

PAGE 1—Read the numbered paragraphs in the order indicated by the numbers.

PAGE 6—Read: The Paths of Glory Lead but to the Cane.

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Price 10 Cents.]

ST. CATHARINES, EASTER, 1897.

[30 Cents Per Year.

## Acta Ridleiana.

### EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:

MR. H. G. WILLIAMS, . . . *Chairman.*  
R. M. MACLEOD, A. C. BLACK, H. L. HOYLES,  
S. C. NORSWORTHY, L. PRICE,  
A. C. BLACK, . . . . . *Advertising Dept.*

### Editorial Notes.

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Our readers are asked to kindly remember that without the help of its advertisers this Magazine would be a very different thing, and having remembered this, then are asked to act accordingly.

Here are one or two suggestions:—That no fellow below the Fifth should be allowed to wear a stand-up collar; that no Fifth Form fellow may be addressed by his nickname, except by those in his own Form.

This, however, is a most enjoyable affair, and does lots of good to the new boys. Many a fellow has been christened with his nickname during the few moments he stood on the platform attempting to sing some good old chestnut.

The only exchanges we regularly receive are the *McMaster's University Monthly*, and the *Trinity University Review*. From Trinity we also receive a copy of the *Trinity College Year Book*, a very valuable book of reference on Trinity affairs.

We hear that an Acta society has been formed, the members consisting principally of those, who have been roasted in the ACTA. Cow was unanimously elected President, Secretary and General Manager.

He reports that he has already stopped twelve subscriptions to say nothing of the damage his influence has done, and hopes for

greater success. The following have been elected life members, A. K. MILLER, J. A. MACLAREN, J. R. COOKE.

At Winchester and at Christ's Hospital, the Sixth Form boys eat their meat off one side of the wooden plate, and then turn the plate over to eat the pudding from. Fancy the Ridley boy doing this, who grumbles because there are no orange spoons with Sunday dessert.

Copper Sunday has been abolished for good and sufficient reasons, and the only customs we can be said to possess now, are the New Boys' Concert and the Master's Birthday Serenade. Initiation, with other such barbarisms, has gone out with the growth of common sense, and the New Boys' Concert remains as its only relic.

We would suggest to the authorities that the old book room be fitted with bicycle racks during the Easter vacation. There are already over twenty wheels at present in the College, and more will be here after Easter. It is pretty certain that at least four masters will ride this season, and their weight should be added to the recommendation.

It has, perhaps, occurred now and then to our readers that Ridley has very few established customs. During his recent visit to some of the venerable public schools of England, MR. MILLER remarked a number of these unwritten laws. At Harrow for instance, the boys all walked in the middle of the road, whilst the "kids" only were allowed to use the sidewalk. We do not, even in this land of rubbers, advocate the adoption of any such custom here, at least until Canadians have learnt the art of road-making.

It has been proposed by MR. MILLER that the College Eleven shall spend the week in Toronto directly after school breaks up, and meet the principal Toronto Clubs on their own grounds. This will mean that most of the "away" matches with Toronto clubs will have to be postponed till then, and if any thing should prevent their being played, it would cause great inconvenience to those clubs, and much humiliation to ourselves in having to break engagements. The Secretary will therefore require a guarantee of at least twelve players, who will be able to play that week before he begins to arrange these games.

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## A Holiday Adventure.



Y brother and I, one September afternoon last year, started out for a walk. I took my gun—a 12-gauge breech-loader—and my dog, but wandering through two or three miles of woods without seeing anything to shoot, we came to a house where a boy, a great friend of mine and a companion on many hunting trips, was staying. We found him cleaning his gun; but when he saw us he put it away and soon we were in an animated conversation, of course about shooting. He said that he had been anxiously waiting for me to join him in an expedition against a fine buck, that he had seen several evenings drinking at a creek about half a mile away. He had just decided not to wait any longer, but was intending to go that very evening and try his luck alone.

We had our tea and about sun-set started for the creek, my friend having a 44 calibre Winchester. We crossed the little lake in front of the house, and a few hundred yard's walking over the main road brought us to what is locally known as a "beaver meadow," being a flat piece of country where a stream has been dammed by beavers, but the dam having broken, long coarse grass now takes the place of the water, except where a stream flows sluggishly through the centre of the flat.

We followed the stream down for about a quarter of a mile, and were coming to where it flowed into the woods between two hills that closed that end of the meadow, when my companion pulled me down into the grass, and pointed to a big buck standing drinking, about a hundred yards distant. We crawled a few feet nearer, but the deer heard us and made a spring for cover. At the same instant my friend rose, and, while the animal was in the middle of a leap, fired. The range being too far for my gun, which was only loaded with buck-shot, I did not shoot. When the smoke cleared away, we were surprised to see the deer standing in almost the same spot as before, and looking in every direction to see where the danger was, for he had not seen us, as we had got down into the long grass while the smoke was thick, and he had only heard us rustling the grass. However, he had no intention of remaining, and as he turned again for the woods two shots rang out, but when the smoke rose the deer was gone. We lost no time in gaining the spot the buck had just

left, and having crossed the creek proceeded to examine the ground. We saw a number of tracks where the animal had been walking through the mud, and where he had made for the woods, but as it was almost dark we did not follow him up. We felt sure that buck-shot would have no effect at that distance. Seeing no blood, and thinking that in the dusk, not being able to take accurate aim, we had missed him, and that even if he was hit, one bullet would hardly kill him till he had got perhaps a mile or more away, we gave up all hopes of getting him.

However, we decided to wait for an hour or so, in the hope of getting a shot at another deer, so we hid in the long grass and bided our time.

We had been waiting for half an hour and were getting rather tired, when we heard a stick crack up on the hill in front of us, and a moment later, a branch break. We began in a whisper to speculate upon the cause of this noise, and concluded that it was a large deer, forcing its way down through the thick under-growth. We cocked our guns as the steps drew near the bottom of the hill, and eagerly strained our eyes towards the dark line, which was all we could see of the edge of the woods. The foot-steps stopped and we heard a sniffing sound. Suddenly the noise changed to a loud snort, or succession of snorts, as our scent reached the animal, and it went back into the woods snorting loudly.

