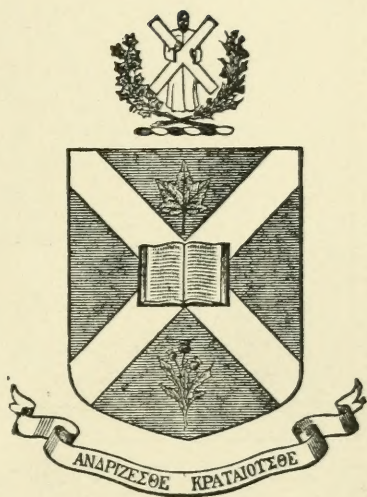


The
Saint
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Review



MIDSUMMER

1905

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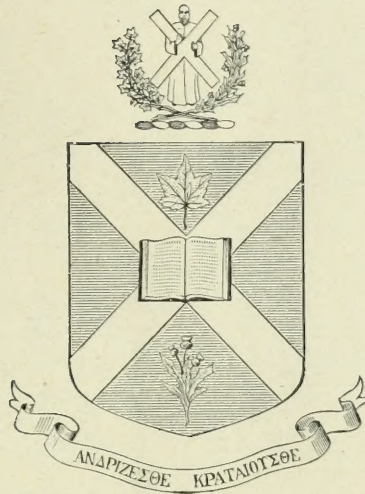
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The St. Andrew's College Review



MIDSUMMER, 1905

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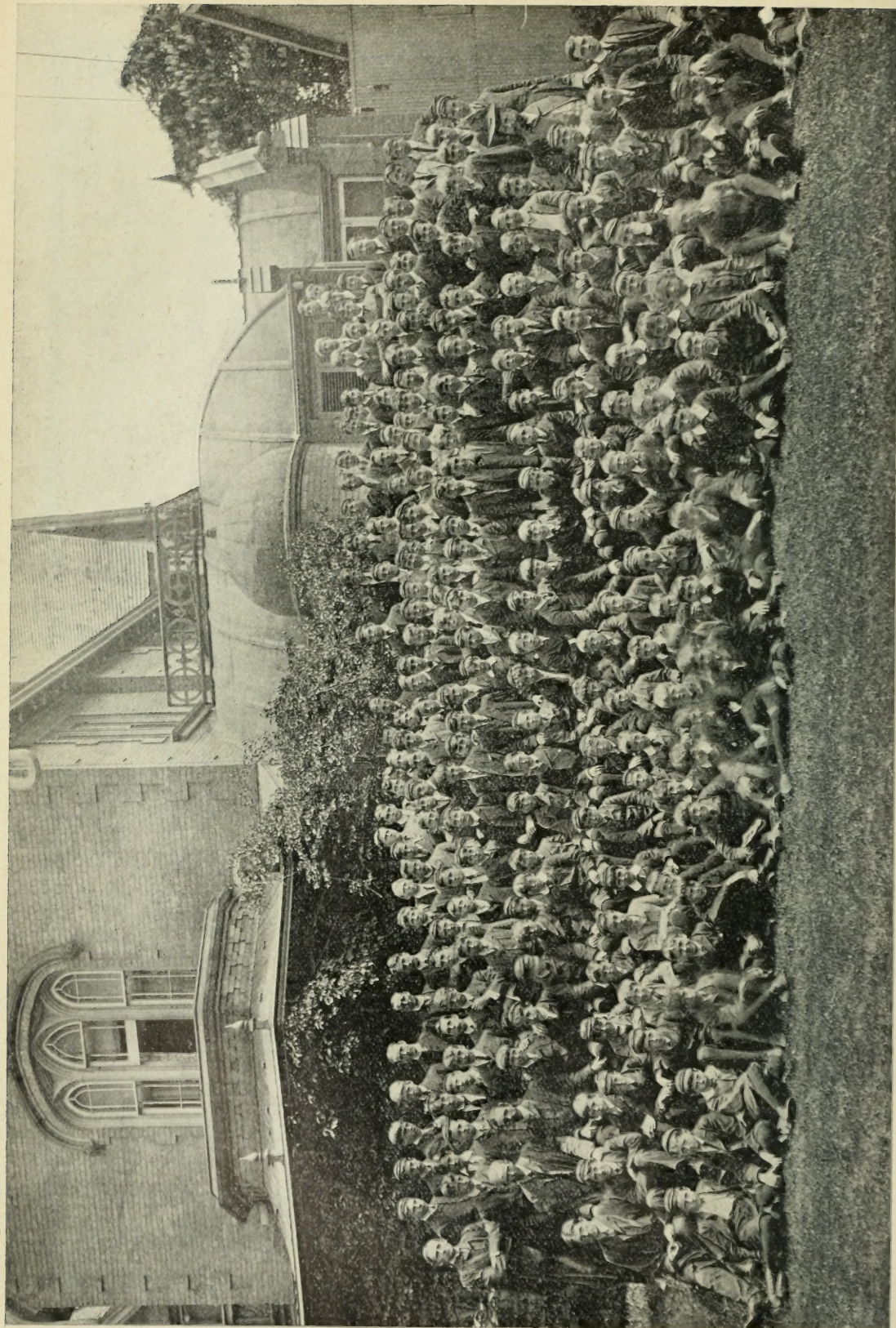
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Issued by the Editorial Committee
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER



COLLEGE GROUP, 1905.

Editorials.

THE sixth anniversary of the founding a residential school is not as a rule worthy of more than passing notice, but present conditions at S. A. C. are such as to warrant particular mention. Established in 1899 with an attendance of about fifty boys, fifteen of whom were boarders, the numbers have increased with such rapidity that at the end of six years we find ourselves will all available accommodation taxed to its utmost, and with a roll second only to that of Upper Canada College, an institution of similar aims founded in 1829. Of the educational history of the last decade, then, surely St. Andrew's can say truthfully and without boasting, "*Pars magni fui*," for they are inseparably bound together. Not only should we at this time pause and reflect upon the miraculous growth and success of the institution of which we are a part, but we should bear in mind that this sixth anniversary marks the closing of the formative period of our history, one which in the establishing of a large school is always fraught with much labor and sacrifice on the part of boys and masters alike. While in many ways these days have been pleasant ones, and sentiment, which always plays a large part in our school-boy nature, will cause us to look back longingly to the old building around which circles so many fond and lasting memories, yet it is with a feeling of pride and joy that we look forward to the autumn, when we shall enter our new quarters. We have talked much and often during the past year of the new building, but at last our hopes have been realized and it stands ready to receive us when we re-assemble in the fall. A description of its details, taken from the College Calendar, 1905-1906, will be found elsewhere in our columns, and will give those of the parents who will not have an opportunity to visit it an idea of the more favorable conditions under which work will be carried on in the future. The friends of the College can hope for nothing better than that its next six years will prove equally progressive.

LIFE at S. A. C. during the past term has not been replete with incidents worthy of record, and in many respects this is a good sign, for where outside interests are few, closer attention is given to work in the class-room. The Lenton season, coming as it did this year, much later than usual, shortened the summer session considerably, while winter, the effects of which are still felt on all hands, lingered well on into May, thus preventing an early start in the games.

Judging from the erudite expressions worn by many of the boys, the usual efforts have been put forth to end the year with a good showing in the class lists.

In athletics, cricket, as in previous years, has proved the most popular of the spring games, though tennis has not been without its many votaries. As soon as better courts are available, no doubt larger numbers will be found taking an interest in this form of recreation. The records made in the sports, and the distances jumped, were a credit to the school. The Eleven have not shown as good form as did last year's team, but they have been unfortunate in having very unfavorable weather in which to conduct their practices. In the match with T. C. S. the game had to be called off owing to a drizzling rain, after we had made a most promising start. Ridley defeated us by one run in rather an interesting game, although neither team played good cricket in the first innings.

ONCE more we find ten weeks of holidays staring us in the face, and with the exception of a very few who, either out of necessity or owing to strong parental influences, have some work planned out for themselves during these two months and a half, the majority of us shall perhaps find some little difficulty in deciding the best way in which to dispose of the time. In reaching a decision we should bear in mind that we do not require to consume all of the holiday period in the regaining of our vigor of body and freshness of mind, and that we should make some good use of the residue.

Nothing, perhaps, is tending more towards the broadening of life in this country than the growing interest in out-of-door life manifested not only in all forms of activity on land and water, but in the awakened interest in nature study and in the

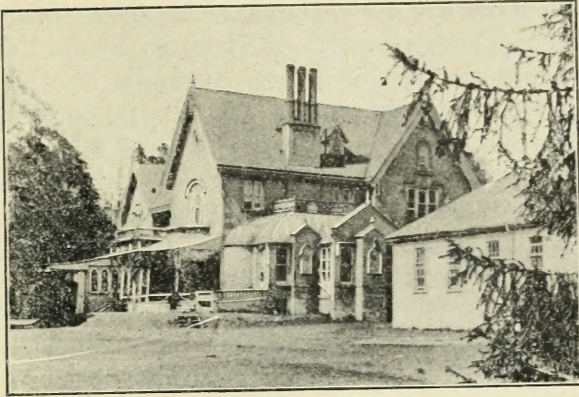
universal acceptance of the vacation idea. It is to be hoped that we shall follow the spirit of the age and avail ourselves, where possible, of this opportunity to study nature at first hand. In this way we shall give recreation a normal place among other occupations and interests and at the same time gain health of body, of spirits, and of mind. On the other hand, that this period may not mark a lapse in our development, let us see to it that the new surroundings and experiences keep our mental faculties on the alert, remembering Mr. Gladstone's words, "Believe me when I tell you that thrift of time will repay you in after life with an usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and that waste of time will make you dwindle alike in intellect and moral stature beneath your darkest reckoning."

THE Editor, having resigned his position as a member of the teaching staff of St. Andrew's College, in order that he may enter other fields of labor, desires, ere he lays down his duties, to thank those who have been associated with him during the past year in connection with the publication of the College paper for the interest they have taken in their work and the energetic manner in which they have performed the tasks allotted them. Any success that the REVIEW may have attained is entirely due to their untiring efforts, for during his tenure of office the Editor-in-Chief has acted merely in an advisory capacity.

Financially we have had another successful year, and no small amount of credit is due those who have had this department of the work in hand. So long as the College can produce business managers of this year's calibre she need have no fears for the success of the REVIEW.

AS this is the last issue of the REVIEW to go forth from the old College walls, we have endeavored to make it a larger and more interesting number than usual. "A Backward Glance," by Mr. Findlay, gives us some idea of the life in the earlier days, while Massey's article, "The Passing of Chestnut Park," deals more particularly with the building in which for

the past six years we have been carrying on our labors. In the Essay competition, "Mixed Pickles," by E. Burns (Form II.), obtained first prize, and "The Dike Rider," by Chase I., second. Both of these stories are published verbatim, save for a few changes in punctuation. We regret to have to state that the prize offered for the best poem did not appear sufficiently tempting to the poetic muse. As none of the poems submitted were worth publishing, the prize was not awarded. The prize of three dollars offered for the best set of photographs, not exceeding six in number, taken by a boy and representing scenes from school life, again went to McKay I. (Form V.), the winner of last year's competition. We have also published a portion of the excellent series submitted by S. Wishart (Form V.), the prize-winner's chief competitor. The REVIEW heartily congratulates the prize-winners, especially Burns, whose work shows powers of imagination and expression seldom met with in one of his years. The article on "Opium Smoking" is by McKay I. (Form V.), who has had excellent opportunities to become acquainted with the habits and customs of the Eastern nations.



