



# College Times.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

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No. 5.

## The College Times.

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All communications of a business character should be addressed to the Secretary.

The Christmas holidays have come and gone, and THE TIMES is on hand once more—though a little late, to be sure. However, as we all know, it takes a long time to get down to work after any holiday, and this is especially the case with Christmas.

One of the great events of the College year is soon to come to pass; one that is almost the only bright feature of the long and dreary winter term. We speak of the annual "At Home." It was instituted in 1882, and was held every year until the Minstrels became such a good thing. When this pleasure—alas!—was in its turn broken off, the "At Home" again became the event to be looked forward to of the winter.

It affords the college boys an opportunity to return the kindness of their friends in the city who have, during the whole year, helped to relieve the monotony of their school life. The date of this happy occasion has been fixed for February (?); a committee has been formed of the football and hockey committees, and a couple of others who were thought entitled to the honour of being a member of it. This committee have commenced work with the intention of making the first "At Home" of the new college

as great a success as all the other institutions of the new college have been. We wish them success.

We would advise the *Recorder* to shut up.

We have noticed with some regret that the attendance at the Glee Club has been very poor. It seems a shame that this important branch of the institution should be so badly supported. To make it compulsory to attend, is out of the question; because the Glee Club is not meant to be a detention, but a pleasure, to those who take part therein. The aim of the Glee Club is to give a concert, and donate the proceeds towards getting a new organ, something that is very badly needed; but if the performers do not show up at the practices, how, then, can one expect a concert? A feasible plan suggests itself to us, namely, by making this study a branch of the school work proper, and holding the meetings during school hours. We hope that this scheme will receive the sanction of the Faculty, and that the concert of this year will not suffer the lamentable fate of that of last year.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

An advertisement displayed a short time ago on the notice-board relative to THE TIMES has given rise to some comment, and we have often been asked of late if we are getting into financial difficulties. We beg leave to assure our subscribers that such is not the case, but that, at present, we are getting on famously. We hope not only to sustain the reputation we won last term, but to make each successive issue an improvement on the preceding one. As announced on the notice-board, new subscribers may have the paper from now until the end of this volume for fifty cents, and, though we say it who should not, it will be fifty cents well expended. In this number, as our readers are aware, is a story from the pen of W. W. Edgar,

and we wish to announce that our next issue will contain the initial chapter of a serial school story, written by a frequent contributor to these columns. We may also state that our next number will give a full account of the At Home. The notice referred to was for the benefit of the new boys especially.

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### OBITUARY.

An old friend of U.C.C. passed away January 17th in the person of Mrs. Robinson, wife of the Chairman of the Board of Trustees, whose face has been so long familiar to the boys, and to whom we are indebted for so many holidays in the past.

Mrs. Robinson was ever a true friend to the boys of U.C.C., and on every possible occasion she gave proofs of her strong interest in them. Last Games day, for instance, she presented them with a portrait of Mr. Robinson.

Out of respect to her memory, classes were dismissed at noon on the day of the funeral, and the College flag was hung at half-mast.

We are deeply conscious of the great worth of the departed, and desire to extend to Mr. Robinson our heart-felt sympathy for his great bereavement.

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### THE EARLY DAYS OF UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

THE COLLEGE JANITORS—OLD SAM AND YOUNG DAVY ALDERDICE.

#### *Fourth Paper.*

The janitor of a college in Canada or the United States has very much the same duties to perform as a beadle in one of the larger establishments in England has, and is usually well known and popular among the students.

Since Upper Canada College was founded, away back in '29, there have been but three janitors in connection with it. These three are Sam Alderdice with his son David, and J. A. Frost. With the last named this paper has nothing to do, as he is too well known to us all to need mention in these columns. We might

say, though, that he has remained with the college since 1867, and in fact has been here longer than any of the masters.

Old Samuel Alderdice was, in his way, a celebrity. He was respected by the masters and honoured by the boys, and had grown up, as it were, with the school. He was with it when it was conducted in the old Blue School, and he remained with it for years after its removal to the King street building.