Neither of us spoke for a few minutes, then my friend broke the silence, exclaiming, "A bear, by Gosh!" We listened intently for some time, but heard nothing. The moon was just now rising over the hill and cast its light on the line of trees that marked the edge of the meadow behind us, leaving us in the shadow. We were just recovering from the surprise, which the noise of the bear had created, when we heard a splashing of water down the creek, some distance in the woods. It was evidently the bear crossing the creek. We changed our position and faced the side of the meadow, which was lit up by the moon, the deep shadow of the hill extending about twenty five yards beyond us. The semi-darkness, the lateness of the hour, and the distance from home, combined with the knowledge that a wild beast, probably ferocious, was in close proximity, made me at least, and I think I can speak for my companion, feel a trifle creepy. However, the bear did not give us time for reflection or

anything else, for as soon as the splashing ceased, and we again heard his steps, this time much more wary, advancing, we could hear him rustling the grass as he came on, occasionally snuffing quite loudly, trying to come across our scent. Apparently unsuccessful in this, he proceeded to make use of his eyesight, and spotting a large cedar, which stood alone, some distance out from the rest of the trees, and about thirty yards distant from us, immediately started to ascend. We could see a large black object slowly scratching its way up the tree, at intervals peering around it, evidently trying to make out our hiding place, but as he had his back towards us, and when he did look, looked in the opposite direction, I think it would have been some time before he discovered our whereabouts, if in rising from our sitting posture to get aim, we had not made a noise, which the animal heard. He turned his head and immediately saw us. We both had our guns pointing at him, but I could not see the sight of my gun, and my companion, whose gun had a finer bead, could not see his front sight. We had two cartridges only, and did not know whether to shoot or not. However, we agreed to risk a bullet, and accordingly after taking accurate aim, my friend was just about to pull the trigger, when the bear quickly shuffled around to the other side of the tree, which was large enough to guard his body, and all we could see of him was his snout, which kept getting lower down the tree, and finally disappeared into the grass, when we heard the bear rustle away. Not being anxious for any more hunting that night, we went home and told our tale. Of course we were not at first believed, but at last we got them to credit our story to the extent, that they thought we had gone to sleep in the marsh and dreamed it. However, I hope this article will undeceive them.

C. E. BOURNE (IV).

#### The Epitaph.

Upon the flat of the Prefects dread,  
Down the long, lone corridor,  
While the victim sleeps sound in his bed,  
Black hearted Villians steal o'er the floor,  
Silently creep up to W—y K—'s bed.  
Not pausing to shed o'er his fate a tear,  
Pin up a paper just over his head,  
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

Why should Lye never be a soldier? Because there is no need for him to seek "a bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth.

#### The Unreserved Seats.

One more unfortunate,  
Gasping for breath,  
Loudly protesting,  
Crowded to death,  
Glances around him,  
Sees Mena's frown,  
Hears him draw mildly,  
"C-a-n't you move down?"

#### Cricket Prospects.

These bright, sunny days make one think of summer and the cricket to come, and the chances we have of putting a good eleven in the field. First and foremost comes the question: What chance have we against T. C. S.? A victory over T. C. S. is what every Ridley boy aims at, not in the spirit of enmity, but from a desire to see Ridley break the long line of defeats by a great victory.

The team this year will be ahead of those of previous years in that we have a goodly number of promising bowlers.

Mr. Miller is arranging to have a crease made on the play ground in the rear of the College, where the eleven can practice before breakfast. It is a good idea, and will greatly improve the efficiency of the team. It is to be hoped that all those on the first crease will take advantage of it.

One thing which think cannot be too strongly urged is that more attention be paid to the second eleven. It is the reserve from which we must draw in future years for vacancies in the first eleven, and it has generally been the case that those filling these vacancies have had little or no experience in playing matches.

There are left of last year's eleven most of its strongest members, Mackenzie, Cooke, Doolittle, Price and Mair, whilst Gurd, who was unable to play last year, will also be on hand. With these as a backbone it should not be difficult to fill up the eleven satisfactorily from such promising players as Balwin, Hoyles ma, Dalton, Bourne and Duggan. There is also the material for a strong second eleven, and a great effort will be made to secure second and third eleven matches. Already a match has been arranged for July 2nd with Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que., so that there will be three school matches this year.

Another interesting prospect is the presence of two new and genuine English masters, who will have to be real wonders to satisfy current reports of them.

The Cricket Committee elected for the year is: Price, Gurd, Cooke, Doolittle, Kerr, Mackenzie ma, Hoyles ma, a most judicious choice.

R. D. GURD (V).



### Why We Didn't Get That Hash.

There was a great argument going on in the kitchen as to whether the boys should have hash for their tea or not.

Suddenly Ize entered from outdoors, and blowing on his slender fingers, observed with his usual taking smile, that "e 'oped the ladies was going to 'ave 'ash to-night as hit was mighty cold houtside."

Immediately there arose a babel of contention, but finally the cook's dulcet voice was heard remarking, that anyway it couldn't be done as "she didn't understand them new-fangled motions of this here stove." Ize, here thought he saw some opportunity for improving his side of the question, and rising on a chair beside the offending stove, he raised his arm, preparatory to a burst of eloquence, and exclaimed in a triumphant voice — — — ! ! ! ! ? ? ?

But the eloquence never came; for, happening to lean against the stove-pipe, he brought it down upon his curly locks and covered himself with soot instead of glory, amid the laughter of the girls.

H. L. HOYLES (v).

### Suggestions for a College Memorial of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

Let us celebrate the Queen's Jubilee, and always remember her as we should, by marking her birthday, the 24th of May, a permanent holiday at Ridley.

L. PRICE (vi).

As a remembrance of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, I should suggest that a memorial window should be placed in St. Thomas' Church.

G. M. MAIR (v).

A swimming-bath would give lots of satisfaction at all times of the year.

A. E. LYE (v).

A Bicycle track around cricket field.

G. E. GOODERHAM (v).

A very good way to remember the Queen's Diamond Jubilee would be by the erection of a swimming-bath somewhere on the College grounds. Although not nearly so expensive as a covered rink would be, quite as much enjoyment could be got out of it as any other memorial.

S. C. NORSWORTHY (v).

A fitting way in which to celebrate, and to keep in mind this fact would be to have constructed, in or near the College, a chapel, to be set apart altogether for religious purposes.

A. L. P. SMITH (v).

I think that a fitting way for the College to commemorate the Queen's Diamond Jubilee would be to build a swimming-bath in connection with the gymnasium.

R. D. GURD (v).

I would suggest that a statute of our gracious Queen be placed in the garden as a memorial of her long and happy reign.

J. R. N. COOKE (v).

I would suggest, as a memorial of the Diamond Jubilee, a reading desk in the Prayer Hall, as it is useful and would be seen and admired daily by the boys.