OLD BUILDING.

A Backward Glance.

ONLY a few days more and we shall have to take a last fond look at our old school home. To an outsider, or even to one who has recently come to the College, six years old may seem rather young; but to those of us who have spent the whole, or at least the greater part, of our time in or about the main building, and to whose eyes the very trees and lawns have grown to be familiar friends, these half-dozen years, so full of interest, appear anything but brief. The main events in the life of the College are, I presume, fairly well known to all readers of the REVIEW. The aim of this rambling piece of retrospect, therefore, is merely to cast about for, and seek to revive, a few of those little things that make life worth the living.

The earliest hint as to the founding of the school came in the form of a three or four-line item in the city news column of a morning daily. Neither site nor name had then been chosen; indeed, the notice simply stated that the idea was being considered by several gentlemen prominent in Presbyterian circles. Not many weeks later the announcement was made that Chestnut Park, the residence of the late Sir David Macpherson, had been selected as the home of the new school, and that the name St. Andrew's College had been decided upon.

The writer, who in the meantime had received an appointment to the staff, has a vivid recollection of his first entering the big gate on Yonge Street. A large St. Bernard dog came romping somewhat too inquisitively towards him and rather took his breath, until the figure of our good friend, John Crowley, the connecting link between the pre-college days and the present, loomed up on the sward. I may be forgiven if I point out in passing that the mower Johannes fancied in those days was a trifle more petite and musical than the one in whose company he has been seen so constantly of late. The park was then accounted by many the most beautiful spot in Toronto. That copper-beech across from the III. A. windows looked every whit as splendid as it does now, while the orchard and garden yielded apples and grapes in lieu of the bricks and mortar of to-day. The place seemed more secluded and rustic; even the squirrels ventured to come to school, and one day, believe me, a partridge actually insisted on flying through a French window into what is at present Form V. Mementos of the Macpherson era were many at first; the most beautiful one, a large arched window of colored glass, bearing the family crest and the Gaelic motto, "Na bean don chat gun lahminn," was removed only two years ago, a more practical memorial in the form of two scholarships endowed by Mr. William Macpherson, of Quebec, having taken its place.

September 10th, 1899, was the first school day. The handful of half-bashful, half-curious boys who presented themselves, after standing a fire of questions, had their names entered on the original roll. The number of these "primevals" has diminished from year to year, and to-day no more than one or two are with us. Several of our staunchest old boys, however, belonged to this earliest group and are now proud of having been among the very first to join the College. After the boys had been dismissed, the then principal, Rev. Dr. Bruce, and two masters who are still on the staff, were sitting in the office talking matters over, when, without the slightest warning, in strode a square-shouldered, determined-looking young man, who eyed us all rather fiercely, and then exclaimed, in the tone of a knight throwing down his gage:

"I am A. B. Blanchard, of Truro, Nova Scotia."

Many a laugh have we had since then at Mr. B.'s stern and now historic self-introduction.

In the afternoon of that same day Mr. Robinson and I went down town to purchase supplies. We had many things to buy—desks, blackboards, books, paper, ink, etc., but the incident which afforded the most excitement was the buying of the bell. What with a couple of salesmen and the two of ourselves all swinging bells, the top flat of Rice Lewis' warehouse sounded as if a stampede of bell-cows had just rushed in. Our ears were almost ruined before the choice was made, but we feel amply repaid in the thought of the pleasure the merry tinkling of that bell has stirred in the hearts of boarders ever since.



“JOHN”

Next morning we all assembled in the prayer-hall (Sir David's billiard-room) and each of the masters was called upon to make an impromptu speech. The less said about those speeches the better. A short time afterwards we were presented with a clock and had quite a celebration in connection with the hanging thereof.

Work was just getting under way when our first principal's health failed and he was obliged to resign. In his place came Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., our present head. In those early days our numbers were so small that we seemed more like a house-party than a college for boys. We were one large family

together. And so when it began to be whispered that on the following Christmas our principal was to be married, every master and boy was deeply concerned. The staff, who by this time numbered six, decided to dine their chief. This function took place in what is now the principal's dining-room, and what a dinner it was! Good-fellowship ruled the feast, each speaker excelled himself, and the guest of the evening made a capital response to the poetical toast composed in his honor. Taking it all in all this event stands out as one of the happiest in our early years. If ever a lady was welcomed to an institution it was Mrs. Macdonald to St. Andrew's College. But what a power hath precedent! A year and a half later one master followed the principal's lead, and now the little bird has it (I hope this is not telling tales out of school) that two more are to embark on the sea of matrimony this summer. We wish them *bon voyage*.

I have mentioned the principal's dining-room. A catastrophe which there befell I suppose I may relate, seeing that in it, as Aeneas would say, "*pars magna fui*." One noon the staff was seated around the table chatting away merrily while the soup was being served. A colleague on my left was joyfully narrating some wonderful exploit to his neighbor, and what did the dear man do, but round off his speech with a mighty flourish of his right arm at the very moment when the maid was passing a large plate brimful of steaming soup just over my head. I would not describe the result for worlds. Enough to say that after a bath, a shampoo, and much sponging of clothes, I began to smile feebly at the joke myself.

We had something in the way of a Literary Society almost from the beginning. The first one was organized, if my memory is right, for the purpose of giving an At Home. At one of these At Homes the College established a record by using more flags in decorating than had ever been brought together into one place in Toronto before. We made flags, bought flags, and borrowed flags, till the building was almost suffocated with them. Once was enough.

Another feature of the Lit. in the early days was the production of two or three comedies. I have the text of one of them before me now. It is entitled, "*The Wreck of Stebbins' Pride*." One of the scenes, I remember, was a proposal, wherein the un-

happy lover (I shudder to think of it) missed his cue and burst into laughter just where his heart was supposed to break. But the crowning effort in this direction was the staging of "Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works," with the jovial Mr. Hill as principal. The costuming for this piece was no small affair, but with the aid of the boys' kind lady friends it was finally accomplished. Mr. Hill, really a born actor, personated Mrs. Jarley in a way never to be forgotten. The poke-bonnet, the fan (he destroyed three expensive ones during the performance), the hoop-skirt and the flashes of wit, as he (or she) bowed and bounced about the stage, are beyond all power of description. There is only one Hammy.

In June, 1901, the first copy of the REVIEW was issued. It contained twenty pages. The writer is proud to have had a hand in the launching of this successful periodical. At first the boys wrote all of the articles and managed the paper themselves, as it was thought the training would be useful for them. The REVIEW has made such rapid strides, however, that a member of the staff at present acts as editor-in-chief. The first boy-editor, I remember, was W. J. Lea, now the energetic secretary of our Old Boys' Association. There can be no doubt that this paper has done much not only to improve the English of the boys, but also to foster a healthy college spirit. We had some very creditable attempts in verse in the early numbers, notably two poems in the French-Canadian dialect by A. M. Isbester, the one entitled, "The Bear at the Chaudière," and the other "Rivière du Loup."

There has not been much to sadden us in the last half-dozen years, but these reminiscences would be incomplete were the loss of two of our boys to pass unnoticed. Although neither of them died at the College they were both connected with it in a peculiar way. I refer to Joe Mickleborough, of St. Thomas, one of the very first boys to enrol, and Errol Ross-Ross, of Montreal. These two were prime favorites among their fellows at College, and we mourn their loss. A more recent bereavement in the death of the late Principal Caven, of Knox College, one of the directors of the College from the first and a man whose heart was very warm towards us, we regret also to have to record.

The word "dull" at any rate cannot be applied to our life

so far, either within or without the college walls. The times in which we have lived have been both stirring and prosperous. Not only has the City of Toronto been flourishing, but so has the Dominion as a whole, while the South African War and the present conflict in the Far East have kept us from thinking too exclusively of our own little world.

Of athletics much might be written. I shall mention only two matches which aroused more enthusiasm, perhaps, than any others we have had. The first was a game of rugby with U.C.C. on their grounds on Guy Fawkes' Day, 1901. Although we were defeated the score was very close (3-1) and the youngest of the boys' schools gave the oldest the hardest game it had played for years. The second was the final hockey match with Stratford in the Mutual St. Rink for the Junior Championship in the O.H.A. This match, however, is of so recent date that an account of it is unnecessary. There was a time, too, when the masters used to turn out in the spring of the year to vie with each other in the jumps, but during the past two years they have been content to try conclusions with the Second Cricket Eleven. For some reason or other I cannot recall the scores made in these games. All I remember is that at one of them several of us made precisely the same number of runs as did the cricket professional.

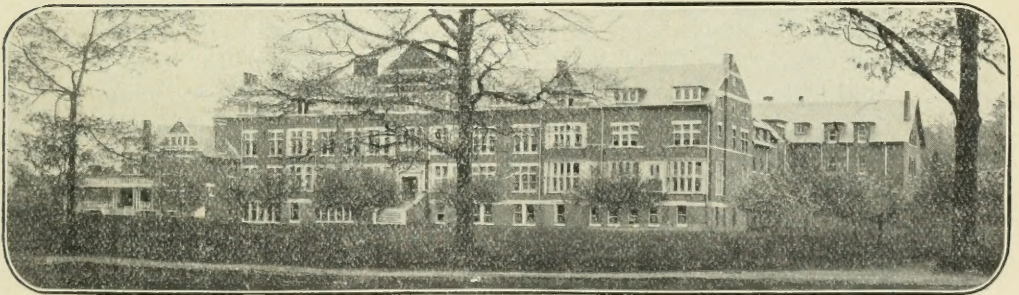
The two visits of the Rev. Dr. Pringle, of the Yukon, one long ago, the other more recently, are events which we shall not soon forget. No doubt, in the new College, where we shall have a large assembly hall, we may expect more frequent visits from men of his stamp. Dr. Pringle gave us an uplift which the whole school feels yet. The series of six College sermons that we had two years back—a feature to be revived in the new building, I believe—is a pleasant memory still. From that series, I think, dates the choice of "Fight the Good Fight" as the College hymn. And writing of sermons brings to mind that very amusing, though of course perfectly unconscious, coincidence of two years ago. It occurred on the very morning of our re-opening in September. A large influx of new boys had come in as usual and it was a case of standing room only in the prayer-hall, when what should the principal do but open morning prayers by reading from the third Psalm, "Lord, how are

they increased that trouble me? Many are they that rise up against me."

The 22nd of April, 1903, marks another red-letter day in our history. The plans for the new building had been prepared, and the whole school had marched over to the new grounds to witness a ceremony rich in promise. After a suitable reading of Scripture and prayer by the Rev. Dr. Neil, followed by an address by the President of the Board of the College, Mrs. Macdonald turned the first sod on the spot around and about which now stands our new home almost completed.

Surely we have every reason to be grateful for the progress and prosperity which have been granted us. The six years that are gone have been happy years. The memories that are fresh to us now shall grow golden under the mellowing influence of time, and the period of preparation we have had in the old place shall prove our richest inheritance in the new. We can turn our eyes from a Past full of favor to look upon a Future full of hope. The one man who, more than any other, has opened this great opportunity to us, is our principal. All those who have any interest in, or any love for, St. Andrew's College will rejoice with us as we "Ring out the old and ring in the new."

