There can be no doubt that the supper proves a great attraction for competitors.

The supper was the best part of the race. No wonder the "niggahs" in the minstrel show said that our new cry should be: "Oysters, Oysters, Rah, Rah, Rah."

The supper this year was a great success, notwithstanding the absence of several noted members.

Schramm gave one of his usual bright and interesting speeches, which are now becoming quite noted.

I am sure the Board should feel much relieved to know that Corey (1st Form) con-

siders that "From an educational standpoint the College staff is perfectly *co-efficient*."

Wells made a really good speech, being called on quite unexpectedly, as were Smith, Wade and several others. Wade's speech in support of the fair ones would have done credit to a lady herself.

Probably a great cause of Cooke's inability to make the great hit that was expected from so dignified an orator was that he had unfortunately left his hair off, and as his ideas of himself consequently rose, his words and thoughts became correspondingly light; but the Senior House Master nevertheless caught it pretty hot.

But what are such trifles as these when the sublime fact still remains to be told that the ginger ale and soup were simply "all the way!" What more could one wish at an oyster supper?

Following is the toast list:

The Queen.

Athletic Association—Football XV—Proposed by Howitt; responded to by Cooke and Hoyles ma.

Winners—Proposed by Smith pri; responded to by Schramm and Hoyles mi.

Prefects—Proposed by Kerr; responded to by Nersworthy.

Form IV.—Proposed by Mair; responded to by McLeod

Form III.—Proposed by Baldwin; responded to by Curry.

Form II—Proposed by Charles; responded to by Wells.

Form I.—Proposed by Suckling; responded to by Corey.

Detention—Proposed by Maclaren ma; responded to by Elliott.

Ladies—Proposed by Stayner; responded to by Wade.

Masters—Proposed by Doolittle; responded to by Messrs. Miller, Michell, Hendry, Wood.

THE ACTA reporter has been unable to gain admittance to the private workshop of C. O. W. McWilliams, the distinguished inventor. As he keeps his plans and work shop so private, no one has any idea what his latest invention will be. It is rumored, however, that he intends to fit up the "Snail" with aerial power. All his admirers hope that it may be faster than his famous ice boat.

Prospects of the Hockey Season.



We are now beginning to wonder what sort of a hockey team we shall be able to put on the ice.

Although only one member of last year's team will be with us, we shall be able to make a pretty fair showing if the team can get regular practice, but not unless. The only way this will be possible will be for the authorities to hire some one to keep the ice in good condition

both by flooding and cleaning. For if, every time that we have a snow storm, the whole afternoon has to be spent in getting the ice fit for skating, not only is much valuable time wasted, but interest is lost in the sport and the consequence is, that though we may have individually good players, our *team* is of no use. Undoubtedly it adds greatly to the glory of the school to have successful teams, and therefore it is much to be hoped that Mr. Miller will kindly see that *some* arrangements are made.

If these matters are looked after there is no reason why our team should not come out pretty well on top; for among those who are remaining with us are some really good men who only need a little hard work to become first-class hockey players.

Care should be taken, however, to keep Cows and other noxious animals off the ice, as after all the above mentioned precautions have been taken it would be a pity to have it cracked.

H. L. HOYLES (V).

On Sunday Nights.

No longer we go starved to bed.

Unlikely, still this fact is true,

We get free milk and buttered bread.

What are we coming to?

Hardened offender (who has just had a caning from Mr. Miller)—“You know, old chap, it isn't the licking I mind; it's the *principle* involved that I don't like.” Sympathizing Friend (with a limited knowledge of spelling)—“Yes, he does lick hard, doesn't he?”

The Football Season.

Soon after Term opened a committee was elected and Mitchell was chosen captain. He quickly got his men down to work, but it soon became evident that a lot of new material would have to be experimented with, as only five of last year's XV remained, viz.: Mitchell; Mackenzie, Cooke, Sanchez and Mair, the latter not being able to play in the early part of the season. Aspirants for a place on the team, however, turned out in great numbers, and it soon became evident that Ridley would have a pretty fast if not a very heavy combination. The great drawback was lack of knowledge of the game, for though some of the new members had played several years with the juniors, others were making their first appearance on the football field.