Alderdice was an Irishman, and had been born at Armagh in 1774. His father was a joiner, and after Sam had left school he became, in time, a full-fledged mechanic, who could hold his own easily with any other in the neighbourhood. After living the best part of his life in Ireland, he resolved to emigrate to America and try his luck there. He arrived at Quebec late in the summer of 1822, after a rather rough voyage of six weeks' duration. He brought over with him his whole family—a wife and four children—and, although nearly fifty years of age, he stepped ashore with bright hopes for the future. The family lived at Montreal for some years. Alderdice began life in Canada as a janitor in the old Blue School, which has been frequently referred to already in these papers, and was the janitor who, together with some of the masters, went into the new building when it was completed in 1829.

A slight description of him might not be amiss. He was of medium build; not large, but broad-shouldered and long-armed. His countenance betokened his good nature; his voice was sharp, but not harsh. His style of dress did not change with the fashion: a long, frock coat, a vest to match, a pair of grey trousers and a high, old-fashioned silk hat were the chief items in his outfit.

Alderdice did not bring his family down to the college when it first opened on Russell square, but, in 1832, when a frame house was put up for him in the west end of the grounds, he changed his residence from the old Nelson street grounds to there. Shortly after 1845 he began to feel the effects of his long and faithful service. David, his youngest son, had long helped him with the firewood and the sweeping. At last, in the autumn of 1849, he died, and was buried in St. James' cemetery. A stone was erected to his

memory by the boys of the college, thus showing the esteem in which he was universally held.

His son David, then only eighteen years of age, became his father's successor, and well filled the old Janitor's place. His duties, with one exception, were always a delight to him. The exception was the task of carrying the absentee book from room to room every period, which was a dull, slow and monotonous task. Besides, it appeared like giving his boy friends away, and, in fact, it has been said that any especial favourite of his would often, when playing truant, not be marked down in the black book, through apparent neglect on Davy's part in calling at the class room in which the youngster should have been at work.

He was extremely popular among the boys, and no wonder, for he was ever a good friend to them.

He retained his post for eighteen years, and then his health began to fail. That slow but sure agent of death, consumption, seized upon him early in the sixties, and in the winter of 1867 he died in his little cottage by the north gate. He was buried near his father, and the masters, together with a few others, formed the cortege that followed him to his last resting place.

H. A. BRUCE.

THE END.

### THE FLIGHT OF AUTUMN.

The sun sets; the clouds lower,  
O'er the mountains cliff'd and sheer,  
And slowly steals the dusky veil  
O'er meadows brown and sere.  
Dark and gloomy creeps the night  
From its cavern dim and drear,  
Nor listeth that the morning light  
Dispels the dew-drop tear.  
Slowly swells the souging sound  
Of the frosted laden breeze;  
Nor waits the whistling wind's shrill cry,  
The sighing of the trees.  
The sun rises; lo! mantled white  
Are the forest, hill and vale;  
Sparkling, snowy diamonds deck  
The streamlet in the dale.  
Merrily ring the silver bells  
Through the sylvan glade and dell;  
Cheerily chirps the chip-monk spry,  
The autumn's last farewell.

W. C. MACLAREN.

### DOMUM OMNIS DULCISSIMAM EST.

D. A. M'CALLUM.

Near the school Winchester, one of the grand old schools of England, there is to be seen a hill, and cut deeply into the white chalk side of this hill are to be seen the two words "Dulce Domum," with which the following legend is connected: It happened about a century ago there came to this school a small boy, and as it was the first time he was ever at school, everything seemed strange to him.

Things went on very smoothly at first, but as the days and weeks slipped by and one lesson unprepared succeeded another, so in like manner the impositions grew: and as it was the rule in the school if the pupil did not have his impositions finished at the end of the term he had to remain all the holidays. This much is but an introduction, or explanatory preface, to the following lines:—

In the grand old school Winchester,  
Which for generations stands  
Honoured by all men and people,  
Both in home and foreign lands—  
In this building which, for centuries,  
Moulded first the lives of men,  
With its gardens and its flower-beds,  
With its every nook and glen—  
In this building that I speak of,  
Now a century or more,  
Came a little fair-haired schoolboy  
Who was ne'er in school before.  
Born, was he, of noble parents;  
Blue blood ran within the veins  
That encircled his fair forehead,  
Sensitive to taunts and pains.  
When his father died and left him  
To the watchful, tender care  
Of that gentle, loving mother,  
Who did all his troubles bear.  
How the twain did love each other!  
How the mother loved her son,  
How the boy did find in "mother"  
Sweetest name beneath the sun.  
But too soon there came the parting—  
Oh! 'twas hard for them to bear—  
To prepare for life's hard battle,  
Full of hardship, toil and care.  
Off to school he went one morning,  
Lovingly he bade good-bye  
To that best-loved friend who watched him  
With the tear-drops in her eye.  
Life in school was not so pleasant  
As it is to boys to-day;