W. C. J. DOOLITTLE (v).

I think it would be of much benefit to the school as well as a memorial of the Queen's long and prosperous reign, to erect a swimming-bath.

N. F. KERR (v).

In my opinion the best way to commemorate the "Diamond Jubilee" would be to put a cinder track around the cricket field.

H. L. HOYLES (v).

The Siamese twins—Tuckett and Nelson.

Shortie Allan certainly has a very sporty swagger, but he won't teach it to any of us. Is'n't he selfish?

The school really has quite a menagerie now, with a cow, hog, mud-turtle, sturgeon, crow and two ganders.

Latest news from "Mars Joe" Greenhill, says that he was sent up to the "Crows Nest" for two hours, for whistling on duty.

Why weren't there any oyster suppers for the hockey team this term? A team that never lost a match certainly deserves one.

A letter came to the College the other day with the following address:—The boy with the wonderful shafts—B. R. C. etc. The knowing Captain at once took it to the Fourth Form.

A stray calf looking for its relatives, mysteriously entered the College a few days ago, and finally made its way to the reception room, where it was received in state by Mr. Michell.

A letter was received by one of the boys a short time ago from Angus Miller, sending piles of messages to his numerous fair friends in town. It is needless to say they were returned twofold.

Since the snow has gone, tick-and-a-run has been the popular game. Some new stars have been developed, but none can touch Fattie Maclaren. He plays with his head, hands and mouth, and really is a wonderful pitcher. He'll be heard of some day!

## Trinity.



**N**HAT dreadful tales I had heard of the hazing and misery that a poor freshman has to undergo at Trinity. How by night his sleep is disturbed by the cruel practical jokes of his grave and reverend seniors, how by day he is denied any comfort by the unreasonable demands of those who have been fortunate enough to live through their freshman year.

But there was one great consolation for all my fear, and that was the homelike appearance of Trinity. Its lovely drive, overshadowed with trees, its venerable stone front with the many turrets, its old-fashioned windows, all seemed to welcome me to its halls. Once inside, the appearance of welcome was doubly increased, and I had not been long in Trinity before I saw that all the unpleasing stories of Trinity, that I had heard were completely without foundation, and that the best of good will existed between the men, for upon entering Trinity a boy becomes a man.

Naturally, the first thing I did when I entered the building was to make myself known to the Dean. Later on in the day I chose my room, and here I might say a word concerning the men's quarters.

As is well known, Trinity residence is the finest University residence in Canada. Take away this and you have destroyed nearly the whole charm of university life. The rooms of course, play a large part in residence life, and some of the rooms in Trinity are furnished very comfortably. The rooms in the eastern wing (built in 1894) are perhaps the most comfortable in the College, but those in the west wing are most sought after because they command a full view of the Campus. In this wing, too, the rooms are provided with "oaks," and a man cannot be disturbed when he has his "oak sported"—that is, closed.

The next part of the College that I became acquainted with was the dining-hall, which, of course, is a very important place. The men are seated in respect of seniority. On the dais is the "High Table" where the Dons meet twice a day, they taking their tea in their own "Common Room." There are four other tables at which the "grads," third-year men, second-year men and freshmen dine. The men are all obliged to wear their gowns "in Hall," except for tea, and then all are exempt from this rule except the

freshmen. Many is the time I have rushed down to Hall, only to be reminded that I had to return to my room and don my gown.

But I was still to see the finest spot in Trinity, I mean the chapel. We can safely claim to have the most beautiful chapel in Canada. The first things I noticed were the magnificent brass lectern and the Episcopal chair, which have been lately presented to the College, but the stalls of the Provost and the Senior Professor are fine pieces of carved oak. All the men are compelled to attend sixty per cent. of the chapels held in the Term. On week-days the men are compelled to wear their gowns in chapel, and on Sundays and festivals they wear surplices.

I have not yet mentioned the Convocation Hall. Its panelled wainscot, the chancellor's throne, the soft tints of the brick, the stone courses, the richly carved roof and the great north window are a fair imitation of the perpendicular order of architecture. Around the walls hang oil portraits of Bishop Strachan, Dr. Hodder (the first Dean of the Medical faculty), and the first provost, and one is soon to be added of the present chancellor, who this year completes his twentieth year of office. Of all places in College, the Convocation Hall has, perhaps, more memories for a man than any other. Here it is that he first sits down, sad of heart, before the green baize table with a pile of blank paper before him, a pencil in his hand, and the ticking of the clock warning him that time is flying, and before long he will hear the order to stop writing. In this Hall, too, after his three year's Arts course, he receives his degree, that is if he has had the good fortune to keep his terms and pass the required number of examinations.

The library is where the old chapel used to be. At the south end is the stained glass window, where the chancel was. On the right of the window are the Robinson arms, Sir John Beverly Robinson having been the first chancellor, and on the left are the College arms, composed of Bishop Strachan's arms and those of the Diocese of Toronto. The library contains about thirteen thousand volumes, amongst which are some very rare and valuable books. But the real beauty of the library is the magnificent woodwork of the many alcoves.

Now you have heard enough of the building, so I shall tell you a little about our College life.

Of course Athletics play a large part here as everywhere. We have a gymnasium, an

open rink and a splendid Campus. Cricket is our foremost game. Who has not heard of Trinity College cricket team? Although the pleasures of foot-ball here are great, still, from what I hear, they are very small in comparison with those of cricket. In her loyalty to this game, Trinity shows a great resemblance to the famous universities of England. Last year a combined team of the Eastern American Universities was brought over by Trinity to play an inter-collegiate cricket match, in which the Canadians were successful.

Hockey plays no unimportant part in the sports of Trinity. This year we were rather unfortunate in losing some of our good men but the team did very well, and we fully expect to see it do well next year.

The inter-year games in foot-ball are marked with great interest and rivalry, and some of the games played are very close and exciting.

Now a word about College Institutions. The oldest institution in the College is the Literary Institute. A meeting is held every Friday night of the first two terms, at which debates on chosen subjects are carried on by the men. This is very advantageous in teaching men to speak, and it has done a marvellous amount of good to many in this respect. The Literary Institute has the complete control of the annual *Conversazione* of which Trinity is justly proud.

