

St. Andrew's College Review



1902



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ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW

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St. Andrew's College Review

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VOL. III.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1902.

No. 1.

As this is the fifth number of the St. Andrew's College Review we fancy no explanation is necessary regarding the benefits and advantages derived from the publication of such a paper. However, we might repeat that the "Review" is still entirely under the management and editorship of the boys.

We believe our readers will find this issue the most interesting and attractive in every way, that the paper has yet hit upon in its search of the ideal. On this account we confidently expect that our efforts will be appreciated, and that all who read the "Review," will find it more acceptable than ever; as its contents, we are persuaded, are even more diversified and important than those of its predecessors.

Since our last number in June, quite a few changes have taken place. The college has increased considerably both in masters and

pupils. One of our learned dispensers of knowledge, however, in the person of Mr. Blanchard,—who has left us to go to McGill—we have lost. But the staff has been materially strengthened by the addition of Mr. Grant, late of Upper Canada College, Mr. Fleming of Nova Scotia, and Mr. Taylor, of Toronto.

The management of the paper has again offered two prizes for the best essays, stories or suitable articles of any description. The prize essays, as usual, will appear in the present publication.

The "Review" begs to congratulate the school as a whole and each of the football teams individually on their splendid showing on the Rugby field, this season. May the boys continue to do as well in all their sports, but not to the neglect of their classwork, so that St. Andrew's may send forth into the world men morally, mentally and physically "fit".—"Mens sana in corpore sano."—R.P.S.

The Burnside Rules

The Canadian game of Rugby, as played at present, has degenerated into a contest in which mere brute force is the chief factor. That there is something radically wrong in the rules governing the game this year is shown by the utter lack of open play in the great majority of games. Continued bucking, with an occasional run around the end, seems to be the usual method of play adopted. When playing with the wind, of course, the half line punts and the wings follow up as quickly as possible. If they are fast enough they can often down their man for a good gain, otherwise the ball is simply returned. After many of the scrimmages the ball is handled only by the quarter-back, and is completely lost to the view of the spectators. Then again people have become tired of going to see a game, which, on the wing line, is nothing better than a slugging match.

The senior series of the O.R.F.U. practically passed out of existence, for this year, at any rate. It is universally recognized by all those connected with football, that some radical changes must be made, if Canadian rugby is to become interesting for spectators and for players.

Much has been accomplished by the Burnside rules. In them is combined the best points of both the American and British games, coupled with some Canadian ideas. They aim at making the play as open as possible. The scrimmage

is altogether done away with, the snap-back being used in its place. The wings are forced to keep a certain distance from each other, thus doing away with the scrapping usually prevalent on the wing line. No man is allowed to move while the ball is being put in play. If a side, having possession of the ball, fails to gain ten yards in three successive "downs" the ball is given to the opposing team. To guard against too much bucking, the player receiving the ball from the snap-sack, must give it to another player before passing the spot where the ball was put in play. The great fault to be found with this system is the immense amount of work which falls on the half-backs. Practically they play the whole game. The Burnside rules contain the right idea, but it is, as yet, far from being fully developed. The wings should be used to greater advantage, and the quarter-back should be given something to do, other than the mere passing of the ball.

The University of Toronto played this game with great success against the Argonauts in the contest for the city championship this year. The Argonauts were practically helpless at the hands of a lighter and faster team, and they could do nothing. These rules will doubtless be adopted by the Inter-collegiate Union within the next two years. The preparatory colleges will follow their example.

H. G. Smith.



FOOTBALL TEAM, 1902

Made For Fun

Once when I was staying at a mission station in Formosa an elderly Chinaman called. He remained for some time and in the course of his stay told us many wonderful stories. Among them were many concerning his early life and of the great change which had taken place since then. Seated in a comfortable chair, and after much moving and shifting to find the best position he started, saying:

"As distinct as things appear to me now I remember well the days of my childhood. Our family lived in a little thatched cottage built at the foot of a mountain not far distant from the homes of the savages.

As we were poor and far removed from the nearest school, my education was quite neglected, and instead of going to school as other boys do I was obliged to work many hours a day. A daily trip to a neighboring bush to cut and gather wood was my chief occupation.

My frequent visits to the bush soon made me dislike the work. I tried every effort to get rid of it, partly by persuading my father to let me do something else, and partly by pretending to be sick, but in vain. His command was inflexible and whatever he said must be done.

Oftentimes he would send me as hunters send their hounds to chase after the game.

My game was a load of wood weighing over a hundred pounds which I had to cut into the required lengths and carry home on my shoulders to show the success of the day.

On one occasion when the rain poured incessantly for hours, I started for the forest in the midst of the heaviest shower, with an old coat on me.

The rain seemed to fall the hea-

viest just at the spots where I was moving. Before long it had penetrated my so-called water-proof coat and began to trickle down my back, making me feel very uneasy.

Being as wet as the rain itself I looked for shelter, and was fortunate enough to find a large banyan tree standing near by. It spread its numerous branches all around, forming a shelter as if a thousand umbrellas had been sewn together.

Attracted by the dry spot underneath it, I found myself seated on its projecting roots before knowing how I got there.

I had been seated for a while when a root close by attracted my attention.

It had the exact form of a man and so delighted was I with my discovery that I went and cut it off, with a knife which I had always with me.

When it was cut I found that it needed carving in some parts to make it appear more natural.

My knife was as sharp as blades of grass and being accustomed to handling such an article, it was not long before I had carved it to look more manlike.

Meanwhile the rain had ceased to descend and quickly gathering a load of wood, now wet, I started for home.

On arriving at the house I placed my little man on a table along with other idols, thinking that it looked as good as any of them.

Our family saw me put it there and supposing it to be an idol of some kind asked where I got it. I carelessly answered that I found it in the bush.

After that nothing more was said about it. A few days after while sacrificing to the gods mine was treated as one.

Of course I had no objection to their doing so, as long as a good supper was to be had after the sacrifice.

That went on year after year till I grew up and left home.

Since then I had been converted and baptized.

I also travelled a great deal and once while touring through a country, I came across a house crowded with men, women and children, some carrying chickens, some incense, others candles and many other articles.

To satisfy my curiosity I entered the house and enquired what was going on within.

On being asked they told me that a mighty god of money was within and whoever was ambitious to get rich would find money coming in like water, if they would only ask him for it.

I tried to get a glimpse of the wonderful idol but the house was too full to permit me seeing far.

Pushing through the crowd which was fast increasing I made my way toward the idol.

Placed on a table, there was a black-looking idol not more than a foot high, which was the cause of such a commotion.

My fascination at its singularity of construction drew me closer and lo, I beheld within my grasp the old root which I had carved.

I took it by the head and with rage threw it on the ground.

This act surprised the crowd and excited their anger to the utmost degree.

Some came rushing on to strike me, others called me names; and in the confusion I had some difficulty in restoring them to order by explaining that it was I who made their mighty god of money, fifty years ago."

G. W. MacKay.

In Memoriam.

The Editors of the "Review" with deep regret mark the great loss which our principal and his family have sustained in the decease of Mrs. J. K. MacDonald. On behalf of all the boys in the College we desire to express most sincere sympathy with those who have been so sorely bereaved.

Special Services at St. Andrew's

For the College year of 1902-3 six special services have been arranged at the College. They will be conducted by the Principal, and addresses will be given by the following gentlemen:

Rev. Prof. H. J. Cody, Sunday, November 16th, 1902.

Rev. John Neil, Sunday, December 14th, 1902.

Rev. J. A. Macdonald, Sunday, February 15th, 1903.

Rev. G. M. Milligan, D.D., Sunday, April 26th, 1903.

Rev. Prof. J. Ballantyne, Sunday, May 10th, 1903.

Rev. W.W. Weeks, D.D., Sunday, June 14th, 1903.

On Sunday, November 16th, Rev. Prof. Cody opened the series of services, addressing the boys in the new prayer-hall. About one hundred and fifty boys were present. A few College friends, mostly old boys, whom we are always glad to have with us, honored us with their presence.

