

W. N. Findlay

St. Andrew's College Review



1902

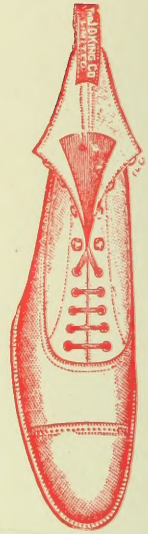
Latest Styles



at Popular Prices

J. Brotherton

550 Yonge Street
TORONTO

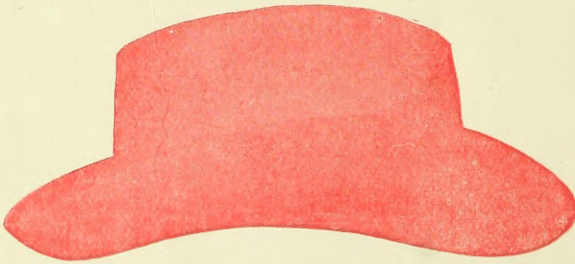


See our Top-round Shoe for Men at \$3.50.

All Leather, and all Shapes, made
by F. E. White, Brockton, Mass., U.S.

THE NEW HATS

The new Alpine hats in pearl grey and black and slate soft felt. The nobbiest thing in New York. They have the crispy panama brim and are trimmed artistically.



Alpine Hats \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00

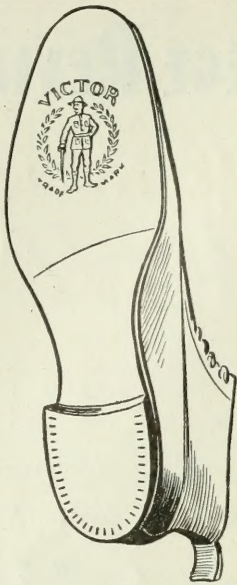
The W. & D. DINEEN CO., Limited

Cor Yonge and Temperance Sts., TORONTO

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW

Contents

| | |
|----------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Editorial | |
| The Match with St. Alban's..... | <i>J. Gunn</i> |
| A Backward Glance..... | <i>R. I. Finlay</i> |
| The St. Andrew's College Athletic Association..... | <i>H. G. Smith</i> |
| Athletics and Annual Games..... | <i>A. M. Isbester</i> |
| St. Andrew's vs. Ridley..... | <i>H. G. Smith and G. C. Harrison</i> |
| The Empty Room. <i>Poem</i> | <i>G. W. Anderson</i> |
| Chinese School Masters..... | <i>G. W. MacKay</i> |
| The Story of a Wolf-Boy | <i>Paul Goforth</i> |
| My Own Country..... | <i>Pedro Diaz</i> |
| Indians..... | <i>S. Mackenzie</i> |
| Riviere du Loup. <i>Poem</i> | <i>A. M. Isbester</i> |
| The Way of Things..... | <i>C. Hertzberg</i> |
| Gentleman Smith | <i>D. W. Fraser</i> |
| How the Cup Came Back to Wentworth..... | <i>S. Wishart</i> |
| Our Fifth Form in 55, B.C. | <i>G. W. Anderson</i> |
| School Life at St. Andrew's. <i>Poem</i> | <i>W. R. Moreland</i> |
| Skits..... | |



The Great \$3.50 Shoe For Men

The shoe above all others which combines style with economy.

A handsome shoe, well built, clean lined, distinctive.

Good material in it—we know it. The shoe is made specially for us. That is how we have regulated the price—\$3.50. For it is a \$5.00 shoe in the ordinary scale of values.

A \$5.00 shoe for \$3.50

All sizes, widths and styles.

THE
ROBERT

SIMPSON

COMPANY,
LIMITED

The Harold A. Wilson Co.

OUTFITTERS OF
EVERY KNOWN
PASTIME

35 King Street West, Toronto

BASEBALL
CRICKET
LACROSSE
TENNIS
FOOTBALL

HEADQUARTERS
FOR

PING-PONG
BOWLS
GOLF
QUOITS
CROQUET

AND ALL OTHER OUTDOOR SPORTS

The Harold A. Wilson Co. 35 King St. West
Toronto

St. Andrew's College Review

EDITORIAL STAFF

R. P. SAUNDERS

G. Anderson

A. M. ISBESTER, Sporting Editor

Assistant Editors { H. S. SMITH
N. M. KEITH

Business Managers { R. I. FINLAY
A. M. ISBESTER

Vol. 1

TORONTO, JULY, 1902.

No. 4

The St. Andrew's College Review has now reached its fourth issue and none of those connected with its publication, in looking back, need feel at all ashamed. But on the contrary they have good reason, we think, to feel proud of the success of their efforts. For although there have been some mistakes in the earlier issues, yet these have been remedied to a great extent, especially in the Easter number, which, we may say, showed that some of the boys, at least, possess no little talent.

The Review, unlike many other school organs, is entirely under the management of the boys themselves. Every boy in the school is urged to write at least one article a term for the paper. This not only assists the paper, but also helps the English department materially, for the boys are thus encouraged by the stimulus of "getting their pieces in the paper," which makes them spend more time over their English and consequently they produce much better work.

The editors select from these compositions the most suitable ones, correct them and make any little alterations necessary. After this they hand them over to the business managers. This system thus benefits the editors also. Besides giving them many new ideas in the reading of these essays, it trains them to distinguish the good from the bad in style, wording and writing.

The business managers look after the paper financially. They secure the advertisements and transact all the business in connection with the printing and selling of the paper. This develops their business instincts.

The school as a whole undoubtedly gains an advantage by "The Review." For it not only helps the boys individually and shows them what they can do, but it also brings to the view of the boys' parents and those interested in the college the literary attainments of St. Andrew's pupils.

The Review has a bright future in store, a financial as well as a literary one, for the statement of the last issue showed a sufficient balance to authorize the staff in offering two prizes for open competition for the best essays on any subject connected with school life. These two prizes will be books and have been won by Messrs. J. Gunn and R. I. Finlay. These essays are published in this number of the magazine.

The literary side of the Review ought also to flourish, for the coming editors, in addition to their own ability will have the benefit of the added experience of their predecessors, many of whom are seeing their last term at St. Andrew's, and soon will be showing the world what kind of stuff St. Andrew's boys are made of.

R. P. Saunders, Form V.

The Match with St. Alban's

Richard Brown was a new boy at St. Hillier's, and, as is usually the case with new boys, he was very lonely and dejected. Dick was a little fellow and everybody made fun of him, particularly because one day shortly after he came to school, when he met a line of girls from St. Hilda's, seeing his sister among the ranks, like a weary traveller who sees an oasis in the desert, Richard ran up to her and threw his arms around her neck and kissed her notwithstanding that two St. Hillier's boys were looking on.

Ever since that time his life had been wretched. He was now hiding behind the desks in the fourth form feeling very unhappy. Here, he thought, he was secure from interruption, but soon he heard footsteps, and in walked the captain of the cricket eleven bringing with him the captain of St. Alban's, a rival school in the district.

"Will you be able to play our first team to-morrow? If you can, please send over the list of your players. Here is the list of ours," said the rival captain. "All right," replied our captain, "I fancy we can play, but we are very weak this year and I can only think of ten who know anything about the game. I do not know whom to put in the last place." "By the way," said the St. Alban's boy, "send that youngster who made such a scene with the girls' line over with the note." "Certainly, but I am sorry for the poor fellow I quite understand his situation," answered the St. Hillier's captain.

Dick went out and the captain soon found him and sent him over to St. Alban's with the names. Everybody at the school of course made fun of him for his foolish action, but Dick was not so down-hearted as usual. The captain had said he understood his situation and he was saying in his mind, "I believe I will ask him about that match."

On the way back to the college he met the captain who asked him if he had delivered his message all right. Dick said, "yes" but immediately he broke out with a question which astounded the captain very much. "Can I play in the match to-morrow?" The captain was too astounded to say anything so Dick went on. "I cannot bat much, nor am I much good in the field, but I can bowl. Powers, our gardener, who was once one of the best all round English cricketers, trained me and he says I have a perfect round arm, which few bowlers have. I played in a match, married men against single, I played against the unmarried men and I got them all out for two runs, but of course they were not good players." "Let me try you anyway," said the captain, "Come on, there is just time before roll-call."

Soon the two were out in the field, Dick with three or four balls at his feet and the captain standing up to the wicket ready for him to bowl. "Aren't you going to put on any pads? I always aim for the leg stump. Powers says nearly all men are weak on their leg stump," said Dick.

"Go on," said the captain fiercely.

Dick went back with a sudden alert air that made the captain's eye sparkle and next instant he delivered a ball which the captain only blocked in time. The next ball the captain treated in the same way; but the last ball he made a swipe at and, next instant he was on the ground rubbing his shin and looking at his leg stump a couple of yards away.

"Come on," said the captain, "You'll do only don't say a word to anybody and we will take the starch out of those fellows to-morrow." Great was the surprise of the whole school when they found that Brown was the eleventh man for to-morrow's match.

