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ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW



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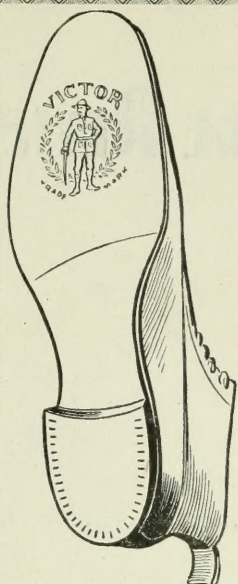
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ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW

Contents

1. Editorial. *R.P.S.*.....
2. College Spirit. *Fergusson*.....
3. Hockey. *Isbester Hall, M. S. Sillward*.....
4. Might of Measles. *Moffat*.....
5. A Pet Cougar. *P.B.*.....
6. Literary Society. *H.B.H.*.....
7. Cricket. *A.M.I.*.....
8. Story. *Fergusson*.....
9. Poem. *Isbester*.....
10. Deer Hunting. *H.J.*.....
11. A Trip Down the Saguenay. *R.P.S.*.....
12. How to Make Paper. *R.I.F.*.....
13. The Tramp. *G.C.H.*.....
14. Money. *P.G.*.....
15. A Day's Adventure. *Stark*.....
16. A Boy's Pets. *G.W.A.*.....
17. The Boarders' Dance.....
18. An Experience and Results. *A.M.*.....
19. A Sacrifice. *N.M.K.*.....
20. A School Story. *F.C.*.....
21. The Unfortunate Sportsman. *R.S.*.....
22. The Grossmith Concert. *R.I.F.*.....
23. Skits.....



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St. Andrew's College Review

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Vol. I

TORONTO, MARCH, 1902.

No. 3

This is the third number of The Review, and it is hoped that it will equal, if not surpass, its fore-runners. With this end in view, the staff has spared no pains to get the very best material possible and after reading it you will agree with me that their efforts have not been in vain.

This issue, as I have said, is

larger than the previous ones; not only is it larger, but the subjects chosen are those which will be of more especial interest to the boys themselves.

The editorial staff desires to express its sincere thanks to all the boys through whose willing assistance we are able to present this present issue to our readers.

The College Spirit

The spirit of a college is a hard subject to treat of, so let us use an illustration. Liken the college to a young tree, full of life and vigor, springing up from the seed to life and usefulness, and liken the sap of the tree to the college spirit.

When a school is started it is always founded with great hopes, of success. Winds of adversity may come and destroy it, but in all likelihood it will flourish and increase.

The boys are the life of a school. What would a tree be without sap? Or what would a college be without boys? Nothing. But if the sap be good the tree will flourish and grow strong; and likewise if the spirit of the boys is good and true, the college will prosper and expand.

If you walk through the forest you will see trees in all stages of decay. Some still have leaves, but

they are withered; some only have their bark; while others are altogether bereft of all growth and stand like gaunt skeletons amid the splendor of the forest.

If you look over the history of schools you will see the same thing. In some the spirit is withering; in others it is decaying; and in others it is completely gone and very little good remains.

The good college spirit is a spirit that goes to help the success of the school. A school whose welfare every boy has at heart, and one to which every boy shows loyalty and fidelity, is sure to succeed. But a school where the boys do not care, and where there is an element of bad, is sure to go to the dogs.

What makes a good spirit? Briefly, the help of the masters. This is the greatest element, and it goes to make the school life happy. Next comes the unity of the

boys. This is especially essential to a school where there are house and day boys, for, if there are feuds between these two bodies, there cannot be unity of spirit. And, lastly, sport—which is the most important element of all. Sport brings one school in contact with another, and thus creates a healthy rivalry. All boys of one school will unite in their efforts to try to surpass the other, and if a school can get every boy to help it is an honor to that school.

Now, let us look at the elements that constitute a bad spirit. Feuds between the masters and pupils will ultimately result in misunderstandings and disagreement. Next comes bullying, by which small boys are made the brutal sport of others. This is against all rules of civilization. It is all right to have fags, if they are well treated, because a fag has the help of a senior. But instead of compelling a person to do a thing, is it not much better to ask, and have him do it by his own free will? This can be done if the juniors are brought up feeling that they are

part of the school, and taught to look up to the seniors. Another thing that is bad for a school is the element of "Willyism." You go to see a school match and you will notice here and there along the touchline a tailor's dummy talking to his fair friend of what "they will do to the opposing team." A school is better without these cads.

You can see the loyalty boys have for their schools in many different ways—such as the wearing of caps and sticking-up for their own school. To illustrate, I might tell a little story. Over at the Island a small boy from our school was walking with his father. Another boy from another school insulted one of our masters in his hearing. As quick as flash they were at it, hammer and tongs, and I am glad to say that our boy came out on top.

The spirit in our school, at the present, could not be improved; and may it always be as it is now—all working together for the good of the school.

J. L. F.

Hockey

Before the reader reads the accounts of the different matches played by the S.A.C. this winter, we would like to make a short summary of the season.

Owing to U.C.C. and the Skating Club having the ice at the Mutual St. rink in the afternoon, we were only able to get two hours a week, namely, one on Thursday and one on Saturday. This was a great handicap for us, as we were to play U.C.C. five days after the commencement of school. The S.A.C. team this year had only three of last year's first team men, so the team was almost altogether a new one. This will be a good thing for the school, as four out of the seven men playing this winter will be

back next year. The second team did not play many matches owing to the need the first team had of practice.

The third team did fine work, not being defeated during the season. A team from the junior house showed that the youngsters at the other house have lots of go in them. They played two matches but had to discontinue their play with the rest of the school on account of the measles. Games were also played between the first and second forms.

The First U.C.C. Match

The first game of Group 4, Junior O.H.A. between St. Andrew's



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE HOCKEY TEAM, 1901-1902

1902

and Upper Canada Colleges, resulted in a victory for U.C.C. by a score of 10-0.

The score does not show the game as it was not nearly so one sided as would be thought. St. Andrew's put up a hard fight from start to finish. Upper Canada were heavier and had an effective combination which S.A.C. lacked. Their shooting was strong and well placed and only the fine work of Keith in goal kept the score down. St. Andrew's needed more practice. This was shown by the poor shooting of the forwards, with the exception of Housser who did splendid work, but was very closely watched and checked.

Fergusson and Keith did fine work on S.A.C. defence. Keys, Constantine, Morgan and Morrison were the best on U.C.C.

Mr. Woodworth made a satisfactory and impartial referee. The teams were:

S. A. C.		U. C. C.
Keith	Goal	Lash
H. Smith	Point	Keys
Fergusson	C. P.	Constantine
Housser		Morgan
Scott	Forwards	Morrison
Sale		Coulson
Strachan		J. Smith

After a lot of rushes by both teams, a rush by Morrison passing to Morgan scored 1st goal. Time 9 minutes 1-0.

S.A.C. carried the puck down to U.C.C. goal but lost it on poor shots and after 12 minutes' playing J. Smith scored on a long shot. 2-0.

The referee had to rule off Fergusson for tripping and during his absence U.C.C. scored twice and before half-time managed to score again. Score at half-time 5-0.

After half-time S.A.C. tried hard to score but could not, owing to the hard checking of U.C.C. defence and poor shooting. In this half Housser was hurt but stayed through the game. Upper Canada worked hard and were able to score five more goals, Morrison and Morgan doing most of the scoring. The score at the end of the game

was 10-0 in favor of U.C.C. and everyone went home feeling that the better team had won.

G. L. MacGillivray.

The Second Game with U.C.C.

The second game with U.C.C. and the third of Group 4, of the Junior O.H.A., was played on January the 15th, and as in the first game resulted in a victory for Upper Canada College the score being 8-1.

As this game meant a lot to St. Andrew's, they were determined to put up a very hard effort to win and they tried their best, but U.C.C. showed, as they have shown this season to all other junior teams, that they were the stronger team.

The score seems large but it does not tell how the play went, for all through it was very evenly contested.

The teams were almost the same as before excepting that Russell replaced Fergusson at cover for St. Andrew's and Fergusson went on the forward line.

The line up of both teams was as follows:

St. Andrew's.		U.C.C.
Keith	Goal	Lash
Smith	Point	Keys
Russell	C. P.	Constantine
Scott		Coulson
Housser	Forwards	Morgan
Fergusson		Morrison
Strachan		Smith

Referee "Doc" Wright blew his whistle at about 5 minutes to 8, and the game started at 8 sharp.

The play was up and down the ice and it was seen that the teams were very evenly matched if St. Andrew's could hold the pace started.

U.C.C. now scored in 1 minute after play. The game started again and the referee's services now came in and he sent Strachan to the boards for 4 minutes. Morrison's lace now broke and play was delayed for a minute when the whistle blew again. Fergusson and Housser led off with a rush but were stopped and for a minute it looked

bad for S.A.C., but Smith cleared nicely, and after some lifting from both defences, Houser obtained the puck and scored in 16 minutes.

After several rushes by both sides both Smith and Coulson of U.C.C. were retired for tripping and they were hardly on the ice again when Fergusson and Morrison decorated the boards. U.C.C. scored and at 8.45 half time was called with the score 2-1 in favor of U.C.C.

After 10 minutes' rest which was greatly needed the teams responded to the whistle and started play again. It was now that U.C.C. showed their staying powers and in this half scored 6 goals.

