

THE RIVAL

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The Cook—Here, your Majesty, is a nice, fat diver!
The Cannibal King—Take him away! Don't you know I never touch
canned goods

HUMOR.

Patient—"What must a man do to
attain to a ripe old age?"

Doctor—"Live."

Old lady, hurrying up to the porter.
"Am I in plenty of time for the next
train to Muddleborough?"

"Yes, mum, lots of time. It doesn't
leave till 3.45 to-morrow afternoon,
mum."

"How long does the train stop
here?" asked a passenger of the con-
ductor.

"Four minutes sir, from two to two
to two-two."

"I wonder if that man thinks he is
the whistle," observed the passenger
to himself.

Every town makes it mark, that is,
its postmark.

A WARNING.

Without preamble, let me state that this is a true account embellished by no literary outbursts of enthusiasm.

It was Saturday night at Hanlan's Point, and the mad revel was on. The roller-skating rink first claimed my attention. I deposited the necessary entrance fee and was provided with a pair of skates. Being of a somewhat timorous disposition I watched for a while the crowd on the floor. It seemed so easy that finally I plucked up courage and started.

In about thirty seconds I felt something hurtle into my legs from behind. Without much fuss I was deposited neatly on the floor, and, turning round, I found myself face to face with a fat female. In endeavoring to gallantly assist her to an erect attitude, I felt the need of some support. An opportunity offered itself in the shape of a large man who was gracefully avoiding us by skillful strokes. Frantically I clutched at his coat tails, and he, too, ranged up beside us on the floor. His vocabulary was, to say the least, extensive. With superhuman efforts we succeeded finally in setting the fairy upon her feet. Then I tacked across the floor to get out of the danger zone. Intoxicated with the easy motion, for by this time I had to some extent regained my equilibrium, I careened round a corner and flattened my nose against a Peter Pan waist. They resuscitated me after a while, but I did not stop to exchange confidences, and made for the exit. This was gained with a few more collisions, and crawling outside I drew deep breaths of peanut-scented air.

The next scene of depredation was the hurgle-gurgle. Here I toiled up the steep flights of steps, decorated with a polka-dot pattern of tobacco juice, and arriving at the top, ran into an hysterical woman who was, all too late, regretting her temerity. The attendant provided me with a small door mat, and I sat down on the thing, waiting to be hurled into eternity. Physicists tell us that the acceleration of a falling body is thirty-two feet per

second. The hurgle-gurgle had not then come into vogue. I shot down the incline at a most disconcerting pace, and gathered in my person enough spinters to make a small boat. At the bottom I was ejected on to a dusty mattress, and landed on my right ear. Feeling like a pincushion, I was hauled up by the scruff of the neck and pushed into the jeering crowd which had gathered to witness the discomfiture of such unsuspecting people as myself.

By this time I was growing desperate. My thirst for novelty was quenched—drowned, I should have said, by the last performance. As a gradation to the normal state, and as a sedative, the Figure Eight appealed to me. Assuming my most unconcerned air I sauntered up to the wicket, only to discover that an almost endless line of people was strung out, waiting for a place. "This must be popular," I thought, so I graced the end of the line. After an interminable wait I found myself opposite the wicket, where I produced my lucre, and was admitted to the coveted stand. I fought my way into the car and found myself beside a stout blonde, wearing an imitation Gainsborough and a Marcel wave—imitation, too, perhaps. What there was of her waist was made up of stray medallions joined by a cobweb of Brussels net, the whole trimmed with point d'esprit and Valenciennes lace. Just as the car started a grimy paw was thrust under our noses and I was forced to relinquish my ticket. Then the car glided heavenwards. The stout blonde gurgled and clawed at my arm—I say "clawed," because she manicured her nails after the French fashion. By the time we had reached the summit her excitement had subsided somewhat, and she shot a dazzling smile at me—probably feeling as though she had known me for years. Evidently we were getting on very well together. The first curve came fairly easy, the Gainsborough almost gouged out my left eye, but nothing else happened. Fortunately the next curve reversed things, and the blonde held down her

