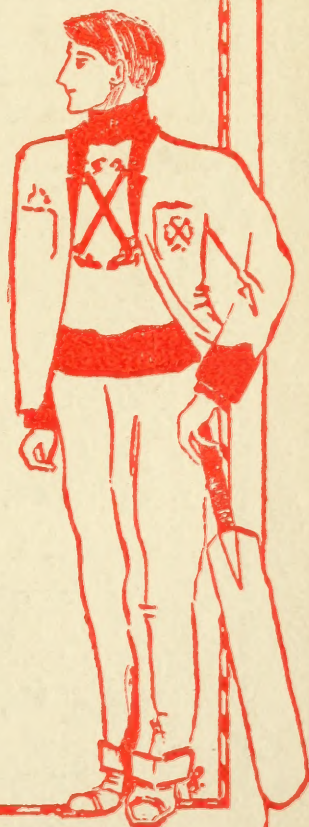


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St. Andrew's College Review.

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VOL. III.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1903.

No. 3.

WE had hoped to be able to reproduce the plans of the new College buildings in this issue, but unfortunately they are not in shape for publication. The College is to be built on the house plan, with a school building having sixteen classrooms, all well lighted and ventilated. The offices will also be in the school building, which faces south. At the eastern end of this building, and running back at right angles, will be the Junior House, capable of accommodating forty boys, and the school chapel. At the other end is the Senior House with accommodation for sixty boys. The Principal's residence is also situated here and will communicate directly, on every floor from the basement up, with the Senior residence. Thus the Principal will be able to secure some privacy and at the same time be brought into intimate relations with the boys of the Upper School.

The plans make provision for large indoor recreation rooms for both the Senior and Junior Houses. There will be ample dressing room and locker accommodation for athletics. The shower baths, lockers and dressing rooms of the day boys will be separate from those of the boarders. The Gymnasium will be situated in the rear of the main building.

Ample provision is to be made for cases of sickness. There will be special wards, with bathroom and a nurse's room in connection.

Anyone who is at all familiar with the location of the grounds, will have observed how well they lend themselves to development for athletic and park purposes. Ultimately there will be four athletic

fields, which will ensure enough room for all the recognized College games.

Elsewhere we present a photo of the proposed College buildings. H. G. S.

The boys were very much pleased at the appointment of one of the College directors as Lieutenant-Governor of this province. We take this opportunity of congratulating His Honor Wm. Mortimer Clark, K.C., LL.D.

The boys appreciated very much Mrs. Clarke's presence at the annual games, and through the editors, wish to thank her for presenting the prizes to the winners.

INSTEAD of confining ourselves in this issue merely to the events which have taken place during the present term, we have endeavored to give a slight resumé of the College year. St. Andrew's College is just at the close of its fourth year, and we may well feel proud of it. The number of pupils at present on the roll is 212, of whom 79 are boarders. As an educational institution St. Andrew's is undoubtedly a great success. Our record in sports is already too well known to need any mention here.

Socially the year has been very pleasant. The Literary Society has had a most successful year, and its officers are to be congratulated upon the result of their work. During the football and hockey seasons, dances were given for the boarders, and they were most enjoyable. The closing event of the year is the distribution of prizes and the garden party on June 19th.

In conclusion, we wish the Principal, the Staff, and all the boys, a very happy holiday.

H. G. S.

The Battlefield of Paardeberg.

DURING our stay in Table Bay we thought that we would like to see some of the country, so one night we found ourselves in the ship's boat being rowed ashore. A southeaster had sprung up during the afternoon, and there was quite a sea running. We were shipping a good deal of spray, but we all had our oilskins on, so did not get wet.

Soon we arrived at the jetty and leaving our oilskins in the boat we went to the railway station. Our train was ready in about half an hour and we got on board.

There are no regular sleepers on these trains, but you can make six bunks in every compartment by lowering down one on each side and by putting up the backs of the seats. You have to bring your own bedding with you. We turned in soon after the train left and slept fairly well under the circumstances.

