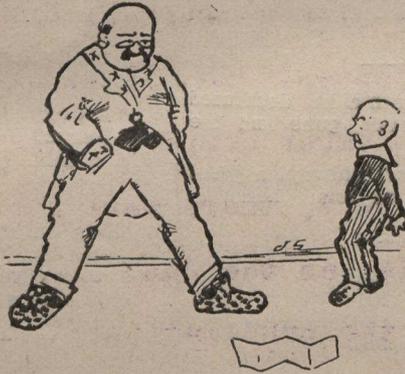


- ODE -

By a Swot — not.



The day has came! The day has  
came!  
The day has butted in!  
It's mighty tough, they've called our  
bluff—  
Excuses are too thin.

Skidoo! Our term reports are in.  
Says pa, in accents bloody,  
And lowered head: "I thought you  
said  
That you were going to study!"

\* \* \* \* \*  
(These stars represent doings in the  
cupboard.)

To give us a half holiday  
Fate shows consideration,  
For we still tingle from that shingle,  
And need recuperation.

## HUMOR.

"I'm afraid the bed is not long enough for you," said the innkeeper to a six-foot-three guest.

"Never mind," humorously replied the latter, as he prepared to undress, "I'll add two more feet to it when I get in."

Clara—"I see Cynthia has decorated her room with pistols, guns and the like."

Cora—"Yes, she was always a great girl for having arms round her."

Mighty drops of water,  
Little drops of milk,  
Make the milkman's daughter  
Dress in finest silk.

Little grains of powder,  
Little daubs of paint,  
Make a poor complexion  
Seem as though it ain't.

He—"I've had a horrid cold in the head ever since I came here."  
She (consolingly)—"It always goes to the weakest spot."

The leafless trees in all the woods  
Stand brown and drear around,  
While treeless leaves in multitudes  
Are scattered on the ground.

Mattie—"I want you to know I don't stand on trifles."

Helen (glancing at Mattie's feet)—  
"No, dear, I see you don't."

Willie stood on the railroad track,  
He didn't hear the engine squeal.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The engineer got slowly down,  
And scraped poor Willie off the  
wheel.

Farmer Whangdoodle experienced a funny thing the other day. His pet cow jumped over the fence and strained her milk.

Willy pushed his sister Milly  
Down into the cistern chilly.  
Father missed his little daughter—  
Now they sterilize the water.

George (going up to Charles and placing his hand on Charles' head)—  
"I say, you are a deceitful chap."  
Charles (furiously)—"What's that?"  
George—"Well, you must admit that you are underhand."

Child (at Sunday school treat)—  
"Please, teacher, I don't like my bun."  
Teacher—"Well, dear, you need not eat it."  
Child—"But, teacher, I have eaten it."

"Why," asked the old sailor, "why do you say that there is a resemblance between riding a bicycle and sailing a boat?"

"Because," said the cyclist, "you lose the wind when you get on the wrong tack."

Manager, A. Webb. Editor, W. Bell.  
Publishers, G. T. Beardmore and S.  
F. Robertson.

Subscribers' rates, 50c per year, 25c  
per half year. Single copy, 5c.

Advertising rates — \$2.00 for full  
page in each issue.

Not published during July and Aug-  
ust.

Office, 75 St. George street, Toronto.

#### EDITORIALS.

The Model School games, held on  
Friday, June 1st, proved a great suc-  
cess. The weather was fine, except  
for a slight shower about 4 o'clock.  
The races were run off in quick suc-  
cession. There was a large crowd  
there, who enjoyed them immensely.  
Norman Rankin won the champion-  
ship.

The first turbine vessel to cross the  
Atlantic was the yacht Emerald,  
built by Sir C. Furness.

The record for a passage to South  
Africa is held by the Scot. She has  
done the 5,981 knots in 14 days 11  
hours.

Scotland has 3,189 elementary  
schools, while Ireland, with fewer pu-  
pils, has 8,710 schools.

Dredging the Thames from Graves-  
end to the Nore, to a depth of thirty  
feet, will cost £375,000.

The French Academy of Science  
offers a prize of \$20,000 to the person  
who discovers a method of communi-  
cation between the planets.

Immense quantities of canned meat  
and fish are sent to England.

Our number of subscribers is too  
small. We must add to our list.

A series of "Sherlock Bones" stories  
is being written expressly for the  
"Rival." Each issue will contain a  
complete story.

The drawings and stories in The  
Rival are entirely original.

A thorough investigation is being  
made of the canned meat factories in  
the United States. It has been main-  
ly brought about by a book called "The  
Jungle," by a man called Shepphard.  
The author worked in one of these fac-  
tories in Chicago for six months, gain-  
ing a complete knowledge of the busi-  
ness. He then wrote a book, in which  
the uncleanness of these factories is  
told about. President Roosevelt or-  
dered this investigation to be made.

## More Adventures of Sherlock Bones

By A. CONAN BOYLE.

### No. 1—The Adventure of Lord Ormsby's Chickens.

**I**N reviewing the adventures and mysteries which in a great manner introduced Mr. Sherlock Bones to the world, not only as a detective, but as an artist who combined the subtle sciences of deduction and foresight to the more crude and, perhaps, less scientific duties of a sleuth-hound, it has always been the aim of the writer to present to the world those cases which portray the ability that my friend possessed in solving problems that seemed absolutely unintelligible to the casual observer, at the same time presenting those artistic and bizarre qualities that my friend delighted in.

Sherlock Bones and myself were, at the time of this happening, in the midst of the Southern States of America, in Carolina. My health had been steadily on the decline since my friend Sherlock had taken to bee-raising, and as I had been persuaded to travel south, Sherlock Bones offered to accompany me. So that at the time of which I write we were situated in the Hotel West-Lake, and were leisurely taking our ease on the beautiful verandahs, or piazzas, as the Southerners call them, which overlooked an exquisite view of still water.