Play started off with a hot attack on S.A.C.'s goal but it was repulsed and the puck sent down to Upper Canada's end. Houser in following got in the way of a shot from Constantine and got hit in the head. He was carried into the dressing room and resumed play in about 4 minutes. Coulson was ruled off again for rough work and S.A.C. scored but it was from an off side and they were called back.

Coulson now came on and scored in 2 minutes. From this time S. A.C. seemed to go to pieces and shot after shot was rained in on the defence. Although they did the best they could, they were quickly going to pieces and before time was up U.C.C. scored 5 more and were the winners of group 4 of the Junior O.H.A.

The Newmarket-S.A.C. Game

"What boys wish to go?" That was a nice question to ask a collection of St. Andrew's College boys when they were wanted to cheer their team on to victory, and especially at the first game of the series. We showed Mr. Macdonald what we thought of the question by a show of hands the like of which may never be seen again in the old "Prayer Hall." Two did not say they would like to go, but they had good reasons, we may feel sure. But the rest! Let us see what Mr. Macdonald thinks of it.

"I expected, boys, that I should have to hire a car on the Metropolitan Electric Railway, but I suppose we can't all get in one car, so we'll have a trailer, also."

We boarded the car at six o'clock. The run out to Newmarket was a trifle slow, but the good spirits of the boys did much to shorten the hours, so that we seemed to be soon there.

"Here's Newmarket, boys," said our Principal. "Yes," said Mr. Cantley, and promptly shoved Willmott through the glass of the car door as he reached for the grab-basket. Then such a whistling and singing as Newmarket seldom heard before, was started, that is, that portion of Newmarket as was not already at the rink gazing at their intermediate team struggling successfully with Parkdale.

Our game started soon after nine o'clock. It was fast and furious, at first. Hurrah for Houser! Goal! What, no! Yes, it was a goal. Take care for the roof. Oh! the yelling and the hoot, man, hooting. It was terrific. The game is on again. Up goes Houser through the Newmarket forwards and on to the cover-point. He is checked. The puck goes down to our end of the rink, but Fergusson is there and brings it back to the cover-point, but meets with the same fate. Then the Newmarket men line up for a rush; they pass to the right wing. Strachan is there and intersects, making a short rush, but is checked, and then Newmarket takes the puck to within a few feet of the goal "Stop him, Smith." Smith disobeys, however, and our smart little goal keeper, Keith, is left to stop the puck. He does it, too, and knocks it to the side, but another Newmarket man is there and shoots before Keith has recovered. Score. The game is now one-all, and the audience is on its keenest edge.

Our boys now try some rough checking, and one of them goes off with a Newmarket man who desires to fight. The game cools

down now, and it is ten minutes before our boys score again. Then half time is called.

Both teams come out after a rest, confident that they can win, and the Newmarket boys rush two or three times before our boys thoroughly waken up. When they do, however, the game becomes fast once more. Houser does another pretty rush and long wrist shot, which counts.

Now the Newmarket people start to play hard, till finally they arrive at a period when three of each side are cooling off on the boards. Then the Newmarket people see their chance, and after being beaten back four times, score. Our boys live up at this and show their bulldog tenacity, for they stormed the Newmarket end, and although beaten back time and time again managed to get an advantage and Fergusson shoots and scores again.

Then a perceptible change is noticed, for the playing is decidedly slower. Some pretty rushes occur, however, and Fergusson scores again. Then Newmarket, all of a sudden, burst forth from our line of forwards and carried the puck to our goal and were stopped only by Keith in goal. He is not made of rubber, though, and the next shot tells. Then our boys quicken up and two more goals were added to our number in quick succession.

Now everybody was tired, and no wonder, for they had been playing for an hour and fifteen minutes. The puck goes to Newmarket end, and the goal-keeper is left to his own devices; the body-checks and the puck are motionless. Strachan was the first to recover and he scoops the puck into the goal.

"Only five minutes to play," sang out the small voice of Smiler, as he grinned from between two pretty girls. Harry Houser must have heard, and thus encouraged, he skated up and put in another long shot. This was the last counter and a few minutes later the game finished with a score of eight to three in favor of the Col-

lege. This was not the last Newmarket heard of us, for we hooted all the way home. Newmarket had a good team, but they had hard luck when they met S. A. C. first.

B. D. Hall.

The second team was not organized till very late and so only played one game. This was against Harbord Collegiate and they were victorious after playing over time.

The game was played on college ice on Saturday morning. Smiler Hunt did his best to referee the game and although he was very lenient, he was entirely impartial and was satisfactory to both teams.

In the first half it was nearly all St. Andrew's game although the Harbord boys did their best to hold them down and succeeded so well in playing a defence game that the score was only 3 to 1 in our favor.

When the referee blew his whistle for the 2nd half, the Harbord team asked to change a man and S.A.C. agreed to this.

In this half the game was very close and Harbord evened the score in quick time. S.A.C. now brightened up a bit and made the score 4 to 3 but it was not to be for Harbord scored 2 more and we were barely able to score one when time was called with the score 5-5.

The referee now asked would we play the game off and the Harbord captain after consulting his team decided to do so. It was arranged that we would play 10 minutes longer, 5 minutes each way.

When the whistle blew S.A.C. led off with a quick rush and scored in about 1 minute.

Harbord now began to play defence again but a poor lift by their point man was stopped near the goal and the puck was once more sent through their goal. No more scoring was done in this 5 minutes.

When the game started for the 2nd period Harbord led off from the face and made a good attack but did not succeed in scoring and play was even till about 1 minute before

time was up when S.A.C. scored. The whistle blew shortly after and we had won by three goals, the final score being 8-5.

The team last year was as follows:

Goal—Nasmith.
Point—Douglas.
C. Point—Cantley.
McLaren
Strange—Forwards
Isbester
Sale.

The third team had a most successful season and did not lose a game. They played against and defeated the following teams: Toronto Church School, score 6-5; return game 7-2.

Wellesley St. School, score 8-1; return game, 6-2.

Beavers 5-3; return 8-3.

The team was the following:

Goal—Matheson.
Point—McLaren, Ma.
C. Point—Douglas.
Robertson
McLaren—Forwards
Mara
Follet

The team of the college though was that husky aggregation from the junior house who, led by Captain Kelly, held morning practise on the rink while they were in quarantine. They played several matches and only lost one. We regret that we do not know the members of the team.—Isbester.

The Might of Measles

It will be seen that a strong imagination is required to picture the past situation of the unfortunate Measilites, and the career of a phantom At Home. However, we will treat the different events in order, and try to avoid the fancying part.

Attack No. 1 of the measles began about a month ago, and immediately the members of the Junior House were isolated. The preparatory boys were moved into the reading-room adjoining III. B, which was fortunate, seeing that they could now only be blamed for one-half, or at most, three-quarters of the uproar generally in progress during the change of periods.

At last, the quarantine being up, the Junior House came forth again, feeling, no doubt, that they were now celebrities. The Junior House hockey team made its first appearance in the full public view; their schoolmates before that time having to content themselves with a look from afar. But their game was short-lived, the curtain again dropping on the scene.

A second case of measles broke

out, and the dreary prospect of isolation was again before them. They were free during our school hours, and we had the extreme pleasure of watching them passing by the window on the way to the rink.

Event followed event, and suddenly Mrs. Macdonald took the measles. This settled the "At Home." The Literary Society sent out cards expressing its regret, "That owing to the measles having broken out in the Junior House, the 'At Home' must be postponed." Fancy the "Annual 'At Home' of the St. Andrew's College Literary Society" being stopped by the measles! Why, it was almost as bad as a social function at St. Margaret's having to be postponed on account of the outbreak of a disease called by the undignified name of mumps! With the cards went the hopes of many of the boys, who thought on the 14th "To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

As regards the time till when the "At Home" is postponed, the exact date is unsettled. However, the

boarders have been pacified by a social entertainment for their friends.

We hope this last will give a brief respite to the poor jaded

members of the Literary Society, in order that they may use their fertile brains to invent some new triumph.

A. Moffat.

A Pet Cougar

Among the early Canadian settlers were people by the name of Robinson, who made their home in the woods near the Rocky Mountains.

They had two daughters, one about twelve and the other about fourteen years old. These girls were very fond of animals and one day when an Indian came to their house with a young cougar, he had found in the woods, the girls were very anxious to keep it for a pet. As they had plenty of accommodation, and the animal would not be much trouble at its present age, their father allowed them to have their wish.

They fed it on milk for a while, and it soon developed into a strong playful young cougar. It would run about and play with them, and liked very much, when they were out in the woods, to have a rope put around his neck, and then start off and lead the girls home by it.

He got along very well and was always very quiet and good natured, until one day when a man came to see Mr. Robinson about some land. During the talk this man became rather excited, and was making some pretty strong threats, when the cougar, who had been lying in a corner all the time, suddenly sprang up and struck the man to the ground. Then, with an

angry growl he sprang off into the woods.

Some time after this, the Robinson girls decided to go to a pond that was about four miles from their home and have a skate. They arrived at the pond safely and had been skating for some time when a heavy snow-storm came up. They at once took off their skates and started for home.

At first they thought that they would keep along the shore of the pond, but the storm was so bad they decided to take a short cut, and struck into the woods.

It soon became dark and they lost their way. After wandering around for a while they came across an old log hut. Knowing that they could not get home that night, they went in here for shelter.

They had not been there long when they heard a growl and at once ran out again, followed by a large animal, which they soon recognized as their pet Cougar. They turned around and began to stroke him. One of them then took off her cloud, put it around his neck, and told him to lead them home.