Mr. Cody is the possessor of an ability found in very few men. He can talk to boys in such a way as to obtain their undivided attention and then they understand his sermon better. He is an earnest speaker and inspires the boys' minds with his own thoughts, saying everything that he does in such

a way that the listener knows that he is not merely listening to preaching, but to a man that believes everything that he says.

The text chosen for the sermon was taken from 1 Cor. xvi. 13, the last clause of which constitutes our College Motto, "ANΔPIZEΣOE KPATAIOYΣOE." Mr. Cody spoke on the word ANΔPEIA, explaining the many good meanings that may be taken from it and connecting the name of our College most suitably with it.

Starting from his text, "Quit ye like men, be strong," Prof. Cody divided his discourse into three parts:

First.—Doing, Having, Being—3 verbs.

Second. — Building, Racing, Fighting.

Third.—Truth, Honor, Purity—3 wickets.

In the third division of his sermon he illustrated his points very clearly by telling Drummond's story of Baxter's Second Innings. We are very sorry that we are unable to publish a fuller account of the sermon, but sincerely hope that we may have it in detail for the next number.

The hymns sung were: "Onward Christian Soldiers," "Rock of Ages," "Fight the Good Fight With all Thy Might."

The Outlook for Hockey

Already "Rugby" is something of the past. At present we are between seasons, as it were. Our interests are all for Hockey and for S.A.C. boys. The cold weather cannot come too soon. Just a word as to what might be done now to prepare for a successful season. The arrangements of last year with the Caledonian rink were satisfactory and in fact practically the only arrangements that can be made, if we are to have a team in the junior series of the O.H.A. The likely players should be looked up and started at training as soon as possible. For a college team is greatly handicapped by the Christmas vacation. It is necessary if we are going to do well, that the boys should be in shape for the first practice, which should be mainly to bring out the team play not as was the case last year to get their wind, and to loosen out the joints, which were allowed to become stiff after "Rugby." This is necessary, because the first match nearly always has to be played off by the middle of January and again we emphasize the fact that with a week's practice it is impossible to have a team play first class hockey, if they are not in training to start with.

The prospects for a good seven,

with several of the old hockeyists still with us, are bright. Last year's seconds are also back in force. According to the ear to ear talk around the halls, there are a number of probable ones among the new boys.

The rink at the college should receive every attention. It is here where our future players learn the game and the management should make every endeavour to have things run smoothly. If this is not the case, there will be a regular old game of shinney every afternoon, and the results will be of no value to the boys themselves, or to the interests of school "Hockey". Perhaps the following suggestions might not be out of place. That a master enthused with the game might see that "Hockey" is played, and that each boy gets a good practice at least twice a week. Then candidates can be more readily picked out and allowed to practice at the Caledonian.

Of the three games encouraged by the college Hockey, Canada's national winter game, is the best. If the boys enter the game with vim and goodwill this winter we shall have a good time and be happy. We take it that this is the aim of school sports.

Sporting News

The Rugby season just passed has been a very enjoyable and successful one at St. Andrew's.

Everything in connection with sports is under the control of the St. Andrew's College Athletic Association with the following officers:

Hon. Pres.—Mr. J. K. Macdonald.

Pres.—Dr. Meyer, Ph. D.

1st Vice Pres.—H. G. Smith.

2nd Vice Pres.—A. H. Follett.

Treasurer.—F. A. Russell.

Secretary.—A. E. Gooderham, Jr.

Ass. Secy.—J. E. Scott.

Curator.—G. H. Wallace.

Ass. Curator.—G. C. Hunt.

Committee of representatives from each form.—N. M. Keith, Julian Sale, J. D. Cotton, J. Doust, F. Macdonald, Tuckett Lawrey, M. S. Gooderham.

The above were chosen at general meeting of the whole school in September last.

The record of the First Team is as follows:—

Harbord Collegiate won	15	to	0.
Varsity III	"	12	" 0
Wellesley	lost	1	" 12
T. C. S.....	won	8	" 3
McMaster	tie	1	" 1
Ridley College	won	9	" 3
Upper Canada	lost	24	" 1
The Second Team's record.			
Harbord C. I.....	won	6	to 0
Pickering Coll.....	won	7	" 4
Pickering return.....	won	42	" 2

Harbord Collegiate vs. S. A. C.

St. Andrew's played Harbord Collegiate at Rosedale on Oct. 3rd. The Harbord team was fast and light with a strong back division. S.A.C. with their heavy wing line were continually breaking through on their opponents' quarter, thus making it a scrimmage game. The match being the first of the season, had the desired effect in showing that the S.A.C. team play was weak and that they were not in condition, also that there was material good enough, if properly handled, to bring honor to the school and perhaps a championship. Final score S.A.C. 15, Harbord 0.

Varsity III. vs. S. A. C.

Varsity campus on Saturday, October 4th, was the scene of a very interesting game of rugby. The teams Varsity III and S.A.C. to all appearances were evenly matched. Varsity's strong point was their scrimmage, but they made no pretence at team-play and their costly fumbles were a feature. S.A.C.'s experience of the previous match was turned to good advantage. The back division particularly played a strong united game.

In the first half the outside wings, Doust and Nasmith, by their speed in following up punts and their tackling were practically the means of securing two tries one of which Captain Sale neatly converted. Score S.A.C. 11, Varsity III, 0. In the second half Varsity by playing a defensive game were able to hold S.A.C. down to one rouge. Final score S.A.C., 12, Varsity III, 0. After this game St. Andrew's stock in rugby circles jumped fifty points.

Wellesleys vs. S. A. C.

A week later S.A.C. met on Varsity campus the strong and well balanced Wellesley team, which played a good all round steady game.

They forced the play right from the start securing two tries against S.A.C.'s rouge. The feature of this half was a tackle made by Wallace, which thrilled the hearts of St. Andrew's supporters. Half time score Wellesleys 8, S.A.C. 1.

In the second half Isbester at quarter played a sturdy game and managed to hold the ball till within a few seconds of time when the Wellesleys by a united team effort secured another try. Final score Wellesleys 12, S.A.C. 1. The loss of this game had its good effects and we are all glad to hear that the Wellesleys landed the junior city championship and are picked to win the junior O.R.F.U.

T. C. S. vs. S. A. C.

The first annual match between St. Andrew's and Trinity College School was played on Oct. 15th at Port Hope.

T.C.S. were ahead at half time, but St. Andrew's won out by a score of 8 to 3. Mr. Woodworth who umpired went down on the train with the St. Andrew's team.

The two teams were evenly balanced in weight, while T.C.S. backs played together more. St. Andrew's wings followed up better, they broke through and often spoil-

ed T.C.S.'s half back combination. T.C.S. had the advantage of weight in scrimmage, but S. A. C. had a fast one that made up for it. McPherson for T.C.S. played a good, valuable and heavy game, his kicking being one of the features of the game. Scott's centre scrimmage work and Nasmith's and Doust's following up is worthy of praise.

T.C.S. won the toss and elected to kick with the wind. S.A.C. made a short kick off, thus keeping

On resuming play the ball went to Sale, who passed to Wallace, and he made a good gain for about 25 yards from the scrimmage that followed, Sale kicked and the S.A.C. wings followed up, forcing a rouge. Scott kicked the ball out of scrimmage past their quarter to McPherson who was tackled behind his own goal line. On the kick out the ball went to Sale who was tackled before he could run very far with it. From the scrim-



possession of the ball. By a series of bucks they forced T.C.S. back to their 25 yd. line. A free kick to T.C.S. relieved the pressure. McPherson took the kick and the ball went to S.A.C. quarter way. Another free kick resulted in a rouge. Sale kicked out and the ball went to McPherson who returned past S.A.C. dead line. T.C.S. added another about five minutes before half time. The rest of the half was a series of scrimmages. Score stood 3-0 favour T.C.S.

mage that followed Cotton kicked passed the dead line tying the score. On the kick out one of the T.C.S. wings was ahead of the ball. S.A.C. scrimmaged at the mark failing to buck over for a try. After three or four scrimmages the ball was passed out to Cotton who punted and Peterson was forced to rouge. The game was now won but to finish up S.A.C. scored a try—Nasmith being responsible by his fast following up.

