

# Acta Ridleiana

ST. CATHARINES, CHRISTMAS, 1894.

## Acta Ridleiana.

### EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:

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### A GREETING.

**A** MERRY CHRISTMAS to all our readers, old boys and new boys, past and present, fathers and mothers, sisters, brothers, and pretty cousins!

THE ACTA, thrilled to new life by the wafted fragrance, already in the air, of Christmas roast beef and turkey and plum pudding, awakes from its long slumber and gives you greeting! The warm blood again begins to surge tumultuously through its veins. THE ACTA is going to have a good time with the rest of you, and vows it will sleep no more till July days grow sultry, and denizens of Wing and Main have hied them to the coolness of Muskoka's shores or Toronto's sandy isle. Yes! we are here to stay if you will have us. If you like us, say so. Feed us, boys, with contributions financial and poetical! Pour forth your dimes and your verses. Perpetuate your youthful aspirations high, your feeble puns, your tortured rhymes in everlasting printers' ink. Buy an extra copy for that pretty girl who condescends to wear a bit of the orange and black you gave her, though it doesn't match her blouse. Put your numbers away, and twenty years hence they will look into your face and recognize you in spite of that fine, large moustache, and you will fall to thinking of the days when the world went well, when cares sat lightly, and the sun shone for you every day. Happy man, if you have still kept the innocence of boyhood unsullied!

Of course, by that time Ridley will have altered considerably. Tommy's mansion and barns will all have disappeared, and on the spot will stand a magnificent chapel, with stained-glass windows, erected by a pious and patriotic Old Ridleian who always used to be late for prayers.

Another Old Boy millionaire will have built us a fine suspension bridge over the canal to the cricket ground. No doubt the boys then at the College will have petitioned Mr. Miller that Gare be allowed to drive a 'bus over the bridge every five minutes. The cinder track around the field will already have been

beaten down by many generations of sprinters. Some fine June day, while Ridley is playing the annual match with the Australian eleven, a young booster on the grand stand will be telling a few choice spirits of the fourth team how his father, when he was at Ridley, slugged a ball into the middle of the canal.

All this—and more! In the spacious library, once the prayer hall, will be seen upon the shelves twenty magnificently bound volumes of ACTA RIDLEIANA.

### TO OLD BOYS.

We shall be very happy to consider the publication of articles by Old Boys, and shall always be glad to hear of the movements of Old Boys. Subscription will be \$1 per annum, strictly in advance.

### TRUE ROMANCE.

The sun was setting, and its crimson light shone like fire over the water to where on the sandy beach sat a young couple in deep conversation. The young man was a romantic-looking fellow, and his feelings seemed to be at this time overflowing.

Stopping for a short time in his conversation with her, his thoughts seemed to be too much for him, and with her parasol he traced upon the sands the words, "*Agnes, I love thee!*" There was silence for a moment, the maiden blushed, held down her head, and took his hand, and the only sound was the rippling of the little swells upon the sand.

One tiny wave, more enterprising than its fellows, rippled up the beach to where those words were written on the sand, and, alas, when the water receded, the sand showed no signs of the fond words which had been there. Neither of the couple spoke for a moment, until he, trembling in his excitement, broke out, "Darling, what would I not do for you? With your parasol I traced upon these fickle sands the words, 'Agnes, I love thee,' and the angry little wave came rippling up and washed away the lines; but, dearest, *one word from you, and I would climb the highest Alpine peak, and dip the stateliest pine thereof in the flaming crater of Vesuvius, and with it trace in fiery letters upon the gigantic cliffs of Eternity, so that the whole world might see those magic words, 'Agnes, I love thee!' and I'd like to see any blamed little wave come up and wash THAT out!*"

### VIVE LA COMPAGNIE

1. Oh ! 'Rah ! 'Rah ! for Ridley, the best of all schools,  
Vive la compagnie !  
The boys are all handsome, and take well at Poole's,  
Vive la compagnie !  
  