He started off and soon brought them in sight of the house, but as soon as he saw the light streaming out of a window, he struck at it, snarled and breaking loose, dashed off into the woods.

P. R. Brecken.

The College Literary Society

The first Literary Society of St. Andrew's College was organized in January, 1900. It was formed at that time simply for the purpose

of giving an "At Home," which we thought should be given under the auspices of such a Society.

The Society was re-organized in

October of the same year, and new officers were elected for 1901. It was deemed advisable to hold a literary meeting every Friday evening, to which the boys were all welcome. The last Friday of every month was to be an open meeting, to which the boys were privileged to invite their friends.

The Society has proved to be a great success, and benefit to the boys. So it has become a general factor in college life, and our large annual "At Home" is given under its auspices.

The Friday evening meetings vary considerably in character. Sometimes we have a musical evening. On another evening, Mr. Macdonald entertains us with a lecture on Edinburgh, or some such topic, which he illustrates with lantern views. Other evenings are left entirely in the hands of the boys, one of them taking the chair and calling on different boys of the school

for two-minute speeches. These speeches prove a great amusement to the audience, if not to the speaker, for often the subjects are far beyond the reach of the speaker and so the victim is obliged to stand his two minutes in nervous silence, to the great delight of the audience. Last, but not least, I must make mention of the social evenings when the boys always manage to make a most respectable showing.

So you see that the Society helps the boys in many ways. It should prove a great benefit to them in after life, for in these meetings they first learn to stand before a public gathering. Here they learn to debate and here they have the pleasure of listening to lectures and musical entertainments which they may look back upon in after life, as one of the happy remembrances of their school life.

H. B. H.

The Outlook for Cricket

The snow has once more deserted us, at least most of it, leaving only a few straggling pieces black and dirty which will also be gone by the time we are all back from our Easter holidays, and we will be almost wondering where Canada got its reputation for cold weather and name, the "Lady of the Snows."

Cricket will hold full sway this year, base ball or lacrosse will not be allowed and if a good professional and lots of opportunities are essentials of a good team we ought to have, and probably will have, as good a team as there is in any Canadian College.

Kipling's "Flannelled fools of the wicket," will have full opportunity to display their prowess in the game, for extraordinarily good arrangements have been made. Through Mr. Macdonald's work and the kindness of the gentlemen of the Rosedale C. C. Fleetwood's services have been engaged.

The arrangements made are something like the following:

All boys who are members of the College Athletic Association are entitled to all the privileges of the Rosedale C. C., and have the use of the grounds and nets from 3.00 till 4.30 with Fleetwood who arrives on May 15th as coach. They may also go into the nets with the members of the Rosedale after 4.30.

Another very good thing about the arrangements is, that they will not give the outside crease to anybody without consulting us first, and we will be allowed the inside crease for matches on Saturdays, etc., on notifying them within good time.

The professional, who is about the best that comes out to Canada, ought to get a good team out of the school and although little is known about cricket by most of the new boys, (there are many base-ball enthusiasts) under good

coaching, such as there will be, we feel confident that we will make good players.

The annual game with Ridley College is being arranged and although the dates they suggest do not exactly suit us a satisfactory arrangement will likely be made.

Some of the boys may remember when the team went to Ridley before, an excursion was run. Well, it

is quite likely that one will be run this season and every boy should take advantage of it and accompany the team—who by the way will be accompanied by the coach—and encourage them to victory.

Dates will quite likely be arranged with U.C.C. and T.C.S. also and everything so far looks well for a successful cricket season.

A. M. Isbester.

Morgan's First and Only Love

"Well Morgan dear, are you going out for a paddle to-day?" said a sweet-faced woman of about fifty-two, the mother of Morgan Pierpont, a rising young business man of Toronto.

The place where these two were summering was an ideal spot in the highlands of Ontario. A pretty little Swiss cottage perched on a small bluff, behind which was a fine hill of first-growth pines and in front of which stretched out the beautiful blueish-black waters of Lake Rosseau, spotted here and there with green islands, made a delightful summer home.

"Yes, mother," Morgan replied, "I am going across to the hotel to take Miss Mason over to the Highland House, where she has friends."

So Morgan began to put the cushions in the canoe and make ready to start. As he was doing so his mother watched him with a longing look, and then gradually a sweet smile spread over her face as she said to herself, "I will soon lose my boy, but he will be happy with dear little Helen, for she is a sweet, good girl. The foolish boy thinks that she does not love him, while in reality she would do anything to win him, and I would not be surprised if she has to do the proposing."

By this time Morgan was ready, and after kissing his mother, he started across the smooth waters.

When he arrived at the hotel, Helen was not ready, so Morgan

played pool until a waiter called him. It was then too late to paddle over to the Highland House, so Helen proposed a climb up the mountain. The mountain trail led across the river along one of those cool, green Muskoka paths, where the trees meet overhead and the sunbeams chase each other as the swinging branches change their positions.

Miss Helen was a typical summer girl, sweet and full of go. At the first of the season she was on the matrimonial market, but when she met Morgan she fell head over heels in love with him. Morgan was so backward in coming forward that she was afraid he would not propose to her before he went back to the city, and she was going to Europe for three years, so, on this particular day she was making a bold step towards marriage.

As they walked along to the foot of the mountain she was full of fun, and Morgan thought to himself, "I shall ask her to-day." When they got to the top they sat down to talk. It was the first time Morgan had ever been to the summit, and for a few moments he was speechless, and well he might be.

As he looked around he saw Lake Rosseau on one side, and Lake Joseph on the other. The hotel tennis courts and grounds were full of life as it was time for the afternoon boat. In the distance could be seen the smoke of the boat at

Ferndale and of the other boats at Port Carling. To the left of him was the bush farm with the cattle grazing on the sunny slopes, and behind that the green forest, with its different shades of color and the white road, winding along like a silver stream.

With a start he brought himself back to himself and to something that to his mind was far better, yes, better than all Muskoka to Helen. He commenced bravely, but soon got talking of every-day topics. Helen was not going to let him escape so easily, so she started to talk "family." Now, gentle reader, if you wish to win a man get him to talk "self and family." It is easy, for men in love are generally stuck on themselves, and especially boys at school. You can tell them by "that smile."

Helen's plan succeeded famously, much better, indeed, than she expected, for it turned out that she had no sisters and Morgan had no brothers. She went on to tell Morgan that one summer she had met a man to whom she took a great fancy and whom she wanted to adopt as a brother, so that she would have some one to take her about. But the man did not like her, and try as she would, she could not make him do so. The story was told in such an appealing sweet way that Morgan exclaimed:

"He must have been a fool."

"Oh! you silly, silly boy," she answered, "you are calling yourself a fool."

Morgan was so astonished that he looked, and then,—but it would not do to tell what followed, as I was hiding behind a bush and saw it all. It is sufficient to say that people looking at the top of the mountain at 5.29½ p. m., would have seen two slight figures against the sky line, and at 5.30 p. m., one stout one. I could not hear what they said, but I heard noises like the cane falling on a bad boy's back, and Morgan did not seem at all shy.

It was a happy couple that enter-

ed the hotel just in time for tea.

People began to talk about the handsome young man that was coming and going so much with Miss Mason; but what did Helen and Morgan care. They were happy, oh so happy, and all that they wanted was to be left to themselves, with a canoe and a lunch basket well filled. They would start in the morning and paddle until noon, take lunch on an island and get home about four in the afternoon. That is the way, I am told, to have a good time in the summer. But all too soon Morgan's holidays were up, and he went back to the city.

Helen went as far as Muskoka wharf with him, and they made sure to take their farewell behind the pilot house on the hurricane deck, out of sight of the American camera fiend.

Morgan had never written a letter to Helen, or to any other girl, so when he started his first, he got along famously until he came to the salutation. He commenced: "Dear Helen, My Dear," etc., "My dearest," and various other salutations, but none of them would do. Some of them were too cold, some of them too soft, so he left the letter until next day.

When he arrived at the office, he wondered what all the other clerks were laughing about. It seemed that one of them had heard about Morgan and Helen and had intercepted a letter for him, which Morgan himself had not expected. So, with a smiling face he presented it to Morgan.

Then began the fun for the clerks, but Morgan was so open and straight forward about it that the chaff fell flat, and so he escaped a good deal of jollyng.

When he arrived home at noon, he opened his letter. It ran:

"Muskoka,

"On the top of the mountain,
where I found my Knight.

"My dearest, old, shy boy:

"Your little summer girl is just dying for a word from you, and she was so afraid that you

would forget her, that she sends these few lines to remind you of your little lady, Helen."

This was enough to set Morgan off, and he wrote her a letter. It was soft, very soft. If it had ever got to press, it would have been copied by hundreds of shy lovers.

Morgan now had something to work for, so he put every energy into his labors and soon became attorney for the firm. The firm then wanted him to have a seat on the exchange, but the exchange objected, and to overcome the objections, he became a partner in the firm, and so took his seat on the exchange.

It was a happy day for Morgan when Helen came back to town to stay for two or three days. She was at the Queen's and had told Morgan not to ask for her, but to come right up to her rooms when he came to call. This message came on Saturday night. So on Sunday, about two, he went to see her. He went up on the elevator, but just as he got off, he saw a handsome-looking man come down the hall and enter Mrs. Mason's room. He followed and saw Helen in the arms of the strange man. He did not wait for an explanation, but went home and wrote a foolish letter, saying that he had thought her true, but had found out that she had been playing with him, and that he did not want to have anything more to do with her. So Helen went to England and Morgan stayed at home.