The teams and officers were:—

T.C.S. 3—Back, Peterson; halves, Kidd, McPherson, Holcroft; quarter Pascal (capt.); scrimmage, Chown, McKeand, Berry; wings, Davidson, Rodgers, Scott, Hammond, Grover McCaffrey, Wilkins.

S.A.C. 8.—Back, Isbester; halves, Wallace, Sale (Capt.), Cotton; quarter, Hay; scrimmage, Harrison, Scott, Douglas; wings, Smith, Willmott, Doust, Chesnut, Russell, Hunt, Nasmith.

Referee Mr. McWilliams, of Peterboro. Umpire, Mr. Frank D. Woodworth, Toronto.

McMaster vs. S. A. C.

The team from McMaster, which played in the Intercollegiate Intermediate series, met and broke even with the St. Andrew's team of the Big Four at Rosedale. The play was very even. McMaster were much heavier but St. Andrew's played snappier football. Cotton played a fine game for St. Andrew's. His kicking along with Nasmith's wing play were the features.

In the first half McMaster scored a rouge while S.A.C. got a dead line in the second half. St. Andrew's tried hard when about 5 yards out from McMaster line to go over but McMaster's superior weight prevented it. When time was called the ball was at St. Andrew's quarter way with the final score 1 to 1. Darkness prevented the tie being played off.

Ridley vs. S. A. C.

The third annual match between Ridley and St. Andrew's was played on the Ridley football field on November the first. St. Andrew's were victorious by the score of nine to four.

The opposing teams lined up about 3.30. S.A.C. had a heavier and stronger wing-line, which broke through a good deal oftener and had twenty-seven free kicks given against them. S.A.C. also had a better balanced half line.

Kennedy at centre half was a tower of strength. He played nearly

all the game for Ridley. His punting and the way he placed it was a feature of the game.

The running of Wallace and Isbester was the most conspicuous work of the S.A.C. team.

Ridley won the toss and elected to kick with the wind. After about five minutes' play S. A. C. dribbled and scored a rouge. The ball was then worked into S.A.C. territory by Kennedy's long punts. After a number of scrimmages by Hay and Sale bucking the line, and an occasional run by Wallace, S.A. C. worked the ball into their opponents' territory. A free kick to Ridley relieved the pressure, another netted them a safety touch. S.A.C. backs found it hard to judge Kennedy's long cork-screw punts and a rouge was added. Punting and scrimmaging were frequently utilized before half time was called.

All through the second half S.A.C. played a running and bucking game. They had learned by experience that it was useless to punt to a superior kicker like Kennedy. The ball seldom left Ridley territory in the second half. Hay time and again bucked the line, forcing the Rideleians back to their goal but the S.A.C. wings would get off side and Ridley would be awarded free kicks. However Hay finally succeeded in going over and Sale neatly converted the try. The S.A.C. boys added two more points on dead lines before the whistle sounded, thus making the final score 9 to 4 in favor of St. Andrew's.

U. C. C. vs. S. A. C.

After Upper Canada and St. Andrew's had each defeated Bishop Ridley and T.C.S. a game, to decide the championship of the "Big Four," was arranged and was played on Friday, Nov. 7th. The day was an ideal one for Rugby. Both teams were followed by a host of shouting supporters, who witnessed one of the best exhibitions of Rug-

by that has been seen here for a long time.

U. C. C. won by the superior speed of its back division, and its wings were in better condition. S.A.C. appeared to be unable to get away quickly enough for a run. The opposing wings were well balanced in weight, but those of U. C. C. played a snappier game.

Wallace at right half was our star. He made some good and valuable runs, often pulling us out of a hole. Hay, at quarter, bucked for substantial gains, while Isbester saved many points by his work at full back.

Morrison was U.C.C.'s most reliable man, his punts often saved his team trouble. Stinson, his left hand man, was watched too closely to make his running the feature as in the other two college games.

Both scrimmages played an effective game and were seldom penalized.

U.C.C. won the toss and so S. A. C. had to defend the eastern goal. S.A.C. made a short kick off keeping the ball till they reached U.C.C.'s 25 yd. line. Cotton punted into touch about ten yds. out from U. C. C. goal. On the throw in U.C.C. got the ball. Morrison and Stinson relieved by a run gaining about 25 yards. Then Morrison punted and S.A.C. got possession of the ball again. Hay bucked for a gain, but the ball was stolen. Morrison punted and the play now was about S.A.C. quarter way. S.A.C. got a free kick. Cotton punted well out of danger. Hay was temporarily injured. Play was then resumed. Soon after S.A.C. got a free kick. Morrison and Stinson worked in a run from which the latter scored, after about fifteen minutes' play. From the kick off the ball went to U. C. C. quarter way, but it was brought back to S.A.C.'s line on a series of bucks and exchange of punts. Scott and Jeff Smith were temporarily disabled on a mass play. Another run by the opposing halves brought the ball nearly over S.A.C. line. Smith finally

bucked over for a try which Davidson converted. On the kick off Hay made a good run passing a number of U.C.C. men. Scrimmages and exchanges of punts filled out the rest of the half.

At the start of the second half there was much punting up and down the field and the ball was worked up to S.A.C. quarter way. Davidson went over for a try after a series of scrimmages. S.A.C. tried a short kick off and lost ground. Foster's long punt yielded a rouge. But U.C.C. kept forcing the play and Davidson went over for a try which he converted himself. On the kick off the ball went to Stinson who returned to Wallace. The latter made a good run. By a series of bucks and runs S.A.C. carried the ball up to U.C.C.'s 25 yard line, but a free kick to U.C.C. relieved the pressure. The ball was dribbled over S.A.C. line and Isbester was forced to rouge.

The St. Andrew's boys now woke up and forcing the play around U.C.C. quarter way Smith stole the ball and from the scrimmage that followed Wallace punted and Fergusson following up fast, forced a rouge. This was the only point scored against the U.C.C. fifteen this season.

The teams were:

U.C.C. (24) Back, Denison; halves, Foster, Morrison, Stinson; quarter, Smith; scrimmage, Kennedy, Filler, Brown; wings, Davidson, Patinson, Boyd, Clarkson, Joyce, Fleming, Banta.

S.A.C. (1) Back, Isbester; halves, Fergusson, Cotton, Wallace; quarter Hay; scrimmage, Harrison, Scott, Douglas; wings, Smith, Russell, Willmott, Hunt, Doust, Nasmith, Thorne.

Referee, Dr. Jack McCollum.

Umpire, S. P. Biggs, Varsity.

Team Notes.

A. M. Isbester (full-back) played quarter last year for the second team. All this season he has played a plucky and resourceful game,

being very cool, and at all times keeping his head. He catches, runs and tackles well, and is a fair punt.

Julian Sale (centre half) captained the team, of which he has now been a member for four years. He is especially good at tackling and bucking the line, plays a plucky game and always works hard. As captain he lacked aggressiveness. In the match against U.C.C. he was unfortunately unable to take part.

G. H. Wallace (right half) played last year on the Seconds. He is a fast and dashing runner, a good punt and tackle, and a fair catch; is occasionally a little inclined to be selfish. Against U.C.C. he captained the team with judgment and decision.

J. D. Cotton (left half) is one of the finds of the season. He catches well and is a fine punt; tackles well and runs fairly, but is often a little slow in starting.

Thos. Hay (quarter) played last year on the wing line for the Kendons of Parkdale. He bucks the line admirably and is very hard to bring down, as he runs low. Passes accurately, but not sharply enough. Found it hard to get into good condition.

J. E. Scott (centre scrim.) played in the same position last year. He is cool, tricky, fast and hard-working, and held his own in all the school games.

G. C. Harrison (right scrim.) figured last year on the wing line. He has played hard and used his weight well, but has suffered from lack of careful training.

A. M. Douglas (left scrim.) is a graduate of last year's third team. He always plays hard and says nothing, and has set a good example by his regularity at practice.

H. G. Smith (inside wing) played last year on the wing line. He was especially noticeable on the touch line, where his great height and reach gave him an advantage. He also showed himself an adept

at stealing the ball, and was another regular attendant at practice.