The first match was with St. Catharines, who were entered for the Intermediate Championship of Ontario, and the College won by 6—0. Two other matches were played with the same team, each side winning one. The town players often come over to practice with the boys, and these practices were very useful to the College, giving them experience in meeting heavy men.

The U. C. C. match was played on the U. C. C. grounds in Toronto on Oct 24th. The team finally chosen to represent Ridley was Doolittle, back; Mackenzie, Mitchell, Gooderham max, halves; Schramm, quarter; Smallman, McLeod, Sanchez, scrimmage; Cooke, Kerr, Hoyles ma, Gander ma, Smith, McWilliams, Wade, wings; with Allan, Baldwin and Dalton as spare men.

A strong west wind was blowing almost down the field, but Petherbridge, who won the toss, elected to play against the wind. The Ridley kick off did not amount to much, as the wings were too slow in following up and tackling. During the whole of the first half this was the case, and scarcely ever was the U.C.C. goal in danger. Whenever U.C.C. got the ball in scrimmage they gained several yards, as it was impossible, however pluckily they might try, for our scrimmage to hold them. Even when it was “Ridley's ball” there was seldom any gain, the U.C.C. wings breaking through our wings and either tackling the quarter or the half before he could kick. Had Mackenzie been able to get in some of his tremendous punts a different story might have been told, but at half time U. C. C. with half a gale blowing against them, had scored 5—0.

As was expected by the onlookers, in the second half U.C.C. ran up a big score, though

soon after resuming Ridley played up better than in any part of the game, McWilliams at one time being tackled within a yard of the U. C. C. goal line. When the whistle blew the score stood 32—0 in favor of U.C.C. Though the game had been hard and fairly rough, yet the greatest good humor prevailed throughout, and the victors were most heartily cheered. Another noticeable feature was that the decisions of the referee, Mr. W. Smith, and umpire met with the greatest approval from both sides.

For our opponents, Petherbridge, McGaw, Dennison and Hill did splendid work, whilst the Ridley stars were Mackenzie, McWilliams and Mitchell. Admiration for Doolittle's cool and plucky game at full back was freely expressed by the spectators.

After the game the team was very hospitably entertained to luncheon by Dr. Parkin.

During the next week the boys, undaunted, got out to practice hard for the T. C. S. match, which was arranged for the following Saturday. In these practices Gander ma and McGuire on the wing line showed much improvement. As Mair was able to play several changes were made in the forward line, and they were changes for the better. The wings had learned several new tricks from the Upper Canada game, and though they were by no means confident of victory, they all determined to do their very best.

The game was played on the Rosedale grounds before a fair sprinkling of spectators.

The Ridley XV were: Doolittle, back; Mackenzie, Mitchell, Gooderham max, half backs; Schramm, quarter; Smallman, Sanchez, McLeod, forwards; Cooke, Mair, Kerr, Hoyles ma, Gander ma, Wade, McWilliams; spares, Baldwin, Allan, McGuire.

Ridley won the toss and kicked off with a very light wind. As soon as the ball felt Mackenzie's fairy foot it gave a great bound into the air and soared gracefully over the T. C. S. line, forcing their full to rouge. Score, 1—0 in Ridley's favor.

Soon after the commencement of the game Schramm and Wade were unfortunately laid out, but their places were very satisfactorily filled by Allan and McGuire.

At the end of the half the score stood 9—0, Wade having secured a try by good following up, the kick being converted, and a penalty kick over goal gave us the other two.

After the teams again lined up there was a hard struggle for some time, Doolittle sav-

ing Ridley lots of points. At last a touch in goal was secured by Port Hope, making the score 9—1. T. C. S. shortly after secured a touch-down and, the try being converted, the score stood 9—7 in Ridley's favor, at which it remained, though the fight continued fierce to the end.

Mackenzie for the last quarter of an hour played quarter and gained a good deal for Ridley by constantly charging the line. Repeated attempts were made by both sides to increase their score; but the whistle blew, leaving Ridley the victors by two points.