About three years after this, Morgan, who had become second partner in the firm, went to England on business. When he was in one of the large London hotels he was considerably startled by seeing a woman who very much resembled Helen, but was about ten years older than she should have been at that time. He had forgotten all about this event when a porter brought him the following note:

"70 Army Chambers,

London.

"Call at my office at 10.30 a.

m., Thursday. An explanation will be made to you that will change your life.

"P. S.—Ask for the 'second in command.'"

On Thursday, out of curiosity, Morgan called at 70 Army Chambers, which was the business place of the large law firm of Miller, Miller & Miller. Morgan asked for the second in command. The office boy looked at him, and then said: "I say you, are you off your nut?" Morgan thought for a moment, and then said he wasn't. Looking at his watch he found he was a little early. As he was putting it away a man of about his own age came out of a private door and spoke to the bell-boy, saying: "If any one asks for the 'second in command,' send him to me." Then he caught sight of Morgan and beckoned him to follow.

When Morgan got inside the private office, he found that he was alone with the "second in command."

"Sit down, my dear sir," said the unknown. "You will have to excuse the way I sent you my message, but I knew by experience, if there was a note of mystery in it you would come." Morgan nodded. Then the unknown went on: "I am going to tell you a little bit of family history. My sister-in-law, who is about thirty years my elder, married a Mr. Mason in America. About three years ago, I went over to Canada and happened to stay at the Queen's Hotel at the same time that my niece was there. I did not see her until about two o'clock on Sunday. The rest you know as well as I do. You came and saw us, got angry and wrote a foolish letter that broke Helen's heart. She saw you at the hotel and so did I, and realizing that she would not make herself known to you, I took the liberty of making her happy."

"Oh, how can I ever thank you enough," exclaimed Morgan, "and when shall I ever get over making

a fool of myself. But where is the dear girl?"

"She is at the Hotel Cecil, and I think she is in this afternoon."

Morgan said good-bye, drove at once to the Cecil, asked for Miss Mason and was shown to a beautiful suite of rooms.

He was ushered in, and there by the window sat Helen, reading a book. They looked at each other for a moment, and then there was a rush, a little smothered cry, a kiss, and happiness came to two people again.

J. L. Fergusson.

The Bear at the Chaudiere

'Twas very col' night an' de win'
was blow,

'Twas only de secon' fall of snow,
Everywhere she's lie 'bout fou'
foot deep.

Bears was t'ick den, not ready
for sleep.

De place we was camp called "La
Petit Chaudiere,"

—It's good long tam since I be
dere—

My mate's "Bateese," we's be to-
gedder,

An we's seen mos' every kind of
wedder,

But never see like dis before.

The snow she drift, till she block
de door.

But we have blankets, plenty bear-
hide

What care we if she is col' out-
side?

A long tam pass—we go to bed

To try for get some sleep,

We drink in plainty white whiskey,

Our slumber 'll sure be deep.
Bimeby I'm hear somet'ing fall
down

De place you call chimblee,
An' when I wake, I see big bear
—Begosh, sure dat scare me.

I look for see if Bateese he's woke.

I tink 'mus' keep my head,
An' if dat bear he's go to sleep

I'll fill him full of lead.

The bear he's mooch aroun' de
place

To try find our molass;

But 'caus' he no can fin' it

He's lie down de night to pass.

When all is getting quiet I climb
from out my bed

And reaching gently for my gun
I shoot "ole bruin" dead.

Now p'raps you nevaire go shan-
tie,

But if you do go dere

Be sure an' take your gun to bed
In case dere may be bear.

A. M. Isbester.

Deer Hunting

As I was going down street the other day I saw a crowd of boys gathered around an old hunter, "Jack" by name, who had just come back from a hunting trip. He had been telling them about the numerous deer he had shot. Knowing him but slightly, I came up, and with pretended seriousness asked him if he had ever killed a deer. He looked at me for an instant in a surprised way, and then said: "Did I ever kill a deer?"

Me? Ever kill a deer? Can you doubt it, looking at me? Do I look as if I had ever done anything but kill a deer? Yes-sirree." And having convinced me that he had actually killed one, he started off on his favorite hobby.

"Why, I killed a deer five times once, only as it was not a very intelligent deer he didn't know it until some other fellow planted a bullet between his eyes. He was a deer and a half, that deer was.

Perfect beauty. Had eyes on him like diamonds, and as for venison-steaks, he was just covered with them; and I'm not exaggerating, boys, when I say that he had almost the currant jelly around with him before he was shot, he was that teetosome."

Someone in the crowd ventured to ask Jack what "teetosome" meant. He reflected for a minute, and then explained it to us. "Toothsome," he said, "means sweet—fine, and good to eat. Teetosome means the same thing, only as teeth are more than tooth, so this deer was more sweet, more fine, and more good to eat than if he had only been toothsome. Do you see? Good! You have got intelligence, which was the only thing that deer lacked. Stupidest deer for a teetosome deer I ever saw. I had chased him for two miles before I got a good shot at

him. Hit him square in the most vital part he had, but he was so dull he never knew he was hit, and kept on running. Chased him two more miles, and shot him again in the next vital spot. Killed him dead, but he wouldn't acknowledge it, and on he ran. So it went. Every two miles I'd hit and wound him vitally, but he was that foolish he didn't have the sense to drop. This happened five times.

Finally another fellow came along, fired his gun, and the bullet hit him square between the eyes, where he couldn't help seeing it, and then realizing what was up, he died like he ought to have done in the beginning." "How funny," said one of the crowd. "Yes," said Jack, "but the funniest part of the whole thing was that when we came to cut him up we couldn't find one of my bullets."

H. Jones.

A Trip Down the Saguenay

Last summer, while in Quebec, having heard much concerning the beauty of its scenery, we determined to go down the Saguenay.

We left Quebec shortly after eight o'clock on a Tuesday morning, for although the Saguenay boat had been advertised to leave at seven o'clock, yet, on account of the Montreal boat being late, we were detained. Round about us everything was stirring, every kind of craft was plying to and fro, and an ocean steamer was just coming into dock with her passengers swarming on the deck. Then, soon after, the Montreal boat came in sight, and as she drew near our boat went out to meet her, and we bumped and scraped till a gangway was passed from one boat to the other. The passengers (or passenger, for there was only one) then crossed over and the boat steamed off.

Soon after we left Quebec the snowy falls of Montmorency came in sight, and we were abreast of

the beautiful Isle of Orleans, with its groves of pine and oak. For quite a distance either shore was dotted with picturesque villages, pointed spires and towering hills. Then, towards the end of the afternoon, the hills drew nearer the shore, on one side almost rising from the water's edge, and the river expanded before them into a lake, for we had arrived at Murray Bay, a fashionable summer resort of the lower St. Lawrence. After leaving Murray Bay we went across to the southern shore to Riviere du Loup, five miles from which is Cacouna, one of Canada's leading watering-places. Cacouna is situated on an elevation above the sea. The St. Lawrence, here, is twenty miles wide and the water is salt.

Steaming across the river, we came to Tadousac, at the mouth of the Saguenay. Tadousac was the first settlement made by the French on the St. Lawrence, and

for many years it was their principal trading-post, but as the fur-bearing animals disappeared so did the commercial and political glory of Tadousac, so that now it is only a quiet little hamlet. We remained there long enough to visit the village and the little church, the oldest north of Florida.

About eight o'clock we entered the Saguenay. It would be impossible for me to describe the scenery on that beautiful river. At every turn some new and unexpected beauty appears, distinct, yet inseparable from the whole.

Next morning we found ourselves at Ha-Ha Bay. This is quite a lumbering-place, producing especially pine, and the villagers present a rather interesting type of Canadian character.

Then a short sail around the bend brought us to Chicoutimi, the head of navigation on the Saguenay. This was one of the earliest Jesuit missions and a great fur-trading centre. Leaving Chicoutimi, we passed again through magnificent scenery until after quite awhile we approached Cape

Trinity and Cape Eternity, and we saw the vast Roman profile upon the rock and then the Gothic arch, the supposed doorway of an unexplored cavern. Suddenly the boat rounded the corner and went under the side of the cliff. It is solid rock, springing from the black water and rising fifteen hundred feet. At the foot of the cape the water is exceedingly deep, and it spreads round the shores and issues again in its river's course around the base of Cape Trinity. This cape is three hundred feet higher than Cape Eternity but is not so steep. At about this time one of the crew brought a pail of pebbles on deck, and although it looked very easy and many tried, yet none succeeded in hitting the rock.

Towards evening we approached Tadousac, and in a short time we were fairly out of the Saguenay and had entered the St. Lawrence, which we crossed to Riviere du Loup. Then we recrossed to Murray Bay, and the next morning were at Quebec.

R. P. Saunders.

How to Make Paper

Paper is made from several different materials, namely, rags, wood-pulp, and a certain kind of Spanish grass. The finest quality of paper is made almost entirely from white linen rags, which, after the hooks, eyes, and buttons have been removed are cut into very small pieces. They are then put into a machine called the duster which beats all the dust and dirt out of them. They are later put into a boiler called a Rotary Bleacher and boiled for twelve hours with a solution of lime and water to discharge all colors and prepare them for the washers. They are now put into the washing engines and washed for six hours, then a solution of chloride of lime is poured on them and they are emptied

into the drainers to bleach. They are allowed to remain in this vat from eight to ten days.