Episcopon night is a time honoured event. Upon Father Episcopon falls the duty of watching the manners of the men. If he sees any that need correction, he mentions them in a book, which he delivers to his Scribe in a mysterious way. On an appointed night a supper is held, and after supper the lights are turned down, and the Scribe reads aloud Father Episcopon's words of censure—and of admonition to the men, occasionally putting in a word of praise. This is a splendid institution, for it shows the men their faults and gives them a chance to rectify them.

The Pelican Club is worthy of mention. This is a boxing club composed of the freshmen, and the annual meeting is held in Lent term. It is one of the most enjoyable nights of the whole College year.

But I must not forget our College suppers, of which we have at least one a Term. It is at these that our graduates come back to reunite themselves with their old College, and to show that their love for old Trinity still is strong. These suppers are made very en-

joyable by songs and music. Cricket lunches are very numerous too in Trinity term.

And last of all I must speak of our Common-room, in which all College meetings are held. These meetings are presided over by the Head of College, and in them all matters pertaining to the whole College are discussed.

I have spoken nearly altogether about the jolly side of College life. Of course we do some work, but it is better to work and say nothing. W. R. Wadsworth, an old Ridlean, has just completed a very brilliant career through Trinity, and I hope that many more will come up to Trinity from Ridley.

H. C. GRIFFITH ('96).

### A Lament.

The soul of music from the school has fled,  
A strange, uncanny stillness fills the air.  
The music room no more is frequented;  
'Twere sacrilege for one to enter there.  
The instruments all rust in idleness.  
He isn't there to play them any more,  
And no one would presume to fill the place  
That one we almost worshipped filled before.  
Unoccupied is the piano stool  
That Greening filled when He was here at school.  
S. C. NORSWORTHY (v).

### The Path's of Glory Lead But to the Cave.

Not a sound was heard, not a master's tread;  
To the main barefooted we hurried;  
Not a boy remained in his cosy bed,  
One night when a master we worried.  
We entered his room at dead of night,  
His door knob softly turning,  
And worked by the street lamp's misty light  
Through the window dimly burning.  
No useless covers enclosed his breast,  
Not in night-gown had we found him,  
But he lay like a dominie taking his rest  
With his Varsity gown around him.  
How quickly, quietly would we scoot,  
Should we hear the low signal from Corey!  
We'll poise but a jug and raise but a boot;  
When he moves they will tell their own story.

Few and short were the words we spoke,  
And we had not a thought of sorrow;  
But we quietly worked lest he should awake  
And cane us all on the morrow.

We thought, climbing over his narrow bed,  
Feeling carefully round his pillow,  
When the water so cold will fall on his head,  
He'll dream he's immersed in a willow.

Sputtering, he'll talk of the rascal who's gone,  
And in his wet night shirt parade him;  
Though he'll never get wet if he only sleeps on  
In the soft bed that Sophy has made him.

But half our ingenious trap was laid  
When the wary scouts gave warning;  
Alas! our flight had to long been delayed,  
What a licking there'd be in the morning!

That night how sadly we laid ourselves down,  
You may think this makes a good story,  
But, O how we did whine, how ached every bone,  
And how little we thought of the glory.

H. L. HOYLES (v)

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The last four verses are due to Editorial censorship. It is only just to say that the poem in its original form had a far more cheerful, but less probable ending.



## Christmas in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.



NE Christmas morning we reached Glasgow, Kentucky, and there we changed to a small railroad and went about ten miles right into the heart of the Kentucky Mountains. When at last we stopped, we saw a long, low, rambling structure, dignified by the name of "hotel," and we made a dash for it through the rain, which was coming down in torrents.

After we had had our dinner, a poor one for a Christmas dinner, we made inquiries as to the best way to see most of the Cave in the shortest time, and as to what preparations we would have to make before going through. We learned that the Cave was discovered by hunters, who tracked a bear to the entrance of the Cave, many years ago. This entrance is the only one.

There are seventy-eight miles of subterranean passages explored in the Cave, up to date, but tourists usually go through by the short route, which covers seven miles of passages or the long route which is 18 miles long. We decided to take the long route as it is the more interesting of the two.

Early in the afternoon, having arranged ourselves in blue "jeans" and "jumpers" such as engineers wear, we set forth with our guide.

The guide carried our, as yet unlighted, lanterns, a small tin box of oily rags and some "blue-lights," besides an abundance of matches. After having walked about a hundred yards from the hotel, we came to the entrance of the Cave, which is closed by a double locked iron door. On entering, we were astonished at the warmth and dryness of the air in the Cave. We were told that the temperature did not vary over 2 or 3 degrees all the year round.

The chamber in which we now stood, while the guide lighted our lanterns and gave them to us, was large enough to drive a load of hay in and rapidly increased in size as we advanced.

Soon the chamber was large enough to put nearly the whole College in. A little farther we noticed square pits dug in the floor, and were told by the guide that they were "peter" vats, from which the United States procured the saltpetre for gun-powder in early times.

After having walked about a mile we

came to the "Fat Man's Misery." The passage here narrows so much that my friend Mr. M——, had to do some tight squeezing to get through. In order to make up for the narrowness, the passage is about 30 or 40 feet high. No sooner were we through than we had to undergo misery again. This time it was the "Tall Man's Humiliation."

Here we were obliged to stoop nearly double and in some places to crawl along. The view which met our eyes when we at last got through was very beautiful indeed. The guide lit a blue light, placed it on a rock and it showed us a huge chamber in which a large convention could easily be held. The floor of this room was covered by large heaps of loose stones. The guide told us that they were erected by tourists who passed through the chamber. These cairns were erected to different societies and other things. Some of the biggest heaps were dedicated to the United States, to England, to the Christian Endeavor Society and to Pabst Milwaukee Beer. I added one to England's heap, as did Mr. M., and I also think he slyly added a couple of big ones to "Pabst."

On we went, and came to the Echo River, about an hour's walk from the entrance of the Cave. Here we got into an old punt and the guide slowly paddled us down with the current. Our lanterns cast weird shadows on the black surface of the water, and our voices sounded strangely hollow through the grottoes and side-passages. The guide at one point, sang a bar of music and it echoed through the chambers like a mighty organ in an empty cathedral, now rising, now sinking and at last dying away gradually.

There are fish in this river, but they are blind, and snow white in color, on account of no light shining on them. Crabs are fairly plentiful, but are only small and are also white and blind.