WALTER A. FINDLAY.



NEW BUILDING.

The Mysterious Pickles.

“WELL, I may be thankful to have even a bottle of pickles,” I said to myself as I walked towards my rude little hut, or rather shack, which I had just finished building, with a large bottle of pickles in my arms, the only thing that had floated in from the wreck; for you must know, the good ship “Sunbeam” had been wrecked on the previous day, and luck had some way landed me on a small uninhabited island in the middle of the Indian Ocean, where I had built myself a small hut, if I may honor it by calling it so.

All yesterday I had lived on small fishes that I had caught along the shore, and this morning I was wandering along the beach in search of any of the vessel's cargo that might have found its way to the shore of this lonely island, but was obliged to return to my “diggings” with a large bottle of pickles as my reward of a two hours' search.

On reaching my home I put a few logs on the fire and then sat down on a home-made stool in despair, with my pickles on a shelf in front of me, and resting my heavy head on my hands I gazed at the huge gallon-jar marked “Mixed Pickles, S.A.C.” I wondered how long I could live on them. I was never much of a hand for pickles, and the thought of having to live on them for perhaps a week, thoroughly sickened me.

As I continued to look at the jar, which had nothing on the outside of it, save the label I mentioned, something strange happened. Each letter on the label seemed to stand out clearer and clearer, and as I watched, each letter seemed to have a kind of human form, and I thought I heard one letter say something, so I listened, and after a long time this is what I heard:

“Strangely silent,” said S, staring solemnly. “Suppose stuffed,” she suggested stupidly. “Probably pretending,” pouted P. “Cautious creature,” cried C, cheekily. L laughed loudly, and then there was silence for a few minutes, but only a very few minutes. “Isn't it idiotic?” insisted I. “Certainly,” cried C. A also applauded. “Delightful disposition,” declared D. “Absolutely angelic,” agreed A. All this was too flattering for me, so I laughed right out, and immediately all the letters were silent.

“Well,” I said, as soon as I could speak. “what in the world have I got here?” “We,” said a hundred little voices all at

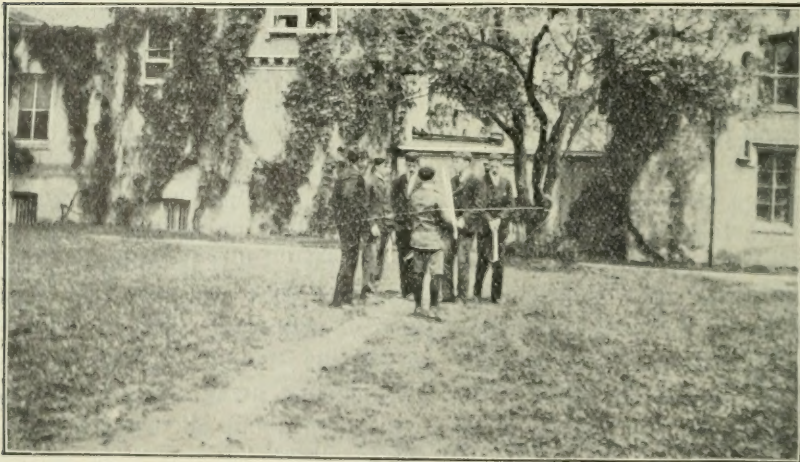
once, "are the S. A. C. Pickles." "Hush," said the jar, "I will tell him," and then a deep voice said, "Probably you do not know, few people do, that every boy has a pickle in some jar—the hot-tempered ones being pickled onions and the sweet-tempered ones pickled pears or plums or some other sweet fruit. In this jar are S. A. C. Pickles only." And before I had time to ask any questions the cork jumped out and the inmates began to laugh and talk. "Is my pickle there?" I said, after watching the curious objects for some time. Immediately a long, lanky cucumber pushed itself from the bottom, and after making a low bow, returned to the depths of the bottle again, leaving me speechless. In another second a big hot red onion hopped out of the jar and rolled along the shelf followed by all the other pickles, which he lined up and began to drill. "You best look sharp," he cried, pointing to a pickle with a red top, who tried to make an excuse, but was too nervous and stuttered too much to say anything.

While the whole jar of pickles continued to drill I watched the different ones, and strange enough, could recognize every one of them by their characteristics—I noticed two or three small peppers that, although very small, were very hot indeed. There were, also, several sweet pickled pears, and several big yellow beans that towered above all the rest of the pickles. One of these beans was a little tougher than the others and spent his time howling to everyone that "They would suffer for that," but he never hurt one of them, and although he might have frightened some of them, he seemed one of the nicest pickles there, and would not have hurt a fellow pickle for a good deal. While I was watching this fellow, a voice shouted, "Dismiss," and the pickles broke the ranks and ran about in every direction. "Wonderful!" I exclaimed, when I had watched them for some time, and forgetting my misfortunes I found myself laughing heartily. "I would not believe," I said, at length, "that so many pickles could live in that one jar." "It is quite a jam in a pickle jar," said a nice pickled pear that was near me, but a larger jar is being made where we will have lots of room." "But how are you going to get off this island?" I asked, remembering our situation. "Oh! we can get away easily," he said, "we are the fairies' pickles and roam about all over; we used to stand on the pantry shelf of a college, but they kept putting things there until there was no room, so now we roam about

until a new college is made, where we will rest on the shelf in our new jar. As for you, I will see that you get home all right. I am one of the head pickles, and have some power." I thanked him very much, and then all the pickles jumped into the bottle and the cork hopped on, making the jar as secure as ever, and at the same time something seemed to jerk, and I woke up. There was the jar of pickles still on the shelf in front of me. I was still on the stool with my head in my hands. Everything was the same except the fire, which was nearly burned out. Had it all been a dream or not? I got up, felt the jar. Yes, it was real. Shook it. Yes, the pickles were real, too. While I was thus examining the mysterious jar of pickles I happened to turn my head towards the water and there, only a little way out was a large ship, and down its side they lowered a small boat. How they appeared, or saw me, was more than I could account for. Some say they saw the smoke of my fire, but, to tell the truth, I believe it must have been the work of those pickles. I gladly jumped into the small boat and would have taken my friend pickles with me had they not disappeared just as the boat came up. However, I said nothing, as I knew they would be all right.

I got home safely, and am not yet sure whether I dreamed about the S. A. C. pickles or whether they really exist. I rather think they do, so would advise each boy to strive and be a pickled peach, pear or plum instead of a hot onion or red pepper.

E. BURNS (Form II.).



A DISPUTE.

The Passing of Chestnut Park.



THE days of old Chestnut Park are numbered. The grey walls and gables will soon be a heap of bricks and mortar, and automobiles and delivery-waggons will shortly be driving over the very spot where masters and prefects once roamed untrammelled.

The old place has had a long and varied history. The house was built at a time when such an operation was no slight undertaking. It stood for years in a veritable wilderness. There was an atmosphere of England about the place, and the chestnuts and maples of Canada seemed here to bear the same dignity as the haughtier oaks and elms in the parks of the Old Country. Many were the merry scenes within its walls, and many were the occasions when the *élite* of Upper Canada enjoyed the hospitality of Chestnut Park. But steadily the ever-growing city has hemmed it in, and now, threatened from all sides, in desperation the old house succumbs to fate.

But even in her last moments she seems to lift her head in scorn at the modern mushroom things about her. In spite of all desecrations the house still bears an aspect of faded grandeur and decayed gentility. One can almost see the ghosts of by-gone days here and there in the passages—the shade of a sometime belle flitting about in a dark romantic corner, or you can perceive in the cellars the substantial spirit of an ancient butler, while a mysterious jingling of keys is heard. A relic of former times is the bell-indicator in the hall, which still faithfully informs all passers by that number seven means a call from Sir David's room, or that someone in the morning-room wishes the presence of the rotund personage mentioned above. The prostrate statues on the lawn remind us, too, of the swiftness of time, for there these classic creatures lie shattered with every kind of fracture or amputation.

Chief among all the events in the past of Chestnut Park was the founding of the College. After the years of aristocratic seclusion and ancestral pride as a manor, what must have been the feelings of its exclusive soul at the approach of "Saint Andrew's College for Boys." Then, instead of the merry click-click from the billiard-room was heard the sound of mathematical

horrors. Then the niches, where once smiled Venus or Apollo, were filled with Latin books and geographies. And what other indignities were not offered to this long-suffering edifice? Yet, perhaps it enjoyed the experience. Who knows? But now all is over and the old hall gives place to a new ultra-artistic generation of houses.

All the traditions of the College cluster about Chestnut Park—traditions of years and years ago—almost as far back as 1898. What joy there used to be at the orchard-gate when John threw out the daily basket of apples, and what greater joy there was in that forbidden land, the garden, when its superior fruit was safely purloined. What an obliging sliding door was in old Form III. B., which had the interesting habit of sticking just as a master approached, much to the annoyance of that respected gentleman and, of course, to those within. And how convenient the gas-jet was for burning ping-pong balls and for other instructive experiments. What an education was the old elevator to those who tried to run it. But gone are all these blissful things. Even Detention has dwindled from the grand old "Just take two hundred and forty lines!" to the present "ordinary quarter." And now we are face to face with a brand-new college, with brand-new rules about keeping it unscratched; but still it will be a welcome change.

The inmates of the renowned "Tin Building" will hail the new era with delight. No more will they be able to hear four masters teaching at the same time, and no more will they enjoy the charming uncertainty of being rained upon during a storm outside. But delightful as these privileges may seem they will be replaced with greater joys. But Frogley's! St. Andrew's without Frogley's! O bitter thought! No more of their blissful confections. No more delectable cream-puffs or "Chelseas." But in the face of affliction let us "Quit us like men and be strong."

Such is life! Chestnut Park will soon be gone for ever—forgotten by all save perhaps a few old tottering men who, in years to come, will linger in a future busy thoroughfare, sadly point to a piece of pavement and say, "On this spot I received my first caning." Traditions will be needed at the new College, and to commence a little legendary lore some adventurous spirit should start the yearly custom of painting the stone nose of

Saint Andrew's statue a bright vermilion. This tradition would soon become historical, and the paint could be removed from his revered countenance by the combined efforts of the chemical class—which would be instructive. But whatever her traditions, whatever her surroundings or location, come what may, the College will always stay true to the name she has won. *Vivat* Saint Andrew's!

C. VINCENT MASSEY (Form IV.)



PREFECTS, 1904-1905.

The Dike Rider.

WHEN the old Acadians first came to Nova Scotia a low marsh district several miles wide surrounded the Basin of Minas, and twice a day at high tide this land would be completely flooded by water. But the Acadians with great labor and perseverance built high dikes to keep back the water, and thus reclaimed from the sea thousands of acres of rich meadows.

These dikes still remain, a grand monument to a patient, hardy race that is no more. While from the meadows that they protect, each year are raised crops of hay unequalled in any other land.

These meadows, covered with grass and free from fences, remind one somewhat of a small prairie divided into lots by ditches, which also serve the purpose of drains, but are hardly visible among the tall grass.