When we woke up next morning we found ourselves on the great Karoo desert, and we continued travelling over it for the greater part of the day. There was not very much to see, only an occasional station to break the monotony. Sometimes we would pass a troop train at a siding filled with men returning home. There would be great rejoicing if someone would pass them out a bottle or some illustrated papers, especially in the former case.

Early next morning we arrived at De Arr, and about eleven o'clock we crossed the Orange River. North of this river you begin to see kopjes of which we have heard a great deal. After a while we came to Belmont and saw the battlefield from the train window, then we passed over the battlefield of Graspan where Methuen had a fierce fight at the beginning of the war.

Soon we were running down the long grade to Modder River. Arriving there we left the train and were driven to Jacobs-

dal, a distance of about eight miles. This place had been the scene of fierce fighting during the war. At one time a company of Cape Town Highlanders were sent out to garrison the place. Their commanding officer, the son of a leading draper in Cape Town, ordered them to pitch their tents in the market square, took up his headquarters in a house near by, threw out a small picket in the south eastern part of the town and told his soldiers that they might have a band concert that evening; although he knew that numbers of the enemy were in the vicinity.

As soon as it was dark that night the Boers crept in and occupied nearly all the houses facing on the square. The concert did not come off on account of a sand-storm. But next morning before the soldiers were awake the Boers opened fire on the tents, killing several in their beds. The soldiers though taken by surprise defended themselves bravely. Some took shelter behind a well in the centre of the square and others while trying to reach it were either killed or wounded. They would have been forced to surrender but for the timely aid of an officer with a few cavalry and a fifteen-pounder gun. He had been sent out to reconnoitre, but hearing the firing he came to see what it meant, and upon seeing how matters stood he ordered his troops to advance to the aid of their comrades. Arriving at the scene of action he turned his gun on the Boers and as these gentlemen do not like fifteen-pounder shells bursting around their ears they decided that discretion was the best part of valour and fled.

When the officer heard the whole story he was so angry that he turned his gun on to the houses lately occupied by the Boers and utterly demolished them. One old lady was ordered out of her house, but as she refused they set fire to it. This soon

brought her out and in a few minutes the house blew up, for a great deal of Boer ammunition had been stored in it.

We spent Sunday in Jacobsdal and Monday morning about 4.30 we started for Paardeberg. The man who drove us there was an Englishman who had been in the country for a great many years and was thoroughly acquainted with all the land for miles around. He also knew quite a lot about the Battle of Paardeberg and the famous march which relieved Kimberley.

Shortly before dawn we crossed the Modder and an hour and a half later we stopped at a farm house for breakfast. It was the only inhabited house that we passed in thirty miles. The owner of the house was an Englishman, but at one time he had been suspected of helping the enemy, and a troop of constabulary had been sent to destroy his house as they were doing that to the houses of all the rebels. Whether it was just or otherwise I am not prepared to say.

After breakfast, and while we were giving the horses a rest, I was wandering around the place and chanced to look into a building standing near the house, on the wall of which, I saw the names of several men from Brantford, Bear River, and several other places in Ontario. So I expect that it was the Canadians who did the damage to the house.

Soon we started off again. We were now passing over the ground where French had made his famous dash to relieve Kimberley. As we drove along our driver pointed to a rough road leading up to a kopje. This road, he said, had been built by the British engineers for the purpose of placing guns on the hill, which commands the surrounding country. A little further on, he pointed out a farmhouse, behind which, he told us, were buried two British officers who were killed in the running fight that was fought to relieve Kimberley.

All along the road were strewn the bones of oxen, and here and there an ox-wagon, showing that we were on the line

which the Boers took when they evacuated Magersfontein.

Soon we saw Paardeberg Kop in the distance, and in about two hours, we arrived at the laager where Cronje had made his stand. The field on which the battle was fought slopes down to the river, and is partly studded with trees. The whole being commanded by Paardeberg Kop, where, during battle, the British had artillery stationed.

When we got out of the cart, we walked to where the Boer ammunition wagons had been. The spot is marked by heaps of scrap iron, which were once the iron works of the wagon, and some twisted cartridge shells. Most of the wagons had been set on fire by shells during the siege.