Vive le, vive le, vive le roi !  
Vive le, vive le, vive le roi !  
Vive le roi, vive la reine !  
Vive la compagnie !
2. Here's to athletics, the test of the bold,  
Go in for them strong, and you'll never grow old.
3. Here's to the master who gives us the strap,  
May it be his day off when I go for my pap !
4. Here's to the matron who 'tends to our ills,  
And brings us through troubles with plasters and pills.
5. Here's a health, Mrs. Rothwell—now bring me up quick  
Toast and tea and an EGG, for I'm awfully sick !
6. Here's to exams., how I wish they were done !  
But our fate is to work before having our fun.
7. Here's to the holidays—jolly days all,  
Long coming ; soon gone ; but cheer up, boys, and call :—
8. Now who are we all but the bold B. R. C. ;  
With a 'Rah ! 'Rah ! 'Rah ! for we're jolly, you see !

M.

### THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

On the reopening of the College after midsummer, a meeting of the General Athletic Association was called, and the following sub-committee on football chosen : Chairman, Mr. J. A. Burgess ; hon. secretary-treasurer, Mr. C. A. S. Boddy ; committee, T. B. F. Benson (capt.), A. W. Mackenzie (sub-capt.), H. G. Nicholls, J. G. Maclaren, H. C. Griffith.

Mr. Boddy then started to correspond with many of the junior clubs of Toronto and other places. Parkdale and Upper Canada College treated us very shabbily, never replying to our challenges, which has been the U.C.C. game for the last three years. The Lornes II. behaved in a somewhat similar manner, not answering our challenge until nearly the end of the season. Harbord Street Collegiate, Toronto, after arranging a match for Saturday, October 6th, telegraphed late Friday night that they could not play, although some of our team had already gone to Toronto.

After some difficulty, we succeeded in securing a match with Trinity II. for Saturday, October 20th. The team left at an early hour on Saturday morning for Toronto. On arriving there, they hastened to Trinity lawn, where they beheld a few six-footers kicking the ball about. We immediately got ready, and sallied forth to the fray. Upon Trinity winning the toss, they chose to kick with the sun and wind.

Benson kicked off for Ridley, and, through brilliant play on the part of the Ridley wings, Trinity was soon forced to rouge. The kick out from the twenty-five line was promptly returned by one of the Ridley halves, and Trinity was again in immediate danger. After a few scrimmages Ridley again scored a rouge, and the score stood 2-0 in our favor. Again the kick-out was returned, and, after some more fine play, Ridley secured a tackle in goal ; leaving the score 6-0 in favor of Ridley.

On the kick-off from half-way, the Trinity wings worked, and after many desperate efforts, which were neatly checked by the Ridley backs, they succeeded in dribbling the ball over the line for a try, which O'Reilly easily converted. Score, 6 all. For the rest of this half the play remained about the centre of the field, and, at call of half-time, the score stood 6 all.

In the second half, the play remained about centre or in Trinity's territory. Only once was Ridley's goal in danger, when the ball was kicked across the line by one of the Trinity halves, but this did not gain them anything, as Mitchell rushed in, and, securing the ball, ran out round the posts and up the field for about fifty yards. Many assaults were made on the Trinity goal, and by some neat passing by the Maclaren brothers Ridley almost scored. After this the play remained in Trinity's territory. At the end of time, the score stood 6 all.

On account of the heat the match was not continued, thus leaving it a draw, which spoke extremely well for Ridley, as they had been on the offensive nearly all the time. The following players distinguished themselves : For Trinity—McMurrich O'Reilly, Rodgers, Douglas, Osler. For Ridley—Mitchell, Benson, Mackenzie, Hills, Nicholls, G. McG. Maclaren, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Graham, Mr. Boddy, J. Maclaren, and Harmer.

The teams lined up as follows :

Trinity II.—Back, Little ; halves, Broughall, O'Reilly, Rogers (capt.) ; quarter, McMurrich ; scrimmage, Walsh, Bushell, G. Osler ; wings, Baldwin, Mockridge, Beecher, Campbell, Montizambert, Douglas.

Ridley—Back, A. J. Hills ; halves, G. G. Mitchell, T. B. F. Benson (capt.), A. W. Mackenzie ; quarter, G. V. Gzowski ; scrimmage, Mr. Mitchell, A. K. Miller, F. C. Price ; wings, Mr. C. A. S. Boddy, Mr. W. H. Graham, J. G. Maclaren, G. McG. Maclaren, H. G. Nicholls, E. W. Davis.

Referee, A. C. Kingstone, 'Varsity ; umpire, Glen Osler, Trinity.