Each year, as soon as the last load of hay has been drawn away to the barns, the farmers turn on their cattle to feed on the after-grass until the snow falls. But before "turning on" time comes all the cattle in each township are branded with the initial letter of the name of that township. This brand is not of the nature of the Western brand, however, which marks the cattle for life; but, instead, the hair only is burned, leaving a black letter which cannot be recognized the next year.

The meadows belonging to the different townships are carefully separated by strong fences, and in late years it has become necessary for each district to keep a man constantly riding about the meadows for cattle sick or mired in the mud, and also to be on the look-out for weak places in the dikes.

The particular fall that I am telling of, old man Marlet applied for the position of dike-rider in the township of Penton, and was immediately accepted. Those who knew him well never called him anything else but "Dusty," and he preferred that name to any other, for it was the name he used to go by "out West," before he gave up "cow-punching" to marry and come East. He had always been sorry he made the change, and now, although he was an old man, he still cherished the hope

that some day he would save enough to pay a visit to the Turkey-Track ranch and see if any of the fellows were still there.

"Dusty" had brought his cow-pony and saddle from the West, and the first morning he started riding any one could tell by watching that the gray-haired man and old cow-pony were equally glad to get once more amongst the cattle.

Every noon a bare-foot boy would carry "Dusty's" dinner down to the watering-hole and he would not have long to wait before he would see the dike-rider coming in the distance, his cow-pony cantering along gracefully, taking the half-hidden ditches. No Eastern horse could have followed that pony for half a mile over those treacherous meadows.

After "Dusty" had eaten his dinner, if the day was fine, and the cattle were not too restless, he would take out his pipe for an after-dinner smoke, and on such occasions the boy would always hear an interesting story of "Dusty's" younger days.

While riding amongst the cattle, from time to time, "Dusty's" practised eye would sight a steer he was almost sure he had never seen before, but on closer view the required letter "P" was always there. Still "Dusty" was puzzled, and more so when, on riding over to the dike trustee of Penton he was told that all the cattle in the district had been branded and turned on two weeks ago.

There was no way of counting the cattle, because they kept constantly moving back and forth between the different watering-holes. Of course "Dusty" had his own suspicions. Perhaps some farmer in the adjoining district, which was Berwick, was branding his cattle "P" and turning them on the Penton meadow; but on going to the Berwick trustee he learned, as before, that all the cattle there had been branded "B" and turned on their own dike.

One morning, as the old man was going his rounds, he found a steer stranded in one of the ditches. The big black letter "P" was plainly showing, but on getting the animal out he accidentally made the discovery that this letter had originally been a "B," but with the help of a little paint of the color of the hair, one of the loops of the "B" had been made unrecognizable. True, the mystery had been solved, but every animal feeding on that meadow could not be thrown and the brand examined.

That noon, instead of being at the watering-hole to get his dinner, according to his custom, "Dusty" was ten miles away in the village paint-shop. And the boy who brought his dinner, becoming tired of waiting in the hot sun, and being so close to the drinking-hole, could withstand the temptation no longer, and it was not long before he was enjoying the cooling effect of a plunge—a forbidden act to the boys of that neighborhood, as they made the water too muddy for drinking. He stayed in the water quite a while, then sat on a log until the sun had dried him, after which he slowly dressed. But still no "Dusty." The boy was about to start for home with the untouched dinner when he saw the old man riding in the distance; but he was not coming along at his usual canter, now and then stopping; and he appeared to be riding from one animal to another; as he drew nearer the boy could see he was putting something he carried in a can on every animal, by means of a long-handled brush.

When "Dusty" reached the boy he pulled up his pony and handed him the can and paint-brush, while he himself dismounted. The boy was about to ask a question, but there was no need to now, for he had smelt turpentine before. But why was "Dusty" putting turpentine on the cattle? He had never heard of it being good for flies. Then the old "cow-puncher" told him all about the stray cattle and ended by saying that turpentine would remove paint.

Next day was a busy one, for "Dusty's" turpentine had done its work, and as he rode around in the morning he saw that the cattle of the Berwick meadow were not a few.

At five o'clock that afternoon he had rounded up twenty-three of them, and as that was all he could find he drove them in a body to the barnyard of the trustee.

Next morning early, a meeting of the farmers of Penton was held, and it was decided that the cattle should be kept until their rightful owners should claim them, and that the sum of five dollars should be paid in cash for the ransom of each animal. But, as there was some discussion as to how the money should be divided, it was finally decided that "Dusty" should get it all, which would amount to one hundred and fifteen dollars. That afternoon two farmers drove over together from Berwick,

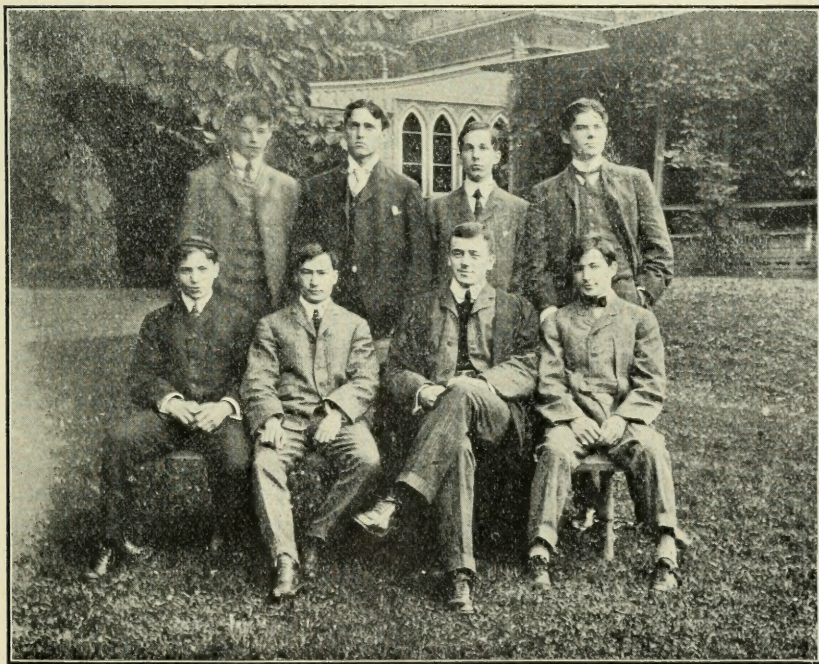
claiming all the cattle. They sheepishly paid over the money, and were glad to get off so easily.

The reason why they had painted the "B" into a "P" was that in the spring an unusually high tide had broken the dikes at Berwick and the salt water had flooded the meadows at every high tide for a week until the dikes were repaired, thus nearly ruining that season's grass, and all their cattle were getting poor, while alongside there was abundance. One farmer had shared his secret with his neighbor, but things had not turned out as the two anticipated—thanks to the vigilance of "Dusty."

The old "cow-puncher" had been longing for such a chance, and in less than a week he had bought a return ticket for the West, and entrusting his old cow-pony to the care of his brother-in-law, who had consented to look after the cattle for the remainder of the fall, "Dusty" was off to visit once more the land and the people he so dearly held in memory.

CHASE I. (Form V.)

M. McPhedran A. M. Douglas C. V. Massey A. E. Alison



A. B. Moffat G. W. MacKay Mr. H. G. Wallace W. W. Winans

STAFF OF S. A. C. REVIEW, 1904-1905.

Opium Smoking.

IN China, as also in many other Oriental countries, the practice of opium smoking is carried on to a very marked extent. In fact, it is so prevalent that in China alone millions have been victimized and ruined by this unruly drug.

It may be that the victim is first led to use it in the hope of profiting by its reputed healing power; but more frequently, and without any apparent reason, like many users of tobacco, not a few have acquired the habit by merely taking a few puffs, or, as they say, "fooling with it." Indeed, it has been said that even flies frequenting the room of an opium smoker have often become addicted to the drug by inhaling the smoke.

Now, when the habit is firmly implanted in a man he seems no longer what he was. Indeed, it is oftentimes surprising to note the various changes which overtake him the moment he falls a prey to his pipe. At once he looks tired; his complexion becomes darker; his activity is lost; he is thinner; in short, his whole aspect is transformed and he is but a mere shadow of his former self.

Daily now he spends his habitual hour in company with his pipe, thus losing a great portion of his time, for inasmuch as opium cannot be lighted like tobacco, but has to be constantly applied to fire to make it burn, it is necessary when smoking to lie down in order to obtain comfort and to enable him to hold his pipe over an oil lamp made for that purpose. Also, opium must be heated and rolled before it is fit for use, and so considering all the necessary preparation, we can readily understand that often hours are spent before the appetite for the drug is satisfied.

The pipe is rather an odd-looking article. Its stem, generally composed of dried sugar cane, wood or bamboo, is two feet long, having at the end of it a knob as big as a door handle. In the centre of this knob, which is perfectly hollow, a hole no larger than a pin's head is pierced. Over this is placed a lump of opium, the smoke of which when ignited is conveyed to the smoker through the small opening into the bowl and thence through the stem.

The effect of the drug on an infatuated victim is oftentimes striking, for should he be deprived of his smoke at his accustomed time the craving for it becomes so intense and intolerable as to result, not infrequently, in physical pain. Perhaps the following incident may serve to illustrate this.

One day, a few years ago, as we were seated around a table watching an assistant from a hospital mixing some materials for the making of pills, in strolled a six-footed Chinese coolie. He greeted us with a grin and asked what that "black stuff" on the table was, saying that it looked like opium.

"That's what it is," said the assistant, winking at us.

"That so?" said the coolie, picking up some and examining it, "but it doesnt smell like it."

"Well—of course not. This is a mixture."

"A mixture, eh! Hum, but does it work like the real stuff?"

"Twice as strong. Like to try?"

He looked suspiciously at us, but we, wishing to see some fun, assured him that it was the thing he wanted. Thereupon the assistant gave him a small amount, perhaps not enough to make up half a pill. Taking it he put it away in his pocket, saying that he would try it in the evening.

That night a fierce storm raged, and early next morning, while the rain was still pouring, I was surprised on going out to see Se-o walking towards the house, with his shoulders drooping, his head bent, his hands supported by a stout cane, and a large black turban coiled round his head. I enquired what was the matter with him.

"Matter enough," he said, "I am attacked by all the known diseases. Is your father in? I have come to get some medicine. Ah! that's a nice trick you youngsters played on me yesterday. I thought it was the real thing you gave me. I went home and tried it, but it didn't work at all. I told my brother about it, and he said that as this is something different, perhaps the effect would come later on. So I sat up and waited. One hour, two hours, I did wait, until at last I began to shiver. I then asked my brother to give me some opium, but he said there was none in the house and it was too stormy to go out to get some. So I went to bed, feeling very tired. Towards midnight I awoke, and felt as if my head would crack. I called to my brother to light a fire and cook me some rice. That done, I took it as hot

as I could bear, thinking that at least it would do away with my shivering. It did no good, however, and I sat up again till the morning. It was the most unpleasant night I have ever spent. Now, what I want is a dose of medicine and a few puffs at my old pipe and I'll be all right again." And that, indeed, he was, for before two hours had passed, when he had had his smoke, old Se-o was as lively as ever.