After looking at the ruins of the wagons and picking up a few things which were lying about, we walked to the river where we found the trenches that the Boers had dug. They were along the top of the bank of the river and had been dug in sections about as long as this room. Between these sections they left about a foot or eighteen inches of a mound so that if a shell fell in the trenches it could only do damage in one section.

In places where a gully ran down to the river there would be holes burrowed into the sides of it. This was where they kept their women and children. All along the trenches we found numerous cartridge shells. A great many of these we picked up and took home with us as relics. We also found pieces of shells which we also took with us.

We were told that if we would walk along there we would come to the place we had come so far to see, namely, the place where the Canadians had distinguished themselves. We walked along the the river for quite a distance and were about to give up when we came to a place where the trenches along the river stopped. We walked on a little further and came upon another trench, which also ran at right angles to the river. This we concluded from Conan Doyle's description

was the trench the men of Companies G and H, Royal Canadian Regiment, and a few engineers, under Captain Stairs of Halifax, had dug on the night of February 26th, 1900, and which had been the immediate cause of the surrender of the Boers next day. We looked about this trench for a while picking up some old things. Now came the sad part of our visit. About one hundred yards back from the river, under some scrub oak, and surrounded by a wire fence, was a square grave where brave Canadians, who had given their lives for Queen and coun-

try, lay. The grave was surrounded by the cases of fifteen pound shells stuck in the ground, and on one side was a wooden cross with the following inscription: "To the memory of Corps. Wihers, Guthrie, Ptes. Riggs, Scott, Johnson, and Armon, men of the Royal Canadian Regiment, who fell in action, Feb. 26th, 1900." We bared our heads and picked a few wild flowers which grew near and reverently laid them on the grave.

We walked back to where the cart was and had a lunch and then started for Jacobsdal, arriving there about ten p.m.

DONALD SINCLAIR.

Scene in Court.

JUDGE.—"Bring the prisoner into court."

PETE.—"Here I is, bound to blaze, as the spirits of turpentine said when it was all afire."

Judge.—"We will take a little of that fire out of you. How do you live?"

Pete.—"I ain't particular, as the oyster said when they axed him if he'd be fried or roasted."

Judge.—"We don't want to hear what the oyster said or the turpentine, either. What do you follow?"

Pete.—"Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when he run over the little nigger."

Judge.—"We don't care anything about the locomotive. What's your business?"

Pete.—"That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chicken from the table."

Judge.—"That comes nearer the line, I suppose."

Pete.—"Altogether in my line, as the rope said when it was choking the pirate."

Judge.—"If I hear any more absurd

comparisons, I shall give you twelve months."

Pete.—"I am done, as the beefsteak said to the cook."

Judge.—"Now, sir, your punishment shall depend upon the shortness and correctness of your answers. I suppose you live by going around the docks?"

Pete.—"No, sir, I can't go around the docks without a boat, and I hain't got none."

Judge.—"Answer me; how do you get your bread?"

Pete.—"Sometimes at the baker's, and sometimes I eat taters."

Judge.—"No more of that stupid insolence! How do you support yourself?"

Pete.—"Sometimes on my legs, and sometimes on a chair."

Judge.—"I order you now to answer this question correctly: How do you do?"

Pete.—"Pretty well, I thank you, Judge. How do you do?"

Judge.—"I shall have to commit you."

Pete.—"Well, you've committed yourself first, that's some consolation."

T. G. MORRIS.

The Galicians.

AS there has been much written of late about the Doukhobors, perhaps a little information on the less peacefully inclined Galicians would not be taken amiss.

If you happen to be in an inquisitive mood you might ask three questions, namely :

Who are they ?

Where did they come from ?

Why are they settled in a different locality from the Doukhobors ?

As near as I can make out they are a persecuted class of the lower order of Russian peasants, who have had a free passage along with other persuasions to come to Canada.

They are very fierce and this is wisely considered a sufficient reason to settle them at a distance from the peaceable Doukhobors, who would be imposed on as the Quakers used to be, and would be afforded sufficient opportunities of "turning the other cheek."

The Galicians do not tramp around in scanty clothing looking for Christ. Not they ! They walk for miles looking for work, and by their crude scanty way of living can make only too keen competition for the most calculating Anglo-Saxon immigrants.