The next match on our list was Trinity College School, Port Hope ; and the team, on their return from Toronto, went into hard training and practice, and

were in the pink of condition when we received word that Trinity College School would not play us. As they gave no reasons for their default, we came to the conclusion that they were, and are, afraid to play us on account of our good showing against Trinity II.

The next match was with the Victorias, of Hamilton, who were only willing to play fifteen minutes each way, and on condition that we allowed John Robertson, whose name ever since has been famous as an authority on how to make football rules to suit yourself, to referee.

This was a hard-fought battle in about four inches of snow, and resulted in a victory for the Victorias by a score of 9 to 1. To any impartial spectator, it might easily be seen that Ridley was playing against the Victorias' team, the referee, and a good part of the spectators, as many were very willing to do all in their power to help the Victorias. Whenever Ridley was on the offensive, the referee would sound his whistle and give a free kick to the Victorias. As the field was only about seventy yards in length, these free kicks counted considerably toward the score. Several times, when Ridley was on the point of scoring, "John Robertson" called the ball back or said time was up.

The following team represented Ridley: Back, Hills; halves, Mitchell, Benson (capt.), McKenzie; quarter, Gzowski; scrimmage, Mr. Mitchell, Price, Miller; wings, Mr. Burgess, Mr. Graham, J. MacLaren, G. MacLaren, Nicholls, Harmer, Spence, Brown.

After this football became somewhat dead until after the Thanksgiving holidays, when the team began to get into shape for the match against the Old Ridleians.

This match was down for December 1st, and all things were ready at 3 o'clock.

A few minutes after three Cronyn kicked off for the Old Boys against a slight wind. The kick was quickly returned by one of the Present halves, and a slight interchange of kicks resulted. After some hard work on both sides, the ball was dribbled over the Present's line, and they were forced to rouse. On the kick-out about thirty yards was gained by quick following up of the Present's wings. This gain kept steadily increasing until within five yards of the Old Boys' goal line, where it met its first stop, and several scrimmages resulted. On the ball coming out of one of these scrimmages it was dribbled across the line, and Hills dropped on it for a try. McKenzie failed at goal. Score, 4-1 in favor of Present.

The kick-off was promptly returned by McKenzie, and the Past sustained a loss of five yards. At this point the Present obtained a free kick. McKenzie tried at goal, but failed. Shortly after this half-time was called, leaving the score 4-1 in favor of the Present.

Benson kicked off for the Present, and by quick following up a small gain was made. Both teams were working their hardest. On a pass by A. Macdonald, Allan kicked well up the field, and, following up his kick, scored a try, which Ellwood failed to convert. Score, 5-4 in Old Boys' favor.

The Present wings followed up well on the kick-out, and soon transferred matters to within the Old Boys' twenty-five line. From a scrimmage near touch Gzowski got the ball out and passed to Benson, who in his turn passed to McKenzie, who tried a very pretty drop on goal. The wind carried the ball a little wide, but the Present wings soon forced Coy to rouse. Score, 5 all.

From the kick-out the ball was soon transferred to the Present's side of the field, and by several hard rushes it was dribbled into touch-in-goal. Score, 6-5 in favor of the Old Boys.

The Present wings followed up hard on the kick-out and secured the ball, and by some very neat passing carried it to within the Past's twenty-five line. The Present scrimmage were working like Trojans, and on breaking through dribbled the ball over the line for a rouse. Score, 6 all.

Benson caught the kick-out and quickly returned it over the line for another rouse. Score, 7-6 in favor of the Present.

The teams lined up as follows:

Ridley Past—Back: Coy. Halves; Allan, Ellwood. Quarter: A. N. Macdonald. Scrimmage: F. M. Perry (captain), Cronyn, Gooderham. Wings: Caldecott, Baldwin, D. B. Macdonald, C. S. Macdonald, C. S. Gzowski, S. Stewart, W. H. White.

Ridley Present—Back: Hills. Halves: Mitchell, Benson (captain), McKenzie. Quarter: Gzowski. Scrimmage: Mr. Mitchell, Miller, Mr. Burgess. Wings: Mr. Graham, Mr. Boddy, G. MacLaren, J. MacLaren, Nicholls, Harmer.

