

THE RIVAL

VOL. II No 3.

TORONTO, MARCH 22, 1907.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

U. C. C. TRIUMPHANT !!

Glorious and Victorious Encounter Vindicates
Little Red School House.

SAINTS GO DOWN TO CRUSHING DEFEAT

Before Invincible Seven from College---Artie Hemmick a
Rare Star---His Stick a Wizard's Wand!

On Wednesday, the sixth, at the hour of 4 or more, several seemingly sane people, in the vicinity of the Mutual street rink, went into a state of delirious insanity. Shout after shout threatened to raise the ceiling from the rink, as the blue-sweatered boys sprang over the bar and skated gracefully down the amphitheatre. These husky chaps towered considerably over the red team, which was greeted by an unprophetic assurance of success from the saintly supporters. When the referee's whistle sounded, the Saints seemed to forget the fact that they were actually playing, and began to watch Artie Hemmick cutting grapevines. For ten minutes the teams battled. Then the score stood four nothing.

Some of the many fair U. C. C. supporters were attracted by an Adonis-like vision which glided to and fro over

the ice. It was Patterson, clad in a College team jersey. He held his stick tightly in a hand of jumbo proportions, and several times strayed in front of a group of Saints, thereby causing a general downfall. His body-checking was a superb feature of the game, and many times the St. Andrew forwards experienced a mouthful of splinters, due to close contact with the boards. Patterson, in his nymph-like movements over the ice, reminded one strongly of Puck in the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Artie Hemmick, as rover and centre forward, was the "pas de resistance" of the seven. He scored at will and many times brought the crowd to their feet by his tricky stick-handling. The S. A. C. goal keep, though very efficient at stopping ordinary shots, found himself up against a trick he had never turned before in Hemmick's

cannon-like shooting. Whenever Artie got out of breath or stopped to pat down his ruffled locks for a minute he would deftly pass the rubber to Robair, who was always Johnny-on-the-spot to score again for College.

Many "nigger-niggers" and "whack-go-whacks" were rendered as a tribute to Captain Richardson's really pretty work in goal. His stick had a most extraordinary habit of always getting in the way of the puck; which he smote right and left with fervor.

More than once did Punk, single handed and alone, tear out of goal and break up St. Andrew rushes that threatened to score. To be sure, as the evening papers had it, when the St. Andrew forwards team worked down the ice they generally omitted to bring the puck with them. Rich.

PATTERSON AS A BODY-CHECKER



Patterson, as a body-checker, made a decided hit. Several of the St. Andrew forwards experienced a mouthful of splinters, due to close contact with the boards.

ART HEMMICK'S STICK A WIZARD'S WAND.



Artie Hemmick, who did much to swell the score obtained by the dashing little team from the red school-house.

claims that it was an interesting game, but that he suffered severely from the cold, owing to inaction.

FIRST HALF DONE—SCORE SEVEN NONE.

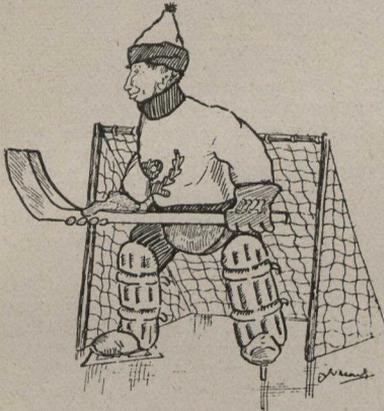
As the gong struck for the first half the teams wearily betook themselves from the ice and the rooters to the tea-room above. Here a number of the more sentimental of the spectators escorted their friends of the opposite sex and seated themselves to a little light refreshment.

SECOND HALF BEGUN—SAINTS SPURRED TO ACTION.

To the accompaniment of a deafening roar from both sides, the teams skated down the ice to resume the fierce onslaught. Hardly had the play started when it was apparent that the Saints had been stung to action. They

began to play with more energy and vigor than formerly, and almost succeeded in getting close to the U. C. C. goal. However, Hemmick, A. T., suddenly grabbed the rubber and scooped it into the net. He did this again, just to show there was no hard feeling, when Patterson, down at point, woke up to the situation, and with his eye fixed on an applauding damsel in the gallery, drifted down the ice all on his own and slammed in one.