end of the seat. The next surprise was a dip. Evidently she thought there was a good chance of losing her lid, Marcel-wave and all, so she ducked. The dip bounced her up and she regained the seat with a sickening crash—more work for the upholsterer. But the next curve—gosh! The robust peroxide slid into me like a block of granite, and I became a pancake. She had three rows of insertion in her elbow sleeves, which left a corresponding impression in my jaw. After a few more curves and dips my jaw looked like lattice work, and I felt like a pea. The blonde didn't talk much—she couldn't—she was working her molars over a wad of gum that would have choked a whale. As we neared the home

stretch my spirits rose, and I made a frantic leap for the platform. I tripped and skinned my nose, which is now red—kind people say I have dyspepsia.

Slowly and painfully, with the discordant strains of "Tammany" ground out by the Merry-go-round, ringing in my ears, I shaped my course for the ferry shed, and sank into a seat, exhausted. The posters all seemed to be running into each other. The parrot, who had been shrieking "Corby" incessantly, stopped to drink from a Radnor bottle, the Quaker Oats man was thumping away on a Bell piano, and the military Sweet Caporal girl was spanking the Borated Talcum baby. Yes, it was time for me to go home.

TAKING PRECAUTIONS



"Bill! There's someone comin', I'll 'old 'im up and if he shows fight you grab 'im from be'ind."

EDITORIALS.

We wonder when the cars are going to run up to the college. The time seems as far away as the college does.

Boarders who have lost any linen might ask the biddies to let them see some of the old musters. Among them they will most likely recognize some of their belongings.

If they don't put more cars on, we will have to walk when we come home from the Island on Saturday. Isn't it lucky you can stand up on the ferry boats?

They are thinking of having a "chute the chutes" at Hanlan's next year. What may we expect after that?

On Saturday afternoon, at the Victoria Roller Rink, a few college boys could be seen making hideous attempts at skating. Most of the time they were sitting on the floor; they couldn't even manage to crawl to the side.

The day-boys who ride up to college would be very thankful if the city would put down a nice new sidewalk on both Avenue Road and Poplar Plains, as the riding on the sidewalk is not up to much. They will soon have to ride on the road if they don't.

It seems as though the "Gazette" had gone out of business. The last issue was so long ago that we can't remember what it was like, but it was most likely rotten, as the ones before it.

Perhaps they are waiting for material. We might have sent them some of our rejected stories, etc., but we have destroyed them all. In future we will be pleased to help them out in that direction (if they are still in business) if they will let us know in time.

FACTS.

There are no fewer than 77 distinct dialects spoken in England.

The largest ship ever built in France was launched last year. It was the "Provence," 19,190 tons.

Between 1 and 2 a.m. only 89 people arrive at London railway stations; between 9 and 10 in the morning 127,000.

Liverpool has 34 miles of docks.

Ants are extraordinarily fond of liver, and may be exterminated by laying raw liver near their haunts. The liver, when covered with insects, should be thrown into boiling water.

Every one of her big victories in the late war cost Japan from ten to twenty thousand spoilt rifles.

One hundred and fifty-five people are killed by accident in the streets of London every year.

The police force of the United Kingdom numbers 63,606 men.

The first international athletic contest under recognized rules governing amateur athletics was held in New York in 1895. There were eleven events, all of which were won by Americans.

The first fireproof house seen in England was built by Mr. David Hartley in 1778. Iron and copper plates were laid between double floors.

There are no upper berths in any of the first-class cabins of the new 22,000 ton "Amerika."

The railways of the United States are 208,000 miles in length, but the German lines, though they aggregate only 32,800 miles, carry half as many passengers again as do the American.

The record price paid last year for a picture was 17,000 guineas (\$85,000) for Van Dyck's Charles I.