On landing we at once recommenced our march through the seemingly unending passage. Once in a while, at interesting points the guide would stick an oily rag on the end of his spiked stick, and having lighted it would throw it far up onto a projecting bit of rock, which was invisible hitherto. At other places he would place a blue-light on a rock, and these would illumine the chamber and connecting passages until we turned a corner or lost sight of it in the distance. Once, after throwing an oily rag on a lofty ledge of rock, the guide pointed out an excellent shadow picture of Shakespeare. About a quarter of a mile farther,



we came to the Scotchman's Trap. It is a huge boulder overhanging the passage, which is quite narrow here, and it is supported only by a small stone from falling and blocking the passage beyond all remedy but blasting. A Scotchman, once, on seeing the stone, refused to proceed farther and remained on the safe side while his friends went on and explored more of the Cave.

Having walked about three hours, we came to the Rocky Mountains. These are huge heaps of boulders and stones caused by the roof caving in. We had to climb all over this, and very tiresome work I found it too. At last we surmounted all the difficulties and went on to the "Maelstrom," which is at the end of the route. We dared not venture near until the guide placed a blue light on a rock near the brink of the awful abyss. He, the guide, now lit a large oily rag and hurled it far down the chasm. It went down, down until the water dripping from the rocks below put it out. Even then we couldn't see the bottom.

After a short rest we started to retrace our steps to the outer world. We had to cover the same ground returning, as going, barring the three miles nearest the entrance of the Cave. At a point near the "Dead Sea" we ascended the "Corkscrew," a narrow "chimney" going from a lower passage to a higher one. By ascending this, we were able to shorten our return by about two miles. It was hard work getting up this cleft for we had to climb shaky ladders and slippery poles besides hanging on to the bare rocks, tooth and nail.

Having gone about a mile onward after getting up the "Corkscrew," we came to the "Great Bat Chamber." Bats hung dormant here in clusters of dozens and hundreds and when the light streamed on them they only moved uneasily where they hung. In Summer the guide said, they were always flying round in the Cave, but in Winter, they collected and hung dormant during the cold weather. On stroking a bunch of bats it felt like sealskin.

Suddenly a gust of cold damp air striking us, announced that the guide had opened the outer door and so we reluctantly issued forth from an eight hours jaunt in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

R. M. MACLEOD, (IV).

I should suggest that a grand-stand of some sort be erected on the Cricket-field in order to accommodate visitors who come to see our matches.

C. E. BOURNE (IV).

### Arma Virumque Cano.

Of Poopoo and the North  
Sing the glorious renown,  
When for hunting he came forth  
From his native country town;  
While his gun about his legs artistic'ly hung down;  
In each hand an extra ball,  
For game both great and small;  
Before him all should fall,  
He'd spare none.

But the voice of Poo was hushed,  
For with eyesight sharp and clear,  
He had spied a bear, which rushed  
Into a stump just near.  
"Hully Gee!" bold Poopoo cried, when he saw  
This terrifying shape,  
"I guess I'm in a scrape,  
And as there's no escape,  
I must fire."

Again—Again—Again!  
The shooting did not slack,  
Till the trees and hills around  
Seized the noise and threw it back.  
But all must have a finish late or soon.  
Alas! Poo's powder's done!  
As he can't use his gun,  
He thinks it best to run  
Safely home.

H. L. HOYLES (V).

### OLD BOYS.

Harry Griffith, we are glad to see has been appointed to the editorial staff of the Trinity University Review.

A letter from Angus Miller, who is at McGill, says that Fred Haszard, Con Cartwright and Almon are all up at McGill studying medicine.

N. B. Wilkes has left the Bank of Commerce in Brantford and gone to Rossland to try his fortune.

M. D. Baldwin, who graduated at Trinity last year, is a master at Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.

Miles O'Reilly, who has never been really well since an attack of typhoid, is now in Mexico for his health, and may live there permanently.

K. Dewar of the Bank of Hamilton paid a visit to the College one day this Term, and found only one or two familiar faces. Price, however, took him in tow, and led the Conversation round to the ACTA, of whose Committee Dewar was a member in the old days. He expressed himself as very sorry that the paper had died out, and was much surprised to find that it was still very much alive and better than ever. Of course after that he paid down his year's subscription like a man.

Burri! Burri! Burri!  
Some people are so inquisitive that they  
would stand on their heads to read this para-  
graph, even if it broke their necks.

## A Watermelon Raid.



HEN I was out in the country last summer, down in "Old Alabama." I wanted some excitement and consulted some of my friends as to the best way of raising any. My chum spoke up and asked how a raid on an adjoining watermelon patch would do. As the owner of the patch kept three fierce bulldogs, this suggestion was dismissed. "Well, how would old man Smith's do? He has only one dog and he's not much of watch dog." We therefore arranged a night for our raid, and the party broke up.

The night was moonlight and a beautiful one for a raid. I was nervous at supper, and my aunt asked me if I were sick. I said "No," but that I was not feeling well and wanted to go to bed right after supper. I went up and put my night shirt on over my clothes and got into bed. After awhile my aunt came up to bid me good night and I pretended to be asleep, so she left me for the night. It seemed hours that I lay there shaking and shivering and waiting for the signal. At last the clock struck eleven and a pebble struck the window; a few seconds and another pebble came. That was the expected signal, so I pulled off my night shirt, took my shoes in my hand and stepped on the window sill. I grasped the limb of a tree near my window and dropped to the ground about twelve feet below.

There were seven boys waiting impatiently for me. We had a short whispered conversation as to the course we were to pursue and then started. After a walk of about two miles and a half we reached our destination. We looked all around, but everything was quiet, so we began to sound the melons, and found them as ripe as could be. Out came our knives, but just as I started to cut a nice one, an old screech owl hooted and I nearly jumped out of my pants. However, we all soon got down to business and made our way into the juicy parts of many a big melon. After a while we got noisy and throwing the rinds at one another, when all of a sudden old man Smith and his dog came running towards us. As we could see the shot-gun in his hand, we started to run, but were so water logged we could hardly get along. The man and dog gained on us rapidly though we had a good start, but he leveled his gun and sent after us a charge of salt and fat meat. He seemed to be a pretty poor shot and none of us were touched, but the

dog was still dangerously near. We soon got to the fence and tumbled over, but my chum was in too great a hurry, and was caught by the seat of his pants, of which he left a good part with the dog. We ran all the way home and the next day all of us stayed in bed.