F. A. Russell (inside wing) played last year in the scrim. On the wing line he plays a hard and aggressive game, and his tackling was a feature of the season's play. At the beginning of the season he was very irregular at practice.

J. C. Willmott (middle wing) played last year on the wing line. He has played a hard steady all-round game, and was prominent on the touch line. Against U.C.C. he did some excellent tackling.

G. C. Hunt (middle wing) played in the same position last year. He usually held his man and followed up well. Is a poor tackle, but was prominent at getting the ball in a mix-up, and against Ridley did some excellent work on the touch line.

J. Doust, "Dodo," (outside wing) played last year on the half line. He is a fine runner, but should learn to hold his man off more. He follows up well, and brings his man down hard.

"Don" Nasmith (outside wing) played wing last year on the second team, which he captained. Is excellent at holding his man and at following up; tackles fairly and seldom, if ever, misses a catch.

F. H. Chesnut (rover) played in the same position last year. He follows up splendidly, but tackles poorly and does not always keep his man on side. At dropping on the ball he was prominent.

E. L. Thorne played on the Seconds the greater part of the year, but took Chesnut's place against U. C. C. on account of his superior tackling.

W. W. Ferguson was called on at short notice to play half against U.C.C. and acquitted himself with credit.

A. E. Gooderham was tried at half during the early part of the season, and played a cool and steady game.

The Football Supper

The Football Supper was held on Friday, November 21st., in the College dining room. The tables were decorated in our new colors, crimson and white, and everything looked very pretty. After a good supper, which put everyone in fine spirits, the speeches began; but before the speech making proper commenced, the boys numbered, and it was found that forty-one all told were present. Then some one started numbering by substituting the letters of the alphabet. This scheme was a great success, the boy who shouted "J" never suspected anything until he heard the laughter. The Greek alphabet was also commenced but got no farther than Beta.

The first toast was "Our King" who, as Dr. Meyer said, now reigns over us, but once slept over us. The toast "Our Country" was proposed by Hay, who gave a vivid description of the natural wealth and beauty of Canada. The "Maple Leaf Forever" was sung and Mr. Grant responded to the toast.

"Our School" was then proposed by Smith, who gave a short history of its life from, when three years ago, there were twenty boys, until now, when there are two hundred. Mr. Macdonald said in replying, that although the buildings were inconvenient in many ways, he believed that they had been responsible in a large part for the great success of the school. He hoped that the friendly home spirit which the buildings caused, and the good feeling existing between day boys and boarders, would still continue in the new college, when it comes. Mr. Fleming then sang a rousing sea-song, which was heartily encored.

"Our Athletic Association" was then proposed by Wallace and was responded to by the president of the association, Dr. Meyer, who

gave a short account of the work and objects of the association. The treasurer, Russell, was now called on to give a financial statement. After commenting on the unpaid fees, he requested everybody to settle and to get their neighbors to do the same, as the Association wants to enter the hockey season free from debt.

Mr. Findlay then sang "When Samuel Pickwick leads his own Brigade," substituting the words "When Captain Julian leads his own Brigade." He said that he was unfamiliar with the song, and requested that the audience kindly cheer as loudly as possible if a mistake were made. This advice was frequently used during the rest of the evening.

The toast to the First Team followed, and was proposed by Mr. Fleming, who said that the First Team were gentlemen, whatever else they might be. He said that he was speaking with good cause, as he had frequently come in contact with them in the practices of the team. He also said that he had been frequently carried into touch with them. The toast was responded to by Sale, captain of the First Team, who thanked everybody for having supported the team so well.

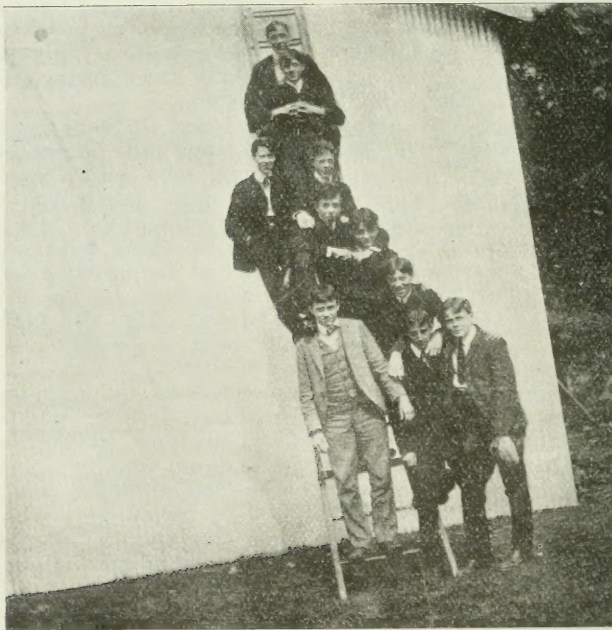
The Second Team was then proposed by Mr. Cooper who strongly urged the boys to adopt the Burnside or similar rules. He said that the Canadian game was becoming too rough, and that a succession of scrimmages, which the game seems to be composed of, are not interesting either to the spectator or to the player. What we need is a game where running, dodging and kicking are the essential points. This toast was responded to by Follett, the Second Team captain. Doherty sang "I'm off to Philadelphia in the Morning," and was so

heartily encored that he sang "Father O'Flynn."

The ladies were then proposed by Isbester, who stated that it was a very difficult task for such a modest and bashful young man as he was. It was responded to by Hunt, who gave an oral picture of his model woman. He said that famous ladies weren't honored now as they should be, but as everyone thought of Carrie Nation they laughed.

The chairman then announced that it was midnight; so everyone stood up, and joining hands, sang "Auld Lang Syne," and cheers were given for Mrs. Macdonald, who had been so kind in helping to prepare the supper. As the toasts were drunk in nothing stronger than ginger-ale nobody, from that cause at least, had any difficulty in getting home.

D. W. FRASER.



A Tiger Story

Far away in the foot-hills of India, near Nawpal, lies a pretty little Indian village whose inhabitants for many days and nights were terrified by a large Bengal tiger which had killed two or three men and carried away dogs or small animals that attempted to arrest its progress.

A few days after these things had happened, two European gentlemen, one an elderly man, were passing the village, and, feeling worn and tired with the day's journey, decided to go to the head man of the village, and ask for a night's lodging. No sooner had they got to the hut than they were greeted with words: "Sahib, sahib, sher hai," which means:

"Master, master, the tiger is come."

The two gentlemen heard the story and as one of them was an expert huntsman, they decided next morning to go into the jungle, kill the tiger and so help the village.

The elderly gentleman, whom I have mentioned before, was what one might call a snuffer. He always carried snuff about with him, and enjoyed it as much as some men of this country enjoy a smoke. Well, to go on with my story, the two Englishmen started next morning with twenty native beaters, to kill Old Stripes. The beaters surrounded the bushes, while old snuffer, the more experienced hunter, went on ahead. Suddenly as he was in a dense part of the wood he saw Stripes coming towards him. A small tree was beside him and into this he got while the tiger crouched low about ten feet away with his eyes bulging out of his head.

Meantime Snuffer took a long steady snuff out of his snuff-box which we told you before he always carried with him. This he said afterwards was to steady his nerve. He raised his rifle and resting it on

a limb he prepared to fire. Old Stripes saw the movement and being an old campaigner crept slightly to the right, thus putting his body out of range of the rifle.

Suddenly he heard the sound of the beaters, and thinking it was a case of now or never he prepared to make the spring, a spring that only a Bengal tiger can make. It is said that if a Bengal tiger misses the object at which it springs, it passes on leaving its victim.

In this case he broke the branch down upon which Snuffer was sitting and catching him by the coat, pulled him to the ground. Luckily for our hunter, as he was falling, his snuff-box, which was in his pocket, came tumbling out and as a result of this the top came off, thus letting the contents of the whole bottle pour itself out upon him.

The tiger hearing some noise got frightened but on seeing its victim lying prostrate on the ground, he returned to put a few finishing touches on him. When he got near him, it growled, something seemed to annoy him very much. It was the snuff. He made a grab at the hunter's left arm, but the snuff was too strong, and with a terrific roar he sprang back into the jungle, in utter disgust. But before stripes got very far, crack went a rifle, then another, and the big Bengal tiger lay dead, shot through the heart by snuffer's friend.