The total tonnage of the British merchant navy is just over ten and a half millions. British possessions own one and a half million tons of shipping.

THE CLOSED CAR.

Brake, brake, brake, ,
 Is the song that the motormen sing,
 As they travel up Yonge at a snail's
 pace,
 And stop for any old thing.

O, well for the business man,
 Coming home at 6 p.m.,
 The women stenographers all stand
 up,
 But he doesn't care for them.

With his paper before his face
 On the cushioned seat sits tight,
 You'd think he was glued,
 But that would be rude,
 And besides, it wouldn't be right.

And the poor girls all hang on
 with might and main to the straps.
 They are inwardly boiling, but out-
 wardly calm,
 And never (?) seem to give a —
 For millinery mishaps.

And the dividends still come in
 To the President up on the hill,
 And the innocent public are easily
 made
 To swallow the sugared pill.

More Adventures of Sherlock Bones

By A. CANON BOYLE.

No. II.—The Anarchists of Muirhouse Meadow.

Crash! !

A terrific peal of thunder shook the house from cellar to garret. The windows rattled menacingly, then blew open with a whirr like that of a flying bullet. As I sprang to close them, I noticed with some surprise that Sherlock Bones sat comfortably on his chair, in the midst of this awful storm, his lean, professional fingers turning the dried leaves of a ponderous volume which bore the title, "Crime; Its History and Philosophy."

"Truly a wonderful work, doctor, a

wonderful work!" drawled Bones in that cool, even voice common to him when deeply engrossed. "Yes, Swatson, even though viewed from a comparatively neutral position, such as yours, the study of crime is a wonderful one. But to me—ah, friend Swatson, it is daily bread to me! The fascination of it! The mad nerve-thrill when you touch the hunted murderer on the shoulder after tracking him to earth, and cry, 'I arrest you in the name of the law!' Yes, and the ecstasy of tracing, by a long chain of scientific reasoning, the wretched embezzler, the sneak-thief, or the unflinching black-mailer, or detecting the treacherous culprit who has eluded the Scotland Yard officials for years, say, merely by some such trivial incriminator as the tag off his shoe lace, or a cigar band!"

"Marvelous, Bones, marvelous!" I ejaculated.

"True," he continued, "it is a game quite unparalleled. The lion hunt, the trapping of the tiger, the coyote, the bear, they are none of them equal to this, the great game of crime, the tracking of the thinking animal, man. I tell you, Swatson—"

"Telegram for Mr. Sherlock Bones," announced a boy, as he stepped briskly into the room.

Sherlock opened this deftly. "Here, Swatson, my friend, is crime in the most absorbing degree. Listen, 'Please take the first train to Luxbridge, to investigate attempted murder, robbery, etc. Ishmael Wilson.'"

"Luxbridge," I repeated. "Luxbridge is the place where you attempted to—"

"That has scarcely much to do with the present matter!" said he, with bitterness (the affair of the kidnapping of Augustus Bacreit had always been a sore one with him). "If you are willing, Swatson, we will proceed as directed in the telegram."

When we reached Luxbridge Station we found Mr. Ishmael Wilson eagerly awaiting us in a small phaeton, in which we were rapidly driven to his abode on Whittier avenue.

Whilst thus engaged he turned the time to account by forwarding the main facts of his case.

"You see," he began, excitedly, "my wife and I live close to a large area of waste ground, through which I am obliged to pass to reach home each night."

"Wait a minute, sir," interrupted Sherlock Bones, "Precisely how far do you live from this field?"

"About one-half a mile, I think it must be, but if anything, less than that. Well, as I was saying, I have to pass through this field each evening about half-past eleven o'clock this last month, as the firm by whom I am employed is behind in some matters, and requires me to work late at night. Now, Mr. Bones, comes the strange part. As I was coming home the evening before last, I was passing through this field, which was in total darkness, when a wiry form leapt out from behind some rubbish and dealt me a terrific blow upon the chest, completely stunning me. When I recovered consciousness the fiend was nowhere to be seen, but I found that he had torn my waistcoat which was of a bright red color, almost to shreds."