H. J. ERSWELL (II).

## The Glee Club.

The Glee Club held their regular Friday evening meetings this Term with fair success, although not with the enthusiasm that might be wished for. Mr. and Mrs. Miller's unsparing efforts were not seconded by the majority of the boys as they should have been. The Committee certainly like the nerve of some very musical boys, who never attended one meeting, but who were quite indignant when they heard there was to be no concert, to which they had already invited a number of lady friends. Owing to the lack of energy of the boys, an entertainment of any sort was impossible this year, but the annual hope is expressed, that next year we shall be able to repay in a small measure the kindness of our town friends by inviting them to a good rousing concert..

It is only fair to mention a few of the boys who helped to make the evenings pleasant. Osborne, Mair and Corey were popular favorites with their songs; Morton's and Maclaren's banjo selections were also encored, and Smith, Herbert, Bourne and Greenhill also assisted well on the piano and in other ways. We have also to thank Mr. Williams for his two fine songs which brought down the house.

L. PRICE (V).

## POO'S RETURN.

What joy is this, Orlando Black?  
O tell me quickly, do!  
Can Poo Poo really have come back,  
My own beloved Poo Poo?

Come spread the news, let all rejoice,  
No wind all evil blew.  
But hark! what's that familiar voice?  
'Tis surely not Poo Poo.

It is, though strangely altered, he.  
Come, all obeisance do,  
The hero meet on bended knee,  
And reverence Poo Poo.

Why do ye urchins at him stare?  
He is no rambling Jew.  
HE IN THE CENTRE PARTS HIS HAIR!  
THIS CANNOT BE POO POO.

No tender greeting at his lips,  
But just one short "How do?"  
And Wally Kerr is now eclipsed  
By our hot sport, Poo Poo.

S. C. NORSWORTHY (V).

### The Camera Club.



ANOTHER useful society in the College has been brought into existence by the formation of the Camera Club. Though but a few weeks old, there is undoubtedly no more enthusiastic club among the boys, nor has there ever been a craze more popular.

Everywhere, as one goes from end to end of the building, he is sure to find camera fiends poring over their work, fighting for every piece of sun to print in, and generally making themselves fools in the eyes of the other boys. The dark room has become a veritable Black Hole of Calcutta, and the crowd at Poole's on Wednesdays and Saturdays will soon force him to make an extension.

Shortly after Xmas the few boys who had cameras obtained Mr. Miller's permission to turn the old music room into a dark room, and since then the number of cameras has steadily increased until now there are over thirty in the school.

Many good photos have been taken, the bearings and views of the College being among the best. By far the most popular subject has been "Isē." After some of the brilliant poses in which he has been taken, there is little doubt that he could make a fortune out of this natural gift. The various pictures of Mr. Barber in his room are also very familiar in the College, and we should judge that they must be so in England also.

Some of the most successful photographers are Sanchez, Gooderham max, Curry and Stayner. Doolittle's view of the drill squad on the double has already made him famous, but it is put completely in the shade by Gooderham's view of the sun.

Vain attempts have been made to take a photo of a certain boy's legs, as it was thought it might make a very attractive cover for the ACTA, but so far no plate has been found large enough.

It is to be hoped that the prizes offered by the ACTA will be keenly contested, and that every boy who has a camera will enter some photos in the competition.

L. PRICE (VI).

### Prize Photographic Competition.

The ACTA Editorial Committee have decided, in order to encourage the production of some really artistic work, to offer prizes for competition among our clever amateurs. The value of the prizes is not great, but it is hoped that the inducement of large money prizes is not needed to ensure a large entry, especially as the intention is to publish the successful photos in the Mid-summer number, if they should prove of sufficient merit. With the idea of putting all upon

the same footing, and giving the owners of small and inexpensive cameras the same chance with those more elaborately equipped, the following classes are made:

Class I. For photographs taken with a camera costing over \$5.00.

Class II. For photographs taken with a camera costing under \$5.00, but on a plate or film larger than that of the Pocket Kodak. The "Brownie" camera will belong to this class.

Class III. For photographs taken with the small Pocket Kodak.

There will also be a special prize given for the best choice of subject for a picture, to a certain extent workmanship being only a secondary consideration. It may happen, of course, that a picture taking a prize in either Classes I., II., or III., may secure this prize also.

The prizes are each of the value of \$1., and will be given in photographic materials to be chosen by the successful competitor himself.

The photos will be judged by one of the most distinguished Canadian amateur photographers.

#### CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

1. No entrance fee will be charged, but each competitor must have procured one new subscriber to the ACTA.

2. All competitors must be bona fide camera owners.

3. All work must be done by the competitor alone, with his own camera and other apparatus.

4. All photos must be mounted.

5. The subjects in Classes I., II., III., must be chosen from the following:

(a). Exterior view of the College.

(b). Interior view of the College.

(c). Portrait of a person connected with the College.

(d). Views taken at Annual Athletic Sports.

(e). Cricket picture.

(f). Bathing or canoeing scene near boathouse.

(g). Scenery in or near St. Catharines.

6. All photos must be sent to Mr. Williams on or before June 10th.

7. Each photo must have the name of the competitor on the back in ink, and the photos must be wrapped in paper on which must be written ONLY the class in which they are entered. No name must be written on the outside of the wrapper. The parcels will be opened by the judge, and no member of the ACTA staff, or other person, will see the photographs until the prizes are awarded.

8. A competitor, besides competing for the special prize, may only enter one class, but may send in as many different photos as he likes.

9. All photos, successful or not, must become the property of the ACTA Committee, who will probably see that they are preserved in some suitable way for the benefit of the College.



## Miscellaneous Advertisements.

[Advertisements in this column must be prepaid. Terms, 2 cents per word].

**WANTED.**—A second hand nail brush; must be in good condition; will exchange photographic material. Summus Ponderosus, Box 129.

**FOUND.**—A chicken in the lower music room; supposed to have been imported for unlawful purposes; owner can have it, by giving description and paying expenses, on application to Mr. Williams at the College.

**FOR SALE.**—My opinion on any subject; especially valuable to masters whilst teaching; one hundred sample opinions gratis; special terms by the thousand. Apply Jacobus Corvus, Locker.—

**EXCHANGE.**—Will exchange a big bass voice in full working order for a still small whisper. J. P. Habere Filium.

**WANTED.**—A good, strong tongue clip: must be warranted to stand a strain of 100 lbs. for ten hours a day. Magnus Pisces. Form II.

**WANTED.**—A little work to do. Parvus Ego (vi).

**WANTED.**—A dozen strong, new boys, who don't like being bossed; advertiser has had much experience, and has met with great success in such cases; would be willing also to undertake a few Prefects; terms moderate. Apply personally any day at any hour. Pinguis Nitidusque, Box 37.