They are taken from the bleaching vats to beating engines and then mixed with alum, lime, and color, and beaten into a very fine pulp. From the engine they are pumped up to the paper machine.

This machine is very large. When it first appears on the machine it is a very thin pulp. This pulp first passes through screens to keep all small specks of dirt and other things from mingling with the paper. It then passes on to a wire cloth which is kept constantly in motion. This shakes the finer fibers together and makes the mass of an even thickness. At this point the paper is very wet. It is next

run over three or four felts and the water is squeezed out of it with large rollers. The sheet of paper is now formed and run into cylinders full of steam to finish the drying process. It then runs through rolls which put on the gloss or finish. It is afterwards cut into sheets.

The paper is now ready for finishing. It is finished in a great many different ways, some for

books and newspapers, some ruled and finished in quires and reams to be used for writing paper.

The newspaper when ready for packing is simply done up in rather rough looking bundles, the book and ledger paper is packed in large wooden boxes, while the note paper has to be folded and assorted then placed in small paste-board boxes.

R. I. Finlay.

The Tramp

The tramp or "Hobo" as he is now generally known, is, as a rule, a gentleman of fortune, above the petty cares and troubles of the time, and never stooping to that degrading occupation of working. His sleeping place is a haystack or barn in whatever part of the globe the darkness overtakes him, and any old place he hangs his hat (if he has any) is his Home, Sweet Home.

I can recall one tramp in particular whom I met one summer's day a couple of years ago when returning from school. He was evidently looking for something, for when we came in sight he called us across the road and inquired the way to the railroad tracks.

When I told him he grasped my hand and declared I would make an excellent tramp, then seating himself and drawing a large bottle from his pocket he gave us a graphic description of his career, occasionally oiling his vocal organs as he proceeded.

His name, he said, was Charles Mallard, "Duke of Bedford," and he was reduced to his present circumstances owing to court intrigues in which he had been involved and had been punished with exile. "Everything would come right," he said, "in time." He was waiting patiently for the royal pardon which would restore him to his own.

He was a jolly man and a perfect

type of the "happy go lucky tramp" who is accustomed to take things as they come, and if they don't come at all it is just the same.

Then there is the tramp who is devoid of humor. I remember one of this class who came to the door last winter and after waking everyone up by his kicking demanded in a loud voice food, and at once, for it was cold waiting outside and he was in a hurry. I don't think he had any special reason for hurrying when he came, but I know he had a sufficient one in the form of a big black collie dog on his departure.

We occasionally meet the "working tramp." He will work for a meal when it is a case of necessity, but we will not treat with him, for he is beneath the notice of the regular tramp, who can always devise some method of obtaining the necessities of life without degrading himself by stooping so low as to take the axe or saw in hand.

Then there is the man with his arm in a sling, scalded in some factory, and a large family at some distant home, but we will meet him some other time as space is limited and it would require volumes to treat with all the species of Weary Willies we meet on the highways of the land.

G. Harrison.

Money

The most important function of money is that of rendering exchanges not only possible but easy. Next it affords a ready means of estimating the values of different things which otherwise could not be compared, for the idea of general value could not be formed without the existence of money.

The majority of the ancient savage races used skins as a medium of circulation, and then, when hunting gave place to agriculture, the domesticated animal itself instead of its skin was used.

The use of metal, as a form of money, can be traced a great distance back. Iron formed a currency in China, Japan, and Central Africa for many years. Copper, being a little more valuable, has been used more extensively, the early Hebrew and Roman coins being entirely of copper. From mediæval times up to the last few years, silver has been the principal form of money, and even now it is almost able to hold its own with its rival, gold. Gold, however, being the most valuable of the metals used for currency, has been steadily gaining ground with the growth of commerce.

It may be concluded, then, that metals tend to supersede all other forms of money, and that certain metals tend to supersede the others. This leads us to consider the qualities which are desirable, and to-day necessary, in the material of money.

In the first place, it is necessary that the material should not only be valuable, but that the value be high in proportion to its weight or bulk. Want of this quality rules out skins, corn, iron, cattle, etc., because they are so expensive to transfer. Again, it is necessary that the material should be the same throughout, and durable. The metals possess a great advantage in this respect, because, being refined, they are always the same, whereas the difference, for instance, between one head of cattle and an-

other is often considerable. Money should be easily distinguishable and valued. For this reason precious stones could not be used, as their value is difficult to estimate. It is also requisite that the value of the material should be steady.

It is easily seen, then, that metals are better for money than any other substance, and that silver and gold are by far the most suitable because iron has been rejected on account of its low value and liability to rust, lead from its extreme softness, and tin from its tendency to break.

There are two distinct stages in the introduction of coining. In the first only the quality was denoted by the stamp, no attempt being made to fix the weight. The second step was to certify the weight as well as the fineness of the metal.

The art of coining was first introduced into Greece, then from there it spread to Italy, and thence practically all over the globe.

Hard questions crop up which give much trouble to those who have to solve them. As, for example, What is the best shape for coins? and what are the most suitable limits of size? The first question has been decided in favor of a flat circle. The second question is harder to answer, especially as to how large a coin ought to be, because it is easy to drill holes which can be concealed by hammering, while in some cases the coin has been sawn in two, the interior gold removed, the pieces being filled with platinum to make up the weight and then soldered together again. But experience proves that large coins are less worn than small ones and are therefore less expensive, so that it is very hard to strike the most suitable and useful size.

However, the coinage seems to have been worked down to the most useful and profitable form, for very little change has taken place for upwards of a century.

P. Gillespie.

A Day's Adventure

It was back in the summer that I was spending my holidays up in Northern Ontario at a place on the French river. At that time the weather was rather doubtful, but we had had for the last week pretty fair weather.

It was on one of these days that I met with an adventure which I think worth putting down.

My friend, Jack Benson, and I were staying at a boarding house or perhaps it might even be called a log cabin, but it suited us all right for we had not come up here just for first-class lodgings, but to rough it and enjoy ourselves.

We had been out the previous day to a fine trout stream and had made a splendid catch. Our intentions were to return to this very place the next day.

This trout stream ran through a dense forest and was very hard to get at. In fact the only way was to row up the river we lived by and get off at Eagle point which was in some places high and rocky but afforded a good path around the base of a large rock and led up into the woods.

On this particular morning that we had started out on, it was very foggy. The fog was all over the trees and river and looked very disagreeable, but we meant to get to that stream no matter what difficulties confronted us.

At last the sun came out and broke away the mist and clouds and above us was blue sky while we said to each other what a fine day it was turning out after all.

When we reached eagle point things were indeed more lively. All animal life was abroad. High up above an osprey was circling around and as we pulled our boat up on the shore the woods resounded with the chattering of squirrels and numerous birds.

We had brought plenty of provisions and started off with the feeling of a good day's sport before us.

The path we took was a very dif-

ficult one. You were nearly always tripping over a root or a log and having your face switched by overhanging branches, and it was not until nine o'clock though we had started at six, that we reached the stream.

Then perched up on a high rock that overlooked everything, we made ready our fishing tackle and poles. Hardly however had we settled down than some animal on the other side of the stream came crashing through the bush towards us. "A deer" said Benson. "I wish I had brought a rifle here though it is out of season for deer hunting."

Then he added "have you got anything" to which I answered in the affirmative, and after fumbling in my back pocket and scratching my hand with some spare hooks I brought out a revolver that I had brought without any intention of using.

"That's no good" said Benson. I don't believe either of us could hit a barn door two feet—but he never finished the sentence, for at that moment the noise had begun afresh and we held our breath. "Hah! hah!" said Jack "a deer doesn't make a noise like that. I believe it is only a porcupine."

Soon the animal emerged on the further bank and turned out to be a black bear which was occasionally to be met with in this neighborhood.

Neither of us spoke, just stared. At first it didn't seem to notice us but came down to the water in a slow easy gait, turning over a couple of roots in his way and waded into the stream. "Don't fire" said Jack, "leave him alone, perhaps he is in the habit of coming here and we just missed him yesterday."

Though Jack had spoken in a whisper the bear seemed to have found out he was not the only pebble on the beach and splashed out of the water disappearing into the bush.

Now we felt relieved and continued our fishing which was rather slow, but just as it seemed a little more lively, and the trout were allowing more sport than usual Jack Benson jumped up and exclaimed, "hark! did you hear that noise up the creek. I believe it was that same bear crossing the creek to our side."

I told him I had been too interested in a fish that had just slipped off my hook to hear any noise and at present nothing more was said about it.

Then came lunch which something told us was due and we laid down our rods and began to gather chips and sticks of wood not penetrating the woods too far for a reason of our own.

Soon the coffee-pot was boiling away which made us feel better and I began to wish I had fired at the bear after all. "I suppose we would be cooking bear's meat now" suggested Jack with a grin.

"More likely he would be cooking us by now if we were not eaten before" I answered and the conversation dropped, Jack's answer being lost in a large bun, while I was beginning some sandwiches.

Suddenly both of us sprang to our feet at once. Sure enough that same wretched bear was coming at the double. It most likely had traced our hamper by the delicious smell of frying fish. "What on earth will we do," I said. "Up and run for the rock we were sitting on before," Benson shouted, suiting the words to the action. "And leave the grub," I growled, but thought better of Jack's example a moment later at the approach of our enemy who was this time attacking in the rear.