"Go on, go on!" cried Sherlock Bones, excitedly, his eyes glowing like coals. "What happened last night?"

"I am coming to that, sir. Last night I took the precaution to carry a good sized revolver with me before returning. Well, I was taking home that night a number of important papers, as well as an immense sum of money in bills, and these I had tied up in a large canvas bag."

"One moment, please. What color was the bag?"

"It was a red one, Mr. Bones. Well, I had scarcely entered the field, which is full of small ponds and swamp, when I heard a noise which sounded like a curse or an exclamation in some foreign language; then out rushed this savage being whom I could not see in the darkness, and caught me a blow with a club, I think it must have been, on the left side, and knocked me

down. I fired two or three shots with my pistol, but without effect. When I got up I couldn't find the bag of money and papers any place about, neither could I catch a sight of the perpetrator of the blow."

"Excuse me, Mr. Wilson, was the noise he made before attacking you anything like this?" said Sherlock Bones, producing some growls and noises from his throat, which sounded like "Baaa—Macca, Macca, unceenna wockkkssskkk."

Mr. Ishmael Wilson looked puzzled a moment, and then replied, "Yes, Mr. Bones, I think it was a good deal like that."

"Hurrah!" shouted my friend. "The clue to the criminal!" This was one of his stock phrases. "Mr. Wilson, it may astound you to say it, but without doubt your vicious assailant is a member of the famous red-banner band of socialistic anarchists!"

"What!" cried he. "You don't say so!"

"Fact," answered Sherlock, "Why, my friend, the truth is unquestionable, the criminal not only attacks you when you have a red colored article about you, but he cries in doing so the well-known motto of these anarchists (who, I might add, are Russian), and which means, when translated, 'Beware!'"

"Wonderful!" I cried in amazement at this unique conclusion. "But have you any plans in your mind for the capture of the miscreant?"

"Plans?" he replied, condescendingly. "My dear Swatson, the professional mind has nothing to do with 'plans.' It merely deals in 'manoeuvres,' but as to my having them I must say that I have, most decidedly."

Mr. Ishmael Wilson now drew rein at the gate of his roomy abode, and conducted us up the drive, where a coachman took the horses in charge.

"Supper first, if you please, Mr. Wilson," remarked Sherlock Bones, who was feeling as I was the effects on the appetite produced by the brisk drive. "Then I will endeavor to con-

concentrate my professional instincts on this most unique, and I might say, bizarre, case."

We found the scene of the occurrences aforementioned to be a lonely and deserted field of about an acre, filled with ditches and small ponds. The ground was soggy underfoot, and, as it was a supremely dark night, we stumbled once or twice into cold muddy water, which sent a chill through one's very marrow. It was indeed a gloomy place this, thought I, and no wonder a lurking-place for thieves, who could easily conceal themselves against the numerous bushes and stumps of hewn trees.

"Light the lantern, friend Swatson," cried Bones, in the most light-hearted manner on earth. "Thank you. Now observe at a distance, that I will walk past the spot where Mr. Wilson declares he was attacked, and whilst doing so I will wrap this strip of red cotton about me, for you must know that these red-banner anarchists have a peculiar hostility to anyone wearing red. Are you ready, sirs? It is well. Now, when I seize the rascal, come to my assistance without delay. Shine your lantern, doctor!"

With that he ran lightly over to the side fence of the field, and proceeded to walk in an easterly direction past a large pile of barrels, ashes, and other rubbish, waving, as he did so, the crimson cloth.

"Hold your lantern a trifle higher, doctor," said Mr. Wilson, "and let the light fall directly on Mr. Bones."

"Heavens!! Look! Look!" he screamed. As the light shone on the dark form of Sherlock Bones a large and infuriated goat rushed out and caught him a terrific butt in the small of the back!