In the match St. Hillier's went



Photo by Galbraith Photo Co.

COLLEGE GROUP, 1902.

into bat first. Brown, who was the last man in managed to run the captain out. Their side retired with forty-five runs to their credit.

St. Alban's now went into bat, and with Jones and Smith as bowlers the first five wickets fell for thirty-nine runs. Dick out at long-on had dropped two catches and blown on his fingers. The St. Hillier's boys could hardly be restrained from rushing on the field and taking him off by force.

When St. Alban's had thirty-nine runs and were in high spirits the captain put Dick on to bowl. Everybody thought the captain was bereft of his senses when they saw what he had done.

Green, who was the batter, winked at his college friends and then looked at Dick as if he were going to lift him to the skies. Next instant his middle stump was uprooted like a carrot, and he was walking soberly back to the pavilion. Everybody cheered, hooted and yelled, but it was nothing to the noise which occurred when Scott and Mackenzie were bowled off their pads by the next two balls. When the over was finished by bowling Williams the match was as good as won. The tenth man was soon retired and the boys were carrying Dick around the field like a demi-god.

J. Gunn, Form V.

A Backward Glance

1920.

One hot, sultry afternoon in the early summer of 1920, as I lay resting in a broad hammock on the shady verandah of my modest but comfortable house, my thoughts went back to college life. I began to wonder where all my old school chums were, and wish that I could see them all once more. What vast changes must have taken place in these eighteen years.

While I was thinking thus I was gently lulled to sleep by the strains of sweet music coming through the open window. Even in my sleep I dreamt about my old school chums, and a most pleasing dream it was. I dreamt I was in a gipsy camp. One of the gipsies had a certain machine, the name of which has slipped my memory, but on the asking it would show you where anyone was, no matter where, and give you his past history.

With great excitement I gave the gipsy a list of my old school friends. This list I had carried in my pocket for a number of years. She told me to look into the machine. I did so with eager anticipa-

tion. I heard her whisper something to the machine, and immediately I beheld right there before me a sight which made my eyes bulge out with astonishment. The scene was in a diamond mine and the men were busily at work digging the dusky jewels out of the earth. Every face looked strange but one. That one was Charles Cantley's, who was walking about looking at the work. He was quite a little stouter than he was when last seen, and he had changed his appearance by the addition of a long flowing beard. I looked upon the scene with great satisfaction and to my astonishment a mysterious voice began to speak, saying that after a successful course at McGill University, Charlie had gone to South Africa, where he spent many years learning the art of digging diamonds; he had then borrowed sufficient money to buy a mine of his own, which had proved such a great success, that in a few short years he was enabled to return the money he had borrowed, that wealth had accumulated year by year, and that now he was living in ease and luxury.

I heard another muffled whisper and the scene changed to a large doctor's office, and there seated in a chair was Harry B. Houser. But what a vast change had these eighteen years wrought upon him. Where was his lovely jet-black hair? Ah! It had vanished, and there in its place was a roller skating rink, bordered by a narrow fringe of the few hairs which still remained. The voice again began to talk, saying that after a successful medical course at Varsity, Harry had gone abroad to perfect himself in his profession, and having returned to native land, had started to practise in Toronto, and in a few years had a great number of patients. He was also given the position of college physician at S.A.C.

I looked upon the next scene with a sad heart. It was an attic room lighted by one small window, with little or no furniture in it, an old straw matting upon the floor, and altogether presenting a dilapidated appearance. At a table by the window sat my old friend Jack Strachan, busily engaged in compiling a very useful book entitled, "A help to Euclid Exercises." This little volume would contain when finished over two hundred exercises all worked out. The voice said that when Strachan left S.A.C., he made a small fortune in stocks, but he put it all in Nova Scotia Steel and lost every penny. Left in this state he decided to fall back upon his education to help him out, so he began what we find him at now.

Another change and I saw the interior of an art studio rather poorly furnished, and abounding in cheap-looking paintings. The artist, no other than Hertzberg, was trying to sell one of his works of art at an exorbitant price to a poor old man who didn't know the value of things. Whether he succeeded in his enterprise or not is more than I can tell, for the scene changed and I beheld J. P. Bickell auctioning off goods at a great rate. By appearance he was having a lot to say for himself and for his goods

too. The voice told me many secrets about J. P.'s life, since I last saw him, but I will not try to repeat them for I might get them twisted.

Another whisper and I saw before me the interior of a small church. It was during service and the minister was preaching his sermon to an audience of peculiarly dressed people. Surely I can know no one here I thought, but upon looking more closely I say that the minister was none other than Paul Gillespie. The voice went on to say that after a very thorough training in the ministry he went out to the Fiji Islands to preach the Gospel to the natives, and now he was living very happily with his wife, who, by the way was a Fijian, and his two robust children.

The next scene was in a school-room. Missiles were flying in every direction, chalk, scribblers, books, in fact everything seemed to have taken wings. Of course no master was present, and my thoughts went back to old school days. In the midst of all this confusion a master appeared at the door, and who should the master be but Bertie Saunders. The voice had no need to speak, I knew too well how he had come where he was. His head was enlarged considerably, probably from the amount of knowledge stowed away in it. His forehead full of wrinkles, a pair of glasses perched upon his nose, and a little mustache neatly curled at each end were the principal changes in appearance.

I was not allowed to dwell long upon the scene, for the machine seemed to be getting restless and immediately changed to a drawing room. There seated around the fireside was little Georgie Anderson and his family. He was the same short little figure as he was when a boy, but he had broadened out to such an extent that he might easily be called as broad as he was long.

Another change and I beheld my old friend Bob Mackay reclining on a couch in the corner of a very ela-

borately furnished drawing-room. His family were having a very pleasant chat, but Bob preferred to sleep, judging from appearances. Bob's wife was of an enormous size and his children numbered up to eight, the sexes being equally divided. He was very bald and he seemed to have a look of fear upon his countenance, somewhat resembling the attitude taken by a dog about to be whipped. The voice went on to say that his married life had not been altogether pleasant, for his partner in life was a woman who insisted upon having her own way. Bob with his amiable disposition submitted and allowed her to do just as she pleased. His children unfortunately took after their mother in regard to disposition, and thus he was placed in a very unpleasant position.

I was not allowed to see Mackay wake up, for the scene changed and I saw Jack Gunn in what I took to be his study. His desk was covered with manuscript and he seemed deeply interested in some work in which he was engaged. The voice went on to say that after a short course at the University in which he spent most of his time upon literature and composition, he stu-

died novel writing under Alexander Dumas, Bertha M. Clay and Laura Jean Libbey. He then commenced literary work upon a good foundation and many of our most celebrated novels have been written by him. His greatest achievements are, "For Love Alone," "Dead to the World," "Marguerite," "The Fatal Ring" and we find him now busily engaged upon his new one, which is to be called when completed "All for Gold."

Another change, and I saw B.D. Hall upon a prancing steed. He appeared to be inspecting a regiment of soldiers. He must have obtained a commission from R.M. C., I thought, but I was not allowed to gaze upon this scene or to hear what the voice would have to say about him, for I was rudely awakened from my dream by my little girl, who had amused herself by tickling the end of my nose with a straw. The sun was sinking in the west, and taking my little daughter by the hand I went into the drawing room, where the remainder of my family had gathered. Seating myself comfortably in a big arm-chair I told my dream to them just as I have told it to you.

R. I. Finlay, Form V.

St. Andrew's College Athletic Association

Athletics at St. Andrew's College are managed in a somewhat different, and, we think, in a much more satisfactory way, than most other colleges manage theirs. The boys have an association which controls all the outdoor sports and owns all articles necessary for their thorough pursuit. This association is managed by the boys themselves through their representatives, one from each form. The boys know, or soon learn to understand that they all have a share in the property of the association; and therefore not only are they themselves care-

ful in using it, but they administer friendly and efficient advice, etc., to those boys who are thoughtlessly or wilfully destructive.

All the boarders and nearly all the day boys are active members of the association. The annual fee is three dollars, payable in three instalments of one dollar per term. The money thus obtained is used for the payment of the various current expenses and the renewal of the association's property. The wear and tear of this property is not so slow as that caused by the Tooth of Time, but just as certain,

as all who are acquainted with the species "Puer destructivus" will understand.

All affairs of the association are carried on in as businesslike a way as possible. The association has an account at the Imperial Bank, and every bill is paid by check, signed by the unfortunate boy who holds the position of treasurer, countersigned of course, by the president. The treasurer thus becomes initiated into the mysteries of check-book, pass book and ever so many other books, not to mention the bad books of the president into which he often gets.

The members of the association have not only the use of the college grounds, but also have at their disposal the use of the beautiful and celebrated Rosedale Lacrosse grounds. To reach the latter the boys have to cross the ravine, thus obtaining an invaluable training in mountaineering. During the fall term these latter grounds are used for some of the most important college Rugby matches, and in this way became the glorious battle-fields of many a fierce encounter, out of which the S.A.C. boys strive hard to come with flying colors. Of course they always do so, as they say, if luck is not against them. Then can be heard the redoubtable college call,—

Hoot, hoot, mon, hoot,

Hoo, rah, ree,

Protoi, aei,

S. A. C.

S. T. A. N. D. R. U.

College, College,

St. Andrew!