Snuffer rose from where he lay feeling very scared, in fact he was scared to such an extent that it is said his hair became white two days after.

The people of the village thanked the two hunters very much, loading them with presents of all kinds. Snuffer never went tiger hunting again, but instead, he snuffs his snuff and proclaims to one and all that it was the means of saving his life one day.

Geo. McKie.

Jack Brown

Part I.

Jack Brown was a scientific genius. He was a boy of sixteen summers when he began a series of inventions to better his father's farm. His inventions were useful and useless, but his father was proud of him and his inventions, though Jack had used most of the horses' harness, and many apple barrels.

The first improvement on the farm proved a great success. Jack arranged a set of eve-troughs on the house, and by a series of pipes, he ran all the rain-water into the pig-pen. The pigs were delighted. In hot weather they always had a nice muddy pen, and with such solid comfort they soon grew very fat, and made excellent pork and bacon.

Jack had a dog, which he took great care of, and the dog soon grew fat and clumsy. During the summer months the poor dog suffered from the heat, so Jack thought of a scheme, which would keep him cool. He made a solid dam across the creek, which was behind the barn. From this he made a chute, and at the bottom, where the water rushed the fastest, he built a good-sized water-mill. To this he attached a belt, and ran it to the dog's kennel. Here he fastened in a fan, and set the mill going. It worked beautifully, and the dog slept well on hot nights. Everybody in town came to see these two improvements. However, there were no new words brought into the English language through Jack's numerous inventions.

His next invention, the self-working pump, was built on the wind-mill plan, only it was not worked in the same way. Instead of having it fixed so that it would only work when the wind blew, you could take off the attachment, and

use the pump in the ordinary way. It was such a great success, that two other farmers had Jack make them each one, but one night when a steady breeze was blowing, Jack forgot to take off the attachment, and next morning when he awakened, the farm-yard was nothing but a huge pond, for the well was situated on a high bit of ground, and none of the water ran back. The pigs had a better time than before, and the dog was exceedingly cool. The nearest farm house had a dried-up duck-pond, which was now filled, and in which the ducks were enjoying themselves. The road was not dusty as usual. The cellar was a mass of floating barrels and apples. The young colt was up to his knees in water, and had the cramps. Mrs. Brown took in washing for the next three days and did it off of the door steps. Jack gave a nice prize for the swimming and rowing championship, and Mr. Brown used queer words because most of his chickens were drowned. Nellie Brown, Jack's little sister, never made so many mud pies in her life. The fat dog nearly turned into a fish, and the flowers were well watered. The Brown's back yard was a second Venice, but with all these advantages, the Browns had to get their drinking water from their neighbors for the next two weeks.

Part II.

Jack Brown still continued his inventions, not to better his father's farm, but to better the world.

He was inventing a flying machine, "The Jack Brown the First," as it was to be called. He kept this all secret, and did his work in an old room he had fitted up in the barn. His father and mother did not know what he was working at until Nellie Brown came in one day and nearly died from eating

white lead. Nellie recovered by the aid of the village doctor, and Jack never left his room unlocked again.

One day when Jack was heating a spoke to use in the rudder gear, he put his head too near the flame, and his hair caught fire. He picked up a piece of paper in mistake for a cloth, and wrapped it around his head, and the blaze continued. When he finally put it out, his head was perfectly bald. Jack spent the next three or four days in mixing chemicals and other things to produce a good hair vigor, and finding this useless, he continued the work on his first air-ship. But the cat was not to be daunted. It got into Jack's room by an old hole, which had been covered with paper, and, mistaking some whiting for milk, it drank the bowl dry. Then it took fits, and ran around the room at a very fast pace. The poor cat in his fit got mixed up in the air-ship, and set the battery going, the wings flapped, and the machine started and flapped about the room, breaking Jack's smaller inventions and many window panes. The Browns thought that the world was coming to an end, or else perhaps their large bull had broken its halter and was destroying everything in sight. Mrs. Brown appeared at the door with a broom-stick, and Jack, Mr. Brown and Nellie followed with shot guns, axes, barrel-staves, and stove-pokers. They advanced into the yard cautiously, and Mr. Brown not liking the thought of his barn being broken, let fly a stove-poker, but Mr. B. was no shot, and the poker made sad connections with a rooster's neck. Jack stood up to pour a nice lot of buck shot into the barn, when the family goat got in front of the gun and received the full charge. The goat was frantic. It danced around the yard, broke the pump, and made the flower-bed look like the pig-pen. Mrs. Brown raised the broom to hit the goat, but Nellie was behind, and received the

blow as Mrs. Brown drew back the broom—the goat dropped down the well.

After these few unnecessary encounters, the Browns in a body marched bravely into the barn. The noise had stopped, and the bull was tied up, but on entering Jack's room, they saw a fearful sight. The flying machine was broken beyond repairs and the cat—well it's lucky cats have nine lives. This cat had one left after the mix-up with the air-ship. The room was a mixture of chemicals, horse-harness, torn canvas, broken glass, and cat's fur. The cat recovered and is still living.

Jack felt very badly over his loss, but went on building another machine. He kept this very secret, and planned his trial trip to go from the farm-yard to a small lake near Aunt Synthy's farm. Aunt Synthy was a market gardener, and every morning she went to town with fruit and vegetables.

The machine was completed in a few days, and Jack, when the family was out got his flying machine, "The Jack Brown the Second," in the farm-yard. He got in position, started the battery, and the machine was off with Jack. It flew over the town and above the small lake. Aunt Synthy nearly went crazy. She hitched up her old nag and went to town, where she aroused the whole community, and in an hour the whole town was armed with shot-guns, pitch-forks, axes, horse-whips, and numerous other articles.

Bill Briery, a fat young Irishman, had no article handy to protect him, and thinking he was needed, he took along his bull. It was the terror of the town, and they allowed Bill to lead them. When they reached the lake, Jack was spinning around in a circle, and occasionally he would go to within ten feet of the ground. When Jack saw the crude army, he told them as best he could that it was no bird, but Jack Brown. The words sounded like the shrill cry of

an enormous bird. Bill Brierly's bull got sight of the large animal, which was spinning around in the air, and lost its temper. Bill was strong, but the bull was stronger. It broke loose, and there was a great panic. Mrs. Roolan and her band of noble sons fell back into the lake. Jim Lambe shot off his shot-gun, and the charge found a home in the bull's back, which so terrified the animal that it charged townfolk after townfolk, until the neighboring trees and Aunt Synthy's roof were crowded with people. Mrs. Brown was sitting on a rotten limb, and it broke, whereupon she tumbled to the ground more frightened than hurt. Uncle Maner, Aunt Synthy's brother, was pushed off the roof by the townfolk, and fell into the pigpen. Mary O'Grady put her head out of the window to see what the excitement was about, but she stretched too far, and fell

out. Aunt Synthy's horse, which was still standing in the yard, hitched up to the cart, on seeing the flying machine, pricked up one ear and let the other fall, then with a frantic effort it made a dash for liberty. Apples, pumpkins, tomatoes, potatoes and many other vegetables lined the road for half a mile. Aunt Synthy fainted, and Uncle Maner, still a mass of mud, kissed her for the last time, as he thought, and when she woke up, she wondered if she had sunk in a peat bog. The bull ended its career by making a mad dash into the lake. Jack, in his air-ship, or flying machine, for it was a mixture, was shot at from Aunt Synthy's roof, and a few stray shots found a resting place in his machine. One wing would not work, which made him spin around at a terrific rate, then the battery was hit, and Jack fell into the lake.

L. Harris.

Two Weeks In Parry Sound

To make my story as interesting as possible, I shall leave out all unnecessary details, and confine myself to what may be most acceptable.

Our party of six, having reached Trout Creek Station, about 200 miles north of Toronto, proceeded south-west by the government road to Golden Valley road, which runs in a north-westerly direction. Having gone up this to a point about 29 miles east of Trout Creek, we struck into the woods and pitched our camp. We had no guides or cooks, so we were compelled to do all the work ourselves. This, of course, was interesting for the first few days.