As to their dress, we will take a train load of them at Calgary, which is the central railway junction for Alberta. We will also, by taxing our imaginations a little further, suppose that it is sidetracked, which is only the case when a strike is on or the track is washed out.

This brings a funny little incident to my mind. On my way home from Southern California last spring, I found on arriving at Calgary that the bridge on the Nose Creek, running into the Bow, was washed out, or at least partly so.

There were two train loads of Galicians at the station and they by turning out the next day could save the bridge by

building piers, thus doing two weeks work in a day.

However, as they liked a soft snap like this, being fed by the Government, they found out that it was Sunday, and of course it was against their religious principles to work next day. This was good policy on their part, however, as they got free food and pay for two weeks railway work.

From the platform we see men, women, boys and girls, constantly sticking their heads out of the windows or hanging about on the car steps. If the ice man is near you may be sure that they have crowded around him and at the risk of their fingers (for he takes no trouble to miss them) are seizing and making off with the ice as quick as possible. If any of the inmates happens to have a few pennies, he or she, as the case may be, you may be sure has a long crooked pipe of Hungarian workmanship protruding from his or her lips.

It would not be fair to accuse them of not being cleanly. They would only pooh pooh the idea of wasting precious water on themselves, besides during the time they would be taking a bath they would lose the chance of having a nice consoling smoke.

The women as a general rule are dressed in cotton or sheepskins, both of which garments they make themselves. From the knee down they wear army boots, which, though large, are well filled.

The men are clothed in sheepskin coats with the dyed black fur inside and top boots.

The not taking to the water on the part of the parents does not apply to the coming generation, as this little incident will show.

We were going slowly along from Calgary to Banff. The track was all trestle work and I should judge we were going at the rate of four miles an hour.

Some of the tourist passengers, more fortunate than we in having their lunches, would get out and run ahead, encouraging us by telling us that they would let them know we were coming.

Just behind was a Galician train and weird sounds suggestive of Galician music could be heard. Finally we come to a stop which we thought would last for a while.

Unfortunately so thought some young Galicians. There being a brook in the near vicinity, they, bereft of their scanty clothing, plunged in, the brook being hidden by the high banks. Just then the whistle blew and the train started at a more rapid pace. Then every one shut their eyes, but it is yet believed that a number of almost naked lads with their clothes under their arms, chased along behind the Galician track in the rear in a way that would shame St. Andrew's College cross country for all time to come.

If we can get on the cars, for the men and women, in order to become more familiar with one another, are roughly shoving each other off the cars, we proceed through them.

But I will not accompany you. How human beings, and especially white ones, can live in such atmosphere, has puzzled greater minds than mine.

I was once innocently pulled through a car by a person who had more curiosity than sense. It was such a June morning as this, and I thought it would spoil my summer holidays.

Another little trial was having to sit in a Pullman car opposite a train load of them for an hour, during which time I never opened a window though the one in the next seat could not be pulled down.

At each station someone desiring to do the town a good service and have a little enjoyment himself, keeps them punched up, himself on horseback, but the women slip out, draw water and then to see them get on the cars. The engineer blows the whistle and starts the train three or four times, just to see them

run, before he has any notion of starting. When he does he leaves a few behind to give them exercise, and then after letting them run awhile stops up and lets them on. The children are not exactly naked, but it would not take a large piece of paper to detail the amount of clothing.

We have not heard of Galicians for quite a while; the trains have thinned out and they seem to have disappeared, but the reason is easily thought out, we have not been reading our papers.

We pick up a paper and read "taken up for assault and battery." Mr. Kradrogloz has severely battered Mr. Kradvostock, which simply means that Mr. Kradvostock has confiscated some domestic animal belonging to the peaceful Mr. Kradrogloz, and he, taking the law into his hands, has either taken an axe or a club and woe to Mr. Kradvostock. Or perhaps Kradrogloz has thought better of it, and taking a pitchfork has made Kradvostock aware that a pitchfork is very uncomfortable, especially as an offensive weapon.

But as to the progress, some day one might note a waitress in a private boarding house, restaurant or hotel, as a cleanly good-looking and smart waitress. Who is she? Why, one of these same dirt-loving, scraping Galicians. This gives us an idea how they go ahead when they get the chance.