GOAL-KEEPING EXTRAORDINARY.



"Punk" Richardson, in goal, as usual, played the game of his life. More than once did he, single handed and alone, tear out of goal and stop St. Andrew's rushes that threatened to score.

SAINTS SCORE.

As the score stood 10 to 0 against them, St. Andrew's began to look troubled and to see visions of the white-wash brush. To the surprise of all present, they made a pike down the ice and actually had the nerve to poke in two. But U. C. C. wasn't going to let a little thing like that ball them up, and Turkey Adams and Morse put in one or two just for auld lang syne.

CONCLUSION OF MATCH SLOW.

From this point the game lagged considerably, St. Andrew's even putting in two more, and amid great rooting and slamming of clubs the gong sounded, with the score thirteen to four in favor of U. C. C. The whole rink, with the exception of the south side, went wild. The teams were carried bodily from the ice, shoulder-high. College had once more come into her own!

THE TEAMS.

U. C. C.	S. A. C.
Richardson (capt.)	Goal . . . MacLaren
Patterson	Point Smith
Allen	Cover . Macpherson
Hemmick, A. T.	Rover . . . Hastings
Adams	Centre . . . Kilgour
Morse	Right . . . MacNeil
Hemmick, R.A.	Left . . Macdonald (capt.)

SUMMARY:

1—U.C.C.	A. Hemmick	3.00
2—U.C.C.	Morse	3.00
3—U.C.C.	R. Hemmick	4.30
4—U.C.C.	A. Hemmick	3.00
5—U.C.C.	A. Hemmick	8.00
6—U.C.C.	Patterson	5.00
7—U.C.C.	Morse	3.00

Second Half.

8—U.C.C.	Adams	2.00
9—U.C.C.	A. Hemmick	4.00
10—U.C.C.	Adams	3.00
11—St. Andrew's	Kilgour	3.00
12—St. Andrew's	Hastings	0.30
13—U.C.C.	A. Hemmick	7.00
14—St. Andrew's	Kilgour	2.50
15—U.C.C.	Allen	3.00
16—U.C.C.	Adams	1.00
17—St. Andrew's	MacNeil	3.00

The editor wishes to state that the "illustrations" to the foregoing article are not portraits, but merely caricatures, and are due to the fevered condition of their author after the St. Andrew's match.

Everything is running smoothly nowadays. Even the hockey-score rhymes.

A CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST WHO HAS FALLEN FROM GRACE.

By Windsor K. Windsor.

"Sandy" Mackenzie has fallen from grace. It came last Monday morning, when the larks were up and the sun was over the land. The countryside was aglow with mud and slush, it being the ides of March, and Sandy fell from grace. It came about thus:—

Sandy, in his brown rubbers or "goshes," for so he has appellated them, was toiling up the unpleasant little walk from the car terminus to the college gates. He was revolving the following things about in his brain:—Is Christian Science a science? Is the theory that mind is all, and matter nothing, a postulate or an axiom? If matter is nothing, then how did it happen to exist?

The result of these observations was a severe headache and the loss of one of his rubbers in a mud-bank. As Sandy stooped to extract it the sound of the morning bell echoed over the dismal landscape.

"Now," thought Sandy, "if I am to try Christian Science I will begin on that bell. That bell," he added, thoughtfully, "causes me pain. As there is no such thing as pain, there is no such thing as that bell. Therefore," he concluded, "that bell is not ringing. So far so good."

By this time the "dome of brass" had ceased its bell-owings (no pun intended) and Sandy peacefully hay-foot straw-footed it over the plains. As he passed between the gate pillars a board on which he was treading squirmed from under his foot, animately, and precipitated his natural earthly form of flesh and blood, which is nothing but merely an environment for the soul, into the mud.