Of the five inter-school matches Ridley has won three, T. C. S. two.

The most noticeable players for Port Hope were DuMoulin and Syers, while Mackenzie, Mitchell, Doolittle and Wade put up the best game for Ridley.

Referee, Mr. Magregor Young. Umpire, W. R. Wadsworth.

This ended football for the season, and although several other challenges were received none were accepted.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

Captain Mitchell played a much better game this year than ever before. He gained much ground and scored many a point by his fleetness of foot. If he would learn to dodge without slacking up and crouching down when being tackled, his work would be much more effective.

Mackenzie's punting was marvellous. He is the hardest worker on the team, and can kick in very close quarters. Before many seasons he will be a "Counsell" on some senior team.

All were pleased to see Mair return in the final match. He added strength to the team, but was not in his usual form through lack of practice.

Much was expected of Doolittle at back and he did not prove disappointing. Many a time when a rouge seemed inevitable he would relieve the goal, and in this way saved many points. He is always cool and never undecided as to what to do. Great things are expected of him next year.

The scrimmage was stronger than was expected. With weight always against them they held their own pretty well, but were sometimes rather slow in forming up. Smallman, though this was his first season on the team, proved a great acquisition. Sanchez played in his usual plucky manner. Now that McLeod has begun to play, a strong game will be expected from him on next year's team.

Cooke is probably the strongest wing on the team, and always shows a fondness for the quarter of the other tea

Hoyles and Kerr do hard work, hold their men and often get around.

Gooderham punts fairly well at half and is probably the best tackler on the team. What he lacks in weight is made up in courage.

Gander ma lacked in knowledge of the game at the first, but towards the end of the season showed great improvement, and he should make a strong wing.

Although this was McWilliams' first season, all were pleased with the game he put up.

Schramm played a pretty game at quarter, but is rather light for the position.

The halves though excelling in individual play lacked combination. They should give more practice to combined play next season. The scrimmage must learn to scrummage the ball on the run. Every game shows that a strong scrimmage is indispensable. Such advancement has been made in Rugby during the last few years that the scrimmage, the quarter and the halves of a winning team must work together like machinery.

The team lost much through being weak in throwing in from touch. More tricks must be learned

What necessity is there in closing the season before Nov. 20th?

Taking it altogether the boys deserve the greatest praise for their season's work. With eleven new men they fully sustained the reputation of the College.

Hatfield's Composition on a Whale.

It is very similar to a fish, but is not. It weighs about 20,000 pounds, and when it is full grown is 100 years old. It can live 1,000 years old.

It has very warm blooded, and has a part of its skin called is called blubber.

Its grounds are the Artick ocean and some where near their.

Mans come in big boats and stick these fishes. Sometimes they fight and the mans get hurted and killed, But as they is all sailors they don't care. They don't not come home for three years and hunts the whale all the time.

Once a man named Jonah swallowed a whale. but the whale did not like him, and threw Jonah up in three days.

Cricket.

Two matches were played after the issue of the Midsummer ACTA. On June 24th, the College met the Garrison Club on the home grounds and administered an 8 wickets defeat to the soldiers. Garrison 62 and 88. Ridley 130 and 21 for 2 wickets. The match was a remarkable one. The College innings opened thus: Hills was caught at the wicket off the very first



ball, Kerr in the slips, off the fourth ball and in the second over Mr. Miller was badly run out. Three wickets for no runs. Cooke and Doolittle, however, then got to work and put on 101 before they were separated. Cooke played a brilliant but risky innings of 55, whilst Doolittle's 53 was compiled more carefully.

On June 24th, the day after the closing, Ridley defeated an XI of Toronto Cricket Club, by 9 wickets. Toronto 59 and 37. Ridley 88 and 11 for one wicket. There were no high individual scores, but all the College XI scored, and played the bowling of Wadsworth and Casey Wood with a very fair amount of confidence. This ended a most successful season. Stronger clubs were played than we have met before, and the season's record stood, 7 matches won, 6 lost. Much regret was expressed, that just as we were getting into good form it should be necessary to disband. There is some talk of a tour being taken at the close of the season of '97. Already a letter has been received from Bishop's College, Lennoxville, asking for a match after school closes.