We go back to our Galician settlement three years hence. What do we find? Where formerly there was a small potato patch, worked by the man and his wife, now cattle, farm implements, horses and quite a plot under crop.

The bread-winner has by dint of his exertions managed to scrape together enough to give him a start. Three years ago he and his sons walk miles looking for work while his wife and daughters work the farm. Now his sons and daughters go to school, and his daughters find places in more respectable homes than before.

The next generation are thorough Canadians and would be glad of an opportunity to show their devotion to the country that has wrought so much for them.

WEST MA.

A Climb to See Snow.

AS in all tropical countries, snow is unknown in Formosa except in higher elevations, where, during the coldest part of winter, their summits are sometimes covered with it.

It was during one of those cold days when Tai-Tun Mountain in the vicinity of our home had thicker layers of snow on its height than usual, that, wishing to ascertain the temperature and wishing also to spend a little time on its frozen top, I made a few calls on my enterprising friends, who, I thought, would like to accompany me. To my surprise and satisfaction sixteen willing lads agreed to go.

At nine a. m. we assembled for the start and a minute later were off on the track leading to the foot of the mountain and its summit.

For the first hour the path led us through green meadows and muddy, paddy fields, the latter being the favorite haunts of many aquatic birds.

A little beyond and almost immediately on both sides were bushes of acacia trees, the chief fuel-producing wood of the island.

For the next two miles the patch was very rough and rocky, having been paved in many sloping places with big blue stones. Some projected over a foot above ground and were as round and smooth as a billiard ball.

We performed many surprising feats in jumping over these; sometimes with a lucky bounce we would clear over half a dozen, and sometimes when fortune would favor us with a rest, we found ourselves seated rather suddenly on their worn surfaces.

This continued happening of sitting and rising, which I am sure no one was desirous of having, did not cease until the first half of the zig-zag path ended and we found ourselves in a bamboo grove at the base of the hill.

There we made a few minutes halt and

then slowly began to ascend. In an hour we were at an elevation of a 1,000 feet.

The vegetation up to that height consists of tea, sweet potatoes and tall reeds, and in the valleys where the soil is fertile and water plentiful, bananas and fern trees grow in abundance.

We continued steadily to ascend until (when my barometer indicated a height of 2,000 feet) we were in touch with snow. Here half the number of our party halted and refused to advance. Some pulled out their large handkerchiefs and began loading them with snow. Having done so and without delaying a moment they dash down the hill like a herd of mountain goats. We shouted to them to come back, and at the same time enquired what was their object of leaving us so suddenly.

Their reason, as they laughingly explained, was that owing to their sandals which they had purposely put on for the climb, it would be impossible for them to tread on the snow with such articles, and besides they wished to take the snow home in the form of snow, and not of something drinkable. While they were unwilling and perhaps unable to proceed, we continued our course.

Our progress was necessarily slow owing chiefly to the depth of the snow and the steepness of the path. On nearing the top we met a man busily filling two old kerosene cans with snow. "These," he said, pointing to his almost filled up load, "will bring me forty cents when I get down town." So saying he began his packing, and by the aid of his bare feet which served as a pair of crushing machines he had them ready for market in almost an instant. It would then be sold to those who look forward to summer, when refreshments of some kind are thought necessary for the preservation of health. A pound or two would be kept in bottles and stored away carefully. It is then ready

for use in case of fever. A dose of this wonderful beverage is thought to be sufficient for a full recovery from it, and besides its valuable service to sick men, it is also invaluable to cooks.

A spoonful added to vegetables while they are being cooked, is believed to strengthen the flavour; and why should it not, after all the poor man's combined operations up the hill.

We must now hurry on to reach the top. Only 1,000 feet more to climb and we would be there. Now the snow became thicker and the mountain side steeper, so that, although we had struggled on with all the available forces of our nerves, we did not reach its height till one o'clock in the afternoon.

Here the thermometer showed a differ-


ence of over fifteen degrees from the starting-point, and the trustworthy barometer indicated a height of nearly four thousand feet. This is the highest limit.