"Here again," pondered Sandy, like a true follower of Mrs. Eddy, "is a case where a little matter can be quickly dispelled by the application of mind. This is nothing but a claim, which will presently quit my earthly being. This mud on my clothing is nothing, mud is matter, matter is nothing, therefore there is no mud." On reaching the steps he was accosted by our vigilant doorkeeper, who expressed an earthly

desire to know his registered number, and informed him that he was late.

"Late?" echoed Sandy. "Late? Surely that is a mistaken idea. It is merely an error of the mind and will soon leave you. Try saying over the scientific statement of Being, once or twice."

On being again requested to produce his registered number, the earthly form of the scientist broke out in loud and vociferous complaint. "That is merely a claim," he said. "Lateness is merely a place of something brought about by matter, which is nothing. Mind is all—matter is nothing. I am not late at all, because if I were late it would cause me pain, which does not exist. See?"

"But —"

"In our philosophy there are no buts," continued Sandy, in a tone of condescension. "You think you see mud on my coat. What you see is not mud at all, but merely an erroneous illusion brought about by a distorted mental vision. You should read these —" Thrusting a handful of tracts into the hands of the astonished and confused guard he was gone.

However scientific and logical Sandy's arguments may have been, they profited him but little when he was called before the headmaster for having refused to give up his registered number, and sentenced to receive several whacks of a cane composed of matter and earthly bamboo.

Having received the aforesaid whacks on the spot, he came to the conclusion that there was something missing in Christian Science, or something which he had overlooked. With this opinion firmly rooted in his material mind he emptied his pockets of not a small library of Christian scientific works, including "Health and Science," "The Doctrine of the Scientific Cures," and "The Scientist's Statement of Being," and committed them to the flames.

SOCIETY NOTE.

"We are glad to say that since the hockey match the noticeable swelling on the heads of several of the St. Andrew's boys has greatly diminished."—Daily Chronicle.

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EDITORIALS.**S. A. C. AGAIN.**

In view of the Lenient way in which the St. Andrew's "Review" dealt with our somewhat extraordinary reverse in football last fall, we have had compassionen their defeat, and thus have let them off easily. After all, we had better not jump on them when they're down.

We would like to remind our readers that in the last issue little Andy was suffering from a case of "cold feet." Having finally ventured on thin ice, he fell in, and is still trying to cure himself of a certain malady the effects of which left him with a rather white-washed appearance. However, after he has had his kilts dried out for him and a few other little things done, he may resume his everyday aspect.

GIVING A DOG A BAD NAME.

It has been said of old that if you "give a dog a bad name he will live up to it." We think that this applies to a certain extent to the recent complaints lodged against U. C. College boys of bad behavior in the street cars. We do not, of course, deny the fact that these day-boys spoken of are rather "gay" at times whilst in street cars, but, after all, whenever a crowd of good fellows get together there is apt to be a more or less superfluity of mirth and high spirits prevalent. As for mauling, manhandling or maltreating of any in-

nocent, unoffending conductors, we think the accusation too absurd to be dealt with seriously.

There is a certain class in individuals who are afflicted with a disease not mentioned in the medical dictionary. It is called "chronic grouch." Its poor, unhappy victims shuffle about the streets and in cars, busy at work on their favorite employments; finding fault and raising complaint. To them the sun's rays are black and the snow a dirty mud color. They see only gall and wormwood in life, and let everyone know it. They are always predicting a thunderstorm or complaining of one which happened last week, in which they got wet. Existence to them is a bore and a prolonged monotony. They have the "chronic grouch."

Now, in our opinion, they are the ones who have noticed and complained of the hilarity in the street cars—these "chronic grouchers." What they see or think they see is not ill-behaviour or obstreperousness. They are suffering from a distorted vision. They have that dreadful of dreadful maladies—the "chronic grouch!"

HOW IT HAPPENED.—S. A. C. TEAM SURVIVOR CHATS WITH RIVAL REPORTER—"U.C.C. SEVEN A SURPRISING ASSEMBLY AND VERY TRICKY."