COMPLETE BATTING AVERAGES, 1896.

Names of those playing in at least Four Matches.		Times at Bat	Times Not Out	Most in One Innings.	Total Runs	Average per Innings.
1	Cooke	21	1	55	233	11.65
2	Hills	22	0	36	233	10.59
3	Doolittle	21	4	53	160	9.41
4	Mackenzie	22	3	25	145	7.63
5	Mr. Williams	17	4	33	99	7.61
6	Miller	10	3	16	52	7.42
7	Harmer	15	1	19	90	6.42
8	Greenhill	18	2	16	90	5.62
9	Price	12	3	12	46	5.11
10	Mr. Miller	13	1	15*	60	5.00
	Kerr	17	0	15	85	5.00
12	Griffith	18	3	25	64	4.26

*Signifies not out.

The School Boys' Inferno.

"Hoyle's ma, Mr. Miller wants to see you," called Norton Taylor through the study door. I rose with fear in my heart and went to my doom with a conscience which appeared, to judge by its stabbings to be considerably sharper than Cookse's razor. I knocked at the fatal door and, after being admitted, was told to wait a moment. How long that moment seemed! I thought over my entire school life and determined that nothing less than a severe caning could be the reward of my terrible crimes. I longed for a little time to think; but yet, as the moments flew by, my fear increased, my head swam and I wished the floor would open and swallow me up. Suddenly my footing gave way and I fell with a terrible force to what I supposed was the floor. A roaring sound surged in my ears, the air seemed to become close, the room dark, and then I knew no more

* * * * *

When sensibility returned I noticed a strong, disagreeable smell of College gas escaping. The place where I was lying was not Mr. Miller's office, but a dark and very warm room, whose walls appeared to be formed of earth, which dripped with a sort of perspiration, forming a foul smelling pool in one corner of the floor into which disgusting rats plunged at short intervals with shrill, un-earthly squeaks.

A thirst came upon me which soon became a craving, I was beginning to suffer agonies when a door at the side opened and a female darkey servant entered with a cup of College tea at the regulation temperature, which immediately cooled my fevered brow.

Two other servants then entered and bade me come with them. As they led me away I questioned them as to my whereabouts and was told that I was in the school boys' place of punishment.

They then ushered me into the same sort of a room where sat six gentlemen of the lower regions in solemn conclave. On my entrance one immediately rose and in a voice of thunder turned to me and cried, "what does this mean, sir? I can't have it, you know. You are the most careless boy in Hades. For your sins we have decided the punishment, but first you shall be taken to the place of detention to see your unfortunate brethren." Then he called "Doomlittie," in response to which appeared a young boy who was general slob, "Take this fool to detention."

Away we crept through dripping corridors and slimy passages till at last we came

to the room where bad school boys were confined to eternal punishment. The door was thrown open and I beheld a number of pallid victims with woe depicted in the deepest degree on their countenances. "These wretches," said my guide, "are compelled to follow the habits which they formed in their life at school."

I then perceived near my hand the ghost of Gooderham, which was compelled to continually eat food which disagreed with him. There, near him was his unfortunate cousin Mitchell, who was condemned by the authorities to forever sit on a desk whose back gave way and which he was compelled to place up again, and again to knock down. A short distance away sat Kerr, who was compelled to sit quiet and think of his best girl. What more dreadful than to ponder over this matter for all time? And there over in that dark corner were two poor shades, one which, wasted though it was, resembled my room-mate, who was sentenced to eternally make the same joke, whilst the other poor wretch, who appeared like Howitt, had to listen to it forever. Surely, over there that sturdy ghost was George Moncrieff, compelled, on account of the activity of his former mind, to sit staring and thinking about nothing, nothing! But most miserable of all was a spirit huddled down on the floor in a pool. It was Cooke, compelled, year after year, to remain without venting his opinion. Can you imagine anything more dreadful for one so handsome and accomplished? I was so horrified by these awful sights and was becoming so weak from the sickening odors of the place that I fell on my knees in tears, and begged Doomlittie to take me away. He smiled grimly and informed me with evident satisfaction that I had been sentenced to forever eat Hash! Under this terrible strain my mind gave way and I was carried back to the chamber in which I had first found myself, and where I was now left.