Mr. Sherlock Bones described a graceful circuit in the air, and landed with a swish into a small pond. He wallowed and spluttered for a moment in this, and then springing to his feet, looked around bewildered, for us or the goat, which was standing peaceably by, chewing something which on close inspection proved to be a ten-

pound note—one of the bills, no doubt, that Mr. Ishmael Wilson had lost the previous evening. The other papers and notes were close by, embedded deep in the swampy ground.

"There are two things I'd like to have," remarked Sherlock Bones, sadly, as he rubbed the small of his back. "What are they?" we asked.

"One is," he answered, "a dry suit of clothes, and the other is—to have that anarchist locked up!"

THE END.

HUMOUR.

Over-dressed youth (to street car conductor) "Is that Noah's ark full yet?"

Conductor—"Yes, all but the ass. Jump in."

Irate customer (to butcher)—"So you called me a mutton-head, did you. Will you take it back?"

Butcher—"No, I can't take it back, but I'll exchange it for you."

First Prisoner—"What are you in for?"

Second. Prisoner — "Fast. riding. What are you in for?"

"Slow riding."

"How's that?"

"Oh, I ran off with a bicycle."

"What did your wife do when she found that you had paid your creditors with her dowry?"

"Do? Why, she divorced me and married the creditor."

What is larger for being cut at both ends? A ditch.

"This is carrying things too far," said the hod-carrier as he reached the eleventh storey.

Mr. Washington Jackson — "Whar-bouts did yo' git dat fine hat?"

Mr. 'Rastus Johnson—"At de sto'."

Mr. W. J.—"How much wuz it?"

Mr. R. J.—"Deed, ah don't know. De sto' keeper wasn't dar.'



Little Ikey—Oh, Fadder! Fadder! blow me a ring mit a diamont on it!!

HUMOUR.

"Say, do you know what I think?"
"No, what?"

"That the man who wrote 'Home, Sweet Home' could not have been married."

"Do you know, old Boozier is hovering at death's door."

"Hum, is he? Guess he can't find the key-hole."

Teacher—"Now, Tommy, if your father had twenty eggs in his shop, and found that eighteen of them were bad, how much would he lose?"

Tommy—"Nothing, you don't know pa."

"How fast can you go in your new auto, Jack—forty miles an hour?"

"Why, if the streets are crowded, I can go over sixty."

"Aren't you the same surgeon who amputated the first finger on my right hand?" asked the patient who had just been operated on for appendicitis.

"Yes," answered the surgeon.

"Well, you've got my index, and now you've got my appendix. I hope you are satisfied."

"You see that man over there? Well, he told me he could neither live with- in his income nor without it."

New Boy (left in charge of barber shop)—“Well, sir, how's the razor?”

Customer—“Didn't know I was being shaved.”

Boy—“Very glad, indeed, sir.”

Customer—“Are you? I'm not. I thought I was being sandpapered.”

The father had gone away and left his only boy in charge of the shop.

“Are you the head of the firm?” asked a man with a sample-case, entering the establishment.

“No, sir,” remarked the youth with great urbanity. “I'm only the heir of the head.”

Mrs. McDuff—“This paper says mice are attracted by music; but I don't believe it.”

McDuff—“Why not?”

Mrs. McDuff—“Because I never see any mice around when I play the piano.”

McDuff—“Well, that's no reason for doubting the paper's statement.”

Mr. Misfit (savagely)—“Before I married you was there any doddering idiot gone on you?”

Mrs. Misfit—“There was one.”

“Mr. Misfit—“I wish to goodness you'd married him.”

Mrs. Misfit—“I did.”

Mrs. Newlywed—“John goes to the office every morning at ten, and the last thing he does is to kiss me.”

Girl Friend (absently)—“Yes, I should think it would be.”

Agent—“I have come to deliver your book on ‘How to Play the Piano.’”