Then perched on the rock we saw to our disgust, though we were not sorry, that Bruin was beginning with the lunch instead of us.

Over went the coffee pot with one sweep of his paw, then he finished the fish frying on the pan smashing down the fire, with his proceedings. I hoped he would find it hot work.

"There goes," said Jack, "the buns and sandwiches." Jack was, I

believe, one of those fellows who are inclined to be hoggish and it naturally seemed to him a sin to see good food vanishing in such an undignified manner.

The way the bear was eating was indeed remarkable. You would think he was doing it for a wager.

"He is going for that pie of ours," said Jack, "shoot in the air it may scare him." I had luckily left the only weapon we possessed at the bear's first appearance on a rock, and now fired it with a shout into the trees.

At first this kind of warfare puzzled Bruin, but he soon made up his mind that its bark was worse than its bite; anyhow he finished the pie and our last hope of lunch, breaking everything that came within reach.

We looked on in despair and at last pelted him with the revolver, the bullets striking a tree near him. This seemed to scare him or perhaps it was Jack who at that moment had fallen backwards into the stream and was now creeping out a most formidable looking foe, for the bear at that moment retired from whence he came leaving us in a most unpleasant position.

Benson was furious, specially as I was laughing at him while he declared it was no joke to have one's dinner gobbled up and a swim in the drink besides.

It was now getting late in the afternoon and I fished till I had caught enough to finish our lunch with while Jack dried himself by the fire.

At a late hour we returned from the scene of disaster to our boat at Eagle point and as we pushed it off I heard Benson muttering to himself a string of all the rifles and shot guns he would bring on his next trip.

It was now my turn to row, and we were well on our way, while we got up a brave story to tell of how we scared the bear away. But it soon came out on our arrival how we had been the most scared of the three and we were well laughed at.

R. Stark.

A Boy's Pets

Most boys take up one particular line of amusement, and although sooner or later they usually turn to outdoor sports, yet, with most, these do not occupy all the time and they have to seek amusement elsewhere. Some are of an industrious turn of mind, and naturally turn to carpentry or some other useful pastime. Some go to Nature for pleasure; these turn out the great naturalists and scientists of the world. The literary men are usually book-worms in their early youth. The adventurous youth amuses himself in a free outdoor life; these are the best sports afterwards. Others spend their time with pets. It is of these animal-lovers that I am going to speak.

White mice are favorites at first. They can be easily fed and housed, as the boys' pockets and coat-sleeves, and a small box for night suit them very well. With them he delights in scaring his sisters and rattling his teacher by producing them in school, much to his schoolfellows' enjoyment. But after a week or two his folks begin to object to this not over-clean addition to the household, and he must either sell them or give them away.

He next tries his hand at rabbits. These are good pets for a boy. With good care and constant attention they become quite tame, so that they know their master's voice. Some have been taught tricks, such as diving into a tub from a stand. They are easily kept, as they eat any green or root vegetables, and a box with a slat front does for a house. But they are very hard to keep through the

winter, and the boy usually gives them up.

Perhaps he takes a money-making turn of mind, and buys hens. He has great hopes of profit, made by selling eggs to his mother. But, as luck will have it, the hens are bad layers, and he finds, with food and costs for seeds destroyed by wandering hens, that he makes no gain, and so coaxes some youngster to buy the hens at about double the price he himself paid for them.

Perhaps he tries other pets,—cats, birds, or goldfish, or perhaps he gives pets up as a bad job. But the real, true animal-lover turns, sooner or later, to man's most faithful friend, the dog. A man who owns a dog, whose affections he has won, is sure of one true friend who will stick to him through thick and thin. A dog's deepest affection cannot be won by mere petting, fondling or feeding—you must make a dog trust you, love you, and obey you. He must recognize in you his master, one who will be angry with him when he does wrong, and ready to forgive him when he is repentant. A bulldog is a most desirable breed, trusting and obeying his master more than any other dog. The trouble is he does not trust strangers, and seems in a particularly delighted frame of mind when he has the calf of one's leg in his iron grip. In order to make a real true friend of any dog, one needs to get him as a pup, and feed and train him one's self.

George W. Anderson.

The Boarders' Dance

About the middle of last February our big "At Home" was to have been held. Great preparations had been made; invitations engrav-

ed and sent out, the orchestra engaged, and arrangements made with the caterer. Then, unfortunately for everyone concerned, the

measles came and the "At Home" had to be indefinitely postponed. Only two days remained to notify the invited guests. Announcements of the postponement were hurriedly printed and dispatched promiscuously. Meanwhile the orchestra and caterer had been notified.

The disappointment was general. As some slight consolation the boarders were told that, sometime in the near future, when King Measles had been conquered, they would have a small, informal dance. We knew that it was to come off sometime, but at just what particular date no one knew. During the ensuing time the measles were effectively disposed of, and once again the Junior House was out of quarantine.

The date of the dance was finally set for the fourteenth of March, and all arrangements were completed as soon as possible. When the eventful day came, the boarders were all excitement, thinking of the coming good time. The hall-ways were artistically decorated with palms, flowers and bunting.

About eight o'clock the guests began to arrive and the rooms were soon filled with pretty girls, all very tastefully gowned in bright and becoming colors. Small groups of boys were standing everywhere, eagerly watching all the new ar-

rivals, and anxiously awaiting some very particular friend. Suddenly someone would exclaim, "There she is" and there would be a rush made towards some new arrival, a quick exchange of smiles and programmes. This very important function lasted about half an hour, and a few minutes before nine o'clock the dancing commenced. Judging from the expression on the faces of the dancers, the splendid condition of the floor and the good music, were highly appreciated.

The dances were rather short and the different numbers passed off very quickly. In fact some of the boys occasionally ran two or more dances into one, not being able to tell just when their dance ended. But of course, "Accidents will happen."

The refreshment table was in operation all evening, and the caterer and his assistants were kept very busy. Towards eleven o'clock many of the guests began to leave, and when the last dance was finished, about twelve, there were only a few couples on the floor.

This dance proved to be one of the most successful we have yet had, and was much enjoyed both by the boys and their friends.

An Experience and Results

It was on March 4th that the sliding season ended—at least for me. The before-mentioned day being fairly cold, a friend and I decided that we would have another day's sliding before the end of winter; so acting upon our resolve we got a bob and proceeded to Milkman's Road, which is known to most boys who live in, or near Rosedale. However a short description of it might not be out of place.

It starts at the head of the ravine, and after a few sharp turns it

crosses the creek and joins the road below. The road down the hill was covered with ice, owing to the previous days being soft, and therefore it was quite a task to keep on the track, and avoid going over the slope.

Having arrived, we arranged ourselves comfortably, and shoved off; my friend sitting at the back, while I occupied the unenviable position of steerer. At first we went slowly, but gradually gathering impetus, we began racing along. Faster and faster we flew,

till at last we tore around the first bend, narrowly escaping going over the edge of the hill.

The steepest part now being reached, our pace became terrific. Our hats had long since found rest on the road, but for a wonder we stuck on. At the second turn the bob bid fair to upset us, but luckily I happened to give a tremendous tug on the right rope, and we rounded the corner by a hair-breadth. The bob now gave a final lurch forward, and the climax of its speed was reached.

We were humming merrily along a level stretch, when suddenly what should burst upon our astonished eyes, but the creek flowing steadily onward, as if it had never been frozen during the whole winter. This problem was quite unlooked for by us, and consequently we were not prepared for it. Now as the stream would not get out of our way, and as we could not get out of its, there was bound to be a striking coincidence. So there was.

Speeding on over a stretch of mud about ten feet long, as if it was as smooth as snow itself, we

leaped jauntily off a bank about three feet high, and alighted—but the subject of our alighting is a sore one; suffice it to say that the little drops of water, and the little grains of sand, (the sand being an important factor) did their work admirably, and when we came out from the mix-up we looked like defeated senators after a hard campaign. An arch of the before-mentioned material was kindly erected for us by the flying bob, but unfortunately it did not hold together long enough to suit us. Our first sensations when we emerged from the chaos, may be adequately described thus:

A moment speechless, motionless,
amazed,
The helpless bobbars on their position gazed
Which met their look of anger and surprise
With the extreme dreariness of its guise.

Slowly we dragged our weary limbs homeward, also the weary bob, which did not give us as much assistance up the hill as it did down.

A. Moffat.

A Sacrifice

An Easter Story

In January, 1900, the troopship *Swan* set sail from Southampton for Cape Town with the Eighth Dragoons on board. Before they departed news of disaster after disaster to British arms in South Africa had been read in the British Press, so it was with a determination to fight to the bitter end that Her Majesty's troopers set sail. Among the troopers were two friends who had lived together nearly all their lives, and who gave up their positions and took the Queen's shilling on the outbreak of war in South Africa. John Fisher, the elder of the two, was very large and tall, while Jim Sutherland was short, but very strong and wiry. Life on board

ship was not so very monotonous, as a trooper has a great deal to do in looking after his horse. In spare hours they practised shooting and played games. The troopship called at the Cape Verde Islands about twelve days after leaving Southampton, and fifteen days after that she arrived at Cape Town. Both John and Jim were delighted on setting foot on land again, as they were rather stiff after the long voyage.

Two days after their arrival at Cape Town, the Eighth Dragoons were ordered to proceed to Modder River to join Lord Roberts' main army. The two troopers, Jim and John, went through the campaign, which began at the relief of

Kimberley and ended in the English army occupying Bloombfontien, without receiving a scratch. They were both eager to start on the long march and continue fight to Pretoria, but before it began, their regiment was ordered to clear the country around Ladybrand of burghers.