My eyes were now accustomed to the dark, and I saw that a sentinel had been posted at another door, which fact seemed to argue that if I could pass him there would be some chance of escape. Hope sprang up in my heart and I felt in my pockets for some valuable articles to use as a bribe. In my trouser pockets there was nothing, in my coat the same state of affairs existed, and, of course, nothing in my vest. What could I do? At last I remembered that in an inside pocket I had a copy of the ACTA. Seizing this I hurried to the

sentinel and offered it to him for perusal. As he glanced over it he soon became deeply interested, laid down his prongs and gave all his attention to the thrilling incidents narrated therein, chuckling now and then at a good joke of Julian's. Now was my chance, and stealing past him I tore up one dark passage and down another, slipping and falling, sometimes even having to crouch down on the floor as some demon went growling past. After a short period I heard a great uproar below and knew that I was discovered. Above all the din, I heard a tremendous voice giving orders and crying to himself, "we can't have this." Finally I saw a ray of light above me, and climbing up a perpendicular passage, digging my fingers in the mud walls, I at last gained the upper world, where day was just breaking. I threw myself on the grass a short distance away, where I slept soundly for some time. At last being aroused by the College breakfast bell, I hurried up and into the school where no one seemed to have noticed my absence, but what surprised me most of all was that the bodies of my school mates, whose spirits I had beheld in torture the night before, were in their usual places and performing their usual actions. I cannot attempt to reconcile these two facts, but would nevertheless advise all the boys to lay in a large stock of ACTAS for use in emergencies, which may occur at any time.

H. L. HOYLES (V.)

English History Revised.

Henry VIII. was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born Anno Domino in the year 1066. He had 510 wives, besides children. The first was beheaded and afterwards executed. The second was revoked, and never smiled again, but she said Paris would be found written on her heart after death. The greatest man in this reign was Lord Sir Garnet Wolsey, surnamed the Boy Bachelor, being born at the age of fifteen unmarried. He often said, had he served his wife as diligently as he had served his king she would not have deprived him of his grey hairs. It was in this reign that the Duke of Wellington discovered America and invented the curfew bell to put out fires, most of the houses being built of timber. Henry the Eighth was succeeded on the throne by his great grandmother, the beautiful and accomplished Mary, Queen of Scots, sometimes known as the Lady of the Lake or the Lay of the Last Minstrel. He died in bed in the last year of his age.

W. E. B.

Election Day.

When once more to the college we
Returned, we saw that there should be
Elected then a Committee
Of General Athletics.

The secretary said, "Now you
Must from each Form elect but two;
The sooner that you get it through,
The better it will be."

There was a boy called "Cow," and he
Determined to elected be;
He thought, "Now I will try, and see
What canvassing will do."

So Jamie bought some prunes, and he
Gave them away so liberally,
One with but half an eye could see
Something was in the wind.

He let us use his tennis ball,
Would take no thanks, said, "Not at all,"
And let the larger fellows maul
Him indiscriminately.

Then several stamps he gave away,
No longer told the fellows "Nay,"
When we said, "Shag that ball, Jimmie,"
He straightway went and got it;

Allowed us all to call him "Cow,"
He took the blame for every row,
And never told a fellow now,
"My hammer! I don't lend it"

Election came; then we all wrote,
"For Baldwin and the 'Cow' I vote;"
When one boy, by a rotten joke (?)
Spoilt all poor Jamie's chances.

He came from a far western city,
No one deemed he was so witty:
He said, "It will be a co(w)mittee
If you elect the 'cow.'"

We all saw what a shave we'd had;
We'd been saved from a fate so sad.
And every boy was very glad
We had been warned in time.

S. C. NORSWORTHY (V.)

Those Paws.