On the college grounds the team was coached by the Principal himself, who took his knocks and tumbles with the boys as well as any of them. It is due to this coaching that the boys were so enthusiastic, and played, perhaps the most scientific football of any of last year's junior teams.

As the Rugby team representing S.A.C. conquered last fall the well-guarded citadel of Ridley College, and was defeated only by the nar-

row margin of two points by U.C.C., the College has every reason to be proud of its team, and anyone who would overhear the junior boys whisper after lights are out, the praises of "Our" team, would not doubt for a moment, that if the 1st XV of the college play well, they are enthusiastically backed up by all the other boys, from the oldest to the youngest.

When the "Beautiful" covers the ground, and the boys have put away their dirty football outfits, (the dirt, in many cases, put on) and don their bright gold and crimson sweaters, toques and stockings and fight their battles on skates, the members of the association have two rinks at their disposal: one is the open college rink, perhaps the most beautifully situated rink in Toronto, and the other the well-known Caledonian rink. The college Hockey team is entered in the junior division of the O.H.A. and won, this year, their matches in the first round with Newmarket, but lost to the champion U.C.C. team. If we take into consideration that the S.A.C. boys who have been chasing the puck this year were mostly novices at the game, this result is most encouraging. Those of us who have been watching the junior boys play hockey, expect great things of them, when they, after having played together four or five years, will represent S.A.C. and win the junior championship of the O.H.A.

During the summer months the advantages of being a member of the S.A.C.A.A. are very numerous. The members have not only the services of the college coach, but also those of the Rosedale C.C. professional, enjoying at the same time all the privileges of a member of this latter club. The above mentioned privileges alone are well worth a whole year's subscription.

The association also manages the Annual Athletic Sports of St. Andrew's College. These are held on the Rosedale grounds and attract large numbers of interested and interesting spectators. Although

these annual games have been held only twice so far, they have been most successful and yielded most satisfactory records. Owing to the generosity of many ladies and gentlemen and the untiring, and perhaps importunate efforts of the members of the committee, the prizes awarded for these games have been exceedingly handsome.

This year the officers of the association are:—

President.—Dr. H. F. Meyer.

1st Vice-president.—H. B. Houser.

2nd Vice-president.—G. H. Wallace.

Secretary.—J. Strachan.

Ass't. Secretary.—A. E. Gooderham.

Treasurer.—H. G. Smith.

Curator.—J. E. Scott.

Ass't. Curator.—D. Nasmith.

Committee.—C. L. Cantley, F. A. Russell, G. C. Hunt, Frank Macdonald, Fred Macdonald, M. Gooderham.

Vivat, floreat, crescat, S.A.C.

H. G. Smith, Form IV.

Athletics and Annual Games

The Annual Games were held a little earlier this year and were very successful from every point of view.

At two thirty the first race was started and although there were a great number of events they were finished before the sun had sunk to rest.

The success of the sports was very much due to the officers of the day, for they saw that every event went off quickly and although no competitor was rushed there were no tiresome delays in starting or between the different events which was greatly appreciated by the many friends of the college who occupied the grand stand.

The senior and boarders' championships were won by H. B. Houser and McLaren min., won the junior championship.

As may be seen, both champions won by a good margin of points but still, at no time until the finish were the championships definitely decided and those who won out had to put forth their best efforts in order to obtain the coveted position.

The prizes unlike last year were not given out at the grounds but in the evening at the college. After the prize giving, speeches were heard from some of the old boys as

well as from some of the winners. The boys then adjourned to the dining-room where refreshments were partaken off. Then the day boys went home wishing that every day was the day of the sports, while the boarders went to bed with probably the same thoughts in their minds.

The list of events and successful competitors is as follows.

Part I.

Friday, May 9th.

Throwing cricket ball, Senior, 1, Houser, 265 feet; 2, Goldstein, 260 ft. 5 in.; 3, Cantley.

Throwing cricket ball, junior.—1, Goldstein, 265 ft.; 2, McLaren ma.; 3, Fergusson IV.

Kicking football, place.—1, Cantley, 148 ft. 1 in.; 2, Gooderham, 142 ft. 10 in.; 3, Sale, 140½ ft.

Kicking football drop.—1, Houser, 138 ft. 4 in.; 2, Follett, 126 ft.; 3, Sale, 118 ft. 1 in.

Running high jump.—1, Houser, 4 ft. 10¼ in.; 2, Cantley; 3, Dou-t.

Running high jump, Jr.—1, McLaren, min., 4 ft. 5 in.; 2, Fraser; 3, Sale, 118 ft. 1 in.

Standing broad jump.—1, Smith, 9 ft. 4 in.; 2, Houser, 9 ft. 3 in.; 3, Wallace, 8 ft. 10 in.

Standing broad jump, Jr.—1 McLaren, min., 7 ft. 9 in.; 2, McLaren, ma., 7 ft. 6½ in.; 3, Eaton, 7 ft.

Running broad jump.—1 Doust, 18 ft. 1 in.; 2, Housser, 17 ft. 6 in.; 3, Smith, 16 ft. 8 in.

Running broad jump, jr.—1, MacLaren, min., 13 ft. 7 in.; 2, Eaton, 13 ft. 6¼ in.; 3, Fergusson IV., 12 ft. 10½ in.

Tug of war, won by Form 4 and Form 3 B.

Pole vault.—1, Scott, min., 8 ft.; 2, Strachan; 3, Housser.

Part II.

Wednesday, May 14th.

50 yards dash, (Preparatory Form).—1, Chesnut IV; 2, Hallam ma.; 3, Lee min.

100 yards dash, (Form I).—1, Taylor min.; 2, Chesnut III; 3, Stewart III.

100 yards dash.—1, Doust; 2, Housser ma.; 3, Nasmith; Time, 11 4-5.

Three-legged race, junior.—1, Allan ma. and Eaton.

One mile bicycle race.—1, Bickell; 2, Strachan; time, 2.52.

100 yards dash (junior).—1, MacLaren min.; 2, McLaren ma.; 3, Fergusson IV; time 12 1-5.

Junior—House race (handicap).—1, Black; 2, Fleming; 3, Hallam ma.

220 yards dash.—1, Housser ma.; 2, Robertson; 3, Cantley; time 25 1-5.

220 yards dash, (junior).—1, MacLaren min.; 2, Fraser I; 3, MacLaren ma.; time 28 3-5.

Sack race, (junior).—1, Macdonald min.; 2, Eaton; 3, Chesnut IV.

Hurdle race sr.—1, Housser, 21 1-5; 2, Cantley.

Hurdle race, jr.—1, MacLaren, min., 21; 2, McLaren, ma.; 3, Eaton.

440 yds.—1, Robertson, 59; 2, Cantley; 3, Nasmith.

Half mile.—1, Chesnut, 243 4-5; 2, Nasmith; 3, Thorne.

Fatigue race.—1, Sale and Strachan, 18 3-5; 2, Doust and Bickell.

Relay race.—1, Form IV; 2, Form III A.

Consolation race.—Gillies ma., 12 2-5.

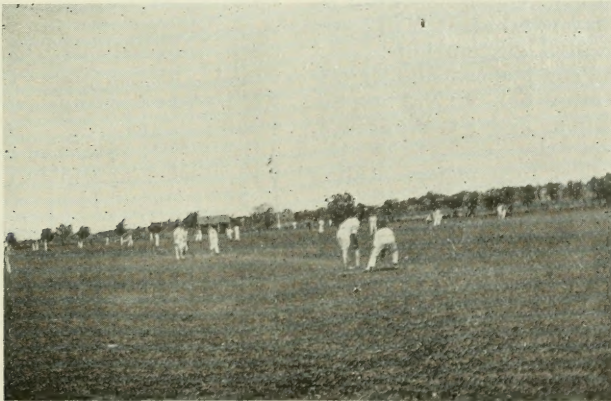
Consolation race, jr.—Fergusson IV, 14 2-5.

Senior championship, Housser, 25 points.

Junior championship, MacLaren min., 30 points.

Boarders' championship, all events count, Housser, 35 points.

A. M. Isbester, Form III B.



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE AT RIDLEY.

Photo by Robertson, III. A.

St. Andrew's vs. Ridley

The friendly rivalry which has existed between Bishop Ridley College and St. Andrew's ever since the founding of the latter institution some three years ago, has of late been keener than ever, and both colleges in anticipation of their annual cricket match, had been assiduously preparing for that notable event for some time past.

The game had been arranged for June 4th, and this day was anxiously looked forward to by all the enthusiastic supporters of both Colleges, who turned out in full force, the weather was all that could be desired.

The S.A.C.A.A. chartered the Steamer Lakeside which left Geddes' wharf at 8 a.m., sharp, as one of our cricketers found to his cost (\$2.15), in spite of the mild remonstrances of our worthy President, Dr. Meyer.