**WANTED.**—Old Boys to subscribe for the ACTA. 30 cents per annum, post free.

**STRAYED.**—Pet boa constrictor; was last seen under the bed; \$5 reward. Mena, Liberty Flat.

**EXCHANGE.**—A brown shirt, good as new, latest style; have no further use for it; will exchange for railway ticket to Beamsville. X. Y. Z., Box 29.

**STRAYED.**—From the Dark Room, several dozen dry plates; it is believed that they have been found and are being taken care of. Their speedy return will be welcomed by the anxious owners.

**HIGHEST price paid for fish stories** (original or otherwise) by Handy Wade.

**FOR SALE.**—A collar,  $4\frac{3}{8}$  in. high, been worn only about a dozen times, and never been washed. No reasonable offer refused. Apply to J. Trench.

**PROF. PINGUIS NITIDUSQUE** desires to form a class of bashful young gentlemen, who wish to be heard and have a say in the school.

**WANTED.**—A tutor by Geo. Moncrieff, must be fully competent, and expect small wages to start with.

**A RARE OPPORTUNITY.**—Counter Norsworthy (the only) has published his first edition of "How to become Humorous." The few remaining copies can be purchased from the ACTA. Price, 10 cents.

**FOR ADOPTION.**—A tame Cow, strong in body, full of the milk of human kindness, but with strong objections to being made into *roast beef*. Apply to ACTA.

## The Tommy's Yard Mining and Development Company.

Capitalization 1,000,000 shares, par value one egg each.

President—S. P. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

Vice Pres.—G. M. MAIR, of Windsor.

Sec.-Treas.—C. E. BOURNE, L. D. S. (Licensed deer slayer).

Manager—J. A. MACLAREN, M. A.

While making some researches in Tommy's yard, Mr. S. P. Williams accidentally came upon a large mass of ore in the shape of a horse-shoe. On investigating the *high mound* near Tommy's horse stable he found the soil to be *very rich*, and picked up, besides innumerable horse-shoes, a granite kettle, the handle of a frying pan, and several lengths of stove pipe. He is of the opinion that these mines were formerly worked by the mound-builders.

A select company was immediately formed and a shaft sunk four hundred feet deep. An abundance of iron ore was quite evident, but for want of cash they were obliged to stop work until the President should get some money from England to tide over the difficulties.

In the meantime, as that time seems rather distant, and the creditors refuse to go "double or quits" for their debts, it has been decided to place 250,000 shares in the treasury for sale to Ridley College speculators.

Josie Gander, who should be well able to judge, says of this mine: "I consider the find of S. P. Williams to be one of the richest ever made in this district. A large mass of ore taken out of the shaft realized two thousand pounds to the ton, and I am of the opinion that further investigation will show the lower ledge to be still richer."

There need be no fear concerning the facilities for transportation, as Wilson and Smith's delivery rig has been engaged and will begin work on Monday.

Shares are offered for a limited time at par, in blocks of not less than one whole share. Come early and avoid the rush!!!!

N. B.—Boys will not be allowed to hook eggs from Tommy's yard and buy shares with them.

S. C. NORSWORTHY (v).



## An Off Day.



HAVE noticed that after a bad start at the beginning of the day, everything goes wrong. The other night I dreamed that the rising bell was being rung, and thought that I ought to be getting up, when just then, Mr. Wood walked into the room and told me I had only five minutes to get dressed in. Out of bed I jumped, and to my horror, found that the water in my jug was frozen. After running about the flat, I managed to get some thawed out. Just as I had finished washing myself, the breakfast bell rang. Rushing down to the dining room with my coat and shoes in my hand, I got there just as the door was closed. This spare time gave me a chance to fix my collar, to do up my shoe laces, and get a little parting in my hair.

At length the door was opened, and after Mr. Wood giving me a half hour's detention, and a lecture for being untidy, I made for my seat, only to find that my milk had disappeared and gone for "first over." When I was not looking some urchin threw a spoonful of salt in my porridge, and then laughed at my expense.

When breakfast was over, in going out of the room I upset a bench, for which I got another half hour's detention. After a while the prayer bell rang and I found out I had left my prayer book behind, which cost me another half hour.

When prayers were over class began with some new troubles. I had forgotten a History book and Mr. Michell gave me a quarter of an hour. Then I got an "unsat" in Latin and another detention for being late for class after recess. In the afternoon I took part in a rumpus and got an hour's detention, this time to bring me to my senses. I went to detention and found some other boys in the same plight as myself. After detention I felt very hungry, so I "hooked" out of bounds.

Unfortunately, as I was coming out of the bunhouse I met Mr. Miller, with whom in the evening I had a friendly chat, and got a taste of his cane. After prayers preparation began, and having that tired feeling, I began to read a story-book. For this I got a taste of the gentle persuader, otherwise known as Mr. Williams "Cough Mixture."

At last study was over, and to get rid of the restraint of study, I began to have a

"beer-garden" with three or four other boys. Soon a master appeared on the scene, and—always my luck—the other fellows escaped and I got "soaked" for an hour.

When the lights were out, it was proposed to pay a visit to the Main. A grand idea, I thought, and as I had by this time become reckless, I joined with all my heart, just as we had about finished our fun, "Cave" was heard, and to show off my bravery, I waited till all the other fellows got started. Well, to make a long story short, I was caught and told to report to Mr. Miller in the morning.

After such a day of misfortunes, thank goodness there is such a thing as sleep, where we can forget all our trials and tribulations.

F. W. NICHOLLS (III).

## The First Form Recess.

The First Form have a recess of five minutes every hour. Now this is something none of the other Forms have. We like it very much, as we can play games. Lately as the weather has been very fine we have been playing "Duck on the Rock," which is a very good game, although the name may not be very appropriate. In the winter we used to go out and build snow-forts, and have snow-ball fights, in which Mr. Barber was generally our leader. When it is wet we may go into the library and play checkers or dominoes, or read the papers and books. Many of the other fellows envy our good luck, but of course we do not go out in their interval.

S. BUNTING (I).

## The Debate.

A debate took place in the Prayer Hall on Friday evening, Feb. 27th. The subject was "Resolved: that pugilism is a disgrace to any country." Haverson, Bourne and Price spoke for the affirmative, while Norsworthy, Hoyles ma, and Smith opposed them. No vote was taken at the close, so it was not decided which side won. Haverson, Hoyles and Norsworthy all spoke well, and Bourne, being called upon without notice, made a gallant speech. Mr. Miller's comments were of a very complimentary character, "spoken in a satirical veiw, reflecting upon himself."