"Doug." Smith, the clever point of the Rosedale team, in chatting with our reporter, voiced the following views on the great game of Wednesday:—"I am still of the opinion," he said, "that both sevens were at their best. Our team is a very fair example of our hockey products, and is, I think typical of the Saints' College. It is good in team work and very tenacious. Your rover is certainly an ace high shot, and can pull the puck from any scrimmage. Richardson is a sure-enough brick wall in goal, and his rushes are a trick hard to come up to. You certainly have a strong team this year, but wait till next fall at football!"

Master (fuming with rage)—"Every time I say anything, some idiot speaks."

ANOTHER RAREBIT FIEND.

(Told by a St. Andrew's Boy.)

It was during the match that I happened to stray over a little too far towards U. C. C. side, and I was wildly yelling for our little red shirts, who, by the way, had pushed a goal in, when the enemy first spotted me. One or two of them informed me that I would have to shut up or get my face punched, but I, rather unwisely, put my fingers to my nose and yelled for S. A. C. So when the whistle for half time blew and the players had left the ice, several of the enemy spotted me again, and as I was within their bounds they grabbed me and lugged me up the stairs to the gallery, with the intention of dropping me over to the cold stuff below. I called to my companions for succor, but they seemed to prefer to watch rather than to take a hand in the proceedings, so they stayed in their seats. The brutes now grabbed me by the legs and let me dangle head foremost over the gallery, much to the amusement of the young ladies on the other side. My cough drops and chewing gum dropped out of my overcoat pocket, also several cents worth of car tickets. I had just put my hand into my trousers pocket to keep my \$2.55 allowance which father had advanced me to buy my new spring suit, and overcoat with, when one of the fiends yelled out, "Let's give him a pitch over on the ice." This was voted a good idea, and I was soon swinging to and fro to the tune of 1, 2, 3. At the word three I was dropped into space. Down! down! I went. I could see the account of my death in the morning papers, "Rude U. C. C. boys drop St. Andrew's man on to the ice at Mutual rink yesterday. His neck was broke. Don't send' bouquets.' Also my poor parents wringing their hands, also the undertaker ringing the door bell. I could also see the black border around "The S. A. C. Parade," which is the name of the school magazine, in memoriam to me, and also to the hockey team. All these things I could see before I hit the ice. As luck would have it I hit it in a soft spot, and my head was just beginning to ache badly when I awoke. It was only a dream.

No more rarebits for mine!!