The First Form boys have always been famous for the dirty hands they present. Nearly every Master has tried to remedy this, but without success. Mr. Barber has a good scheme to keep them clean, and has been very successful in the undertaking. Every time a boy comes down to class with dirty hands a mark is made against him. When a boy has a certain number of marks against him, Mr. Barber presents him with a piece of college soap nicely done up in cloth. You can imagine the feelings of a dirty boy when he has to use a piece of soap for the first time perhaps in many months. George Hatfield has outrun all others for the dreaded present, but a few others are showing up pretty well.

E. J. TUCKETT (II).

A Powerful Blast.

A tornado on a small scale occurred in the Third Form the other day. It was during the algebra hour. We were startled by hearing a most awful noise. Books started to fly, desks were blown over and other damage occurred. Unfortunately, Charles, Mason and a few others received painful bruises.

But what could be the cause of all this disturbance? Things like that don't happen without a reason, so we were puzzled how to account for it. Suddenly "Parson" Gooderham exclaimed, "Why, boys, it was only Tophheavy Mackenzie blowing his nose."

This proved to be true, and we were very thankful to escape with so little injury. After things had been set right again, the class resumed its work.

A. C. BLACK (III)

A Startling Revelation.

It was Sunday afternoon. After Chapel "Ambrose" had asked me to go out with him on the tur—npike road which leads to Port Dalhousie.

We had had a most enjoyable walk and were returning in good spirits when we saw a sight which we at first thought, from the glittering, to be a circus. But remembering that it was the Sabbath, we quickly banished such vain thoughts from our heads, and on approaching a little nearer became convinced that it was the St. Catharines Fire Department. But having heard no alarm, we decided that it could not be, and for some time were completely nonplussed, until at last Smitty hazarded his opinion that it was the Salvation Army. From the noise it made we thought it must be either a gravel train on the down grade or Mr. Hendry's bicycle. Although feeling certain that such a dazzling light could come from neither of these, I held my peace and awaited further developments. But we were now drawing so near that there could be no mistake, and at last the grand truth dawned upon us that it was only Ize out for a stroll in his best Sunday clothes. The noise which had so disturbed us issued from a very loud necktie, and the dazzle from a solitaire tie-pin of plate glass.

S. C. NORSWORTHY (V.)

When is the Fifth Form French class like soapy water? When there is a Bubble at the top.

Why is the "Cow" like an unfaithful soldier? Because he has been sleeping on his watch lately?

The Newboy's Joke; or, Fatty's Fate.

It was just after midsummer,
And back had Fatty come;
He had unpacked, but cake he lacked,
He felt he needed some.

He straightway to the wing repaired,
The rooms there to explore,
And lots of cake he surely ate,
But yet he wanted more.

At last some Newboys caught his eye,
As every room he scoured,
Their backs to save, their cake they gave,
And Fatty it devoured.

One boy remained and he declared,
He had not brought a bit;
But those who heard said 'twas absurd,
And cried, "Now, out with it!"

Alas! his protests were in vain,
Although he did his best;
He said, "I fear the cake I've here
Is what you can't digest."

But Fatty would not be denied;
A dreadful oath he swore,
"If I can't eat up all you've got,
I will eat cake no more."

At last the Newboy "opened up,"
And out a box he drew:
But 'twas a cake of toilet soap
That he held up to view.

That's why poor Fatty has grown thin,
And he eats cake no more;
For sake of cake, he will not break
That dreadful oath he swore.

S. C. NORSWORTHY (V.)

The following gem is guaranteed by the editors to be the perfectly genuine production of a First Form boy, printed from the original manuscript, without a single alteration or addition. How it came into the editors' hands will for ever remain a secret, as they have no fear of the now jolly little author appearing to claim it:

"My first night at school was one of the awful nights I ever spent if I had heard somebody crying it might have consoled me a little but I kept up a moast awful jueat all by myself I dersay if you saw in every cubical of a new boy and under the pillow you might have heard many stifled sobs besides mine"

Ode To Poo Poo.

And must I say "Farewell?" Alack!
It surely is not true
That next term you will not be back,
My own beloved Poo Poo!