After the match both teams returned to the College, where a sumptuous dinner had been prepared as a welcome to as many old boys as were able to be present. We also had the pleasure of welcoming Mr. White, one of our old masters. Among the other guests were the Rev. Mr. Armitage, Mr. Peterson, the referee, and Mr. Burson, the umpire.

The dinner finished, Mr. Miller, as chairman, rose to propose the toast to the Queen, and this was very heartily responded to, the first few lines of "God Save the Queen" being sung.

W. Cronyn, being one of the oldest of old Ridleians, next proposed a toast to the College. He was very glad to see that great success had attended the school since it first opened five and a half years ago, and was sure that in a few years this would become the leading college in Canada. Mr. Miller replied to this

in a few short words, pointing out the progress of the school since the time when the old Ridleians were last here, and he also took this opportunity to say how glad he was to welcome back so many old boys, and he hoped that next year we should have to welcome a much larger number. The Rev. Mr. Armitage added a few words to Mr. Miller's speech, and joined with him in welcoming the boys.

The health of the present staff was then proposed by D. B. Macdonald, to which Mr. Williams replied. He said that one of the old masters had assured him that the time when he had taught at Ridley was one of the most pleasant in his life, for all the hard feelings of boys against masters and other unpleasant duties. Mr. Mitchell then related his experiences since he came here. He said that while at 'Varsity he appeared once before his lady with a black eye, the result of football. She, afraid that he would sooner or later be killed in that awful game, persuaded him not to join in it any more. So, obedient to her word, he played no more until he came here, and then seeing us at it he could not resist the pleasure of joining in. But the fates seemed to be against him, for he emerged from one of the scrimmages in the late game with the same old disfigurement of his face.

The toast to the old Ridleians was proposed by H. Griffith, and at the end of his speech the students made the College ring with their cry of Ridley, Ridley, etc.

Mr. White delivered a short speech, expressing his great pleasure in being here on this occasion.

Frank Perry then said a few words, and when he assured us that he was again attending Ridley he "put" much earnestness in his voice, and Mr. Baldwin joined with Mr. Perry in his wish, and also made a few "remarks" on the advantage of coming to such a fine school as this.

Mr. Arthur Allan asked us to join him in drinking the health of the present Ridley team. In answer to this toast, B. Benson, our captain, said that if the other teams had treated us on the square, for instance, the U. C. C. and Port Hope, and given us us a match, we would have had a few more victories to score. Both Mr. Burgess and Mr. Graham told what a pleasure it had been since they came here to look forward every afternoon to a good game of football. As the season progressed, they could see a decided advancement in the powers of our team.

Alex. McKenzie then proposed the health of the ladies, and this was very gallantly replied to by Wilmot Matthews.

We then finished up with "God Save the Queen." Altogether, we had a very enjoyable day, and those who left for home that night assured us that they would not have missed coming for a good deal.

### JUNIOR FOOTBALL MATCH.

The Ridley Juniors played a match with a team from Hamilton on the home grounds, October 20. After a good exhibition of football Ridley won by a score of 43-8. Mr. Peterson kindly acted as referee, and "Marse" Greenhill as umpire. Ridley's high score was largely due to constant practice and their superiority in weight, but Hamilton played pluckily against such odds.

### MISSING AT RIDLEY

The fellows here are dandies,  
The masters are so, too;  
The "grub" is good, for college fare  
(Perhaps a LITTLE hard to chew).

The beds are wide (?) and easy,  
The hours are all right;  
And the holidays are plenty,  
There's Glee Club Friday night.

We have a field for football,  
And tennis courts enough,  
A cricket field for summer, and  
A skating rink, not rough.

Then what CAN be the trouble?  
*Great goodness! Can't you SEE?*  
Why, we haven't any DAMSELS,  
And THAT'S what worries ME!

J. L. S.

### A JUNIOR'S ACCOUNT OF THE CROSS-COUNTRY.

The ground was rather muddy,  
As it rained the night before,  
But of this the runners took no heed  
Who gathered at the door.

Now up to lock eleven  
The racers all did go,  
And at that point, three miles from town,  
They stood up in a row.

The first half mile was easy,  
As over the ground they skimmed,  
But when they crossed the first ploughed field  
The runners lost their wind.

The farmers got quite angry,  
As we carried their soil away,  
For, at each step of our gunboats,  
We pulled up acres of clay.