Impositions were more thought of—  
 More of work and less of play.  
 And Winchester did not suit him;  
 Lessons missed he every day,  
 Impositions grew upon him  
 For he could no lessons say.  
 On he toiled through spring and summer—  
 Holidays, vacations, all—  
 For he hoped to have them finished  
 When the term should close that fall.  
 But his hopes were disappoint'ed.  
 He could never get ahead,  
 And the long mid-year vacation  
 Found still more upon his head.  
 Hard he worked all night till morning,  
 Hard he worked the whole day through,  
 Till, with weary, weary writing,  
 His poor brain so dizzy grew.  
 On him he thought they'd have compassion,  
 For he was the only one  
 Who would have to stay that summer  
 To finish that which was not done.  
 So he thought he'd write a letter  
 To the principal, to ask  
 If he might not be forgiven  
 The remainder of his task;  
 Or, if not, just to allow him  
 One short week for him to see  
 That dear mother who so loved him,  
 Just her mind from care to free.  
 The next day the master got it,  
 Read it through, with looks so black,  
 Summoned up the boy that wrote it  
 And, in words his soul did rack:  
 "Did you dare to write a letter—  
 Such impertinence!—to me?  
 No! I will not your task lighten,  
 But I'll double it for thee!"  
 So the school-term now was closing:  
 All were leaving, going home,  
 And one day, in one large body,  
 They departed singing, home.  
 But, alone in that great building,  
 Silent, sad the whole day long,  
 Lingered in his ears some snatches  
 Of that sweet old Latin song:  
 "Domum, Domum, Dulce Domum."  
 How it weighed upon his heart!  
 Through the long, hot summer hours  
 Thought he heard it and would start.  
 To a hill some two miles distant,  
 Covered o'er with grass and flowers,  
 Went this little boy at recess,  
 Tramped through this long grass for hours.  
 One could see some words were forming,  
 Tramped out by his little feet,  
 These two words were "Dulce Domum"—  
 Words which to him were so sweet.  
 Slowly passed the days of summer,  
 And the holidays were o'er:

And the walls resound with voices,  
 For the school was filled once more.  
 But in one room of that schoolhouse  
 Lies, so feverish on his bed,  
 Murmuring softly, "Dulce Domum,"  
 Softly whispered, then lies dead.  
 And the boys all took their shovels,  
 Went together towards that hill  
 Where, few days before, had wandered  
 He who now in death lies still;  
 Dug out deep and large the letters  
 "Dulce Domum," large and plain,  
 In the marks traced out by footsteps,  
 Which were traced by him in vain.  
 Still is seen from that old schoolhouse  
 Flashing on that chalky hill  
 These two words; but this old legend  
 All the boys remember still:  
 "Dulce Domum, Domum, Domum,  
 Dulce Domum" is so still;  
 "Dulce Domum" in all ages,  
 As was written on that hill.

## Sports and Pastimes.

### HOCKEY.

The second hockey match of the season was played on our rink on Thursday afternoon, 21st inst., with the Trinity University seven. The visitors came up in a handsome drag and four-in-hand about three o'clock, and, from the looks of their supporters, it seemed as though College was going to be snowed under. In a short time both teams were ready and lined up on the ice, waiting for Referee Burritt's starting whistle. As soon as the puck was in motion Trinity made a grand attempt to score a goal, but the steady work of Wells and Lesslie, together with McMurrich's fine play, kept the rubber out of the way. It was now our turn, and the forwards rushed the puck up the ice, but Patterson checked and immediately dodged down the rink until he in turn was stopped by McLennan and another rush was made. This continued for a few minutes, until Gilmour, by a quick shot, put the puck past Wadsworth and scored the first goal.