KERR.

John Wells' yellow spotted, light crimson, four-in-hand ties are all the go now, and have greatly increased his reputation as a sport.

## Further Extracts From Willie Green's Diaries.

[Covering the period of his entry into business life].—  
Edited by A. C. BLACK (III).

Willie Green writes to the Editor thus:—

"I must beg the pardon of the ACTA readers for not submitting my diary before this, but there were so many drawbacks that I never expected to be able to send it at all. The chief one was, that Geo. Gooderham in a fit of jealous rage destroyed my manuscripts, but we are friends once more, and I bear him no malice whatever. Another reason was, that I broke my pencil so often and could not always get anybody to sharpen it. Thank you heartily for so kindly undertaking to see these pages through the press.

I have gone through many experiences since I saw you last and have at length reached the terrible ordeal of work. I am now the chief stamp licker in a firm, and between licks I manage to scrape up a few lines here and there.

*Sunday*:—Got a sad letter yesterday, telling me to report for work, 8.30 Monday morning. How I wish that the letter had miscarried! But I'll get even, for it is a cold day when Willie Green gets left. Attended church in the morning and called on Miss Z—in the evening. I asked her father for her hand, and in escaping from his wrath, Towser, (the pet bull-dog) inserted his teeth in my new suit just as I was scaling the fence, but I escaped without further injury.

*Monday*:—Wake up at 8 o'clock and barely get down to business in time. I am set to work folding circulars. Go home at 3 o'clock because of sick headache. Folded about 100 circulars, so you can imagine how I worked. Feel better at supper and go to opera in the evening.

*Tuesday*:—Another day of hard labor before me. Wake up feeling rather tired from the effects of last night. Half an hour late for business. Sent to collect bill. Not received very kindly and am thrown down the stairs. Have to be carried home in an ambulance.

*Wednesday*:—Cannot possibly go to work. Almost dead from pain. About 11 o'clock feel better and get up. Receive invitation to party at 4 o'clock, and at tea I am surprised how well I feel, so make up my mind to go. Have a glorious time. Don't get home till 2 a. m.

*Thursday*:—Late again, Get a lecture from the boss. Reminds me of old times, when Mr. Williams used to scold me for being sick.

I am getting to be a living skeleton on account of the cares of business. If it keeps on, I will have to go to Europe for my health. At 1 o'clock I was sent to the end of the city on business. Coming back the car breaks down in front of ball grounds. Couldn't miss the game between Sarnia and London. Sarnia wins. Get back to the store at 5.30. Sprung the old story of the car breaking down.

*Friday*:—My 2nd cousin's great grandmother buried. Go to the funeral in the morning and attend the races in the afternoon. There is nothing to relieve your brain from care and worry like a holiday.

*Saturday*:—Get down late again. Stick some stamps, and clean the windows. Just think of it! I am told that the boss wants me. I thought I was going to have my salary raised, but to my astonishment I am informed that my services are no longer needed. I thank him and walk off with a light heart. After all there is some pleasure in this world. By the way, "I won't be back next week"

## The Wreck of Doolittle's Perfectshp.

## A Fragment.

Next morn he told the Principal,  
And loud and long spoke he;  
And ere he left the office, Will  
A prefect ceased to be.

"O Russ, I cannot soak the Kids  
When they talk back to me!"  
But Russel answered, "Never fear;  
Just send them up to me."

"O, Cookie, I can't go down town,  
I am no longer free!"  
"That does not matter, Willie dear."  
"Just give your cash to me."

\* \* \* \* \*  
An hour later Cooke met Gurd,  
Who said to him "How go?"  
But Russel answered never a word;  
He'd wrecked *his* ship also.

S. C. NORSWORTHY (V).

YOU WILL  
Find a large display of

## EASTER GIFTS

To select from at

**W. W. TYRRILL'S**

JEWELLER, SILVERSMITH AND OPTICIAN,

72 St. Paul Street, St. Catharines.

We make a specialty of Jewelry, Watches, and Clock  
Repairing.

DRY GOODS. GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

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**Abbs'**  
**Milk Shakes**  
**Are Not**  
**Fit To Drink**

Is an untruth, for they cannot be surpassed.

We keep the best of everything in the line of DRUGS, PERFUMES, TOILET ARTICLES, etc.

By the way, have you a Camera? If so, get your requisites here. Prices Just right.

**ABBS' DRUG STORE,**  
St. Paul and Queen Streets.

**HATS**  For the Spring Trade  
ARRIVING DAILY.

**Sweaters, Bicycle Hose.**

'Phone 169.  
85 St. Paul Street.

**Swayze Bros.**

**Bissonnette & Case**

Fine Custom Tailors,  
Gents' Furnishings.

Manufacturers of ● ● ●

Men's and Boys' Clothing.

St. Paul Street, - - - - - St. Catharines.

College Shoe Store.

*We keep a full line of Tennis, Football and Hockey Boots on hand. If wanting anything special, would be pleased to get it for you.*

95 St. Paul Street. - WOOD BROS.

## JEANS' IS THE PLACE

To Get **Fresh Chocolates and Bon Bons** <sup>Made Daily.</sup>

**No. 15 St. Paul Street.**

**CHAS. O. BEAM,**

DENTAL SURGEON,

4 Queen Street, - - St. Catharines.

**MURPHY** 

Welland House

Livery Stables.

ST. CATHARINES.


**R. W. Osborne** 

BOOK BINDER,  
PAPER BOX MAKER,  
BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER.

Oddfellows' Block, - St. Catharines, Ont.


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
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We lead the trade in delicious ICE CREAM SODAS, MILK SHAKES, PHOSPHATES, GINGER BEER and SODA WATER. This season we have placed in stock many new flavors made by the latest process, and therefore, with our past good reputation, feel sure we can please everybody. Try us.

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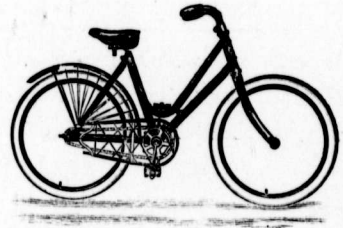
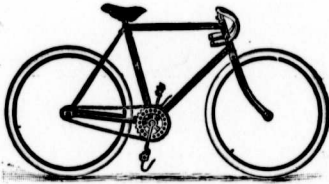


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