The bumpkins gazed in wonder,  
When they saw us racing past,  
And Lanky Jim, who followed slow,  
They took for one of their class.

Now some grew very thirsty,  
As they passed the brewery by,  
But one and all their thirst forget  
As the winning post they spy.

The race was almost over,  
But yet it was not won,  
So over the ground did Hoyley fly,  
Till he heard the cry: "Well done!"



**THE THIRD ANNUAL CROSS-COUNTRY.**

The "cross-country" is a long-distance race. It usually takes place after the football season, when there is nothing going on, and the practice for it is very valuable for keeping up the boys' health.

There is generally a series of races, but this year, owing to the delay of starting the first race, there was time for only one.

December the 8th was decided on by the committee.

The morning was very showery, and this made ploughed fields, slippery hillsides, etc., much more difficult to race over.

Twenty-three seniors started at three o'clock from the College on a circular course of about five miles. The competition for first place was remarkably keen; so were the barbs on the fences, Walker thinks. Carter came in first, with Harmer only a few yards behind, both spurting finely at the finish, their time being 50½ minutes.

The names of the first five were: 1, W. H. Carter; 2, H. R. Harmer; 3, H. G. Nicholls; 4, W. Doolittle; 5, L. Price.

The juniors left the College at half-past two. They then walked for an hour along the towpath to the starting point at Lock 11 on the old Welland canal, by which time they were all pretty tired. From this point they ran straight back to the College.

Some of the smallest of the twenty-seven starters were given three minutes' lead. This added much to the excitement, as no one wished to be beaten by the "kids."

The winner, Hoyles, had all his work cut out, as Wade, Mair, and several others pushed him very hard. His time was 17½ minutes.

The order of the first five was: 1, H. L. Hoyles; 2, G. M. Mair; 3, H. Dymont; 4, J. W. Greenhill; 5, R. Burkholder.

**THE CROSS-COUNTRY SUPPER.**

Oysters! What charm has that word that it should act in such a magic way? And yet the success of Ridley's annual cross-country run was due in no small measure to the announcement that the competitors would be entertained, in the evening, to an oyster supper. Those previously indifferent at once became among the most enthusiastic; and many a weak-kneed, short-winded pale-face might be seen diligently at work in the gymnasium, or taking a spin along the tow-path, that he, too, might, at least, be "in at the death."

To say that the gathering in the dining hall on the evening of the run was a merry one is putting it mildly. Every one was in the best of spirits, the unsuccessful ready to congratulate and applaud his

successful rival. Books, class rooms, study—all were, for the moment, forgotten, and even the approaching Christmas exams. failed to dampen the enthusiasm.

The oysters disposed of, Principal Miller began the toast list by proposing the health of Her Majesty the Queen. Then followed a long list of toasts proposed and responded to by the boys, for most of whom it was the first attempt at after-dinner speaking. Lack of space forbids a detailed account of these, but we have evidently some embryo Chauncey M. Depews of after-dinner oratory among us. Songs by Maclaren Max., Matthews, Griffith, and Mr. Graham, and banjo and mouth-organ selections by Prince and Wilkes, gave variety to the entertainment. We append the toast list:

Proposed by	TOAST LIST.	Replied to by
	<i>The Queen.</i>	
	<i>The College.</i>	
Prince.		Carter.
	<i>Athletics.</i>	
Nichols, Maj.		Benson.
	<i>Cross-Country Winners.</i>	
Matthews.		Carter and Hoyles.
	<i>The Sixth Form.</i>	
Maclaren, Max.		Griffith.
	<i>The Fifth Form.</i>	
Miller.		Price, Mi.
	<i>The Fourth Form.</i>	
Maclaren, Maj.		Hill's.
	<i>The Third Form.</i>	
Smallman.		Kerr.
	<i>The Juniors.</i>	
Gzowski.		Maclaren, Mi.
	<i>The Ladies.</i>	
McKenzie, Pri.		Wilkes.

**THE P.F.C.**

A new society has been formed in the College under the supervision of the masters, and is meeting with great success. It is popularly known as the Pale-Face Club, but its official name is the Exercise Association. So successfully have the objects of the members been accomplished that they should no longer go under the name of Pale-Faces, but might well be called the Pink-Faces, and this would involve no change in the club monogram. Stalwart and chubby scoffers have suggested that P.F. may also stand for Pie-Face, Pudding-Face, or Putty-Face, as well as Pale-Face.