The trip across occupied some two and a half hours, and despite the somewhat boisterous condition of the lake, was immensely enjoyed by all. Upon our arrival at Port Dalhousie, we roused the inhabitants from their regular mid-day siesta by our lusty College call going up from one hundred and fifty throats. There we were met by two special cars which conveyed us through a beautiful stretch of country to our final destination.

The game commenced almost immediately after our arrival at the Ridley campus, and St. Andrew's, having won the toss, took the field. The first men in for Ridley were Greenhill and Austin, the former succeeding in getting a score of 18 runs by good and careful cricket, but the next four men were disposed of for five runs. At this period the game was interrupted for the lunch, which Ridley had provided.

At one o'clock the game was resumed, McGiverin and Grasett being the batsmen. The Ridley Captain played in fine form, and was

successful in scoring thirty-five runs before he was bowled by Housser. The remaining members of the team were disposed of in short order, going out for eighteen runs, making a total of seventy-seven.

St. Andrew's now went in to bat, Housser and Keith being the first men at the wickets. Both were unfortunate, Housser getting out I.B.W. and Keith being run out after making six runs. The next two men were bowled for seven and were followed by Nasmith and Hunt, the former making the top score for St. Andrew's. Upon Nasmith's retirement he was followed by Gillespie, who was given out I.B.W. for 9. The last four wickets fell for eleven runs, the side being all out for a total of fifty-four.

In Ridley's second innings S. A. C. took eight wickets for eighty runs before stumps were drawn at five o'clock, Ridley thus winning a hard-fought game by twenty-three runs.

S.A.C. II. vs. Ridley II.

The defeat of St. Andrew's College 1st XI. was more then counterbalanced by the splendid victories of the 2nd and 3rd teams, who competed with corresponding Ridley teams. The three games were played simultaneously on the same campus.

S.A.C. II. took the field, and before lunch had Ridley out for fifty-eight runs. Then St. Andrew's went in to bat, and, largely due to the fine batting of Dineen ma., and Cotton, ran up a total of sixty-four. When Ridley again went in they secured a score of thirty-four, making a total of eighty-two for the two innings. In St. Andrew's last innings, the Ridley bowlers were more successful and held S.A.C. II. down to thirty-one. St. Andrew's won the match, how-

ever, by nine runs, after a very exciting finish.

The junior team defeated the Ridley College juniors by 116 runs. Kelly bowled excellently for S.A.C., securing seventeen wickets for fourteen runs.

The games being over, the boys finding that they had some time to themselves, went down into the city and viewed all the principal sights before the cars drew out on the return trip.

After a pleasant run back to Port Dalhousie, all went aboard the steamer which lay waiting at the dock, in readiness for an immediate start. The return trip was rendered delightful by music and refreshments. The boat arrived about ten p.m. after a most enjoyable and, we hope, profitable day, spent in administering some of those mild doses of defeat, which only St. Andrew's knows how to administer.

The 2nd team was as follows,—

1. Strachan
2. Wilmott
3. Harrison
4. Hall. Capt.
5. Cotton
6. Dineen
7. Gunn I.
8. Gunn. II.
9. Chestnut
10. Fraser
11. Douglas

Byes.

1. Keith played a splendid game behind the wickets.
2. Housser bowled in his usual fine form, securing 8 wickets for 27 runs in the 1st innings.
3. The plucky batting of Na-

smith was a feature.

4. S. A. C. fielding was exceptionally good.

5. Strachan bowled in fine style for the 2nd XI.

6. Cotton and Dineen, ma., excelled themselves for the 2nd XI.

7. Punctuality means money.

8. All three teams speak very highly of their splendid treatment at the hands of Ridley.

St. Andrew's vs. Ridley.

| S. A. C. 1st XI. | | Detailed score. | |
|------------------|-----------|-----------------|-------|
| Batsman | How out | Bowler | Total |
| 1. Housser | L.B.W. | Mitchell | 2 |
| 2. Keith | run out | | 6 |
| 3. Follett | Bowled | Kennedy | 2 |
| 4. Sale | Bowled | Greenhill | 5 |
| 5. Nasmith | Bowled | McGiverin | 12 |
| 6. Hunt | C. & B. | McGiverin | 7 |
| 7. Gillespie | L.B.W. | McGiverin | 9 |
| 8. Swan | c. Newman | McGiverin | 2 |
| 9. Wallace | bowled | Kennedy M.D. | 3 |
| 10. Harris | Bowled | McGiverin | 0 |
| 11. Saunders | Not out | | 0 |
| Extras | | | 6 |
| | | | — |
| Total | | | 54 |

| Ridley 1st XI. | | Detailed score. | |
|----------------|------------|-----------------|--------|
| Batsman | How out | Bowler | Score. |
| 1. Greenhill | c. Wallace | Follett | 18 |
| 2. Austin | Bowled | Housser | 0 |
| 3. Newman | c. Housser | Housser | 2 |
| 4. Mitchell | Bowled | Housser | 1 |
| 5. Kennedy | Bowled | Housser | 2 |
| 6. McGiverin | Bowled | Housser | 35 |
| 7. Galt | Bowled | Housser | 0 |
| 8. Grasett | c. Follett | Saunders | 12 |
| 9. Snively | L.B.W. | Housser | 6 |
| 10. Kennedy | H. G. | Not out | 0 |
| 11. Subfin | Bowled | Housser | 0 |
| Extras | | | 1 |
| | | | — |
| Total | | | 77 |

The Empty Room

The building was new, but the school was old,
 The house we were in had lately been sold;
 Along the East wing the rooms were the same.
 'Twas here they put a boy when he came.
 The master had room number eight in this hall,
 Right in the middle, in watch for a squall.
 The next one was now unoccupied.
 Five youths their refreshments here did hide,
 Their rooms would then be searched in vain,
 For jam-tarts, chelseas and good things in main.

Now the night of this feast there happened to be
 A soiree, to which was asked Mr. McGee.
 He came home late. The blinds were drawn,
 The hall was dark and the lights were gone.
 He went into his room and struck a light,
 It blazed up quickly and—O what a sight!
 The room he had entered was not his own,
 'Twas the empty one of which we have shown.
 As he made for the door he heard a sound,
 And knew right away he'd some culprits found.
 So he hid by the door and let them come in,

That he might detect them red-handed in sin,
 They entered and left Brown V. as a watch,
 To listen and look, with eye at the notch,
 When sudden an enemy stepped from behind,
 Rejoicing for once the offenders to find.
 Brown V. dived down between his knees,
 And escaped through the door before he could seize,
 The rest, when they saw the doorway was barred,
 Escaped by the window. The descent was not hard
 For a fire escape ran right down that wall;
 And their friends let them in on hearing their call,
 The master came in a little too late,
 And the fellows all snored at a terrible rate.
 He put in his book the names of the boys,
 Who seemed to be making the loudest noise.
 Next day there came to good Mr. Knight
 Five crestfallen lads; they made a sad sight.
 Each carried two sheets of paper blue,
 Sixty lines and more they had to do.
 At the top was inscribed "Disturbance at night"
 Given, Mr. McGee, received, Mr. Knight.

G. W. Anderson, V.

Chinese School Masters

Long before the Romans dreamed of invading Britain and subduing her inhabitants, China was a prosperous and civilized nation, possessing many able and educated men, who laid the foundation of Chinese learning.

Books were then written by those who were fond of learning taking special account of history, or the beauties of nature by which they were surrounded. Few could then read or write; and it was not till later years that people began to realize the usefulness of books and education.

Many foresaw the advantage of being able to read and write; and those who were experts in such arts were sought by eager men. A few volunteered to teach. These were the first school masters.

From that early time down to the present day, schools, school masters and students could be found all over the Chinese Empire, and education became more general.

The school masters of to-day are those who have spent a dozen years or more at school, learning classics written by Confucius and others many centuries B.C.

Education in China is far from being neglected. Large proportions of children are sent to school before the age of ten. They work from early morn till eve. The time is indeed wearisome to them, but the patience which characterizes so strongly the Chinese is in them, and they toil on without a murmur.

Physical exercise, games and sports are unknown to them. Thus, instead of being strong and healthy they are pale and weak. In this way they toil on for years until they think that they are fit to teach.

No certificates of any kind are granted to them, nor is there any proof to show that they are capable of teaching. But there is a government examination open to all

men of all ages. To all those who have passed a degree is given. This degree corresponds with our "Bachelor of Arts." In order to be successful in this examination one must be a good essayist having first-class penmanship. These are all that is required.

This examination, which seems so easy, is in reality one of the hardest in the world; for only a limited number of candidates are allowed to pass annually in each province. For instance, Formosa has a population of three million people, and the number of candidates allowed to obtain their degree annually is only fourteen or fifteen. It is held at the capital of each province, except for higher degrees when it is held only at Peking.

Thousands may be seen at the examination hall when the time comes. Fathers and sons often try for the same one. It matters not if they fail. They try again. Many have been known to try yearly for over half a century and only succeed when they were over four scores of age.