Your heart is in the woods, I fear.
Yet surely, Poo Poo, you
Will leave the deer and come back here,
My own beloved Poo Poo!

Oh, do come back to collage fare;
The fair all long for you;
Your spirit tear from hunting bear,
My own beloved Poo Poo!

And our first cricket team to fill,
Poo Poo we shall need you;
Come, say you will leave Essonville,
My own beloved Poo Poo!

What a fine half back you will make,
If you will stay, Poo Poo!
Stay, for my sake; my heart will break
When once you leave, Poo Poo!

S. C. NORSWORTHY (V.)

A Cake Walk in Muskoka.

The hotel was terribly dull, notwithstanding that it was in the height of the season, so we boys decided to get up some excitement to relieve the monotony. Various things were proposed, and one after another were rejected as being beyond the limited resources of the hotel. Then, when we were almost giving up in despair, a Southern lady proposed that we get up an old-fashioned negro cake-walk.

The suggestion was immediately adopted and we all set to work to prepare costumes. Of course some of us had to be "wenches" and some "colored gents." Enough boys consented to join us to make five couples. I was elected, along with four others, to be a colored lady.

This point decided, we all set to work overhauling our sisters' wardrobes for suitable articles of apparel for the "walk." Many other ladies gave us kind assistance in this respect, so we had everything necessary for a good make-up. I borrowed a colored petticoat of my sister's, also a plaid shirt-waist and various other articles. When I tried on the things I found that the petticoat was somewhat short, and the shirt-waist fitted me so soon around the belt-line that I had to have a small shawl pinned over the front where the things were too shy to meet.

My partner took a clean white duck suit and checkered it with charcoal into alternate blocks of black and white. He also wore a necktie that would certainly have proved to be his death warrant if either a gobbler or bull set eyes on it. It was alternate red and yellow stripes, about two inches wide each, and the bow stuck out fully two feet on either side of his neck. An eight-inch pasteboard collar with voluminous flaps and an old-fashioned dicer completed his magnificent apparel. I forgot to mention his jewelry, which consisted of a cow chain with a horse shoe and padlock for fobs, also a hanging lamp pendant solitaire stud. The black for our faces gave us some trouble, but at last we got it on all right and went down to the room where we were to meet before we made our grand *debut* in the ball room.

When we got to the meeting room it was a series of surprises all around. Although we had an inkling of the other fellows' costumes, we were unprepared for what we beheld then. One fellow had borrowed a stout old lady's wrapper and let out all the tucks around the waist. Then he buckled six pillows around himself with a trunk strap and finally worked himself into the wrapper. His partner looked like a skewer beside him. The others had equally ludicrous get-ups, but I will not wait to describe them. After having had a good laugh and

passed comments on each other's make-up, we adjourned to the ball room, where all the guests were assembled.

We entered the hall by a side door in couples and were greeted with shouts of laughter and applause from the 300 guests who were lined up around the room, two and three deep. The piano now struck up "Rastus on Parade," and we commenced the "grand march" around the hall.

After the grand march, each couple were given a chance to show their paces by walking around the hall twice. Then each "colored lady" had an opportunity to show how gracefully she could trip the light fantastic. The judges, who were prominent Americans sojourning there, gave points for the most graceful as well as for the most ludicrous walk and for swinging partners around the corners, etc.

All this time the spectators were howling with merriment, and trying to identify us, which, we flattered ourselves, was rather hard to do. Everybody was commenting on our appearance and dress, and some of the remarks were very funny indeed. But what were we doing all this time? A remark of my partner's will give a pretty clear idea. He whispered to me and said, "Say, I've never been so well thawed out before." He certainly looked it, too, for near the end of the performance his color, which was not warranted fast black, began to run and leave white streaks down his face. The rest of us were hardly any better off than he was. However, we were amply repaid for this when the judges called my partner up and presented him with the cake for the best couple. Our stout friend captured the second prize cake as the funniest wench, while another fellow got a smaller cake for the most comical gent.

This concluded the walk, and, after receiving a vote of thanks from all present for enlivening them, we all adjourned to my room, where, after getting some of the burnt cork off our faces, we made a record in cake eating as well as cake walking.