The chief feature of this extinct volcano is that at its summit it has a little lake formed on the basin of its crater. The crater itself is large and deep, having an extension of several acres and a depth of probably 250 feet.

We remained here for some time when, finding that it began to get cold and windy, we started for home. Two hours later we were at the foot of the hill (our old halting place), and before darkness could envelope and blind us we were home by the fire, where a marked difference was soon felt from the frozen top.

G. W. MACKAY.

Our Trip to Niagara.

 OUR trip to Niagara is over, and our victory over the cricket team of that town is now but a pleasant remembrance.

The journey, I may say, was a decided success in all ways, giving the players a chance to cover themselves with glory, and those who did not play, a chance to enjoy a pleasant outing. The only fault to be found with the trip was that we were continually hurried to catch some boat or electric car, and had not quite enough time to play our game. However, there was time enough to win, and of what importance is the rest?

Starting from the Yonge Street wharf at the early hour of seven a.m., we took the Chicora for Lewiston. As most of you are familiar with the trip across I will not attempt to describe it.

After touching at Niagara on the Lake, we arrived at Lewiston about half past eleven and took the electric car up the

American side of the Niagara River and along what is known as "The Great Gorge Route." The scenery along this route is grand. One can hardly conceive anything so magnificent.

We had on our car several Englishmen, recent arrivals, whose many exclamations of surprise and wonder, though amusing, served to give us an idea of the great natural beauties we possess, but do not appreciate. I myself would enjoy taking that trip at least once a week; for there is in it none of the sameness of ocean travelling, but a continually changing panoramic view of that rushing torrent.

As we approached Niagara, our attention was divided between an occasional glimpse of the Falls, far ahead of us, and the rapids at our side. But once fairly in the town we lose sight of both Falls and river and began looking around for the nearest tuck shop where fruit and soda may be had.

Our short wait for the bridge car is spent in gazing at the photographs in the curio shops.

Whilst we are waiting our pro. buys some bananas, but before they are brought to the car they pass through his hands into the mouths of a few of the more greedy, and we each get about a half a banana, which is eaten rapidly amid muttered imprecations against the guilty ones.

After crossing the bridge we are back in Canada once more, and find ourselves in front of that magnificent edifice, the Lafayette Hotel.

This is about 12 30, and as some one suggests dinner, we pile into a room, which has been placed at our disposal, to don our cricket clothes, so as to be in readiness for play directly after dinner.

And such a repast! The menu is a yard long and we do full justice to it. Some are even so hungry as to devour the contents of their salt-shakers. Others, thinking of the future, stuff the pockets of their blazers with soda biscuits. All the time we are being gazed at by the other guests of the hotel, for, having on ducks, we look rather different from the other visitors. But on seeing the pro. come in we all quiet down, and the people conclude we are merely a party of harmless lunatics, out for a holiday with our keeper. And, indeed, our actions do not belie that conclusion.

After dinner we hasten to the cricket grounds, and the play is commenced.

I shall say nothing of the game, but there are a few things so noteworthy that they should not go unmentioned. These are the excellent batting of Dineen Minor and the superb fielding of Cotton and Sale. All the rest batted well, on an

average, and Keith kept wickets in his usual good style. At any rate we won our match, and those who made zeros (myself among them) were consoled by those who made good scores, and the fact that we won the match brought a smile on every face.

At four o'clock we left the field rejoicing, to change and catch the car in the small space of fifteen minutes. Our first difficulty was in getting into the room in which our clothes were. The key had been broken and as a result we could not unlock the door. Once in we jumped into our ordinary clothes in a surprisingly quick manner and rushed down stairs to catch the car for Queenston which was due. Some were dressed completely; others only partially. These had a few minutes to complete their dressing. I had forgotten something, and was obliged to use an old necktie for a belt.

At last our car arrives and we pile in. This time we do not cross the bridge but return by the Canadian side to Queenston where the ferry is used to transport passengers for Toronto to the boat which waits at Lewiston.

We returned on the Corona, a much better fitted and finer boat than the Chicora.