If the candidates are successful in their first year they try for the second, which is much harder. No more than nine are awarded with this degree in the whole of Formosa. This goes on until the highest rank is reached. The higher the degrees are, the fewer are they awarded; and one only is honoured with the highest rank annually in the Chinese Empire.

Coming back to the school masters, we find them trying to get their situations.

To get them is by no means an easy matter; as public schools and colleges are unknown in China, and to be a success in getting them means that schools are to be started.

They arrange terms with some people who are anxious to give their children an education. When the terms are settled, houses are

rented, and the masters find themselves, each in charge of a school with perhaps thirty boys or more. They begin to teach, but what do they teach? They teach how to read and write. That is all. They know nothing of mathematics, geography or anything that teachers should know. All they know of geography is China, and of China they know very little.

No newspapers were ever read by them nor books of any kind that will benefit them. Books written centuries ago are the only books which they read; and these they think are incomparable. No doubt there are good books written in the olden times, but to read them and nothing else will not make a man any wiser.

Their methods of teaching is as old as their books. They inherited it from their forefathers, and have retained it ever since; without the least thought of improving it.

Their system is to make their pupils memorize all their lessons. They often recite book after book, and without understanding a word. This is due to the singularity of the Chinese book-language, which is entirely different from the vernacular.

The meaning of the words are not explained to the pupils, until they have attended school for several years. So that for the first few years at school the pupils know practically nothing.

When going up to say their lessons boys stand with their backs to the masters.

The school masters may be found in school rooms from sun-rise till sun-set. Sometimes they are awakened by boys at four o'clock in the morning, in order that they may have their lessons taught.

They certainly do not live an easy life but are quite contented. They are honoured by all by whom they are surrounded. They are looked upon by the people as men of ability, and are often asked for advice by those who acknowledge them as their superiors.

For such a position as they hold, and for all the work which they have in school, they get a salary of less than fifty dollars a year. Their parents, too, often look for support from them. Thus living in poverty and ignorance, are the school masters of the middle kingdom.

G. W. MacKay, Form III A.



PORT DALHOUSIE.

Photo by Robertson, III. A.

The Story of a Wolf-Boy

This boy I am going to tell you about lives in China.

One day as he was playing in the street with the other boys, a hungry wolf came running down the street, and dragging him away from his comrades, began to tear him to pieces. He had just got so far as to tear his nose out and destroy one eye, when a man accidentally came out of a door and scared the wolf away, leaving the boy unconscious.

All this time the people stood in

their door-steps afraid to help him.

Luckily the boy did not die. He was treated by the native doctors for several months, but with no success. Afterwards his parents heard of the foreign doctor, and resolved to send him there.

The doctor has treated him for two years and now he is able to go around like other persons. This is a proof that foreign doctors are better than native ones.

Paul Goforth, Form I.

My Own Country

Havana is my birth place in the Island of Cuba and it is one of the most beautiful cities in the world for its splendid view.

The weather during the winter time is very pleasant, as it is also in summer, for the breeze that always blows from the ocean during the day and night make it very pleasant and cool.

There are many buildings of notability, as are the chapel in which Columbus heard the first mass after the discovering of the Island, the cathedral which is made of granite stone and is hundreds of years old, the palace where the General Captain of Cuba resides and other numberless buildings, which require a better hand for their description than mine.

Perhaps I exaggerated the beauty of Cuba considering the belief of the people of other countries about the yellow fever, which has been

extinguished since the American occupation of the Island.

I came to Toronto, Ont., Canada, by the good advice of my two eldest brothers and I think the city is beautiful and its people very sociable and kind.

I am in one of the best colleges in the north of Toronto, called St. Andrew's, learning the English language very quickly and grammatically, making my stay more pleasant than I thought it would be, as I am very young to be away from my dear parents. But, as I said, I enjoy myself merrily with my companions whom I appreciate very much.

I hope that next time I will be able to explain myself better as there has not been enough time to do it plainly on account of my short stay with such a delightful people.

P. Diaz, Form II.

Indians

Indian tribes do not all live in the same way. Some are not so civilized as others. The Black Feet and the Cree Indians are the most numerous. Indians are generally called Niches.

The Blackfeet live more on reserves than the Crees, and go more to Industrial schools, but some of them live in tepees and are not civilized.

The Crees live mostly any place they get a chance and in winter they generally have a small log house and about fifty live in one house.

When Indians get married they do not get their wives for nothing but they give the father as many ponies as they think the squaw is worth; sometimes they give twenty-five ponies for a nice looking young squaw.

Indians eat almost anything they get their hands on. They all sit around in a ring on the ground and eat gophers, rats and some kind of a pie they make, and a good many other things they like.

The Indians always have a good many ponies, which do not always get the best of treatment. The worst ponies always have the hardest work, because they like to keep the good ones in the best of condition so that they will sell well. Some people say that long ago before there were white people in Alberta the Indians tied the ponies to the carts by their tails and

made them pull. All the year round the ponies have to rustle for their own living.

Indians as a rule are very lazy and their wives do all the work. When they come to a town the wives put up the tents, cook the supper and water the ponies, while the Indians take a pipe and a pony and go into the town and have a good time.

Indians like very much to shoot with bows and arrows and nearly every evening their bows and arrows are used. They all stand in a row and shoot to see how near together they can put their arrows and unless you are used to them you would think they were crazy. The Indians like shooting with a gun and they often go hunting prairie chickens and partridges out of season. That is about all the work they do, and they only do that because it is fun.

When a good many Indians camp together for the summer, they have a pow-wow before they leave each other for the winter. They get branches and set them in a ring in the ground and in the evening they get tin cans and five cent horns and have a fine time. When they are tired of music they sit down and have a feast. If you have a dog you had better be careful of it or they will steal it for the pow-wow.

S. Mackenzie, Form II.

Rivière du Loup

A person who has had close acquaintance with, and has lived among the Habitants is always struck with the regard and love which they hold for the place that they are born in and which they will not move away from all their lives.

Of course there are such men as Dr. Drummond's Jean Bateese Trudeau, who goes over to Les Etats Unis and then changes his name from Jean Bateese Trudeau to John B. Waterhole.

Many of those who do not know the Habitant are inclined to doubt this story, but here is one which I know of myself and also know the man.

His name was Kushon, which as I suppose you all know has the same meaning as a little word in the English language, pig. Kushon went across the line and finding his name against him decided to change it. He could not very well take Pig for his name, so he was at a loss what to do until he suddenly thought why not add, or, I should say, prefix a Mac to it. He did this and he is now a braw Hieland mon frae Scotia's shores, his name being MacCushion.

However, don't think for a moment that all Habitants are as this one. I am sure that nearly every one I have met never forgets the place in which he was born and brought up.

The following is supposed to be the answer given by an old man in his sixtieth year, to a person who is questioning him on his love for Rivière du Loup.

Rivière du Loup.

You ask me why I'm dis place?
Well dats not ver hard to say.
I'm live here—an I'll die here,
Yes, sir, sixty years dis day.

Yes, de Western countree may be fine,
De Eastern countree too,
But I'm far enough Wes,
And plainty Eas right here on Rivière du Loup.

I'm remember de place dat I was born,
T'was not le grande chateau,
Wy gradfader he was build it,
Praps one hundred year ago.
T'was not like houses of to-day,
De walls not made of brick,
But just de good old pine log,
Each one 10 or 15 inches thick.

I'm member too my old grand-pere,
Mon Dieu, how I can see him there
His pipe he's have it in his hand,
By dat ol square fireplace where he
always stand.

He's very fine man my old grand-pere,
With long white beard and ver bald hair,
He has plenty temper too, he has never lost dat yet,
An when he'll say to me "Antoine venez-ici, depechez-vous,"
I'm always hurry up you bet.

My I see dat firs ol school-house,
It's firs stone building here,
I'm go dere when eleven,
An I'm stay there for three year.

De master he's de smartest man
What I am ever see,
Do multiply within his head,
Dat's pretty hard be gee.

The Abbe La Belle, he's parish pries,
An dey use de schoolhouse for l'eglise,
He's de bes man in dis place,
Goodness written on his face.

The boys with whom I'm always
 play,
 Deys mostly dead or move away,
 But still there is a few of them left,
 Jean Jolicoeur, Henri Le Clef.

We play up on Cote's old mill,
 De old place still up on dat hill,
 We play de trick, me an Poleon
 Dore,
 But dat is still another story.

These old friends this same old
 place,
 Deys all ver dear to me,
 I'm love the river an the St. Law-
 rence,
 From here on to the sea.

I'm love dis place de very groun
 For miles and miles de country
 roun,
 It's been my home for many a day
 And in dis place I'm bound to
 stay.

You praps my reason is not ver
 good,
 But she's good enough for me,
 For as long as I know
 Canada has first show,
 As the home of the brave and free,
 An Riviere du Loup de best place
 too,
 In all of our grand countree.

A. M. Isbester, Form III B.



THE CRICKET NETS.

Photo by MacKay, II.