The club has about twenty members, and it may be said that some of these thought the invitation to join the club a trifle pressing. They go for runs or into the gymnasium in the afternoons, chaperoned by a master. Besides developing ruddy complexions,

the boys of this society have become so famous for their magnificent muscles that when Nicholls' ma sees fit to plant his fist into the small of some unfortunate fellow's back, the slugee always says, "It's a Pale-Face," and I suppose he thinks so because he "feels it in his bones." Several fellows are waiting for vacancies to occur, among whom are H. Harmer, B. Benson, A. McKenzie, "Lilly" Hills, and "I."

Here's to the Exercise Club!

L. P.

#### DEDICATED TO THE MEMBERS OF LIBERTY FLAT.

Our dear Captain Bingley has nice little feet,  
The man that disputes him he's willing to meet  
In a clear open space, with a sword in his hand;  
He is ready to see who shall have the command.

Next, Alec McKenzie. And sure you'll agree  
He's the best-looking fellow that e'er you did see;  
He dresses so neat in such lovely new duds  
That the damsels all think that he's really "hot spuds."

Then comes a bad fellow, I'm sorry to say,  
Who is going quite seriously from the right way;  
For "Freddy Old Boy" has a tendency slight  
For very rank cheese and some crackers at night.

And "I," his young brother, is almost as bad,  
If you call him a real tin he'll get very mad;  
And, I tell you, he is not a good boy at all,  
For he's rather too friendly with Cecil Von Bahl.

Then comes a young fellow whose name is Hal Harmer,  
It's queer, but they call him the young ladies' charmer;  
He's as active and strong as a young polar bear,  
And looks very nice with his lovely long hair.

"Your health, Gallant Spot! wholesale grocer you'll be,  
And measure out portions of sugar and tea,  
You'll do 'em up well in brown paper and twine,  
And be making your fortune in very quick time."

Then Harry G. Nicholls is next on the list,  
His head's full of beauty, great strength's in his fist;  
He is (I'm not jolly) a very strong man,  
And in marvellous feats is a rival to Pan.

Marse Joe Greenhill, from the banks of the Grand,  
Will tell of adventures on sea and on land;  
When he was at Sheldrake's, that school of all schools,  
He was a bold fellow and broke all the rules.

George Gooderham Mitchell is called "Handsome Mike";  
It's enough to make any young lady's heart strike  
To see him play football or run in a race,  
For in all manly sports he is sure of first place.

Then comes Wilmot Matthews, who's now off the turf,  
He's the best of all jolliers I've met on this earth;  
He'll chaff you and tease you and make you quite jolly,  
And end up by saying that you're just "hot tamauley."

Pray allow me to tell you without any quiz  
Of a boy with Greek features and Homer-like phiz,  
His eyes are the color of those of a dove—  
You'll laugh when I say Mena Gurd is in love.

Here's to Old Gran! who the banjo does play,  
He strums and he strums all the night and the day,  
His music is lovely and always admired,  
But when it is ended you feel rather tired.

Of Vernie Gzowski it's always been said  
He's a boy of great knowledge when he's not in bed;  
He's among the best quarters the school's ever had;  
And I'll tell you the others were not very bad.

Of John Garnet Reid it is said "He's a freak,"  
But it's really not so, or he'd soon pull my beak;  
For John comes from Sault Ste. Marie in the north,  
And also belongs to the "jolly old Fourth."

Then there is Frank Spence, whom you know very well,  
He's so brimful of sleep that he ne'er hears the bell;  
He rushes to breakfast, though late in the morn,  
Always looking quite happy, though feeling forlorn.

And now that I've painted in such a bright light  
My friends and my neighbors, I hope it's all right;  
For the light of a candle is hard on one's eye,  
So I bid you this moment a hearty good-bye.

A. J. H.

#### A NEW BOY'S LETTERS HOME.

##### LETTER I.

B.R.C. COLLEGE.