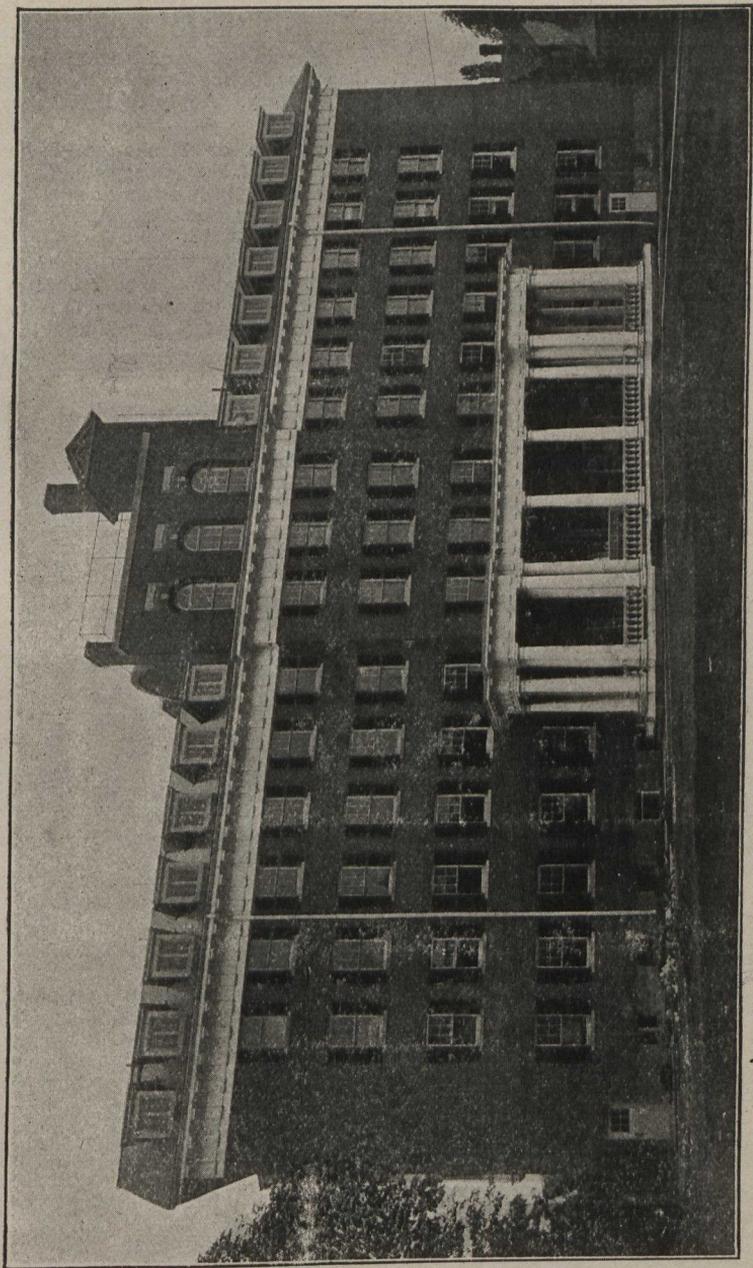
THE TRUTH ABOUT OUR CLOCK

The good ship Buttinovitch of the Baltic Aerial squadron was cruising slowly along Avenoo road towards the College at about one hundred and ten miles an hour, when the first mate happened to stroll on deck. "What's that red brick farmhouse with the dog kennel and lawn, below on the port bow?" he inquired of the lookout. "Oh, that's just Upper Canada College, where the boys are taught to be aeronauts," answered the lookout. "Just drop out the grapple and bring that clock up near so as I can see it," ordered the mate. The grapple was dropped out and hit the tower, which made it shake; then catching a firm hold on the figures 2 and 3 on the clock it dragged it out of the tower and up near the airship. "Can you see what it says?" asked the mate. "Yes, sir; twenty-three minutes after two, sir." "Tempus fugit," remarked the mate, languidly, as the Buttinovitch soared upwards with the clock in tow. I might add that they let go of it when they got about the middle of the Don River, which shut off the city's water supply, as it lit on one of the mains. The School Board have never taken the trouble to raise the clock, so Eaton's just took charge of it and made two hundred dollar watches, forty gold inkstands, a diamond necklace and a mission oak bookcase out of the rather rusty remains.

SPRING STYLES.

Our publisher (of fashion's wiles)
Has set for us the new spring styles.
You'll have to wear your hat just so,
And little patterned ties must go.
Our collars must be lowered more
And coats much longer than before.
No vents behind nor on the sides,
For that, we'll crease them, and be-
sides
We'll wear our pants as baggy so,
That in a husky wind we'd blow
Right off our feet, and then we'd be
The laughing stock of U. C. C.

One, two, three,
A, B, C,
We are the Modern Form of
U. C. C.



NURSES' RESIDENCE, HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO

"THAT'S WHAT THE DAISY SAID."

Mabee was watching the baker taking the bread out of the waggon and was heard to softly say:—

One I loaf,
Two I loaf,
Three I loaf, I say., etc., etc.

One of the painted signs which escaped the fire in the Toronto Plate Glass Co. was as follows:—"Bent and Broken Glass a Specialty." This seems to be rather an appropriate act of Providence, inasmuch as there are several tons of it lying around the building.

OUR GULE-TENDER.

There is a young fellow called Rich. Who's got gule-tendin' down to a cinch. And I really declare He can stop pucks for fair And watch the girls, too, at a pinch.