They arrived there on Good Friday, and intended to attack the main Boer position a little to the south of Ladybrand the next day. On the following morning, they started to ride to the Boer entrenchments, but it took them until late in the afternoon, steady riding, before they were in sight of them, so the General decided to attack the kopje early next day. About five o'clock next morning the column advanced to outflank the Boers and on nearing the side of the kopje rushed up its steep and rough sides. They were met by a deadly shower of bullets, but the unwounded troopers bravely rushed on. Jim and John were close together, when on nearing the summit two Boers rushed out from behind a large boulder straight at them. Before either of them saw the Boers coming, the enemy were upon them. One of the Boers raised his rifle and aimed straight for John's heart, and it meant certain death to John, as the Boer was only about five yards away. Jim, on seeing John's danger, rushed at the Boer, but before he could strike him the bullet had lodged in his brain. John, on seeing his friend fall, shot the Boer that had killed Jim and bayoneted

the other. John went to pick up his chum, but on seeing that he was dead, fainted away from loss of blood, as he had received a nasty wound in the shoulder. He was picked up a little later and carried to the field hospital. Jim's deed had been seen by some of the members of his troop and they all agreed that he was just giving his life away, when he ran at the Boer.

On that bright Easter Sunday, one friend lay wounded in the hospital and the other lay a corpse on the bare side of the kopje. Jim Sutherland had sacrificed his life for that of his friend. He died a hero, and I take it, that his deed was far more self-sacrificing than any deed that was rewarded the Victoria Cross. He knew that it meant death to either one of them, and he chose that he should make the sacrifice. As the afternoon was drawing to a close on that beautiful Easter Sunday, Jim Sutherland was borne to his last resting place, very near the spot where he died.

It was very befitting that such a sacrifice as this was made on Easter Sunday. It brings to our minds afresh the story of the great sacrifice twenty centuries ago, and it also makes us ask ourselves, what greater thing is there in the world than love for one another, and also, what greater deed can a man do, as Jim Sutherland did, than lay down his life for that of his friend.

N. M. Keith.

A School Story

"Do you know that boy Jim is a smart lad," said Farmer Blank to Mrs. Blank.

"Ah! shur what's he been up to now?"

"Why, not an hour ago, when I was a-trying to make up what I had gained on that load o' straw

I sold t'other day, Jim whips out his pencil and starts to work. It only took him five minutes to do the sum."

"Why, he otter go to school. I do believe he might turn out to be a schoolmaster hisself."

Jim, the subject of this conversa-

tion, was a very ordinary farm boy—the son of Mr. Blank, a large land-owner. Mr. Blank had never had an education himself, but he saw no reason why his boy should not have one; if only enough to be able to calculate his daily profits and losses, should he ever have any. So Jim was sent to school.

He was a big boy for his age, with a large head of rust-colored hair. He was an unselfish fellow, and could see or make a joke with anyone.

When he arrived at school he found himself in hot water the very first thing. The moment he stepped out of the 'bus that brought him from the station someone in the crowd of gaping boys called the alarm of "Fire!" Somebody was sent for the garden-hose. At first Jim was puzzled, but afterwards, when he saw several boys pointing at his head, he saw the joke and laughed like the rest.

First night came the initiations. Jim was visited in the middle of the night by half-a-dozen fellows armed with hard flesh-brushes. After giving him a good rub down they gently tapped him, not with the back of a brush, but with nice clean water. He took all this without much fuss, this show of pluck gaining another point in his favor.

The next night he was entertained by his room-mates with accounts of their house-master Slippers. Now, Slippers was not this individual's real name, but a descriptive name by which he was known to all the boys of the school. There was nothing wrong in calling him Slippers. We call a certain class of boys Boots, and we do not offend them by so doing. Why should we not call Mr. Hubert Jenkins Slippers? The cause of this name was that Mr. Slippers always wore Persian slippers with felt soles (that is, the soles were sometimes felt by offenders). Every Christmas he was seen with a new pair of these slippers, and so was the porter, who had on a pair with scarcely any soles at all.

Jim was generally the middle boy in his classes and the same on

the field. He had been at school about a week when he received a long letter from his mother (Mr. Blank could not write) wishing her darling James every success, and casually remarking that she enclosed a little cash. The first thing he thought of was, "How can I spend it?" He thought of getting a new cricket-ball, but discarded that; and at last hit upon the bright idea of giving a treat to the fellows of his room. He went to the corner store and laid out his money accordingly. Stuffing his pockets and buttoned-up coat with the parcels, he managed to get upstairs without being noticed by the other boys. He contemplated a glorious bun-fight that night as he carefully locked up the bundles in his trunk.

That night after study, when Jim and his room-mates were getting into bed, he told them about his proposed feast. They were all to pretend to be asleep when Mr. Jenkins came to put out the light. Mr. Jenkins always said "Good-night, boys," as he glided out of the room with noiseless tread (like the villain in the play). This night there was no response to his wishes, for all the boys were supposed to be sound asleep.

It so happened that the fellows of dormitory 2, at the end of the hall, had arranged for a raid on Jim's dormitory—which was number 3—on that very night to pay No. 3 back for a recent raid. The plan of campaign was as follows: One of their biggest warriors—named Molson—was to dress up in a mortar-board and gown, poached from the master's room, to represent Slippers. This boy also had a pair of goggles to make him more like the worthy master, Mr. Jenkins. Arrayed in this magnificent attire, he, for the night, was to retire, but only to wake at an appointed time and enter the domains of the enemy and so frighten them to feign sleep while his confederates occupied the dark corners of the room, ready to spring to the attack at a given signal.

At about twelve o'clock (the

time of dark deeds) Reddy—as Jim became known—and his feasters got out their provender and set a string across the hall with an old tin drinking-mug at the end of it to give warning of any uninvited guest. They had only finished the fourth course and were preparing for the fifth with much gusto when crash went the mug from the edge of the chair on which it had been placed. Out went their candle, nipped by Jack, as soon as the alarm was heard. They each grabbed all they could and made for their respective beds. The intruder had, by this time, reached the door and came in with a bound. It was Slippers, as the boys thought, and each one began to let out a queer nasal sound suggestive of the pigsty.

When Molson saw all his enemies safe in bed he beckoned to his companions, who came up to the door. Each one crept silently to a bed, some armed with cups full of water, others with a lather of soap-suds ready to smother their victims. The picnic crowd, suspecting something by the silence of the supposed master, stopped snoring. At that very moment the supposed master was grabbed by the scruff of the neck by the real Slippers. When the master lit the gas he found a half-a-dozen boys standing around in their night apparel regarding him with sheepish looks. He marched the members of the attacking party off to their own room with 200 lines apiece. It was lucky for Jim and his crowd that they had taken the false alarm, so escaping the fate of the raiders. The fifth course was not finished that night, but postponed to a more convenient date.

There was a fellow named Joneston, who went to this school, who had a habit of remarking too much on a person's appearance. This smart fellow was strolling across the field when he came across Jim, and before a crowd of fellows, said to him:

"I say, what number boots do you take, my bantam?" Jim an-

swered quite coolly:

"It only takes two to keep my feet covered. I suppose it takes half-a-dozen to cover yours."

At this Joneston walked away, amid the laughter of the crowd of fellows.

There was a rival college in the same town. Every year the two first teams of these colleges met to decide which was the best at the national game of England. (They did not play England, but cricket.) This match was to come off on the 15th of June, and the two teams were practising at their nets every afternoon. Reddy was too inexperienced to be chosen to uphold the honor of his college by playing, but he intended to help the players as best he could by fielding at the nets.

At last the looked-for day arrived. The whole school was to have a half-holiday in honor of the event. The match was to start at two o'clock; one innings apiece was to be played, followed by a dinner in a large marquee put up for the purpose. By a quarter to two the tiers of bleachers erected for the occasion were filled with a crowd of people representing both colleges, and consisting of the friends and relatives of the boys and masters. Punctually at two the rival teams entered the field and crossed to the marquee. The visitors won the toss and took the field. No brilliant play was made until the bowler, after bowling a straight ball square on the wickets, caught a very swift ball. In doing this he had to jump in front of the waiting batter and make a dive at the flying ball; he caught it, but rolled on the ground, still holding it. After running up a score of 93, the home team were put out. The visitors now went in and made a score of 90, after a long innings. The upholders of both teams said that it was the closest game in a number of years.

After this match it did not seem long until the exams. came off, and then the summer holidays.

F. Chestnut.

The Unfortunate Sportsman

To go on an all-day hunting trip into the country, to endure many hardships and after all to come home empty handed is very discouraging to all sportsmen. It is something which we hope does not often happen.

We can picture an unfortunate individual whose experience is such, starting from his home with a double-barrelled shot-gun under his arm and a hound at his command.

He is dressed in a grey hunting suit and leather leggings, with a check cap on the side of his head, looking as though he could meet all the difficulties in his campaign against such dangerous creatures as rabbits, partridge, etc.

Often his first trouble is to get past the gate of farmer Brown, who keeps a most ugly bull dog, and we see our sportsman making for a fence at the approach of this savage animal.

Next he strikes out on a road and walks a mile or so till he reaches his hunting grounds a place which is said to be the resort of many rabbits and other game.