It was late in the evening when we had completed our arrangements, and after a walk of thirty miles, we were ready to turn in.

Next morning, having agreed to hunt in pairs, we started out in different directions. My chum, who, perhaps, is known to some of St. Andrew's boys, I shall call Billy, for convenience' sake. We were the only two from Toronto, and naturally, wished to be together. It might be as well to confess at this point, that we were, to say the best, amateur sportsmen. Big game was something new to me, and Billy had only been out once before.

All day we plodded along in a most enjoyable drizzle. We met with two deer, but, needless to say, we didn't take them back to camp with us—they ran too fast. A word of advice to the youngster who has shot a few squirrels and a neighbor's cat, would not be out of place. Let him stay with the

cats for a few more years before he tries deer. They run like a blue streak, and it takes a man with an appreciable amount of experience to bring one down. Near sundown we returned to the camp to find the others busily engaged in cutting and roasting steaks from a small-sized deer, which one of them had shot. They had only seen three altogether, and one out of three is decidedly good. If my kind readers would like to know how we felt, let them do without three successive meals and walk in the rain all day. After a hearty meal of juicy venison, bread and butter and tea, we turned in.

Billy and I spent the next two days loafing around the camp. Several times we took our shot-guns and bagged a few partridges in the clearings, but such tame sport grew tiresome and for the next week we devoted our time exclusively to deer hunting.

The rest of the party we shall leave to themselves, as they wouldn't put up with such noisy characters as they had reason to believe Billy and I were. We were thus left pretty much to ourselves, and scared more deer by the racket we made than all the rest shot. Nearly a week had passed and Billy and I had very hard luck. Occasionally, we would become serious, and if careful stalking and strategy counted for anything, we certainly should have had a carload.

Our day of triumph came, however. On the tenth day, we sighted, standing at the edge of a clearing, the largest stag we had yet seen. He was only a hundred yards away, and I could have cried with excitement. Billy, having the largest gun—a 40-60—fired, and I prepared for a second shot. He gave one bound forward and fell. We ran up prepared to shoot again, but it was unnecessary—he was dead. Fortunately we were

within half a mile of the camp, and by the aid of a young sapling, we got the load there. (I ascertained since that it tipped the scales at 218 pounds.)

That same afternoon, I secured my first and only deer. It was comparatively small though—weighing only 123 pounds. The accuracy of the aim was not due to me, however. I aimed quite a piece ahead of her, but the deer, which was running at full speed, managed to get in the way of the bullet. It turned a complete summersault, and expired a few seconds afterwards. The ball, which was a 38-55, had pierced her neck and entered the head.

The next two days were spent as the others had been, except that on the afternoon of the second day, Billy and I went fishing in a lake near by. We caught six bass, one weighing $3\frac{1}{4}$ pounds, and a small pickerel. As we neared the camp on returning, we saw a small animal nosing around our tent. Billy fired at him with his revolver, but it only wounded him, and he made a vicious run at him, when another shot finished him. It proved to be a fox, and we had the skin on exhibition when the others returned.

Next day we packed up and engaged a squatter to take our game over to Trout Creek, where we took the train, and after a very tedious journey, reached home well satisfied with the success of the trip.

It was my first, but will not be my last. Two weeks in midsummer at a fashionable resort aren't to be compared with a trip to Muskoka or Parry Sound during the hunting season; and I would advise every young man who has the time and taste for such a trip to take advantage of the earliest opportunity.

"An Old Boy."

Cape Breton Stories

By Arthur Lucian McCurdy.

October 12th, 1902.

In one of my trips in the north of Cape Breton, I became acquainted with a certain man, Mr. McEvoy, who extended to me an invitation to stay for a week with him and fish in the river near by. So the next Monday found me at his house in the midst of a rain-storm, with all my bags and baggage. It continued to rain all day, so the evening passed in the house sitting by a large open fire, listening to my host's yarns, which were some of the most remarkable that I have ever heard. The first was entitled: "Trucking by a New Method," and was told by McEvoy as follows:

"When I first came to Cape Breton seventy years ago with my father, the only sets of harness in this part of the country were made of plaited straw for the weaker parts, and raw-hide traces, which we could make ourselves. Now, of course, you know that raw-hide stretches a great deal, when it gets wet. This we proved to be of great advantage, as a new means of transportation, ploughing, etc.

Well, one day in the fall, when the weather was very changeable, my father and I started for the town of Ingonish, some miles away.

We got there in good time, and tied our horse to a fence, while we went in the little store to transact our business. But upon returning to our waggon, we found to our dismay that some hungry cows had come along and eaten up all the straw part of the harness so that only the traces remained. However, we borrowed another set of harness of the same make, loaded our wagon with four or five barrels

of flour and started home. All went well until we had got to that long hill below the house, which is really about a mile long, and then it began to pour. So father whipped up the old nag to get home before the rain came, but the traces had got wet and were beginning to stretch. In another minute the shafts had dropped out of the sockets and the traces were still stretching!

Nothing could be done, so we tied the shafts up, and drove the horse along, dragging the wagon by the traces only. But as luck would have it, the rain had washed a rut in the road, and in this the wagon stuck and refused to move. We drove the horse home and by this time the traces had stretched about half a mile and the wagon was still down the hill.

As the flour was getting wet, father grew quite angry and threw the collar with the end of the traces over a strong beam in the barn, which, of course, made them secure, and went in the house to read his mail.

He was so interested in his paper that he did not notice that the sun had come out, and was startled by a great groaning and squeaking in the barn-yard. When, however, he reached the barn, his joy knew no bounds, for the sun had made the traces shrink and shrink, until they had pulled the wagon into the barn.

After this he ploughed by fastening one end of a piece of wet raw-hide to the plough and tying the other end to a tree, so that when the leather dried it pulled the plough through the soil while he could enjoy his pipe in the shade."

My Adventures with Burglars

One night I had been out at the theatre and was quite late in coming home, so that when I got in the rest of the family were in bed. I locked the door and was about to put out the light when my sister called down asking me to bring her up a glass of water.

I got a glass from the dining-room and walked over to the pantry door. I pushed the door quite hard, but it would not budge, so I threw my shoulder against it and it flew open, but to my surprise was slammed in my face again, and from inside the pantry came a great clatter. I jumped back, not knowing what was the matter, and thinking discretion was the better part of valor, I ran into the hall and called my brother.

He came down in a few minutes, and after procuring a heavy cane, we made for the scene of action, "yours truly" discreetly forming the rear guard. "Now," said my brother, "you shove the door open and I'll be ready with the cane." Of course, this necessitated me being in front, so I remonstrated with him urging the point that if the man was there he could get

me between the stick and himself, but it did not go.

Cautiously I shoved the door open while Jim stood ready with the stick.

I felt some resistance and I whispered, "He's holding the door," but I had no sooner spoken than there was a great clatter, and the door swung open easily.

Of course, we did not enter at once, but lit a match. What was my surprise to see a bicycle lying on the floor and the window shut and locked. We now looked around to try to account for the disappearance of our burglar, but not finding any place for him to hide, we laid it down to the bicycle, and I fixed it in all sorts of positions before it would work.

The way it was is as follows: The door was a swing door, and the bicycle had been leaning so that the front wheel was resting against the door. When I pushed the door it turned the wheel, and then when I relaxed the pushing the wheel swung around again, and so slammed it. Of course, I was jollied a great deal about my burglar, who turned out to be a bicycle.

Christmas

Christmas day is looked forward to, by young and old, as a festive occasion when peace reigns everywhere, and when all people are happy. And is this not appropriate? For the day is none other than that set aside by the early church, on which all Christian nations should celebrate the day of the great gift to the world, when peace and good-will was brought to all mankind.

The day was not observed until the second century after the birth of Christ, when it was set apart by the Latin Church. The date was fixed for the 25th December, not because that was the real date of the Nativity, for in all probability it was not, but because that was the time of the Solstice, which was a season of great festivity among the Heathen, and so was selected by the church to take the

place of a general worship of the sun.