Another case was of a man (a professional smoker) who, through his indolence and want of ready cash to purchase opium, had come to such a strait that he betook himself to the "swiping" of his neighbors' chickens. Often he would tie a string to a hind leg of a frog and then let it jump about before a hungry chicken. This bait, without a hook, is said to be very effective, especially when the chicken gets it behind its throat, in which case, provided too hard a jerk be not given at the other end, this simple method of fishing on dry land has never failed to score.

Now, when he was engaged in so doing one day, a rough hand fell upon his collar, and he was taken and sent to prison for three months' hard labor. There he was not permitted to use his pipe, and that, too, when he had to fare almost wholly on rice and water; and yet when he was liberated and returned home his family could scarcely recognize him. The dropping of opium had changed him considerably, and he had gained forty-three pounds during his term.

From this fact we can judge how injurious to its victim the use of opium is. And yet, in spite of this, no definite step has been taken in China, either by the people or government, to do away with, or at least diminish, the practice of this monstrous evil. In Formosa, however, such steps have already been taken by the Japanese Government since their occupation of the island in 1894. Great difficulties, as may be expected, were at first encountered, but under the leadership of such men as Kodama and Nogi, the hero of Port Arthur, who were the chief factors in the government of the island, a law was passed providing that all the users of the drug should bear licenses. This law also forbids the issue of licenses to any non-smokers, and as a license is the only medium through which opium can be purchased, it is not a great difficulty, therefore, to bar the non-practitioners from the list, and inasmuch as even the inhaling of the

smoke affects one, this same law prohibits any member of the family, or person, in the house of a smoker using his pipe or sitting within six feet of him. With such laws enforced it is most pleasing to note that the evil practice of opium smoking is rapidly decreasing in the Island of Formosa. And now we are looking forward to a not very distant future when Formosa, with its multitudes of wrong doings and ruinous pit-falls, shall at least be rid of this its great curse, and the island called the "Beautiful" shall be justified of her name, when a better and brighter day shall prevail among her people.

G. W. MACKAY (Form V.)



STAFF, 1904-1905.



S. A. C. SENIOR CRICKET ELEVEN, 1905.

Athletics.

Cricket Personnel.

SALE, the skipper of the Eleven, has developed into a really good cricketer and, although not yet possessing the punishing powers his broad shoulders would indicate, is a batsman very likely to score runs. He fields at mid-off, and it is a rare one that gets past him—and can't he throw in!

Warden is probably the best College batsman of the year. He drives well and powerfully, and now combines a sound defence with his ability to hit. Warden has not yet come up to expectations as a bowler, but the men who bat and bowl equally well in the same season are few.

Ferguson I. is a solid little batsman possessing a great defence rather than hitting power, though he gets in some nice clean shots on the off in the direction of cover, and can hit well to leg. He fields well anywhere.

Tovell is a big right-hander with a long reach and is a dangerous man once he gets going. He bowls a ball which has a puzzling flight, often curling in the air several inches. At cover-point he is a star.

Douglas I. is a likely batsman, sound in his methods, and able to punch them on the off. He has recently blossomed out as a bowler, a fact much appreciated by the side. He fields quite well at point.

Allan I. in the nets is certainly a batsman of no small capabilities. He bats left hand, has lots of power in his strokes, and a fine style, but somehow in matches he has so far met with no fortune. Perhaps he is reserving himself for the school games. Allan fields at leg.

Angus is a most promising all-round cricketer, a right-hand bat who is improving very rapidly, a fast bowler with promise

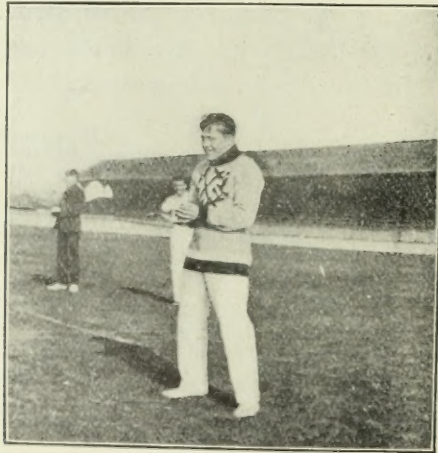
of developing a good slow ball for variety, and a brilliant and sure fieldsman.

McPherson is a left-hand bowler of exceptional promise. His action is beautifully easy and he has no difficulty in making the ball do a bit both ways. He bats right-hand and is a difficult wicket to get. His fielding, whether near the wicket, or out deep, is all that could be wished.

Blackstock is a right-hand batsman, inclining toward the hard-hitting type. He is rapidly pruning away some crudities of style and should, with more experience, make a good run-getter. It was hoped that Blackstock would prove of much service this year as a bowler, but an injured shoulder has been handicapping him.

Gayfer is the wicket-keeper of the team and, considering his inexperience, does marvels. He has something still to learn in the matter of stumping, but little in regard to stopping the ball. Gayfer bats left-hand and, like most of his kind, is fond of a leg ball.

Swan II. is a useful all-round player; right-hand with both bat and ball, and a fine catch in the country.



"DUB" SALE.

The Cricket Season of 1905.

THE cricket season of 1905 opened at Rosedale on April 29th, the opposing team being Grace Church. College was defeated by 21 runs, the score being 60-39. Blackstock held the batting honors, while McPherson had the fine bowling analysis of three wickets for one run.

The second game, May 13th, played against St. Alban's, was very disastrous for College, who showed poor batting form against excellent bowling, all being out for 27, while St. Alban's scored 123. For the winners Wheatley got 37 and Hamilton 28.

St. Alban's were again our opponents on Saturday, May 20th. College took the field, and St. Alban's succeeded in getting 153 runs for eight wickets. Upon the innings being declared, St. Andrew's batted and had a score of 65 runs for five wickets, when stumps were drawn.

On May 24th, Niagara journeyed to Toronto to contest with College on the Rosedale grounds. St. Andrew's went in to bat and obtained 144 runs. At six o'clock, when stumps were drawn, Niagara had 65 runs for eight wickets. The game was declared a draw in favor of College.

ST. ANDREW'S.

Warden, c. Fraser, b. Vandeburg, Sr.	27
Douglas, c. & b. Reilly	3
Fergusson, b. Vandeburg	10
Allan, c. & b. Vandeburg	5
Sale, c. & b. Reilly	26
Blackstock, b. MacDonald	1
Angus, b. Reilly	0
McArthur, b. MacDonald	0
McPherson (not out)	24
Gayfer, b. MacDonald	1
Swan, c. Reilly, b. Vandeburg	14
Extras, b. 21, l.b., 2	23
Total	144

NIAGARA.

Jones, l.b.w. McPherson	24
Grier, c. McPherson b. Warden	5
Creswick, b. Swan	18
MacDonald, c. Angus, b. McPherson	0
White, c. Gayfer, b. McPherson	3
Fraser, b. Swan	5
Vandeburg, sr., c. McArthur, b. Swan	4
Reilly, c. & b. Blackstock	0
Extras, b. 5, l.b. 1	6
Langmuir (did not bat)	
<hr/>	
Total, 8 wickets	65

The Old Boys tried conclusions with the Present Boys on May 27th. Their fondest hopes were rudely dashed to the ground when they saw the tenth wicket go down for a total of 30 runs. The Present Boys made 92, thus coming out victorious over the first Old Boys team of St. Andrew's College.

The score:

PRESENT BOYS.

Warden, b. Wallace	4
Douglas, c. McGillivray, b. Wallace	11
Ferguson, b. Housser	3
Tovell, b. Housser	0
Sale, b. Saunders	20
Allan, b. Wallace	2
Blackstock, b. Wallace	10
McPherson, b. Saunders	2
Gayfer, c. Fraser, b. Saunders	7
Angus, c. Keith, b. Wallace	3
Swan (not out)	0
Extras, b. 24, l.b. 2, w. 1, n.b. 3	30
<hr/>	
Total	92

OLD BOYS.

Hunt, c. Tovell, b. Warden	0
Saunders (run out)	0
Boak, c. & b. McPherson	2
Gillespie (run out)	10
Wallace, c. Douglas, b. Warden	2
Keith, c. Tovell, b. Warden	0
Housser, c. Douglas, b. Warden	5
McGillivray, c. Fergusson, b. McPherson	4
Lea, b. Swan	4
Fraser, b. Swan	3
Sproat (not out)	0
Extras, w. 1	1
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Total	30

OLD BOYS, SECOND INNINGS.

Boak, b. Angus	4
Nasmith (not out)	8
Hunt (run out)	4
Keith (not out)	4
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Total, 2 wickets	20

The strong Varsity team had not much difficulty in defeating College on Varsity Campus, May 30th. The Varsity bowling was deadly, and this accounts for College's small score.

The score:

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE.

Warden, b. Reade	0
Douglas, b. Davidson	9
Fergusson, c. Davidson, b. Reade	0
Sale, b. Reade	1
Blackstock, b. Davidson	6
Tovell, b. Davidson	0
Allan (run out)	0
McPherson, l.b.w., b. Davidson	2

Gayfer, b. Davidson	0
Angus (not out)	3
Swan, b. Reade	3
Extras, b. 2	2
	<hr/>
Total	24

VARSITY.

Heightington, b. Angus	28
H. Davidson, c. Tovell, McPherson	24
Southam, b. Warden	24
Reade, c. Sale, b. McPherson	5
Ellis (run out)	4
G. Davidson, c. Gayfer, b. Douglas	3
Wallace, b. McPherson	1
Hague, c. Tovell, b. Swan	9
Keith, std. Gayfer, b. Tovell	2
Cory (not out)	6
Saunders, c. Fergusson, b. McPherson	0
Extras, b. 2, w. 1	3
	<hr/>
Total	109

THE TRINITY UNIVERSITY.

St. Andrew's game with Trinity University, on June 1st, proved to be another defeat for College. Sale and Fergusson batted well for their 18 and 17, respectively. The score was: Trinity, 95; St. Andrew's, 59, for nine wickets.

Saturday, June 3rd, found our team at Mimico. The Asylum had their best team out and made 251 runs for four wickets. The innings was declared closed and College started in to try to even up. First innings our total was 59, and in the second we had 79 for five wickets, when stumps were drawn. Tovell batted in fine form for his 30.

The score:

Evans (not out)	124
Beemer, b. McPherson	1
Terry, c. Tovell, b. McPherson	64
Whittaker, b. Douglas	24
Ruttan, b. McPherson	4
Dyson (not out)	29
Extras, b. 1, w. 4	5
<hr/>	
Total, 4 wickets	251

ST. ANDREW'S, 1ST INNINGS.

Warden, b. Maxwell	9
Douglas, b. Dyson	1
Fergusson, b. Dyson	7
Tovell, c. Houston, b. Maxwell	30
Sale, hit wicket, b. Maxwell	0
McPherson, b. Maxwell	5
Keith, b. Maxwell	1
Blackstock, c. Terry, b. Maxwell	1
Allan, b. Maxwell	0
Angus, b. Maxwell	0
Swan (not out)	1
Extras, b. 1, l.b. 3	4
<hr/>	
Total	59

2ND INNINGS.