R. M. McLEOD (IV).

This Accounts For It.

Lately it has been noticed that many boys are suddenly taken with serious pains, etc., on Literature days. So far no satisfactory proof has been rendered.

It is hoped that the following explanation may be sufficient:

Literature is learning.
Learning is wisdom.
Wisdom is cleverness.
Cleverness is sharpness.
Sharpness is pain.
Pain is harmful.

Therefore literature is harmful and should be done away with.

A. C. BLACK (III.)

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

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Proverbs.

Invention may be Necessity's child,
But taking another stand,
Necessity is the mother of thieves;
So the twins go hand in hand.

And as to "Dead men tell no tales,"
I think it's far better that way,
For when their tales had all been told,
"Ghost stories," we would say.

"Two heads," they say, "Are better than one,"
Well, that is no doubt true,
For if it were kissing, and one head were missing,
What would the other head do?

But there is a single proverb here,
In which no fault I see,
It is that, "Silence is golden."
And I fear it applies to me.

JULIAN L. STREET, '96.

How I Made a Noted Friend.

He was sitting just beside me in the street car, gazing thoughtfully at the end (not the point) of his shoe. I wove romantic fancies about him, imagining him to be a great composer lost in meditations. His air of poetic neglect was delightfully apparent. If he would only deign to notice me how proud I should feel before the carload of my fellow-citizens. I examined him furtively; yes, the length of his hair, the evident lack of polish on the shoe which his downcast eyes appeared to be studying, even the absence of a tie over his starchless shirt indicated, nay, even proved to a discerning mind that I was seated beside some great spirit lost in his deep thoughts.

I craved a word, a look from him, and summing up my courage I said timidly,

"I am glad to see you back, Professor."

He never moved; perhaps he did not notice me. I would try again. After clearing my throat I gently touched his faded coat and said again:

"I am *very* glad to see that you have returned, my lord."

At last he noticed me; he was going to speak. He turned slowly around, silently handed me a card from his pocket bearing the inscription:

"Kindly help a poor blind and deaf cripple."

I suddenly noticed that I had passed my street, and was compelled to make a hurried exit.

H. L. HOYLES (IV.)

Sullivan—"Well, did you get your licking, Corey?"

Corey (coming out of Mr Barber's room)—
"No; but I had a close shave."

Answers to Correspondents.

[Address all communications to the ACTA Committee].

Corey writes and asks, "What is the best way to keep your hands clean?"

Ans.—1. To keep away from the ink bottle.

2. Use Pear's Soap.

3. Boiling them in kerosene is also recommended.

Doolittle wants to know the address of a good place for getting his whiskers and moustache eradicated.

Ans.—For *your* immense growth we would recommend Massey-Harris Co, Toronto. You may send the hair by express and have it charged on the bill.

First Form Boy asks why Smith is getting such an awful sport, wearing his tailed coat every day.

Ans.—We have consulted Russell Cooke, an expert in these matters, and he says it is because Ambrose is expecting to be made a prefect shortly.

Tuckett.—Why does Doolittle make such a poor full-back?

Ans.—We suppose as Tuckett makes a good full (sized) back himself, that he is jealous. The reason, Mr. Tuckett, is that it is quite an easy matter to *touch-down* on Doolittle's face.

Williams asks us to explain why there are not more explosions in the College.

Ans.—We cannot say, though we have often found a magazine in the desk.

"Skinny" Sturgeon asks if we think there is any chance for him as quarter-back on next year's football team.

Ans.—After thinking the matter over we consider there is a good chance, as you show you are a *very clever* and *fearless* player. But your tackling is somewhat weak, and your hair should be longer than it is now. You must reduce your weight about 25 pounds, and try to get out of the habit of crying when the ball touches you.

On Wednesday, Nov. 11th, at St. George's Church, New York. Rev. F. B. Hodgins was married to Miss Edith Bull of Hamilton.

On Tuesday, Sept. 24th, Mr. W. H. Graham was married at Petrolea to Miss May Elliott. Mr. and Mrs. Graham are now in Leipsic.