DEAR MA,—I am getting on verry well with my studdys and mr. miller says I must have a fotball gerser I came head in speling yesterday and I want er come home at wonce, I shall die if I stay here, I hav ter go to bed at 9 o'clock, I dont like to have the gass terned out at 9 o'clock, I sleep in a cubbykill and the cubbykill hasent any carpit, last night a boy through a wet sponge into my cubbykil and I stepped on it and it made my fot cold (P.S. I through it back) I am in the first form. When I got into bed I lay'd down on my hare brush. And when I was aslep the boy which I through the wet sponge back puled me out of bed and all the croud from the other cubikils laughed and a master came in with a candel and straped the other boy, my bed is made of wire. I am going to bring a boy called Tommy home with me for the Cristmas hole-days, I think I have caught consumtion. tell pa to come and take me away at wonce I shall dye soon if I stay hear, the fude hear gives me indignashun and they gave me some gregeris mixthur, I am going to get my bath tikit termorrer. I plaged fot ball today. the boys said I shod praps be on the first teem, and I am going to praktise, dont send me them new closes you was going to send me, let me come home at once, their is an old man like Santer claws, he walks round all night with a lanturne and keeps a feller awake, the boy in the next cubikil says you must send me another cake like the one I broght, and some candys, he says he wants creems and gumbo karimles and their musent be any white ones, he is

going to tell the master to let me have a bath tikit for nothin. (P. S. he is a kind boy) can I ask him home at thanksgiven, he is an orfin. tell pa to come soon and take me home. a boy called me cry baby and a master said he cryde when he went to school, i dont like school. is billy smith's pup grownd yet. hoping you are well as this levees me at preasent your loving boy

CHARLIE.

pleasure of hearing her recite at our Glee Club meetings. In the absence of Mrs. Miller, Miss Gribble has kindly consented to act as accompanist. We hope that after Christmas the fellows will be even more regular in their attendance, so that we shall be assured of a good concert next spring.

W. L. MATTHEWS.

*Dear Mr. Editor :—*

Now that the premiership has become vacant through the death of Sir John Thompson, I would like to propose, through the columns of your valuable paper, that our esteemed friend, the Right Hon. Mr. Suse Matthews, be called upon to run for the post.

I am sure that he would have every chance of winning, as the ladies have most of the votes in this village, and of course our honorable friend will secure all of them. The only person who could compete with him in this respect, that I can think of, is the gentleman who is best described in the popular couplet—

“Combine strength and beauty,  
Then you have the gallant looty.”

But as this gentleman is too modest, and is subject to violent palpitation, I am sure he will not run. I do not think our honored friend, Mr. Suse, has anything to fear in that direction.

Hoping that I shall hear through your valuable paper that our honored friend intends to unfurl the tiger banner of old Ridley, and to go in and win, and that I have not taken up too much of your valuable space,

I remain, yours truly,

JAMES RIDLEY BISHOP.

### THE GLEE CLUB

Last September the Glee Club organized for this year, with the following committee: Conductor, Mr. Miller; accompanists, Mrs. Miller and Miss Gribble; committee, Griffith, Matthews, McKenzie.

Since then we have held meetings every Friday night. There are about forty members this year. The practices have been well attended, and there are indications of a good concert next April if the fellows attend regularly. Since September a banjo club has been organized, and it has added much to the enjoyment of the entertainments. Among the new boys there are several very good soloists. On the 9th of November, Miss Larkin kindly gave several recitations, which were most heartily received by the boys. We trust this is not the last time we shall have the

### WARRANTED GENUINE.

Brown (waking up from a nap and just catching the last word): Please, sir! who beat in that war?

Mr. G—m: What war?

Brown: War in Hastings (Warren Hastings).

Tommy: I say, Percy, I've found out what makes it so cold in Windsor.

Percy: What is it?

Tommy: It's either the Winds-or the snow.

When does Mr. Boddy enjoy life?

When hot gin's (Hodgins) in his room.

Why is the poor meat at the College always well done?

Because the good meat is rare.

The B—ness Man: Mr. W—, did you ever pass a post-mortem examination?

B—n announces that he is giving up the wholesale grocer idea, and is going into business as a poet. Terms:—Spot cash.

Why did the boys in a certain dormitory have a good time the other night? Because there was no Boddy near.

Why is a Ridley dude much sought after by cricketers? Because he always has a good crease (in his pants).

## THE BRYANT PRESS

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