The Way of Things

It started at school. Jones had been well liked and not a little feared among all his school mates. He was undoubtedly the strongest fellow and the most active in the school. His cousin Henderson, who went to the same school, was if anything larger than Jones, but he had not his strength and activity. Between these two there was always a strong rivalry in the annual games, and although Jones invariably came out head, Henderson proved himself a good second in most of the events. But he was not contented with playing second fiddle, and there sprung up within him a jealous feeling towards his cousin. He did not say anything about it to any body, but he nursed this germ in his heart until it grew into an uncontrollable hatred.

Henderson's father wished him to become a lawyer, but Henderson himself did not take to the idea kindly and although he took his degree and was installed in a good business he was not contented with his lot. When the war between the north and the south broke out he enlisted in a southern army contrary to his father's wish. At this his father was very angry and when, a few months after, he died, he left his money to Jones, his nearest relative after his son. This, you may be sure, did not increase Henderson's love for his cousin.

At this time the war was raging and Henderson was in the thick of it. One day the regiment to which Henderson belonged had marched all day in the scorching sun and the men were about to retire when they were surprised and surrounded by the Northerners and a fierce

fight ensued. The Northerners were getting the best of it. The Southerners' ammunition was exhausted and there was but one thing to do. The command was given to charge and they rushed on the enemy like a pack of hungry wolves. Henderson was in the front line and threw himself on the man in front of him with the fierceness of a man who is fighting for his life. He slew one and was rushing on a second when he recognized in him his cousin Jones. He stood a moment hesitating. Why should he spare this man who had been the means of his losing his fortune? Why not kill him now? All is fair in war, he thought. But his conscience answered that it had not been Jones' fault that his father had left him no money. No. He would not strike him. By this time Jones was on him and with one sweeping blow struck down the man who had spared his life a few seconds ago.

He often wondered afterwards, when he had won fame and glory, why this man had dropped his guard with the enemy on top of him. And he sometimes repented that he had slain a man who had not attempted to guard himself.

When the war was over and he was settled down in his home, he hunted for his cousin to divide with him the fortune which had been left to him, as he thought that it was unjust that Henderson should get none of his father's money. But he never found any trace of him, except that he had enlisted and had never been heard of since. And perhaps it was better that he never learned the truth.

C. Hertzberg, Form V.

Gentleman Smith

Jones quartus was down on his luck. There was no denying it. All week the masters had dealt him out lines with a lavish hand and now on Friday afternoon, when the rest of the school had gone to the town to play a cricket match, Jones was compelled to remain and work off his impositions. He managed to finish them about five o'clock and as he was the sole occupant of the school-room he tried to think of a lark.

Suddenly a beam of contentment spread over his face as he said, "Just the thing, I remember young Anderson saying that his dormitory was going to make a raid on ours to-night. Ha! Ha! It will be the other way."

That night when Smith, the house-master, was putting out the lights he noticed suppressed excitement in dormitory three, which was the dormitory Jones was in. However, as he had just come down from college and remembered his own school days a tender feeling came over him and he determined to let them have their lark if they didn't make too much noise.

As soon as he had left the room all the six boys sprang from their beds to the floor and began to intrench themselves against dormitory two's proposed attack. Strings were carefully tied from the legs of the beds to the wall opposite them and Jones carefully

tied a pitcher of water over the door so that the water would fall on anyone coming in. The boys then seized their pillows, turned out the gas again and stood by their beds ready to repel the attack.

The door opened, the water fell and simultaneously six pillows flew at the door. There was a heavy thud, the ropes had done their work, and the boys rushed forward to give the invader a taste of the backs of their brushes. Imagine their surprise to see Smith who had forgotten a book, groping around the floor.

He lit the gas and suddenly the door opened a second time and in rushed six more night-robed figures with pillows in their hands.

Smith saw through it at once and gave the boys a severe lecture, but his sternness seemed to die out with the water which was running off him and making pools on the floor, and he ended up by saying, "Well boys it isn't so long since I was at school myself and if you will promise that this will not occur again I will let you off with sixty lines each and will not mention the matter to the head master."

"Isn't he a gentleman," came from every boy as Smith left the room and this is how "Gentleman Smith" got his name.

Douglas Fraser, Form III B.

How the Cup Came Back to Wentworth

The boys at Wentworth College prided themselves on being sons of gentlemen, and, especially on always being gentlemen themselves. It was always a point of honor among them that they would make good any loss sustained by private persons which was in any way caused by them. Thus it was that they were well known for miles around.

Now there was another school in the adjoining riding which enjoyed a similar reputation. Consequently these two colleges were on the best of terms. Its name was Clauderdale College.

The event of the summer term, to these Wentworth Collegians, was, always, the Clauderdale Match and they were most enthusiastic over it. This match was played each year, at Wentworth and Clauderdale alternately. Now it happened that this year the match was to be played at Wentworth.

Wentworth's prospect for a good eleven was anything but cheerful. The Challenge Cup, which had been donated by the village Squire, had been held for the last three seasons by their opponents and Clauderdale had every expectation that they would hold it for another year also.

The Clauderdale eleven was a very strong one, especially at the bat. The team at Wentworth was also good at the bat but exceptionally poor in the bowling department. In order to remedy this their bowlers were putting forth every effort in practice in order to improve. Their Captain, Eccles, was a fine all-round player and was also their best bowler. His batting average was very good.

The day before the match everything was in ship-shape order, and after school was over most of the boys were enjoying a practice on the oval. But two of them had strolled down the drive and were talking earnestly together. They were Eccles

and his chum Archer, who was also a member of the first Eleven.

"We shall be badly handicapped to-morrow for want of a bowler. Craydon has twisted his ankle badly and will not be able to play," Eccles said, gloomily.

"Jolly hard luck and no mistake," said Archer, "but hello, who is this fellow in the gig with the Doctor?" At this moment the gig was seen to turn the bend on the drive and was coming rapidly towards them, and in a few moments stopped in front of them.

"Come up to the house, Eccles, and when McMaster has been shown his room, I want you to take him over to the oval," said the Doctor. "He has played cricket at Malta, where his father was stationed in command of the Forty-Fifth. Jump right in; you can meet Archer at the oval in a few minutes."

They were gone and Archer walked over to the oval to meet them.

McMaster was shown to his room, and after his traps were deposited there he went to the oval with Eccles.

On their way over the Captain found out many things about the new boy. McMaster was the son of the Colonel of the Forty-Fifth. He had had a private tutor since he was very small, and he was well up in all subjects. In his leisure hours he used to participate in cricket matches between different Companies of the regiment. The Captain soon made up his mind that McMaster was a cricketer and no mistake. So when they arrived at the nets, McMaster was put at bat. Not a ball passed the new boy and Eccles was batted quite freely. When his time was up and Eccles took his place, McMaster bowled well and the Captain was unable to do much with his balls.

Eccles was now greatly perplexed. McMaster was a corker. Whose place could he fill? Ah! yes, he could fill Craydon's place beautifully.

The day of the match had come and the boys had kept their seats after prayers to hear the names of the lucky ones to play. At the top of the list was of course the Captain, and wonder of wonders! McMaster next. All the rest of the team were as usual, with the exception of Craydon, who was laid up.

At last the afternoon came and the opposing team had arrived at the oval.

The match had begun, Eccles had lost the toss and Claunderdale went to bat. The Captain bowled first and managed to take one wicket. McMaster followed and took two wickets for five runs. Eccles took

no more wickets, and the balance of the eleven were disposed of by McMaster. Claunderdale's innings was over for a total of forty-seven runs, a very poor showing indeed.

After ten minutes' rest the match was again resumed, Eccles and McMaster going to bat. They both played carefully and equalled Claunderdale's score before Eccles was put out. But McMaster was impenetrable and carried his bat for forty-three runs.

Wentworth won by thirty-three runs, thus regaining the long-coveted cup. Wentworth was so inspired by the possession of the cup that they determined never to lose it again. All that I know is that so long as McMaster remained at the College the cup remained in Wentworth's possession.

Wishart, Form III A.

Our Fifth Form in 55 B.C.

Dramatis Personae.

Julius Caesar, popular head-boy, good all-round.

Hannibal (major), second head-prefect.

Hannibal (minor), brother of Hannibal (major), pugilistic.

Mark Antony, Caesar's chum. Aristides, head boy in form. Themistocles, Demosthenes, Cicero, Brutus, Members of the Saint Andrew's College Debating Society.

Nero, cad, bully, sneak.

Xerxes, the fat youth who spent time and money at Madam Cleopatra's tuck-shop.

Act. I.

Scene :—The room of the St. Andrew's College Debating Society. Demosthenes in the chair. Hannibal on the floor beside Demosthenes. Cicero, Brutus, Themistocles, Aristides and Mark Antony scattered round the room on chairs.

Demosthenes (to Hannibal) :— You wish to join this highly honorable society?

Hannibal :—I do.

Dem. :—Do you agree to conform to the following rules? Read the rules please Mr. Cicero.