By this time every available place around the rink was filled by boys, and they loudly cheered every good play, and especially when College scored. The game was soon started again, and the battle was fought over again. Rush after rush was made on the College goal, but the

backs were always there. The Trinity goal was also attacked repeatedly, but the magnificent work of Patterson was too much for our forwards, and they could (with difficulty) get past him only. But this could not last long, and the College were the losers, for Patterson, after a hard struggle, shot on goal and McMurrich returned, but the puck, unfortunately, struck a skate and bounded back and through the goal, thus evening up the score. This made the two teams play all the faster and fiercer for the next and most likely deciding game of the first half. It was now Snyder's turn to display his powers, and by fast dodging and skating, he quickly rushed up the rink and shot the puck between the posts. The onlookers now simply went wild and the College yell was given again and again, while Trinity's supporters looked exceedingly glum. A few minutes later, and before another goal was scored, half-time was called, with College stock greatly in the ascendant, while poor Trinity were "in the soup."

The teams:—

U. C. C.		TRINITY.	
J. D. McMurrich	Goal	Wadsworth	
E. V. Lesslie	Point	Robertson	
Wells	C. Point	Patterson (Capt.)	
J. W. Gilmour	} Forwards	McCarthy, D. L.	
F. J. McLennan		McCarthy, M. S.	
Snyder		Wallbridge	
A. F. Barr (Capt.)		Hedley	

The players having had a little rest, the game was started again. During this half Trinity seemed to go entirely to pieces, but the excellent training which the College boys have had gave them a great advantage over their opponents. The play was getting rougher and faster, and the battle was now for "blood," mainly because of the two drawn games last year with this team. The puck was rushed hither and thither over the ice, now on U. C. C.'s goal, but more frequently on Trinity's, until Barr succeeded in adding to the College score. Soon after this McLennan, by hard work, scored again, and now it could easily be seen that College had it all their own way. But the scoring was not all done yet, for Gilmour and Snyder each scored again, thus making the score 6 to 1 when time was called. Patterson played a star game for Trinity, and although they were a fine fast team yet they cannot in any way compete with our

crack team. Every member of the College seven played well, but their team play was especially noticeable. The passing and centering with such skill as they showed does them credit. On the whole this year's team is a great deal better than last year's, and ought to have a good record at the end of the season, if conscientious practice can accomplish that end.

THE VARSITY MATCH.

The College seven played their first match on Saturday morning, 16th inst., when they succeeded in inflicting a crushing defeat on the Varsity team, by eight goals to nil. As this was the first game, and because their opponents were a senior team, the boys were greatly discouraged when they caught sight of the visitors, headed by the great Parkyn, famous for his deeds both in football and hockey. Play was started about 11.30 a.m., when the following teams lined up:—

U. C. C.		VARSITY.	
McMurrich	Goal	Burbidge	
Lesslie	Point	Moss	
Wells	Cover	Parkyn (Capt.)	
McLennan	} Forwards	Cameron	
Snyder		Smith	
Gilmour, J.		Gilmour, W.	
Barr (Capt.)		Schultz	

As soon as the puck was faced off, Varsity rushed, and for some time the game was all around the College goal but, by brilliant work, McMurrich kept the goal free. Soon afterwards Gilmour, by a fine rush, thundered down the rink and put through the first goal for College. Now the play was a little even, but it lasted only for a short time, for the Varsity were no match for the boys, who could easily out-skate them; and as for passing and dodging the visitors could not touch our team. Barr scored the next goal after a hard struggle, and then a couple more were added by Gilmour. At half-time the score stood 4 to 0 in favour of College, and consequently the rest of the boys were simply wild with delight at the prospect of the team winning from such a noted seven as Varsity.

After a short intermission, the puck was faced again, but it was soon evident to all that College could play all around Varsity, and from the number and way the goals were scored this was easily demonstrated. During this half Gilmour scored twice more, and Barr added two also.

The College team are to be congratulated on the way they won this match. No rough play was indulged in, but clean play was the order of the day, and by this alone can games be won. The seven practised hard and will soon be able to give all the crack teams a hard rub.

### FRED PENDERBY.

#### CHAPTER I.

Jacob Masson, of the celebrated jewelry firm of Penderby & Masson, Manchester, England, left his office one day and proceeded down the street much slower than was his wont, and with a pre-occupied air as if pondering over some grave misfortune. He was a rather short, stout man of about fifty, with dark hair tinged with grey. He had benevolent features and merry eyes that had a habit of always looking on the bright side of things.