He now sets Ranger, the hound, into the bush in the most promising place, and stands clear and ready with cocked gun. At last he hears the welcome baying of his hound telling of some sleek young hare, fleeing for its life. Soon he is rewarded by a sight of his quarry, but just at the moment everything seems right for a good clear shot the frightened rabbit turns aside and vanishes down some friendly burrow. This is rather discouraging but the dog is called to be tried in another part of the swamp where he has been hunting.

Once more the rabbit offers a shot and the sportsman fires and sees it turn a somersault and tumble down a bank, but as he approaches it, it struggles to its feet and endeavors to escape, diving into a bush close by.

But Ranger is close behind and before our friend can interfere he

finds the innocent dog devouring the remains of the wounded rabbit.

Now he determines to have a try for a partridge and enters a low forest of spruce and pine trees, treading cautiously lest the very noise of the leaves crackling under his feet start a bird too quickly.

Suddenly, whirr!! up goes his bird and bang, and when the echoes of his shot have died away he listens in vain for the sound of flapping wings on the ground for he is once more disappointed. But our hunter still undaunted wanders through the forest and succeeds in touching one of the birds with his shot.

The bird half stunned flies aimlessly down into a ravine. Down goes the man with Ranger at his heels, who does not understand a partridge as he does a rabbit being a well-bred beagle.

But whether the partridge has flown away, or is still there, cannot be said for the only reward the hunter gets is a stiff climb up the farther side of the ravine.

By this time his appearance is much changed, his cap is still jauntily placed on his head, but his coat is torn by brambles and splashed with mud, while his leggings are thick and grey with mud and earth gathered climbing up the hill, and it is no wonder that, on entering one of those beastly farmer's fields he is taken for a tramp and a dog set on him.

This is very inhospitable treatment and he feels fit for any thing but a run. Also Ranger is much terrified by the big black dog that is after them.

It is soon over and he finds himself on the other end of the ravine panting and out of breath with his game-bag still empty.

He also feels like shooting his dog for that cotton-tail which he is responsible for and which should be in the bag instead of in the dog's stomach.

But it is now getting late and by

a chance of luck, all that he has had that day, he strikes the country road and wearily returns home avoiding all passers by who might question him on the game he left behind.

At last he reaches home, and on being asked by a friend at his own gate concerning his luck, declares it has been a beastly day for shooting and that he hardly saw a thing.

R. Stark.

The Grossmith Concert

Our illustrious sixth form special had on a collar of such goodly height that he was forced to hold his head up like a proud peacock. Glad to say, however, he did it like a man.

When the sweet ones from Haver-gal arrived, one of our end men sat on the edge of his seat so that he might be in a favorable position. He glanced up and down the line, bowing to every other one, and sometimes to two together. He did this deed without the least hesitation. Of course, it is his privilege, you know.

During one of the intermissions Kelly opened up an elaborate description of how Dr. Meyer said Paderewski was pronounced, but it was cut short by the timely arrival of Mr. Grossmith.

The manner of our laughing showed plainly that we come from an extremely fine educational institution. But once during the entire evening did a semi-civilized yell come from our midst, and on that occasion it was excusable.

The entertainment ended far too soon for most of us. Some of our friends waited behind that they might have a short interview with the college girls, but the chaperon was too cute for them, for she waited until everybody had filed out of the hall and then marched the little lasses down the other stairway. This is the second concert we have attended this winter, but we all hope that it isn't the last one.

R. I. Finlay.

Skits

Hunt, Smith & Co., will be found in their private office, (Middle House) any time between breakfast and school.

Our two prefects ought to take a warning and evade the corner of Bloor and Spadina.

The boy on the flat nearest heaven, that locks himself in his room, especially when he has a gun, ought to join the American army.

Before the last dance an unexpected disappointment befell some of our boys. The lady principal of one of the Ladies Colleges, being very much afraid of measles and

not knowing that we had been out of quarantine for nearly three weeks, at the very last moment forbade the girls under her charge to come to the dance.

All the boys who went to the dance at Westbourne School had a grand time. Since then some of the boys have had warm places in their hearts for certain Westbourne young ladies, as could easily be seen on Friday the 14th by the attention these boys paid to the Westbourne girls who helped very much to make our dance the pleasant affair that it was.

The bad weather has not let the

day boys and boarders come in contact with each other as they were able to do in the fall and winter. But we hope that after we come back from the holidays we will all be together again as members of the Athletic Association. This can be done by the boys paying their annual fee of \$3 payable in instalments of \$1 per term.

The annual college games will most likely be held in May at Rosedale. The boys ought to go in training as soon as they come back from the holidays, as there are some high records to break, a championship to win and good cups given as prizes. The rules will be the same as last year.

We are glad to get rid of the junior day boys who have been dining with us, for now we have room to eat. The only boys who are not glad are those whom Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald had at their table during that time.

The St. Andrew's College hockey team wish to congratulate the Upper Canada hockey team on their winning of the Junior O.H.A.

The U.C.C. serenade did not prove a great success as they found the S.A.C. boys as wide-awake as they were.

The masters and boys are looking forward to hearing an address on Formosa from MacKay in the near future. We are very glad to have him with us and hope that he will enjoy his college and university life in Canada. Where will we have boys from next?

We are all very glad that Mr. Blanchard's illness did not keep him away any longer than it did. The school did not seem the same without him.

The boys are curious to know whether the masters are going to cane next term. They seem to digest their evening meal by practising with the rod of correction in Mr. Macdonald's office.

Strachan is a "Dear sweet thing" in the estimation of some people

around the school. Or was it Cantley they referred to?

We were exceedingly glad to see the St. Margaret young ladies at our dance, and hope very much that they will be at the next one.

At the theatre the other evening two people were sitting in the front row, "Give this bouquet to the hero" said the lady. The man took it and threw it at the drummer, saying, "You deserve it, you haven't rested for half an hour."

Why is Fergie's summer girl like an ice-cream soda?

Because she is sweet and full of go.

How much extra did Finlay and Bob pay to have their faces re-touched.

Smiles was heard to remark after the dance: "I gave Miss — a good time, allowing her to have nine dances with me."

New inventions in photographers' tripods just out "Come early and avoid the rush." Apply the Hall.

Hall and Fergusson have decided to give up birth-day parties.

Mr. H. ought to go on the stage as he certainly starred in Mrs. Jarley's wax works.

A young man who had been courting a bashful young damsel for some time without much effect asked her the following conundrum, "What is the difference between photography and courting?" The girl could not answer so he said, "Well you see in photography you develop the negative in a dark room, while in courting it is there you develop the positive." Five minutes later the gas had gone out.

An English lady who was visiting in Paris got very impatient at hearing nothing but French.

One morning she got up and heard a cock crow and exclaimed: "Thank goodness there is some one who speaks English."

"Thomas," said a Sunday School teacher, to one of her scholars,

"Why did they put Joseph in the pit?" Thomas (who sometimes goes to the theatre) "Because there was no room for him in the family circle."

"Do you like cod-fish balls" Mr. Smith. "I really don't ever remember attending one Mrs. Jones."

Who will be the auctioneer this year?

Hard luck Thorn, she may not run next time.

Oh! it's only the Indians in the hall.

May I bring your soap back?

We congratulate Mr. Findlay.

The corner room on Siberia flat is certainly well red.

Even the Fifth Form play marbles.

How many birds in the bush?

The music by the Mandolin Club was very much appreciated.

Mr. Chase gave several selections on the banjo, one of which resembled an echo, that could have been heard echoing on the upper flat for many a day.

The Third Form's leading lady was very good. Her views ran well with the Duchess.

Stark should have appeared earlier on the scene pointing out Measilites.

What took the skin off Strachan's nose?

Alex Stuart's to speak to you. Come! come!

She's hanging on to the phone, Sir.

The meetings held this term by the Lid. were quite successful, the Fourth Form's series of speeches being very much enjoyed, Wallace's Account of the Review being well worth listening to. It was short, but then it was quality, not quantity he was after.

Smiler's finely curved limbs are rather against goal minding.

Everybody read "The Missing Link" by John Bunyan, the copyright of which is held by Strachan.

We wish to express our sympathy to Mr. Robinson, that the yellow cat has died. Its sole possession was a scent.

New song, very musical but rather unpopular—"I want to be the leading lady."

The fact that Fergusson and McGillivray are leaving at Easter, will prove a great blow to the fifth form dramatic club.

Wanted—Subscriptions from the boarders towards getting a lawnmower to cut "Curly's" hair.

The motto for spring term should be "Slow but Sure"—play cricket.

Winnipeg should secure Hall for a goal minder. His back generally gets in the way—Is it his fault?

Cricket.

Now we go on.

Very good, very good.

There was an auction sale by Erikkla & Co., at which photo-supplies went cheap.

We don't blame McLaren for padding—he needs it.

A hill certainly breaks up many good times, for it is hard to get over him.

Only Once.—"Professor do you expel students often?" "No, only once."

A Sick Answer.—"Good gracious I'm afraid the ship's going down!"

"Twon't matter. Nothing stays down out here."—Life.

A Variable Weight.—Teacher, "How many ounces in a pound?"

Tommy.—"It depends on the grocer."—Harlem Life.

Blind!—Gentleman (to Yokel): "Well John did you give the Marquis my note?"

Yokel: "Yes, sir; but it's no use writing letters to him. He can't see to read them. He's blind—blind as a bat."

Gentleman:—"Blind?"

Tokel:—"Yes sir, blind. Twice he asked me where my hat was, and I had it on my head all the time."—Tit-Bits.



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