Cicero :—Rules and regulations of the St. Andrew's College Debating Society. Rule Number one :—Any person or persons injuring in any way whatsoever the person of any other person or persons while on the premises of the St. Andrew's College Debating Society shall be immediately expelled from the aforementioned society.

H. Whew! I guess that means a fellow's kicked out if he piles into another guy.

D. :—(freezingly) It means exactly what it says, that any person or persons injuring in any way whatsoever—

H. :—Oh! cut it out! I know what it means. Go ahead sissy, sing out the next.

D. :—Do you agree to rule No. 1 of the Rules and Regulations of the St. Andrew's Coll—

H :—For goodness' sake Demos-thenes, give it a bone. Yes, I agree. Go on sis.

C :—Rule No. 11., any person or persons eating or chewing while on the premises of the St. Andrew's College Debating Society will be immediately expelled from the afore—

H :—Is that why Xerxes isn't a member?

C :—from the aforementioned society.

H :—I suppose that is to catch any master's eye that happened to be a visitor.

D :—Do you agree to conform to Rule No. II?

H :—I do, sir.

D :—Are the company willing to accept Hannibal (minor) as a new member.

All :—(including Hannibal) Aye, Aye.

D :—(to Hannibal) You have no vote, you lunatic, you're not a member yet.

H :—But I am willing to accept Hannibal (minor) as a new member and you addressed the company and I am one of the company I think.

D :—(ignoring Hannibal) The company are willing. Therefore I, on behalf of the St. Andrew's College Debating Society, accept you Hannibal minor, into the membership of the aforesaid society.

T :—Hold on! Not so fast! you have forgotten the fee.

D :—Oh yes, Mr. Themistocles has reminded me of the fee. A fee is charged consisting of 75c. paid in termly instalments of 25c. each to Mr. Aristides at the beginning of each term.

H :—(Aside to Antony) They want to get a fellow's money and then they can afford to kick him out.

D :—If a member breaks one of the rules and is expelled he will not receive his fee back. Do you agree?

H :—(aside to Antony) What did I tell you? (Aloud) I don't know about that. Oh I guess so. Here you are Mr. Aristides.

D :—There that is settled. Now for the debate. The subject today is :—The head prefects have too many rights.

H :—I guess they haven't. You're just jealous, you old heathen.

D :—That will be seen later. Who is for the negative.

Antony :—I am.

T :—And I.

Aristides :—And I.

D :—Is that all. Now I am for the positive, who is with me.

B :—I am.

Cicero :—I reckon I will be, to make it even.

D :—And where are you Mr. Hannibal.

H :—I guess I vote they haven't too many rights.

B :—Then, idiot, you are for the negative.

H :—Never mind the idiot Mr. Brutus or I'll be apt to—

D :—Please remember Rule No. 1.

H :—Rule be hanged! I'm going to lick Brutus if he doesn't take that back.

Aris. :—Look here Hannibal. Be sensible and sit down. He isn't accountable anyway. We must consult for a few minutes.

(They consult together for a few minutes. Then Dem. gets up.)

D :—Are you gentlemen ready to begin.

Ant :—We are. Who speaks first?

D :—We will call on Mr. Brutus first.

B :—(To Dem.) Mr. Chairman (to Cicero) and gentlemen (to the others) and idiots. (exclamations of anger from the idiots and one of disapproval from the gentlemen, Hannibal is just going to rise to the occasion but is withheld by Aristides) I hold that one man should not be held any better than another but that the fifth should rule as a body. I think Xerxes is just as capable of ruling as Caesar and as for that maniac Hannibal (major), (at this moment he is cut short by a rather weighty piece of literature propelled with unerring aim by the strong arm of Hannibal. Dem. yells and he gets

up his arm in time to catch the missile on his funny bone.)

Ant. :—Pretty work Hannibal.

(Hannibal starts to follow up his work but is held by Aristides.)

D :—(From behind the table) Hold him fast boys. Don't let him go. I hereby declare you Hannibal (minor) expelled from the St. Andrew's College Deba—

H :—(struggling) Wait till I get you along Demonsthenes and you too Brutus. I'll give you something to croak about.

D :—You will please leave our premises and don't enter them again on any pretext whatever. Please leave the apartment.

H :—Apartment be hanged ! Do you suppose I want to stay in this dingy hole? I'm glad to get out. Good-bye all. I wish you joy in your meetings, but after this don't run down better men than yourselves when I'm around or you will pay more heavily than you did to-day or I'm a Dutchman (exit).

D :—Now that we have got rid of that troublesome member let us proceed. Mr. Brutus will you please continue ?

B :—I left off by saying that I thought the Fifth as a whole should rule. I finish by repeating the assertion that Caesar or Hannibal are no better than any others. (sits down rubbing his elbow).

T :—Mr. Chairman and gentlemen now that Mr. Brutus has finished picking holes in better men than himself (bell rings), there goes the bell, I must quit. (Sits down)

D :—I declare the meeting closed (all rush for the door).

CURTAIN.

Act II.

Scene :—V Form class-room, Hannibal (major) and Caesar sitting together at the front, several others, among them Nero, Brutus and Xerxes, at the back.

Caesar :—Look here Hannibal we've got to get out and practice or we won't win a single game this year.

H. (maj.) :—Don't you think we've got a pretty good chance of beating ——— College this year. We have the best of last year's men back and some likely new ones and they only beat us by one point last year.

C :—Well we've got a strong wing line and when you and Alexander get one on each side of the scrimmage, Themistocles has lots of chance to work his tricks at quarter. And Aristides is as steady a full-back as there is in any junior team. But the half-line—

H :—Oh ! the half-line is all right. If the wings can hold their own we are all right. Why what more, could we want for a centre-half than you yourself? And the kid and young Hector in the IIth back you up pretty well. Oh ! I'm not afraid of any of the players behind the scrimmage but the wing line need a lot of practice. We might just as well get out there now !

(exeunt Hannibal (maj.) and Caesar arm in arm.)

B :—Look here, those fellows run things a little too much. We must try to stop it.

Nero :—But how can we do it ?

B :—Can't you think of a way ?

Xerxes :—Look here, Brutus, aren't fire-arms forbidden in the school ?

B :—Yes, there is a law against them. Why you haven't any, have you ?

X :—No, but I know who has.

B. and N :—(eagerly) Who ?

X :—Caesar or Hannibal (maj.). There is one in their room in the bottom drawer of the dresser.

N :—You don't say so. Now we'll be even with them.

B :—How will we advance the cause of the Fifth Form ?

N :—We'll load the revolver with a blank cartridge and fix up a scheme so that they will touch a string when they go in and it will go off and make an awful noise. Then they can't deny that the revolver belongs to them and they will get into a terrible row be-

cause of the bad example to the juniors.

B :—Sure ! Great ! You're a brick. Nero come on and fix it up. (Exit Brutus and Nero.) Just as Xerxes is going to follow he is pu back and confronts Themistocles.

T :—Here, want some, Xerxes ?

X :—Thanks Themistocles, much obliged.

T :—Where were you off to ? That's a nice way to go sneaking off when a fellow wants to speak to you.

X :—I was just going to my room.

T :—Where were Nero and Brutus going, do you know ?

X :—No I don't know. I think—

T :—Here have another ?

X :—Thanks.

T :—What game were they up to, do you know ?

X :—No I don't know what it—

T :—And say isn't it great. I have just got a hamper from home. You might come in to-night, will you ?

X :—Thanks I will. They were going to play a trick on Caesar and Hannibal (maj.).

T :—The cads. What was it ?

X :—I don't—

T :—We might as well be walking to Madam Cleopatra's tuck-shop.

X :—They were going to fix a string so that Caesar and Hannibal will fire off their revolver when they come in.

T :—I say we'll postpone that visit to Cleopatra's till another time. Come on with me. But wait, how shall we fool them ? I know. Go and break a small window in the cupboard of the room next to Caesar's. Make a loud noise. Then I will go and tell the master-on-duty that I broke the window in Caesar's room. He will come and catch the cads. When you have broken the window go and hold the back door of the room and we will have them easy. Hurry now. Don't bungle it. Remember to come in to-night. There are lots of good things, a specially big

hamper. (exit X.) I suppose I must get some stuff at Cleopatra's before night or he won't come on my side again. My but he's a born idiot that kid. But he is useful. Well I must off or it will be too late to catch the conspirators in the act. (exit.)

CURTAIN.

Act III.

Scene :—Hannibal minor's and Antony's room. Hannibal discovered alone taking off his boots. (Lace breaks).

H :—Hang it, there goes my lace. I might as well get one of Antony's now, he will be here in the morning. He has some over in the cupboard. (He starts for the cupboard and Antony enters).

H :—Hello, Antony, what kept you so late ? I was just going to get a boot-lace. I think I have some in my drawer. (Hunts through drawer). Bother it, some one must have swapped them. I suppose you haven't one to lend me, have you ?

A :—There is one in the top of my trunk.

H :—Thanks Aunt, I'll pay you back some day.

A :—Never you care. But say what's that row Nero and Brutus are in ?