His quietness, contrary to his usual liveliness of manners, was occasioned by news which disturbed the peaceful tenor of his business life. That morning, their watchman, John Himans, had announced to his masters that a robbery had taken place the previous night in the warehouse and that the thief was now lodged in the prison. He stated that he had been awakened from a short nap by the sound of some one at the safe, that he saw the thief open it as if familiar with its workings and take therefrom a box of valuable diamonds, and he told how, immediately after the robber had left the store, he got up and tracked the thief to a deserted house, where Himans and another policeman took him prisoner.

On hearing this Masson at once went off to see the robber, because he feared it might be a nephew of his who had committed the crime. This nephew was a young man who had been under the care of Masson, but being a wild youth, impatient of restraint, he had taken up with bad companions and ran away while yet in his teens, and had not since been heard of. So Masson entered the prison half expecting to find his long-lost ward. But what was his astonishment to see in the cell a young fellow whom he had known as a poor but hardworking mechanic; for Masson delighted to putter about among the poorer classes and to act the good Samaritan to

the poverty-stricken ones. Thus he had become acquainted with old Mrs. Jenks, whose son he now saw before him charged with robbery.

Mr. Masson quickly recovered from his surprise and said in his kind cheerful voice: "Well, Jenks, this is a bad state of affairs, what do you think of it all?" The poor fellow who had been leaning on a table in an attitude of despair looked up at these words in a dazed manner, and said: "What am I here for? I ain't done nothin'." "Look here, Fred," said Masson, laying a hand gently on his shoulder, "facts are much against you, but I can hardly believe you guilty, and if it is all a mistake, as I hope, just tell me your side of the case, and we'll see what can be done for you." Thus adjured, Fred Jenks told his story, and a strange enough one it was too. He said that he went to bed and to sleep the same as usual that night, but that he woke up suddenly and found himself in a strange house, seized roughly by two policemen who hauled him off to gaol. It all seemed a nightmare to him, he said, and he hardly knew if he was awake yet. Masson, who knew the lad's previous conduct to have been good, promised to hire a lawyer for him, and soon after he left the prison.

Penderby was a man whose character differed entirely from that of his partner, Masson. Twenty years previously he had lost his wife, and shortly afterwards his only child, a little boy of three, was stolen away by a nurse in revenge of her discharge, and all efforts to find him were unsuccessful. These misfortunes had left their mark upon him, and now at the age of fifty-five he was quite grey, and furrows of care were traced on his brow. Penderby saw his lawyer that day to arrange about the prosecution, and then dismissed the matter from his mind.

But Masson, as we have said, went from the store that evening still thinking over the previous night's events and trying to account for the robbery without accusing Jenks of it. Just now he was on his way to old Mrs. Jenks to tell her about her son. When the poor woman heard the news she hardly realized it at first, being aged and dull of understanding. But when it was fully understood she burst out sobbing and crying, "He ain't guilty, bring me my son, let him go." Mr. Masson tried to console her, saying that he'd get him off, and that it would turn out all right

in the end. When she was a little calmer he left and went home.

## CHAPTER II.

At last the day of trial arrived. The court-room was filled at an early hour with factory hands and mechanics who knew Jenks, and who were anxious to show their sympathy for him. After a time the judge entered and took his chair, then the jury entered and took their chairs, then the accused was led in amid the cheers of his friends; finally the counsel entered, and the trial was begun.

John Himans, the first witness, stated what he had already told his masters. The counsel for the defence vainly tried to shake his evidence in regard to the identification of Jenks with the robber. He had seen the prisoner's face clearly in the store, and had followed him without losing sight of him for an instant.

The other witness for the plaintiff, a policeman whom Himans met and took along with him, merely corroborated the preceding witness' statements. Then the defence began, but all that could be proved in the prisoner's favor was his previous good character, and there were plenty of witnesses to vouch for that. But no reason could be given for his absence from home at such an untimely hour, or for his presence in the deserted house alone with the stolen jewels.

The counsel for the prosecution again arose and showed how the prisoner's guilt had been clearly proved by the witnesses, no evidence having been forthcoming to account for his presence in the house where he had been arrested. While this speech was going on, and poor Masson's spirits were sinking lower and lower, an old woman was seen wedging her way through the crowd and making for Penderby. When she reached him she thrust a note into his hand, and quickly disappeared among the onlookers.