At this time, when the sun turned and began to come back, the German tribes kept up the custom of bringing home and burning what they called the Yule-log. This performance was always accompanied by great feasting and rejoicings, which led to evils, therefore Christianity tried to associate the rejoicings with the birth of Christ, who is the Sun of Righteousness. The Christian Church also thought to attract the people and bring them from these heathen practices by this great Christian celebration.

In this way came about the origin of having brightly lighted and decorated Christmas trees, and following the example set by the "Wise Men" on the first Christmas day, they began to give each other presents by way of heightening the joy and good-cheer.

Even the proverbial old Santa Claus, for whom the children are always looking at Christmas time, is of heathen origin. The characteristics attributed to him probably come from the old Romish Saint Nicholas, who was so kind to the children, while his train of reindeer come from the fairy land in the north, and run right down the chimney in the same manner in which the witches were supposed to ride down on broomsticks.

To see the manner in which these customs have come down to our own day, let us watch the proceedings in an old English mansion on Christmas eve, and Christmas day.

The house is gaily decorated with evergreens the most conspicuous among these being the holly and the mistletoe. This latter plant dates from the time of the Druids, by whom it was considered sacred, especially when found growing on

the oak. The custom concerning this shrub is, that any girl found standing under it, may be kissed by the young men in the room.

On Christmas eve after supper the Yule-log is brought in and laid on the andirons, and is then lighted with a piece from the Yule-log of the year before, because if any other brand is used bad luck will come to the household during the ensuing year. As soon as the fire is burning well, the family gathers round it, and jokes go round, and stories are told, until the grandfather's clock standing in the hallway, warns them that it is time to retire. Then the children all bring their stockings and hang them beside the fireplace for good old Santa Claus to come down and fill during the night.

The next morning all the young members of the family are astir early, and they employ their time before the older folk get around, in merrily emptying their stockings, and comparing notes regarding what Santa has been good enough to leave for them.

When the breakfast is over, all hands prepare to go to church and hear the choir sing their beautiful Christmas anthems, and the venerable old preacher expound to them the glorious truths concerning the birth of Christ.

They then go home for their noon-day meal, and toward evening the candles on the gaily decorated Christmas-tree are lighted, and the presents are given around amid much laughter and merriment. The whole evening is thus spent in feasting and festivity until the time for retirement comes, when all go to bed to dream of the pleasures of the day that has just passed.

P. R. Brecken.

A Story of the Regulators

The Regulators were pioneers of the early times who formed themselves into small bands for the purpose of punishing criminals. They lived when the Mississippi valley was being settled and their vigilance made them the protection of peaceful settlers and the terror of marauders.

They were rugged, brave and noble in character. They were fine shots with the long rifle, which was used in those days. It is said that most of them could snuff a candle, and that some could drive a nail straight, shooting at the distance of one hundred yards. They were of the same hardy, courageous type as the noted Daniel Boone, and well fitted for the work they undertook. They had little organization and the different bands in various sections of the country had but slight means of communication.

When I was out in the Mississippi Valley taking down the natural history of Kentucky and making notes on the botany for the United States Government, I had an experience in which a regulator was concerned and this I will relate.

On a pleasant May day, as I was shaping my course to the ford of a river, I met a fine young hunter who was going the same direction as I. He told me of a canoe which was hidden in the forest near the ford. He promised to

discover it to me, so that we could cross the stream together.

The next day about noon we came to the ford. Finding the frail birch-bark torn in several places I went into the forest to get materials to repair the damage. When I came again into clear space, I saw my friend defending himself against two half-breeds, while a young Iroquois Indian lay near, apparently stunned by a blow of the rifle which the hunter swung to defend himself.

It appeared to be getting very dangerous for the ranger when one of the assailants made a feint, in defending which the hunter left the other enemy an opportunity to grapple. In the struggle which followed the great strength of the white won, but I just saved him from being stabbed by the other renegade, running to his aid as quickly as I might, for had I shot, I would have risked my friend's life.

The hunter told me, when we had the savages bound, that he, being a leader among the Regulators, had incurred the enmity of these villains, who attacked him.

The savages received the justice they deserved for their many atrocities.

I have since met the ranger frequently and we are firm friends.

Ames.

A Mix Up

The sun was setting in the West as a party of sportsmen from the Hunt drew up in the Lee of a dense forest after a weary march of several hours, and, building a fire at the foot of a small Hill, prepared to cook their supper.

They were an exceedingly queer party; one was undoubtedly a

Fleming, while the broad accent of another proclaimed him to be a Scott. This, however, made no difference in their actions towards each other and the best of good feeling prevailed.

Game was plentiful in that neighborhood so one of the party set out with his Gunn and before long

returned with a large Swan which he had shot after a few moments' walk. He had, he said, also seen a Bruin and tried several shots at a Goggin which is a large, shaggy animal claiming kinship with the bear. Had his Ames been more accurate, he would surely have slain it.

These men were the guests of a certain Lord Beddow, a powerful noble, and had taken the Wrong road in the Hunt, a very Strange thing to do, but nevertheless the truth and all but one were for pushing on at once and gaining shelter. This one they left beside the camp fire, drinking wine to Eaton and follow at his leisure.

They were compelled, however, to turn back, recognizing that they were hopelessly lost. This certainly was a Grand termination to a good day's sport.

Sighting a grove of Chestnuts they cut some Blackstocks and made a kind of tent which they lined with Hay stolen from the Warden of the estate and laid down to snatch as much repose as possible.

The Scott however, who was by no means a peaceful sleeper, rolled into a Thorne bush and getting up with Adam or two called loudly for the Leach, swearing he was bleeding to death. The Leach evidently thought so too for he quietly called over the Monk, who said he was a doomed man, as the Knox he had received had injured him internally. His wounds he

bound up with Cotton by the help of a Nourse and told him he was ready for confession.

The dying man raised himself and told the following story:

"Thirteen years ago, I ran a small Booth in my native town of Russell in the north of Scotland. There one day I murdered an old Taylor who kept a shop near my own stand. When the crime was discovered the people rang a Bell in the market place and before long a large crowd had collected around my stand, crying for revenge. One of the leaders, the village Smith, fresh from his hammer and anvil, was for hanging me at once, and such indeed would have been my fate had not a Heintzman interposed saying 'Nay, Smith, thou shalt not kill him. It Isbester that he should repent of his deed'—and so they at last agreed to Grant me my life on the condition that I would turn over a new Page and begin life anew."

The Monk heard him through to the end and granted him absolution for his sins saying, "Concerning your sin, I will not Teller the world." At this the dying man drew a paper from his breast and bade the Monk to Reade it, which he did and turning again to the Scott he found him Stark dead.

When day broke they found the Wright road again and were soon back at the castle, yet everyone's Hart was sad when they thought of the fate of their companion.

Gordon C. Harrison.

The British Training Ship

It was some years ago that the idea entered my young and inexperienced head to become a Naval Cadet on one of Britain's great training ships. I had read so much of the enjoyable life led by the midshipmen and officers of the British fleet in the works of our late Henty and like authors, that I became very enthusiastic and would not

listen to the wise advice of my father, or the gentle persuasions of my mother, who wished me to remain at home with her. My father, however, seeing I was irreconcilable, at last gave his consent, and I accordingly enlisted as a full fledged naval cadet on board the Iveagh.

An applicant is enlisted as a

naval cadet at the age of about twelve or thirteen, and after spending two years in service on a training ship he becomes midship officer on one of our Men-o'-War. During his time of service he is subjected to a thorough course in the rudiments of seamanship and is at all times under the most rigid discipline. In fact, the training ship is a very striking example of the system of training adopted by Sparta, in the great days of Greece. After five years as midship officer he becomes a lieutenant and if industrious works his way gradually upwards till he becomes admiral of the fleet. The Britannia is the principal training ship of the British navy, but several others of much smaller capacity are used in order to supply suitable officers for as large a fleet as that which guards the British Empire. A great many cadets are required as not more than 50 per cent. of those taking the naval cadet course ever became midshipmen.