H :—Oh, it's great. The cads were going to get major and Caesar into a row by fixing a string so that a revolver would go off when anyone came into the room. And then they would be in for it.

A :—The sneaks.

H :—But Themistocles fooled them. He got Xerxes to tell him the plot and then he sent Xerxes to break a window in the next room to Caesar's and he himself went and told "Quitus pes" that he had broken a window in Caesar's room, and old "Quitus pes" came to see and caught Nero and Brutus engaged in loading the revolver. They got the cane yesterday and were going to kill Themistocles this afternoon, but he fooled them again. In "Quitus pes" period Themis-

toes stuck a pin in Nero. The cad yelled and they both got detention. Then Them, carried on a conversation with Brutus and they two got more detention. Themistocles got his carried over and when Brutus and Nero came out they found he had been feeding and working for Caesar and major all the hour and they dare not touch him.

A :—That was great. George, but he is a clever kid !

H :—You're just right he is, and they can't touch him to-morrow, for it is the day of the match and he will

have to play and come home with the team and you can just bet he will find some way out of their hands next day or my name's not Hannibal.

A :—Jiggers! there's "Quitus pes".

(Both tumble into bed as they are and snore as if their lives depended upon it. "Quitue pes" rebukes them for making such a row, puts out the light, and is off to the next room).

CURTAIN.

School Life at St. Andrew's College

Since to St. Andrew's I have come
I've got a deal of knowledge,
And I'll advise boy friends of mine
To come up to this college.

The boys are jovial and true,
The masters too are kind
And anything they do not know,
I don't think you can find.

Our school is in a pretty spot,
Encircled by fine ground,
The air is fresh and healthy
No better place could be found.

One Wednesday we all went to
Rosedale
To attend our annual games,
Where two boys you know distinguish themselves
And so I'll not mention their names.

They ran and they jumped and
they struggled,
They showed us just what they
could do,
And they'd have cleared all the
cups off the stand,
But thought they would leave just
a few.

On the evening of that anniversary
The boys, all crowded the hall,

Admiring our numerous heroes,
As we listened to speeches from
all.

And then we went into the tea-
room,
To partake of refreshments so neat,
And we ate till we'd cleared off the
tables,
Of all of those dainties so sweet.

Well, cricket has now come along,
And our boys Ridley College did
play,
We all enjoyed a royal time,
On that Wednesday fourth of June
day.

Now, if we do wrong we get lines,
And this is by us called detention,
But the way to keep out of this
trouble
Is always to pay good attention.

But we'll always stand up for St.
Andrew's,
And will ever be proud to uphold,
And call back the days at that col-
lege,
When we waved high the Crimson
and Gold.

W. R. Moreland, Form III A.

Skits

Mr. Robinson has patented a new electric bell for the dinner table which he has expressly for his own use.

Strachan's hair ought to be exceptionally smooth since he has got a new pair of brushes.

To those about to be married.
Don't!
—Punch.

Strachan kindly provided ladies for the fellows on their Ridley trip but when the time came he found that he had forgotten to provide one for himself.

Prefect stocks went down so low that the company could not hold their margins.

The way to be popular? according to certain persons on the upper flat is to write skits about themselves.

The Company "H.S. & Co." needs to cheer up.

Cicero was a good nightwatchman but we don't think he could play tennis.

Who said "I own the boat"?

Ha! Ha! Ha! Dicky, Hee!
Hee! Hee! Bobbie, wake up!
Johnnie.

For information regarding the latest styles apply to Mr. R. I. Finlay, Corner Dormitory.

For knowledge regarding any subject whatever, apply at the St. Catharines' branch of the information Bureau.

The residents of the upper flat were entertained by a very noisy political argument between two of our worthy masters the night before the elections. We are glad to find that no serious results ensued though the stakes were exceedingly high.



SNAP-SHOT ON COLLEGE GROUNDS.
Photo by MacKay, II.

1. Reddy was not "Strachan" enough to make the 1st XI.

2. Douglas Cotton (caught on) with the 2nd XI.

3. Wallace is a rather decent sort of "Guy."

4. Smiler leads in the batting average. We always thought he was rather "batty."

5. Although the Lakeside is a slow boat still she "Sale's" faster than "Dub."

6. We sympathized with Strachan in his attempt to look after the five young ladies on the trip to Ridley.

7. Who said "It's my boat"?

8. Sarcastic sayings of Smiler :
You're jealous.

Have to do it in our business.

Lovely girls. Awfully jolly.

You can't fool old Parker.

9. Wanted. An heiress, also an excuse for being out of bounds. Apply F. A. Russell.

10. We are sorry to state that the "Company" were unsuccessful in their attempt to introduce fedoras.

One fine day Pat got into a crowded street car. The car gave a sudden lurch and Pat landed in a young lady's lap. The young lady said "Young man, what are you?" Pat replied, "I was an Irishman when I came in, but now I guess I am a Laplander."

Pat one day was asked the reason why a groom does not kiss the bride in a church. He being a little excited, answered "It is not kistomary to cuss a bride in the church."

H. Harris.

A St. Andrew's master, while on a hunt for Moreland, armed with a game Warden's Gunn and some detention paper, accidentally shot and Riddled a Swan which he carried into the Hall of a Miller, who thought it a Strange thing, and called in a trained Nourse, who immediately secured some Strachan Cotton from a Taylor nearby who had such goods for Sale and bound up the injured limb. It was, however, too late, the Swan was Stark dead ; so they buried it under some Chestnut trees and covered the grave over with Thorne blossoms.

G. C. Harrison, Form III A.

The fair sex at St. Catharines on June 4th were very much interested in the boy from St. Andrew's with the chocolate eyes.

Would like to know very much who he is.

Telfer ought to take up Ping-Pong as a profession.

There is a new species of mule on Siberia flat ; this interesting article is known as the (Wall ass) Wallace.

One of our 1st Form hopeful informed us that all his class are going to hunt up two jokes each for the Review and then we would have plenty of first-class jokes.

Waiter—"Will you have cereals?"
Boy—"No thanks, I'm reading the St. Andrew's Review."

It's wonderful how long some boys will talk to their sisters, isn't it, Mo Kie III?

Master (to class in arithmetic)—
"John goes marketing. He buys two and a half pounds of sugar at three pence a pound, two dozen eggs at a shilling a dozen and one pint of milk at a shilling a gallon, what does it all make?"

Smallest Boy (hesitatingly):
"Custards."

When the eruptions of Mont Pelee subside some patent medicine man will be sure to advertise that it was his remedy that cured it.

"Brother don't you know if you swear at those mules you won't get to Paradise?" "Yes Pawsun," replied the man, "but if I don't swear at them I won't get to the end of the row and that is the most important thing at present."

"I went fishing the other day," said a man to another, "and I caught a fish weighing twelve pounds but he broke away before I could pull him in." "But how did you know he weighed exactly that much then without touching him?" "Oh! he had scales on his back."

Uncle Reuben had just returned from his Christmas holiday in the city, and his mind was a confusion of cinematographs, self-playing pianos, automobiles, phonographs, etc. When he was asked which had impressed him most, he solemnly replied! "By gosh, the horseless piano beats 'em all."

A small boy's description of the Dachshound—One of those dogs that is a dog and a half long, and only half a dog high.

When and by whom was America discovered?

America was discovered by Columbus in 1792, while he was making a voyage from London to San Francisco.

What were General Wolfe's words when he heard that the French fled? General Wolfe said he never died so happy.

The New Minister. "Do you know who I am, my little man?"

Little Billy—"Gosh! Don't you know who you are?"

Master—"Was it colder or warmer a hundred years ago than at present?"

Pupil—"I don't really recollect, sir."

In a country town a debating society was going on, the slight noise at first increasing to an uproar. At last one of the disputants cried to the other, "Look here, you are, I think, the biggest ass I ever saw."

"Order! order!" said the chairman, "you seem to forget that I'm in the room."

"Father," said the boy.

"Now look, here" replied the irate parent, "I shall not answer any more questions to-day, so be careful what you ask."

"Yes father."

"Well go on."

"Why don't they bury the Dead Sea?"

Master—"What are you laughing at?"

Boy—"Please Sir, I'm not laughing—my face slipped."

The boy with the big watch said time hung heavily on his hands.



WESTBOURNE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

340 BLOOR STREET WEST, TORONTO

Re-opens after Easter, April 2nd. New Year Term opens April 17.

A Residential and Day School, well appointed, well managed and convenient. Full courses in Literature, Music, Art, Elocution and Domestic Science. Students prepared for University and Departmental Examinations, Specialists in each Department. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Dr. Edward Fisher, Musical Director; F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A., Art Director. For announcement and information, address the Principals.

MISS M. CURLETTE, B.A.

MISS S. E. DALLAS, Mus. Bac.

'Phone Main 2278

DR. J. FRANK ADAMS

Dentist

325 COLLEGE STREET
TORONTO

'Phone Main 1846



Dr. Chas. W. Lennox

DENTIST

Room M
Confederation Life Building

Cor. Yonge and Richmond Sts.