Penderby opened the missive leisurely and began to peruse it. At once a strange look of surprise passed over his features, and he got up hurriedly and said aloud, interrupting his lawyer: "Owing to some unexpected news which has just reached me, I do not desire to continue the prosecution further, and am willing that the prisoner should be acquitted." Poor Jenks, who had long before given up all hope of escape, and

was gloomily looking forward to several years in gaol and a ruined life afterwards, seemed stunned by the good news. When all his fellow-workmen were crowding round to congratulate him, he just looked at them stupidly and murmured to himself, "acquitted."

The note which caused this change contained these words: "The prisoner is not guilty, he is your own son. Meet me at 10 Fisher's Lane as soon as possible.—Jane Dawson, *alias* Mrs. Jenks." Mr. Penderby recognized the name of the old nurse at once, so he left the court-house as soon as he was able, and walked rapidly towards Jane Dawson's cottage. There he found the old woman lying down, completely worn out by her anxiety since young Penderby's arrest.

On seeing the visitor she motioned him to sit down, while she made her confession. "When you dismissed me," she said in a weak voice, "I was that mad I could have done anything. And I loved that boy of yours so much, such a sweet little laughing fellow he was, and so loving, that I could not bear to see anybody but me hold him, and kiss him, and make him forget his old nurse. So a thought came to me to steal him, partly to spite you, and partly because I couldn't live without him I thought. So one day, when he was playing in the garden, I coaxed him with sweeties to speak to his old nurse. Then I took him in my arms and ran off with him; then we hid in an old cottage and no one could find us, but he cried that awful for his home and his papa that I was nearly taking him back. But I was afraid, and couldn't bear to part from him. Then we went to London to be safer, and I took in washin' there, and the boy grew up, an' we might have been livin' there now, but one day Fred come in dazed like, an' frightened, and he said, 'Mother, there's a man with an evil eye, an' he has me in his power.' 'Tut,' said I, 'nonsense, boy, who heard of a man with an evil eye?' But he still persisted in repeating it, an' he told queer stories of how this man made him drink whiskey (Fred never touched it afore, you know), and carry on awful. So we moves back to Manchester 'cause Fred says he can get no work to do if he's drunk, an' I wanted to see the old place. That was two years ago, an' since then we've lived peacable an' home-like here, till he was took up lately. I couldn't ha' seen him

in prison for worlds, so I makes up my mind to tell you the truth."

At this moment Fred Penderby entered the room, and the old nurse seeing him tried to speak, but only managed to whisper: "Fred, he is your father; give your old nurse a kiss before she dies." So Fred kissed her, wonderingly, and the old woman sank back satisfied, and she closed her eyes in death.

The two men remained for a time in silence, awed by the solemnity of the scene. Then the father at length spoke: "Fred what this woman said is true, you are my son." The two clasped each other's hands warmly, and tears of emotion stood in their eyes.

Young Penderby soon took to his new life, and entered his father's store as soon as possible. Detectives were engaged to track the nephew of Masson, for this man had an idea that his late ward had mesmerised Fred Penderby. The culprit was not caught, however, but he never again appeared to molest his uncle.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

Wanted.—A woman able and willing to wash, iron and milk three cows.

Wanted.—By a German girl just landed in a private family a situation with or without children.

Wanted.—A comfortable room for a young man four feet by ten.

Wanted.—Boy to milk and mow lawns.

Lost.—A large blue gentleman's overcoat in the vicinity of U. C. C.

Lost.—A cow belonging to a poor old woman with brass knobs on her horns.

To Rent.—An elegantly furnished room for gentleman already heated.

Wanted.—Two young women want washing.

Wanted.—A small country house with three bedrooms standing in about two acres of land.

Wanted.—A second-hand grand piano by professional with carved legs, apply Prof. Mitchell.

Why live and be miserable when you can be buried for five dollars by Berryman, the undertaker.

Try Berryman's coffins, you will never use any other.

#### Locals and Personals.

Bryce McMurrich, of last year's football team, is now playing with the Insurance and Loan team.

The shining lights of the Lower Sixth will see "Ejus" Meek no more. He has left College and gone into business.