Swan, b. Houston	7
Warden, c. Evans, b. Dyson	25
Douglas, c. Evans, b. Houston	3
Ferguson, c. Terry, b. Dyson	16
Sale (run out)	5
Keith (not out)	7
McPherson (not out)	7
Extras, b. 4, l.b. 4, w. 1	9
<hr/>	
Total, 5 wickets	79

Mr. Beddow's "Incogniti" team came next, June 6th. Capt. Sale won the toss and College batted first, their total being 69. Incogniti got 98, thus repeating their win of last year.

The first of the school games was scheduled for June 10th, against T. C. S. at Port Hope. Trinity won the toss and batted first. Shortly after the game started rain set in, which lasted most of the day. By 2.15 T. C. S. were all out for 36. College went to bat with the rain still drizzling, and had 9 runs for one wicket, when the T. C. S. captain appealed on account of the wet ground and it was decided to draw stumps.

The score:

T. C. S.

Burton, b. Douglas	2
Robinson II., b. McPherson	2
Carey, b. McPherson	0
Stone, b. Douglas	0
Campbell, b. McPherson	7
Seagram, c. Warden, b. McPherson	13
Greenwood, c. Sale, b. McPherson	3
Reid, b. McPherson	5
Robinson I., b. Douglas	0
Copeland (not out)	1
Daw, b. McPherson	0
Extras, wides 3	3
Total	36

ST. ANDREW'S.

Warden (not out)	5
Douglas (run out)	1
Fergusson (not out)	1
Extras, b. 1, l.b. 1	2
Total	9

RIDLEY—ST. ANDREW'S.

By far the most exciting game of the cricket season was that played against Ridley, at Rosedale, on June 14th, College losing by the small margin of one run. Ridley were first to bat and made 36. St. Andrew's then went in and had 24 for three wickets, when the teams retired for luncheon, but only succeeded in making a total of 35 runs, thus losing the innings by one. In the second innings Ridley hit up 106, and with only a little more than an hour left to play College tried hard to overcome the lead. The batting was brilliant and we had 82 for five wickets, when stumps were drawn. Warden played a hard-hitting innings for top score of 41. Lee, min., made top score for the winners with 33 by careful play.

The score:

RIDLEY, 1ST INNINGS.

Richardson, c. McPherson, b. Douglas	0
Harcourt, b. McPherson	2
Hastings, min., c. Douglas, b. Tovell	10
Hastings, maj., b. Douglas	0
Lee, max., b. McPherson	0
Glen, b. McPherson	0
Maxwell, c. & b. Douglas	10
Lee, maj. (run out)	0
Lee, min., c. Gayfer, b. Douglas	4
Newman, c. Sale, b. Douglas	0
Cutter (not out)	5
Extras, b. 2, w. 3	5
Total	36

S. A. C., 1ST INNINGS.

Warden, b. Lee, maj.	0
Douglas, b. Maxwell	0
Fergusson, c. Harcourt, b. Lee maj.	5

Sale, b. Lee, maj.	6
Tovell, b. Maxwell	14
McPherson, c. Hastings, min., b. Maxwell	4
Angus, l.b.w., b. Lee, maj.	0
Blackstock, c. Lee, max., b. Lee, maj.	0
Allan (not out)	2
Swan, b. Maxwell	0
Gayfer, b. Maxwell	0
Extras, b. 3, l.b. 1	4
Total	35

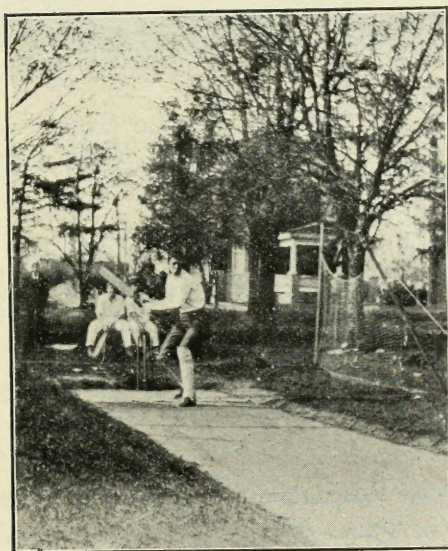
RIDLEY, 2ND INNINGS.

Richardson, c. Sale, b. McPherson	10
Harcourt (run out)	2
Hastings, min., c. Douglas, b. McPherson	0
Lee, min., c. Blackstock, b. Douglas	33
Lee, max. (run out)	17
Glen, b. Angus	7
Maxwell, b. Angus	2
Hastings, maj., b. McPherson	22
Lee, maj., c. Tovell, b. Douglas	3
Newman (not out)	1
Cutter, c. Tovell, b. Swan	1
Extras, b. 4, l.b. 4	8
Total	106

S. A. C., 2ND INNINGS.

Warden, c. Hastings, maj., b. Lee, max.	41
Tovell, c. Lee, max., b. Lee, maj.	10
Fergusson, b. Lee, max.	5
Allan (run out)	11
Sale, b. Lee, max.	0

Blackstock (not out)	10
Extras, b 3, l.b. 2	10
	<hr/>
Total, 5 wickets	82



AT THE NETS.

SECOND TEAM.

The Second Team has had hard luck this year, having lost four games. In the return match, however, with St. Alban's School, S. A. C. had a good chance to win, but the game had to be called on account of rain. Of the five games played three were played in a downpour of rain. The team lost two of its best members early in the season, and was somewhat handicapped, owing to the difficulty of filling their places.

We regret very much that the annual match, Masters *vs.* Seconds, has not yet come off. This match affords the School plenty of amusement on account of the keen rivalry of the Masters to escape making a duck.

Our chief rival, Highfield School, Hamilton, hit up a good score in the first game, defeating the team by a large margin. In the second game they again defeated the team, but the score was not so large.

The Seconds still have to play the return with U. C. C. Seconds, and hope to play the Masters, if the weather does not interfere.

The Team—Crossen, Duncan, McLaren I., Wishart, Chestnut I., Capt. McArthur, Forgie, Graham, Bronson, Miller, Bole, And the following took part in some of the games: Wood, Moffat, Gayfer, Smith II., Crawford, Grant II.

 GAMES.

May 16th, at Rosedale—St. Alban's School, 56 for 9 wickets; S. A. C., 55.

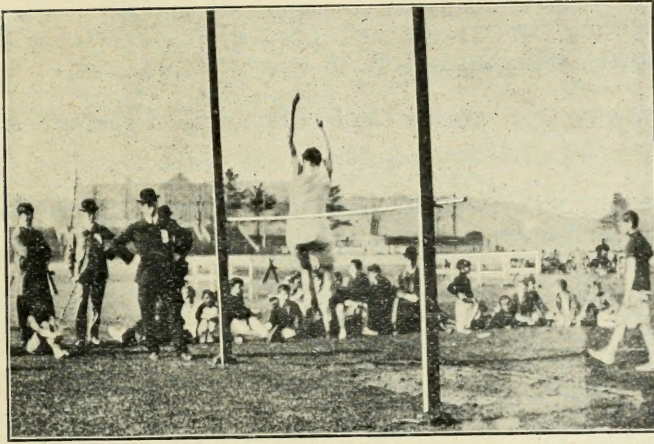
May 20th, at Rosedale—U. C. C. Seconds, 69; S. A. C., 41.

May 31st, at Rosedale—Highfield School, 145; S. A. C., 23.

June 5th, at St. Alban's—St. Alban's School, 26; S. A. C., 14, for 2 wickets.

June 10th, at Hamilton—Highfield School, 72; S. A. C., 33.

HARRISON A. DRISCOLL (Form IV.).



A GOOD JUMP.

The Annual Games.

IN spite of the threatening appearance of the previous day, Friday, May 12th, found our fifth annual athletic games favored with ideal weather. The attendance was much larger than in former years, between 2,000 and 2,500 people taking advantage of the fine sunshine and the warm weather. The usual half-holiday was granted, and there was a large turnout of the School.

The 48th Highlanders' Band, which was present, added much to the enjoyment of the afternoon, as did the presence of representatives from several sister institutions. The Senior Championship was won by Crossen, who secured 24 points; the Boarders' Championship by Sale, with 17 points; and the Junior Championship was captured by R. Copping, with 18 points.

The prizes were presented by Miss Mortimer Clark, who had a few appropriate words for each recipient.

All the events were keenly contested, especially the 220-yd. hurdle race and the 100-yd. dash. The following are the results:

THE ANNUAL GAMES, TUESDAY, MAY 9TH, 1905.

Throwing the cricket ball (Sen.)—1. Allison; 2. Grier; 3. Crossen. Distance, 303 ft., 8 in.

Throwing the cricket ball (Jun.)—1. Copping; 2. McLaren, II.

Kicking the football (average of place, drop kicks—1. Sale; 2. Angus; 3. Grier. Distance, 142 ft., 6 in.

Half mile—1. Allen; 2. Sale; 3. Thorne. Time, 2.16¼.

High jump (Jun.)—1. Macdonald II.; 2. Copping; 3. McLaren. Height, 4 ft., 3½ in.

Standing broad jump (Jun.)—1. Copping; 2. Smith IV.; Kay I.

Running broad jump (Sen.)—1. Crossen; 2. McKay I; 3. McLaren II. Distance, 8 ft., 3 in.

Running broad jump (Sen.)—1. Crossen; 2. McKay I; 3. Sale. Distance 17 feet, 8½ in.

Running broad jump (Jun.)—1. Ross I.; 2. Copping; 3. Grant.

ON FRIDAY, 12TH, AT ROSEDALE.

50 yards dash (Preparatory)—1. Cassels; 2. Bicksell; 3. Patterson. Time, 7¼ seconds.

100 yards dash (Sen.)—1. Crossen; 2. McKay I.; 3. Driscoll. Time, 11 seconds.

200 yards dash (under 17)—1. Allen II.; 2. Gill; 3. Duncanson. Time, 26⅓ seconds.

100 yards dash (under 13)—1. Smith IV.; 2. Davison; 3. Candel. Time, 14 seconds.

200 yards dash (Sen.)—1. Crossen; 2. McKay I; 3. Driscoll. Time, 26⅓ seconds.

Three-legged race (75 yards)—1. Allison and May; 2. Grier and Allan I.; 3. Bronson and Chase. Time, 11 seconds.

100 yards dash (Jun.)—1. Lannaman; 2. Ramsey; 3. Grant II. Time, $12\frac{4}{5}$ seconds.

440 yards—1. Allen II.; 2. Thorne; 3. Driscoll. Time, $57\frac{4}{5}$ seconds.

Junior House race (handicap)—1. Wilson I.; 2. Ross II.; 3. Riddell. Time, 13 seconds.

100 yards dash (Jun.)—1. Lanneman; 2. Ramsey; 3. Grant II. Time, $12\frac{4}{5}$ seconds.

440 yards—1. Allen II.; 2. Thorne; 3. Driscoll. Time, $57\frac{4}{5}$ seconds.

Sack race (Jun.)—1. Lanneman; 2. Kay; 3. Haas I.

220 yards dash (Jan.)—1. Copping; 2. Ramsey; 3. Lanneman. Time 30 seconds.

Hurdle race (Sen.)—1. Crossen; 2. Grier. Time, $20\frac{2}{5}$ seconds.

Hurdle race (Jun.)—1. Lanneman; 2. Wood II.; 3. Smith IV.

Running high jump (Sen.)—1. Douglas; 2. McKay I.; 3. Crossen. Height, 5 feet.