I well remember my first night aboard the *Iveagh*. It was full ten o'clock when I and my box were hoisted from the *Iveagh's* boat to the deck, where the captain, one of those robust seamen of the old school, whose very look meant instant obedience, received me, and, after several remarks on my personal appearance, dismissed me to the care of an old salt, whose best days were spent in the service of her late majesty, Queen Victoria. It was his duty to look after me and a good and true friend I found him always. He took me aft where four very innocent-looking little boys lay lost in peaceful slumber, but "Old Pete," soon had them awake to introduce, "his latest charge." I soon turned in, kindly though somewhat roughly assisted by Pete, who, after winking very slyly, left us. No sooner had he gone than the four innocent-looking boys, increased by perhaps two dozen more innocents, fell upon me and subjected me to an initiation, the details of which I dare not relate. After that night however, we

became fast friends, sharing each others' pleasures and sorrows as only boys can.

We were always kept busy and were sometimes cruelly treated, but I suppose the life we led was the best to make true and firm officers. We had to spend four hours each day upon the bridge, where we were instructed in the noble art of navigation. We had drill and gymnastics for the development of our bodies, and practice in the use of arms. We had practice in rigging the ship every two weeks. We had to keep the ship clean, mend the flags and sails, keep the ropes in order, and do a host of other things, all very necessary in the making of a perfect sailor.

Our life, however, was not without its pleasures. When off duty we would sit around and listen to many tales of adventure, possible and impossible, all exciting and wonderful and all received with the greatest credulity. Or perhaps, if in the mood for more active fun, we would participate in a friendly boxing bout or fencing contest and to be the best boxer or fencer was the greatest honor at which we aimed; we would practise target shooting and all exercises common to the sailor, such as:—climbing the halyards, lowering the anchor, climbing up the mast, coiling and knotting rope, life saving and a great many others all equally important and difficult.

We were never in any danger of having our health impaired by being too well fed. For breakfast we had good old fashioned porridge, marmalade, bread, sea-biscuit and raw coffee as black as ink. It is very amusing to see how a new recruit receives his cup of coffee. He will not look at it the first day, the second he begins to examine it but on the third he drinks it as though it were the best drink ever manufactured; for dinner we had salt meat, potatoes and some other vegetables with pudding for dessert; for tea we generally had bread and jam with tea and for supper biscuit and beer. Our meals

were served in the form of rations and on no account were we given any more than our allowance.

The indomitable British Navy is controlled by the graduates of the training ship and perhaps this system may have something to do

with keeping up British superiority upon the seas. Let us hope that Canada will take as distinguished a place on the sea as she has already done upon the battle-field.

T. N. Hay.

Junior Preparatory Form Story.

Once upon a time there was a gun an it went out to war and his master had a hard time he shot at a man and missed him and when he went into camp at night and left his gun out and it got all rusty and he could not use it any more and he had to get a nother gun and the other gun got broken and he went with his arm in a sling and his Father said he was a

brave lady and he never went to war any more and he went and got in bissness the end Gordon Freser Ross ma

Preparatory Form Essay.

Once upon a time It war a tree and a man and a lady came along and said I war a nice tree and grew well too. I thought I would do my best for them.

Charlie Bath.

Skits

A. Mix up Through the Telephone.

Mr. Knott.—Hello!

Mr. Watt.—Hello!

Mr. Knott.—Who is speaking?

Mr. Watt.—Watt.

Mr. Knott.—What is your name?

Mr. Watt.—Watt is my name.

Mr. Knott.—Yes, what is your name?

Mr. Watt.—I say my name is Watt.

Mr. Knott.—Oh, I beg your pardon.

Mr. Watt.—Is that you Johnson?

Mr. Knott.—No, it's Knott.

Mr. Watt.—What is your name then?

Mr. Knott.—It's Knott.

Mr. Watt.—Won't you tell me your name?

Mr. Knott.—My name is Frank Knott.

Mr. Watt.—Oh! so it is you Knott.

Mr. Knott.—Will you be over to-night?

Mr. Watt.—Certainly Knott.

Mr. Knott is still wondering whether Mr. Watt will visit him in the evening.

One of our worthy masters was endeavoring to amuse the boys of the main house the other night after 10 o'clock with his violin. But strange to say the boys did not appreciate his efforts, for immediately there proceeded that pathetic wail of "Please go way and let me sleep." Needless to say the music ceased.

The boys at table No. 3 have joined the toast union and do not eat toast. They are also thinking of forming a milk syndicate.

Among the jolly college chums who will not chase the pig skin for St. Andrew's next year are:—"F. A. Quiller," "Molly Isbester," "Tight Hay," "Smyller Hunt," "H. G. Smitters" and "Husky Wil-mott."

A master in the main house has taken as his motto, "A soft answer turneth away wrath" which according to the laws of the Medes and Persians altereth not. (Does it, Doherty?)

Quiller's clothes have a fine Russell in them.

Smiler has a beautiful smile and you don't have to Hunt for it either.

Isbester start before Iser if you want to catch Molly.

Wallace is a perfect lady-bug but the Guy don't know it.

The fifth form has an Artistic Page in its roll book.

Paul is always Brecken some new record in the mathematics.

If Andy isn't a perfect Riddle, no one can understand him.

I know you Timo. Your the best Thompson among all the Gordons.

I got mine, Dug, I got mine!

Harold has fallen deeply in love with "Janice Meredith." She was stolen away from him but Smitter won her back again.

The boys are much neater since the college procured the services of a Taylor.

I Grant you thirty lines.

Quiller has entirely recovered from his liver complaint, since he used Dr. Hunt's mustard plasters.

Persons passing the college grounds on the Friday before our foot-ball dinner need have no fear of those strange people whom they saw talking apparently to themselves. They were only some very nervous fellows practising for their speeches in the evening and not candidates for an insane asylum.

H. G. Smith.—"Ladies: Allow me.—My photograph."

History Class:—Mortimer was madly in love with Isabella.

Hay would be a rather decent sort of a chap if he wasn't Tight all the time.

It's all up Hill work over at the third house.

Guy evidently does not intend to be a "wall ass" the night of our college dance; as he is being taught how to shake his hoofs.

Pat and the clock:—Wal, so it'll go eight days without winding. Sure and I wonder how long it'll go if yer do wind it.

Having returned from his first visit to town, Pat was trying to explain to his wife about the electric light which he had seen that day for the first time. "Shure and they didn't have no lights at all, they didn't. They just had a pop bottle and a red hot hair-pin inside."

J. I. Fergusson, Esq., and his love stories are very much missed up at college.

An author has said that the use of adversity is to bring us out. This is true, especially at the knees and elbows.

"Ah, parson, I wish I could carry my gold with me," said a dying man. "It might melt," was the consoling answer.

"What do you do for a living?" said a farmer to a tramp, who was asking for a meal.

"I only travel," said the tramp.

"Are you good at travelling?"

"Yes."

"Well then, let's see you travel."

Two sisters, who very much resembled one another, were asked out to dinner.

The were both married. The husband of one was dead, the other husband was in India.

A young lawyer had to take the widow into dinner. He thought that she was the one whose husband was in India.

During the course of the meal, the lady remarked that it was very hot.

The lawyer said, "Yes, but not quite as hot as where your husband has gone."

The look which the lady gave him will haunt that lawyer to the end of his life.

Hash! It makes me so angry. So angry.

The verdict of the coroner's jury over a man who was killed by a falling icicle. Died of hard drinks.

Harrison was probably the most popular person in the room, monopolizing three partners all at once at one of our dancing classes. But they happened to be all dummies.

"Shure, and where is the entrance out?" asked an Irishman of his jailor.

A dandy, accosting a rag-man, said, "You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?"

"Why, yes, jump in."

It takes a pickpocket to disperse a crowd.

A lively little beauty at one of our ladies' colleges asked the Lady Principal for permission to go out driving with a young man. "You know the rule," said the principal. "Is he your father or brother?"

"No," was the answer.

"Then, are you engaged to him?"

"I am not, but I expect to be so before I return."

It is unnecessary to say that this answer won the day.

It was a strange coincidence that led the principal to read the third Psalm at Prayers on the first morning of school. Two of the masters smiled visibly when the first verse was read.