Among the host of new boys we may mention Alf. Rogers, who will be quite an addition to the ranks of the "sprinters."

What they are Saying.—Why! (nut) crackers and cheese.—J. W. G. and G. H. K. Soups for sale.—Curly Clyde & Co.

Jack McMurrich is bound to have lots of hockey. Besides playing goal for U.C.C. he is also on the New Fort team.

Say, boys, have you seen our picture? If you haven't, ask some one to show it to you. Billy's a treat, and Kirk looks sick.

Many boys have changed their rooms and gone to different flats, and their places have been taken by other old boys and some new ones.

We congratulate Dr. Fotheringham on having joined the ranks of the benedicts. The happy event took place in Whitby, Dec. 31st, 1891.

Jones and Nairn, of '93, visited the College the other day. Jim Barr, of '87, brother of Captain "Biddy," is one of the Cornell University crew for this year.

We notice an addition to the masters in the person of Mr. Carpenter, who is assisting Mr. Johnson in the commercial department. We heartily welcome him to U.C.C.

"Tommie Ernie" McCracken has left the Residence and is now an ordinary day-boy. It is said that he could not stand the strain of college pie on his digestion, but we cannot vouch for this.

We learn with regret of the death of Mr. Joseph Cawthra, an old U.C.C. boy. It will be remembered that he was present on the occasion of Mr. Witton's lecture last term.

The Seniors have again been allowed to use the reception room after dinner, and every evening they practice dancing in order to be in good trim for the "At Home."

The choir boys will be happy if a certain report going the rounds is true. It is rumoured



that they and the Glee Club are to have a supper in the near future. We hope for their sakes that the rumour is true.

On Thursday evening, the 17th December, the A. T. O. Society held its annual supper at the Arlington Hotel, on which occasion a very pleasant time was spent. On Saturday, the 12th December, the T. V. S. held theirs at the same place.

The following conversation was overheard by one of THE TIMES staff:—Sixth Form Boy: Have you noticed that we are getting more to eat lately? I wonder why! Fifth Form Boy: Why? Because "Little Pie" has not come back yet, and when he does get here we will be reduced to our usual rations.

"La grippe," or something like it, is with us once more, but it is not nearly so serious as it was a couple of years ago. Many of the boys are used up from the effects of it and have had to go to the sick-room. The masters, too, have had their share of it, for Mr. Dickson, Mr. Young and Mr. Carpenter have been sick for a day or two.

The number of new boys entering this term is surprising, for it was believed by all that the rooms were filled before, but it seems that the music rooms above the prayer hall have a large capacity for boys. As usual there are a few of this new batch who are altogether too fresh, and the court will have to attend to them.

The court met and reorganized shortly after the holidays, and some changes were made in the rules. It was agreed that boys who came here in September could carry canes, but would still have to salute. As there had been a misunderstanding with regard to who were "old boys," it was carried that a boy would have to be here a year before he could rightly be called an "old boy."

All interest is now centred in the hockey teams, which are practising hard and will soon be in a condition to give the crack city teams a pretty hard rub. The rink behind the "gym" has been given up exclusively to the hockeyists, who are taking good care of it and have very good ice on it. The other boys will have a rink in front of the College. Although it is very hard to get out here, several city clubs have arranged to play matches on our ice, and we expect the teams to keep up their old record and if possible to beat it.

## A SONNET.

Swiftly we glide along the path of gold,  
Flung from the moon across the waters dark;  
With bird-like speed we urge our fragile barque  
Over the lake, aglow with stars untold.  
No clouds are there to veil the star-lit sky,  
No gentlest breath to mar the lake's repose,  
O'er head the boundless depths of space disclose  
Unnumbered suns in vast infinity.  
We pause, and feel an unseen presence near,  
That steals within our souls, and fills with awe,  
And peace, and love, our being, while we gaze  
On boundless space and power, which appear  
Embodied in the stars, that by vast law  
Move silently in their mysterious ways.

W. W. E.

## A "CHIP" OF THE OLD BLOCK."

I love to flirt with college boys  
Because they are all so nice,  
And when they kiss me once I know  
They're going to kiss me twice.  
  
And then they have such soft nice hands,  
They don't seem hard and rough  
Whene'er they find my own soft hand  
All hidden in my muff.  
  