Lady—“But I didn't order any such book.”

Agent (consulting his note book)—“Have you a neighbor named Jones?”

Lady—“Yes, is it for her?”

Agent—“No, she ordered it for you.”

She said she loved botany.

They were wandering through the Horticultural Hall. “And where do they keep the electric plants?” she asked. He was too snocked to reply.

“I thought I should laugh right out,” said Mrs. Bunsey, “when we were at the Zoo to-day. Mrs. Malaprop called an animal a seraph. Of course she meant a giraffe, but the fun of it was, it wasn't a giraffe at all, it was a camo-mile.”

Old Gent—“'Pon my word, madam, I should hardly have known you, you have altered so much.”

Lady (archly)—“For the better or for the worse?”

Old Gent—“Ah, madam, you could only change for the better.”

“Mamma, did you flirt when you were a girl?”

“Yes, my dear, I did once.”

“And were you punished for it?”

“It led to my marriage with your father.”

Young Wife (looking over a house)—“Well, how about the situation?”

Landlord — “Perfectly healthy, madam; I'd guarantee that.”

Young Wife—“Oh, that will never do, my husband's a doctor.”

Jack—“My sweetheart is the best looking girl in town.”

Tom—“Quite likely; mine lives in the country.”

When I see a man's name

Scratched upon a glass,

I know he has a diamond,

And his father owns an ass.

—Saturday Night.

He—“Do you think it would be foolish of me to marry a woman who was my intellectual inferior?”

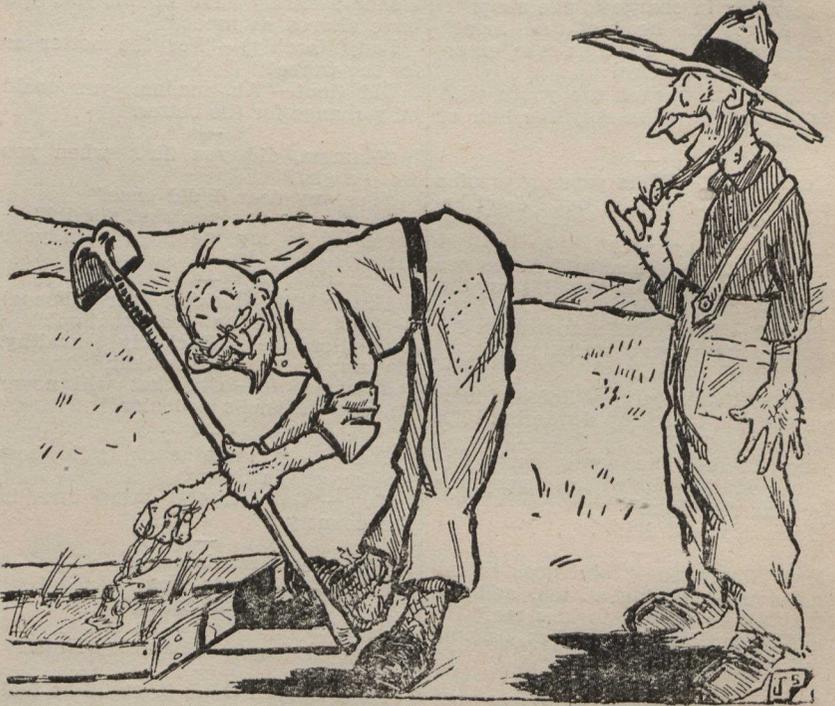
“I don't know that it would be foolish, but it would be a difficult thing for you to do.”

Foozle (who has struck a sandy cup)—“Let's see, caddie; how many is that, fourteen or fifteen?”

Caddie—“It's no a caddie you want, I'm thinkin', it a clerk.”

Failure implies effort; that is why some men never fail.

ADVICE



Abe—Say, Zeke, what's the best t hing to do when one of your hosses takes to coughin' an' sneezin' all day?

Zeke—Sell it!