Old Boys' race—1. H. B. Housser; 2. McGilvray; 3. Gillies. Time, $11\frac{4}{5}$ seconds.

Consolation race (Jun.)—1. Grant II.; 2. Armstrong; 3. Chestnut III. Time, 13 seconds.

One mile run—1. Sale; 2. Gill; 3. Chase. Time 5 min., $11\frac{3}{5}$ seconds.

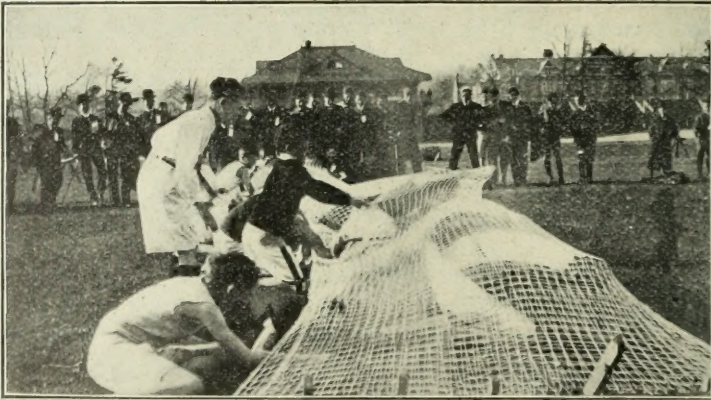
Fatigue race—1. Allison and Ray.

Obstacle race—1. Macdonald II; 2. Rogers; 3. Skinner.

Consolation race—1. Bronson; 2. Chase; 3. Wheeler.
Time, 12 seconds.

Relay race—1. Form V.; 2. Form IV.; 3. Form III.


The officers of the day were: Referee, Harry Housser; Starter, James Pearson; Timekeeper, A. E. Gooderham (Jun.); Measurers, G. H. Wallace, F. H. Chestnut; Clerk of the Course, W. J. Lea; Judges, Rev. A. F. Barr, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Fleming.



SOLVING A DIFFICULTY.

Miscellany.

The Annual Dinner.

 IN the evening of Friday, the 26th of May, occurred the event dear to the heart of every old boy of St. Andrew's—the annual dinner. The dinner this year was held at McConkey's. It was a huge success in every way except that of numbers, those present being somewhat less than one hundred. The menu was excellent, the service good, speeches sparkling with wit and humor, nothing, in short, which goes to make a dinner all it should be, was lacking. This success was almost entirely due to the untiring efforts of W. J. Lea, who showed as much zeal and energy in promoting the dinner as he displayed on the following day in striving to avert the Fossils' defeat on the cricket field.

After full justice had been done to the repast, then began that part of the evening which brings with it agony to some and pleasure to others—speeches.

President Harry Housser acted as toast-master in his usual efficient manner. In a few well-chosen words he proposed the toast honored above all others throughout the British Empire—that of the King. Owing to the unavoidable absence of Earl Grey, this toast was not responded to further than by singing "God Save the King." "Canada and the Empire" was proposed by Geoff. Boak, the sole but very welcome member of the much-touted Nova Scotia contingent. Mr. Thomson, well known to the boys of '99-'01, replied. Mr. Billy Blanchard eulogized "The Staff and College," and Mr. Macdonald in rather an apologetic way answered for Dr. Meyer, who, to his great regret, was forced to leave about half-past eight in order to catch the nine-thirty ferry for the Island. Then followed the toast to the "Association," by "Dub" Sale, to which "Billy" Lea replied. In his reply the Secretary took occasion to mention the urgent need of every boy, present and past, doing his utmost towards the Statue Fund. We hope this appeal will not pass unheeded. Then Adam Sproat proposed the health of those 'round whom all the interest of the Association centres

—the Present Boys. Edward Thorne, Head Prefect, responded on behalf of the Present Boys, a number of whom were in attendance. H. G. Smith, 2nd Vice-President, rose to propose "Our Guests," which, owing to the absence through illness of Mr. J. K. Macdonald, President of the College, was answered by the Principal. After this came the last toast on the list, "The Ladies." After much rivalry "Don" Nasmith was allowed to propose it and to "Smiler" Hunt fell the honor and pleasure of responding. This he did in a very happy speech, showing the great advantage of being other than "a man's man." With this a very enjoyable evening came to a close, but before concluding this article I will mention some of the Old Boys who were present:

J. P. Bickell, G. A. J. Boak, W. E. Ferguson, R. P. Findlay, A. H. Follett, Douglas Fraser, W. H. Goldstein, A. E. Gooderham, D. R. Gunn, C. G. Henderson, H. B. Housser, G. C. Hunt, Gordon Langlois, W. J. Lea, A. E. Miller, D. H. Nasmith, R. D. Ramsey, A. R. Riddell, H. G. Smith, J. C. Willmott, E. E. Willmott.



PREMEDITATED POSE.

The New Building.

DURING the summer of 1905 the College moves over to its own property in North Rosedale, where handsome new buildings are rapidly approaching completion. The property consists of twenty-four acres and is situated in the choicest and healthiest residential district in Toronto. It is five minutes' walk from the Church Street car line, which communicates directly with the Union Station. This line, it is expected, will shortly be extended to the College gates. Immediately to the west of the College grounds is Reservoir Park, and on the south lie the Rosedale Athletic Grounds. Thus, in addition to its own extensive holding, the College is in direct touch with two large open areas. The location provides the conveniences of the city together with all the advantages of the country.

The new buildings present a very handsome and imposing appearance. Architecturally they are an adaptation of the Tudor style. The color effect produced by the combination of red brick and clear-cut Bedford stone is very pleasing, while their graceful proportions and scholastic appearance render them a decided acquisition to Toronto's public buildings. They comprise an Upper School and Residence, a Lower School and Residence, the Principal's Residence, the Senior Master's Residence and a Gymnasium. The Principal's Residence is in direct connection with the main building, so that he will have access to all floors from his own house. The boys in the Upper School will thus be under his direct charge and those opportunities for personal contact and oversight which are so desirable will be afforded.

The Lower School Residence is so constructed that the smaller boys will be entirely separated from the boys of the Upper School, while at the same time a desirable unity of management will be obtained. The Residence of the Senior Master is in connection with the Lower School Residence, which is under his direct charge.

The new school will accommodate three hundred boys in class and about one hundred and fifty boys, with nine master in Residence.

The equipment is thoroughly modern throughout and all the class-rooms and other rooms are well lighted and well ventilated with ventilating-flues. Ample dressing-room, lavatory, bath-room and shower-room accommodation has been provided in both the Upper and the Lower Schools. There is also in each school an Indoor Recreation Room, a Boy's Library and a Reading Room. The buildings are heated with an overhead steam system, thus ensuring the maintenance of an even temperature throughout. They are also wired for electricity and piped for gas.

The dining-room and kitchen accommodation and equipment are of a thoroughly modern type, in order to meet the requirements of a well-organized school.

The Gymnasium is sixty feet long by forty-five feet wide and will stand immediately behind the main building.

The sanitary arrangements throughout the buildings are of the very best modern type, having been installed under city inspection. The lavatories are airy and well lighted, with the walls finished in glazed brick and the floors in cement, so that they can be thoroughly washed off each day.



RESTING AFTER DINNER.

The Literary Society.

FRIDAY evening, May the 5th, saw the closing of the Literary Society of St. Andrew's College for the year nineteen hundred and five, when the last meeting was held.

A large and appreciative audience was present, as this meeting was offering as its chief attractions the oratory and reading contests. The prize given by Mr. Macdonald for the former was awarded to Forgie (Form V.), who is to be commended for the manner in which he handled his subject, "International Arbitration *vs.* War." His chief competitor was Goggin (Form V.), who made an excellent speech on "Canada." In the reading contest the first prize went to Goggin (Form V.), McKay I. (Form V.) coming next in order of merit.

During the intermission which ensued after the contests, while the judges were deciding upon the awards, Driscoll favored the members with several selections on the piano, which were fully appreciated and heartily encored. Mr. Fleming then gave an interesting address, thanking the boys for the assistance they had tendered him during the winter, and spoke very encouragingly of the prospects of the Society for nineteen hundred and six, when the meetings will be resumed in the new College. After a vote of thanks had been given to the President for his untiring efforts during the season, the meeting adjourned.

WESLEY W. WINANS (Form IV.).

Personnel.

George Anderson ('99-'03) is in second year Biological and Physical Science course at Toronto University.

"Doug" Angus ('03-'04) has entered the Bank of Montreal at Regina, N.W.T.

"Geoff." Boak ('00-'01) is in the G. A. J. Boak Company, Halifax, N.S.

N. S. Boyd ('00-'03) is in the Imperial Bank, Stratford.

Paul Brecken ('01-'04) has entered Victoria University.

Fred. Chestnut ('00-'04) has successfully passed his first year, School of Science.

"Eve" Collins ('03-'04) registered at Toronto Medical School.

"Doug." Cotton ('01-'05) has entered Dominion Bank, Toronto.

E. L. Cousins ('00-'01) has passed second year School of Science exams. with great success.

T. G. Cutler ('02-'03) is in the Royal Bank of Canada, Halifax, N.S.

J. C. Doust ('00-'04), T. A. Errikila ('01-'02), H. A. Keefer ('03-'04), are passing through a second stage of loafing at Trinity Univ.

Leslie Fergusson ('99-'02) has gone into Imperial Bank at Regina.

R. P. Findlay ('00-'01) is in the Bank of Commerce, Toronto.

Waldo Flemming ('02-'04) is having all kinds of success, both in class and sports at Dalhousie University, where he is taking an Arts course.

Walter Goldstein ('01-'03) is in his 2nd year Political Science at Varsity. Albert Gooderham ('00-'04) is also at Varsity—1st year general course in Arts.

"Tight" Hay ('02-'03) is now one of the valued officials of the Customs Dept., Toronto.

Charlie Hartzberg ('99-'02) has succeeded in fooling the examiners three times at School of Science—thereby getting a diploma.

Harry Houser ('99-'02) is in the Massey-Harris Co., Toronto. But, although Harry has entered business he has by no means given up sports. He was captain of Toronto Rugby team and one of the forwards on the Senior St. George's hockey team.

Norm. Keith ('99-'04) embarked on the strenuous six years' medical course last October. He however found time to help bring a championship to Varsity Intermediate Hockey team last winter and also to pull the cricket team out of a few holes this spring.

Doctor "Billy" Lea ('99-'01)—Congratulations.

Russell Meikle ('03-'04) has entered the wholesale hardware business, Port Arthur.