We had remained thus, smoking and talking, for perhaps an hour, when a tall, wealthy-looking Englishman aroused my attention by asking Bones for a match.

"Fine climate this!" observed my friend to that worthy, as he offered him the required light.

"Yes; it suits the niggers, too," rejoined the stranger, with a touch of bitterness. "It suits them too well for my way of thinking!" And then and there he gave us his opinion of them, ending up with a thorough all-round abuse of all the black tribes on earth.

It seems he was an English noble-

man, by name Lord Ormsby, who had come out some ten years past, and owned a large plantation which had established for him a large yearly income.

"You seem to be down on the darkies, my Lord," began Sherlock Bones, "for one who has turned them to such good account."

"Bah!" snarled his Lordship. "They're a nation of thieves—yes, sir, thieves!"

"Thieves," whispered Bones. "Aha! this means crime."

"That's what they are, sirs, thieves!" Lord Ormsby went on. "I am rearing some prize bantams this season, and though the fowls were securely locked up last night, I discovered twelve of the finest birds missing this morning, stolen, no doubt, by some of those dastardly niggers. I would pay fifty guineas to catch the rascal!"

"Done, sir!" almost screamed Sherlock Bones, springing from his chair. "Done, sir! I'll undertake it, by three days from to-day, and I'll have your man."

Lord Ormsby stepped back in astonishment at this. Then, after eyeing my friend curiously a moment, extended his hand, and the deal was closed.

Lord Ormsby gave Sherlock Bones a few details as to location of the hen-coops, size of the area in which they were bred, and other necessary information, departing with a promise from my friend to begin operations the following evening.

"Well, Swatson, and what do you think of it all?" asked Bones, as he leaned far back in his chair, and placed the tips of his long white fingers together.

"I think it is as his Lordship says," I replied. "No doubt one of the colored laborers has stolen them. You know the darkies are fond of chickens."

"In that case," said Sherlock, "he will no doubt return to-night for more fowls, when I will be in hiding for him in the hen-coop."

"I don't quite see," I said, "why, if he took twelve hens one night he

should return immediately for more the following evening."

Bones chuckled. "Darkies are fond of chicken," he replied, quoting me. "Yes, I think he will return to-night, my dear doctor."

"Nevertheless, Bones, if you hide as you say in the hen-coop, Mr. Chicken-stealer, whoever he is, will see you and get away."

"My dear Swatson, that is where the professional crime tracker comes to the front. The only part of me visible on a dark night will be (provided I have on a black wrapper) my face and hands, and these, doctor, I shall darken by means of grease paint, so that I shall be as black as a shadow against the side of the coop."

Little more was said that evening in face of that brilliant scheme, but as I did not wish to stain my skin with the stuff it was decided that Bones should go forth unaided and alone.

After a light dinner, Bones insisted upon my disguising him immediately, noting also, with some misgivings, how much like a negro he did look.

Sherlock Bones, however, was decidedly elated, and procured a bag, which he said he would clap over the rascal's head the minute he showed the slightest resistance. And thus he departed.

Next morning, as I was awakened by the brilliant sunshine that gained admittance through our window each morning at an early hour, I turned to question my friend Sherlock Bones as to the success of his adventure.

There was no answer. Turning to ascertain the cause, I discovered that he was not there, and that his bed had not been slept in!

Full of mingled fears and misgivings, I dressed myself hurriedly, and was about to go in quest of my friend, when I was stopped on the street by our visitor of the day before, Lord Ormsby.

"Hullo!" he cried. "We trapped the thief, sir, last night in the hen-coop. But whatever was wrong with your friend Sherlock Bones? He didn't put in an appearance at all."

"What!" I almost screamed. "Do you mean you——"

"Yes," cried his Lordship, excitedly. "Yes, we caught the chicken thief in the hen-coop. He had a big bag there, ready to steal some more of my pretty bantams, the knave. But we trapped him, sir! I grabbed the nigger from behind, and smothered him in his own sack, while my servant Wilkes fetched the sheriff, who locked the black rascal up. It was as neat a piece of work as I've seen done for some time, sir!"

"But," I cried in dismay, scenting what had happened, "didn't he say anything to excuse himself?"

"He couldn't," grinned Lord Ormsby, "he was half smothered in his sack, as I told you, sir. Oh, it was decidedly neat, sir! Decidedly neat!"

Without a word I turned and almost ran down the street to Beta street, on which was situated the public station. Into this I burst, and arrived, breathless, in time to hear the clerk read out the first half-dozen charges. At last he read out the charge of chicken-stealing against a negro, "name unknown." All eyes were turned to the door as he did so, and in a minute in marched two officers, dragging between them no other than Mr. Sherlock Bones.

He had managed to rub off most of the incriminating paint, but still presented a most forlorn, hopeless picture.

"Waat do you mean, you blundering, half-witted fools!" screamed Sherlock Bones, "to mistake me for a negro—me, Sherlock Bones!"

Amid the roar of laughter that followed the sheriff and court officials saw their mistake, for in daylight now it could be plainly seen that the prisoner was no negro, but a white man, and promptly set him free, at which he made a bound for the door and started down the road, with myself in hot pursuit.

"Sherlock Bones!" I cried. "Wherever are you going?"

"Back to London!" screamed Bones, almost purple with rage. "Back to London, and out of this miserable country! Quick!"

"But we had better return to the hotel first," I cried. "There's chicken for dinner."



1st Motorist—"What's up?"

2nd Motorist—"Oh, only the throttle and sparking plug are clogged, the muffler cracked, and both cylinders, carburetor and lubricator are leaking, that's all."