Now father says that that's all right,  
And so I'm sure it is.  
You ought to see the photographs,  
Of some old girls of his.  
  
But mother, when she hears of it,  
Just lectures me—while pa,  
He takes my side and slyly says  
I learned it all from ma.

—Brunonian.

## PHUNNY PHANCIES.

"My dear boy," said a fond mother, "never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."  
"Then mother," replied the urchin, "let's eat the plum pudding to-night."

"Now, children," said a teacher, "I want you to be very still, so that you can hear a pin drop."  
In a moment all was silent, when a little boy cried out, "Let 'er drop!"

"Come, Cap'n, take something with us."  
"Well, I don't much keer ef I dew; long's it won't break my rule." "Why, what is your rule?" "More'n two years ago I made up my mind I'd never drink unless I was either all alone by myself or with somebody."

Cousin Nell "Supposing your chicken should lay an egg, Tommy, would you give it to me?"

Tommy—"No: I'd sell it to a circus man. That chick is a rooster."

A negro, on being charged by his master with being afraid of work, replied, "No, massa, no 'fraid ob work: I'll lie down an' sleep right beside it."

A man met an employee of his, an Irishman, on the street, and stopped him with the question had he heard the news. On Pat's replying "No," he said, "The devil is dead." Pat reached down in his pocket and handed the man a quarter. "Well," said Pat, "it's the custom in our country to support the orphans when the parents die."

A little girl of three was saying her prayers when her little brother came slyly behind her and pulled her hair. Without moving her head, she paused and said: "Please, Lord, excuse me a minute while I kick Herby."

Patrick—"Begorra, Bridget, thim potaties yez poundin' is jest loike mesilf."

Bridget—"Now, what does yez mane by that, Patrick O'Donavan?"

Patrick—"Och, no sooner did they git their eyes on ye than they was mashed."

Mrs. Stagers—"We are to have mother for dinner to-day, James."

Mr. Stagers—"All right: see that she is thoroughly cooked."

"Astonishing, isn't it, how things are taxed in Toronto now?" said Straddles. "Why, I hear lots of people talk about taxing their brains."

A high school girl said to a friend yesterday that "He kicked the bucket" was slang, and that the polite expression was: "He propelled his pedal extremities with violence against a familiar utensil used for the transportation of water and other fluids."

Smart Lawyer—"You say the evening wore on. What did it wear on that particular occasion?"

Witness (also smart) "The close of day, I presume."

Master—"How shall I cane you?"

Boy "If you please, sir, I should like to have it on the Italian system of penmanship—the

heavy strokes upwards and the downward ones light."

A lady having accidentally broken her smelling bottle, her husband, who was very petulant, said to her: "I declare, my dear, everything that belongs to you is more or less broken." "Quite true," replied the lady, "for even you are a little cracked."

J'ai la grippe.  
Tu as la grippe.  
Il ou elle a la grippe.  
Nous avons la grippe.  
Vous avez la grippe.  
Ils ou elles ont la grippe.

"Are you engaged?" politely asked a New Yorker, at a North Georgia country dance. "No," she fairly shouted, "I bean't; but I be married, an' if my man saw you un moseyin' 'round me he'd break every bone in your body. Scats!"

"That young Miss Newdle, to whom you were paying so much attention last evening, Leon," said his mother, "talks very ungrammatically." "Thunder!" exclaimed the young man. "She does not need to know anything about grammar, mother. She owns a gas well."

COULDN'T GET OUT OF IT.—"They say there is poison in ice cream, Ethel," he said, as they passed by the ice cream saloon. "Well," she said, "I would like to see whether there is or not. Let us try it."

Cousin Tom: So you are not going to marry him? Eleanor: No. Cousin Tom: Why not? Eleanor: Well, papa objects to his fortune: mamma objects to his family, and I object to his character: and besides that, he has not asked me yet.

WHY HE REFUSED.—Barber (to an Irishman lately landed, whom he had just shaved): Bay rum, sir? Irishman: Oi think not, sor. Oi'm just afther drinking a glass o' beer, an' Oi don't loike mixin' me dhrinks.

At The Grand, for three nights, beginning February 1st, the ever-welcome actor, Gus Williams and his talented company will appear. The last three nights of the week and Saturday matinee Charles Frohman's company will appear in the comedy-drama entitled "Jane."

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