An intelligent but uneducated Kaffir boy always took great interest in his master's reading. One day, as the planter was reading, he turned round and found his servant looking over his shoulder at the book. "Is there anything you want, my boy?" he asked. "Ah just wanted to ask you a question, sah. Which does yoh read, sah, de black or de white?"

Christie (crying)—"Please, sir, Snowball hit me in the eye."
Master (condolingly)—"Did it? That's too bad."

Master (to geometry form, most of whom are peacefully slumbering)—"Here, you boys, wake up. You should come up here to the desk and see how you are sleeping!" (Loud cheers.)

Those wishing to get second-hand composition books apply
A. T. Hemmick,

U. C. C.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE MATCH.

Wasn't it funny to see Richardson stamping his steel-shod feet on account of the cold. He had so little to do, you see, it was hard for him to keep warm.

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMN

For Sale—A good razor; has only been used once; would like to trade for a safety. Apply to H. Walker.

For Sale or Exchange—I have a good pair of low shoes, No. 7's, would like to sell or exchange for checked vest, or bow necktie. Apply H. Henderson, Room 23.

Found—Under the radiator, a brooch pin, with two hearts entwined, bearing initials J. G. M. and R. F. L. Owner may have same by applying to box 116 Rival Office and by paying for this ad.

For Sale—Two mongrel pups; will make good watch dogs. B. Crowther, U. C. C.

Lost—Some time ago I lost some sense; although not very valuable to the finder, they are indispensable to me; finder will receive generous reward. Apply Ike Harris.

Stolen or Borrowed—Will the person who took my slate and two slate pencils out of locker return same immediately and oblige. G. T. Bell.

Wanted—Smart young fellow wants as a way of making a little pocket money, position as professional "Imposition writer" and shoe black. Apply W. Curry.

Lest—A Havergal College pin. Finder will receive large and handsome reward by returning to R. Adams.

Publishers' Notice—We wish to notify our patrons that we assume no responsibility whatever for the ads which are inserted in our columns. The rate is 5c. per three line ad.

HURRAH FOR PAT!

Our Point to Their Point—"What'er you doing down here, eh? Give that puck to me and get back to your own end."

Their Point to Ours—"All right, sir, I'm just going to."

WHILE THE BATTLE RAGED!

"Yah, miffed!" jeered Williams, as he saw MacNeil, with murder in his eye, swing his stick within an inch of Stan Morse's head.

At half-time someone asked Dick Burton, a St. Andrew rooter, what he thought would be the final score.

"Oh," he replied, "I don't think the Saints will win by more than one."

S. M.—What are those swishing noises?"

J. A. W.—"Oh, that's only Hemmick putting in a few more dozen."

Master (to Bull)—"Are you Brown?"

Small Voice From Rear—"Say, are you color blind? Can't you see he's red?"

What became of "the turkey's foot?"
Ask Adams.

Master (in French Form)—"Gibson give me the imperfect subjunctive."

Gibson (in a frightened voice)—
"Please, sir, I haven't got it."

Youngster (to Jimmie Gilmour)—
"Say!"
"What?"
"Nothin'." (Exit the youngster with alacrity.)

NOSED OUT.

"He had a string of horses," remarked a race-goer. "Funny thing about him, too—had 'em all named Nose.

"There was By a Nose, Long Nose, Your Nose, My Nose, His Nose, Red Nose, Pug Nose and several more, nobody knows now anyway.

"Come a big race. He enters His Nose, Your Nose and By a Nose, them being the best runners in the bunch.

"Well, come to the bettin'. Guys down lookin' for inside information.

"What looks good to you?" a fellow asks me.

"Well, I says, 'I picked My Nose to win, and I put a little bet on Your Nose to show.'

"The stable boy, he knows, 'butts in a tout, and he says 'It's His Nose by a length sure; seen 'em runnin'.'"

"Who win? Horse named Blow Hard; he win by a nose."—San Francisco Chronicle.

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