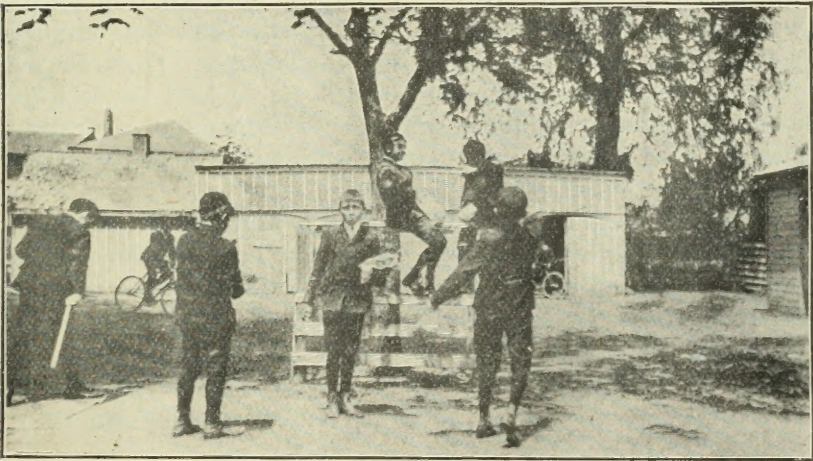
G. L. MacGillivray ('00-'02) is in the Canadian General Electric Co., Toronto.

Foxley Page and A. E. Morse ('01-'04) have passed School of Science, Toronto.

"Quiller" Russell ('01-'03) has begun his commercial career in Rochester, N.Y.

Harvey Thorne ('00-'03) has this year received his degree of B.A. from Dalhousie. Congratulations.

Guy Wallace ('01-'04) is at the Toronto Medical School. We are glad to note just before going to press that he has passed his first year successfully.



LUNCH HOUR.

The College Dance.



ALTHOUGH held a great deal later this year than ever before, the dance, which took place on Friday evening, April the 28th, was a great success. Owing to the small number of invitations issued for this last "At Home," there was ample room for those who desired to dance. At all times, however, there were to be seen numerous couples strolling around the lawns, and thereby leaving the sitting-out corners in the library almost deserted.

It was an ideal evening for the dance, cool enough inside to be pleasant and the moon not shining so brightly outside as to give the strollers the idea that they were walking around in the sunshine. The Union Jacks were draped around the recreation room, lending a very patriotic effect, and the various first team pictures peeped out from the red, white and blue bunting which ran around the room. Amid the different fern plants were placed settees, where the bashful boys and the fatigued young ladies spent occasional spare moments. Towards the close of the evening the gong boomed out in loud and clarion tones, summoning all those who wished to partake of refreshments. Two or three more dances were enjoyed, and then the two hundred guests present departed.

The boys wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald very much for the enjoyable time spent. Many of the Old Boys were present, some of whom were: G. H. Wallace, Allan Gillies, H. B. Houser, D. Nasmith, E. Wilmott, W. J. Lea, J. Gunn, N. Keith, D. Fraser, R. P. Saunders, A. E. Gooderham, A. Ridell, W. Goldstein, P. D. Spohn, J. D. Cotton, T. Thompson.

WESLEY W. WINANS (Form IV.).

Notes on the Dance.

McLaren I., coming in a little late to the dance, and bumping into a statue: "I beg your pardon, but is this our dance?"

It is reported that Nat Chase and Pig Bronson went to Mr. Macdonald before the dance and asked permission to wear their first team sweaters over their tuxedos.

Goggin, when he came into the ball-room, looked more like

a snow-man than a human being, owing to an over-dose of talcum powder.

One young lady, on seeing Normie MacArthur for the first time, said: "My, but that's a nice large chandelier you have over there."

It is reported that Bruno McKay was up at the dance under an assumed name.

Goggin, trying to act brilliant, said to a girl who was at the dance, and also from British Columbia, "Yes, I heard Pike's Peak about you when I was out West last year."

A girl, seeing Gayfer, said: "Who is that boy over there with the false face?"

You would never have thought to look at Bronson that he had borrowed pretty nearly all his clothes from Goggin, would you? Moral: "Appearances are often deceiving."

As Others See Us.

The engagement is announced of Miss Esther T. de Beauregard, only daughter of the late Mr. Amand T. de Beauregard, of New Orleans, Fla., and niece of Mrs. William Carter, Huron Street, to Mr. Percy J. Robinson, St. Andrew's College. The wedding will take place early in July.—*The News*. [The above reached us just as we were going to press. The REVIEW tenders its heartiest congratulations.—Ed.]

Mr. R——n, explaining uses of subjunctive mood: "Beatus sis—May you be happy."

Member of class gently hummed to himself: "See him blushing."

Gill, to Mr. W——r, on a cloudy afternoon: "Sir, do you think that the oxygen and hydrogen will unite this evening?"

It is rumored that Bronson asked Mr. Macdonald if he might wear his first team cap to church.

Ching: "McLaren, you look like a nail with a rusty head."

Master: "Forgie, what have you in your mouth?"

Forgie: "I have some chewing substance, sir."

Master: "Take one hour."

"Did you git it?"

It is reported that Goggin has been lately knighted second Baron Munchausen.

It is said that Pig offered a prize to the boy who put in the ware business, Port Arthur.

Every man in your college is in one of the Semi-ready Physique Types

Your clothes either fit you or they don't—
there is no middle ground.

If you go to a custom tailor you must put
your trust in his tape-line.

If it or his workers err the suit is yours, fit
or no fit.

Semi-ready fit is based on a system of
physique types which cover every variation of
the human form.

When you try on a Semi-ready suit of your
type, it either fits you to your entire satisfaction
or you don't take it.

Semi-ready Tailoring

22 King Street West, Toronto

The play "Kidnapped in New York" must have taken well with some of the boys by the way things have been disappearing lately.

There was ham for tea the other night. Alas! Pig's poor brother.

Why did some of the Present Boys sit behind the partition at the Old Boys' dinner?

Goggin, to anyone and everyone: "Hold my glasses."

The Sixth Form is the highest form,
Of this there is lots of proof:
Go up three flights of rickety stairs
And you'll find it next the roof.

Class Equations.—

Mr. W. A. F. + Forgie = detention.

" G. C. + Carver = gating.

" H. F. M. + Smith = report at office.

" W. O. W. + McCrea = Tearing due to shaking.

The day after Bronson made top score for the Seconds he had a headache—a case of swelled head.

The masters have been wearing a haunted look since the camera fiends started making their collections of "Unpremeditated Poses" for the REVIEW.

McCrea, coming from the Principal's office: "And I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me."

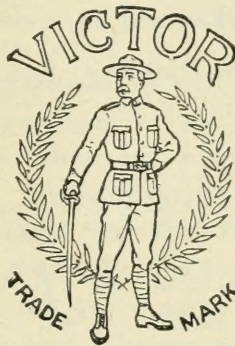
Chase II.: "Which is the best hotel in Parry Sound?"

Phillips I. and II. (both at once): "Ours. It is oak floors and six bedrooms."

A blessing—enough potatoes to go around at tea.

Victor Shoes FOR MEN AND WOMEN

All Sizes
All Widths
All Styles



One
Standard
Price
\$3.50

The Robert Simpson Company is justly proud of the Victor Shoe and the reputation it has won throughout the Dominion.

"A \$5.00 Shoe for \$3.50"

We have had a large experience with shoes of all makes, all grades, all prices, and we know from experience when we say we have achieved the greatest success in Canadian shoemaking in our Victor Shoes.

Ask to see our Summer Victors—black or tan.

For sale only at this store.

THE ROBERT **SIMPSON** COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO

Do not judge by appearances—the butter.

Something for nothing—sand in the spinach.

Things seem to be coming my way—lines.

All is fair (fare) in love and war—even kids' car tickets go.

In this school of education
We should show determination
In the near examination
To get our matriculation.
And to those of near relation
Cause a sudden, big sensation,
And then make the revelation
That we've earned a long vacation.
Then we'll spread the proclamation
That we got our information
Without any botheration
At this school of education.
We give to all the invitation
To come here for preparation,
For in the coming generation
You'll be needed by the nation.
Come for fun and recreation
For it's a place of fascination;
But leave behind all dissipation;
What you need is moderation,
As brought up by Carrie Nation.
For, without exaggeration,
We have made the observation
That you'll see the legislation
Of some old denomination.
Here is my hurried termination
For I'm off to Union Station.

CHASE I.

W. A. MURRAY & CO., Limited

Importers and Retailers of

*Fine Dry Goods and
Furnishings for Men and Boys*

COLLEGE BLAZERS	BATH ROBES	BRACES
COLLEGE SWEATERS	"WOLSEY" UNDERWEAR	HOSIERY
COLLEGE RIBBONS	SHIRTS	GLOVES
COLLEGE BELTS	NECKWEAR	DUCK TROUSERS
DRESSING GOWNS	COLLARS	

We carry a wide range of Ready-to-Wear,
Fashionably Tailored Clothing for Boys.

W. A. MURRAY & CO., Limited

17 to 31 King East. 10 to 20 Colborne St.
Victoria St.—King to Colborne St.
TORONTO

OUR RANGE OF BRITISH WOOLLENS

For Spring and Summer wear is complete
and well assorted. Made up in the latest
styles, best workmanship, and prices moderate.

J. H. WILLIAMSON, Merchant Tailor

TELEPHONE
MAIN 243

115 KING STREET WEST.

HOLIDAY GOODS

We carry a full line of Out-door Sporting Goods, including
Guns, Rifles, Fishing Tackle, Golf Clubs, Cricket Bats,
Baseball Supplies, etc.——Special discount to students.

RICE LEWIS & SON Limited

CORNER KING AND VICTORIA STREETS, TORONTO

More than bargained for—what we find in the eggs.

As straight as an arrow—the flight of the cane.

The wild man from the West—Goggin.

As big as life and twice as natural—“ Fat ” Sale.

The pride of 16 continents—Ching.

A great treat—a good meal.

As cold as ice—the toast.

The leader of the Barbers' Union—Driscoll.

A dealer in cast-off clothing—Leask.

The Wandering Jew—“ Ike ” Graham.

A turkey for dinner is worth—even if we are not in the poultry business—fifty down town.

Half-and-half—the milk.

A skyscraper—Tiny.

Leaks like a sieve—the tin building.

Something happened on the 20th of June—?

Some of the boys are very curious to know why one of the masters uses the telephone every day after dinner.

The members of the corner dormitory are always afraid that Goggin will be arrested some day for doing something reckless.

Blackstock, rushing into the corner domitory: “ Where is Mr. B——?”

Member of the dormitory: “ Under his bed fixing the electrics.”

SWAN BROS.

**Wholesale and Retail
GROCERS**

All Kinds of Fresh Fruits in Season

TEAS, COFFEES, BUTTER
Our Specialties

RAISINS, CURRANTS, PEELS,
and every kind of Fresh Table and
Cooking Fruits, together with great
assortment of Staple and Fancy
Groceries, in endless variety and
quantity.

SWAN BROS.

162-164 King St. East
TORONTO

TELEPHONES: Main 4120, 4121, 4122.





**Nasmith's
Butter Scotch**


The Candy for Athletes.
Wholesome and Delicious.

Packages, 5 and 10 Cents
Tins, - 15 and 25 Cents

PARK BROS.

THE GROUP

PHOTOGRAPHERS



328 YONGE STREET
TORONTO TELEPHONE MAIN
1269

Jack Fraser: "Please sir, did Julius Cæsar ever go to British Columbia?"

Mr. N——: "No, Jack; why?"

Jack Fraser: "Well, sir, it has in the book, Julius Cæsar, B.C."

Goggin, thinking he had been unjustly gated, attempted to commit suicide, but his nerve failed him while attempting to end his young life by jumping a tennis net, and the best he could do was to hurt his knee and sprain an eyelash.