On board we all look for a place to sit down, as most of us are tired and willing to rest and talk of our match and the trip. The passage to Toronto is occupied by the eating of candy, drinking of ginger ale and other things too numerous to mention. So on our arrival at half past nine we were all glad to return to our homes. Thus ended our trip on Canada's national holiday of 1903.

C. D. BOOTH.

Waldo.—Stevy, bring up my night-gown.

Nice sacrifice there, Halifax.

No wonder we have a good REVIEW, look at the business managers.

Oh! those pills.

Mr. B.—“This is a Spring examination, because I sprung it on you.” For get it.

Read the Corner Dormitory Rules.

Transportation.

PERHAPS one of the most important and far-reaching problems of the present age is the subject of transportation.

Savage and civilized races have each in their turn grappled with it with varying success. It is a subject coeval with the beginning of man.

As would be supposed, different countries have their characteristic transportation facilities. The natives of interior Africa make use of the tepoia for passenger service; the Chinese have their little push-carts, while other countries have modified forms of the sedan chair. The motive power in each case is that of man.

Advancing a step we find the lower animals being used, as the ox and horse.

The Esquimo is happy if he can hitch his sled to a reindeer or canine.

The bicycle is a modern transportation medium which has had its usefulness materially increased by the introduction of the air-cooled gasoline motor. The motor cycle is able to attain a speed of sixty miles per hour.

Many and varied are the styles of automobiles being at present turned out. They all have their good and bad points. The electric is very clean and easy to handle, but its running radius is rather limited owing to the fact that it isn't every place that the batteries may be recharged.

Steam automobiles are quite popular for the reason that they are easily understood.

The gasoline automobile is the strongest of all and is much used for touring. The motors for these vehicles may be vertical or horizontal and of the water or air cooled variety.

In Toronto, at least, the favorite size of automobile seems to be the variety built for two. Even a layman can see advantages in this style.

The horseless carriage principle has been

applied with marked success to the operating of express wagons and lorries. The Thornycroft wagon has been tested by the British War Office and found perfectly reliable.

In the late South African War, the traction engine played an important part. It was found that heavy loads could be taken to the front by engine far quicker than by oxen.

A case is on record where a wagon had become mired. Eighty oxen were pressed into service to remove it, but they could not, or perhaps would not, move it. A traction engine was then substituted for the oxen, and the wagon was released without more ado.

The electric car, so common in our cities, is being extended every day not only in passenger traffic but in the freight business. In the United States the competition with the steam operated roads is very keen, and it would seem that unless some radical changes are made the steam railway will soon lose its monopoly of the freight business. One advantage which the electric car has over the locomotive is its capacity to get under way quickly. This is especially marked in suburban traffic.

A steam locomotive was recently turned out in England capable of attaining a speed of thirty miles in thirty minutes. This is an acceleration of 1.46 feet per second, a record altogether unprecedented for a steam locomotive.

The steam railway, has, without doubt, led the way for all modern systems. As yet it has the advantage, but as was stated before, it is being made to feel that the electric car is no mean competitor.

From the time of Stephenson's world-renowned "Rocket," the locomotive has steadily improved, until now we have machines capable of maintaining for comparatively long distances a speed of sixty miles and over.

The Twentieth Century Limited, an engine of eighty-eight tons, when running at seventy-three miles per hour, develops her maximum of 1500 h. p. This will give some idea of the power required to make time for a modern passenger train.

For freight traffic, larger and more powerful engines are required. They are built for power and not speed.

The London and South-Western railway of England is experimenting with a motor coach to be used as a feeder to the main line.

For mine haulage the compressed air locomotive is largely used.

Of late, some cities have been experimenting with the steel road. Steel plate of eight inches width is set in cement, so that the wheels of the wagons may run thereon. With such a road, a horse is enabled to pull many times the ordinary load.

As to transportation on water the last hundred years has seen vast improvements. The sailing vessel has been developed along lines of speed and size. Just recently, a seven-masted steel vessel was launched, showing that the sailing vessel is not going to leave us yet.

It is a much controverted question as to whom the honor belongs of having built the first steamboat. Some say it was Fulton, others that it was a Scotchman. It is a good question for historians to fight

over. The twentieth century is mainly concerned about useful facts.

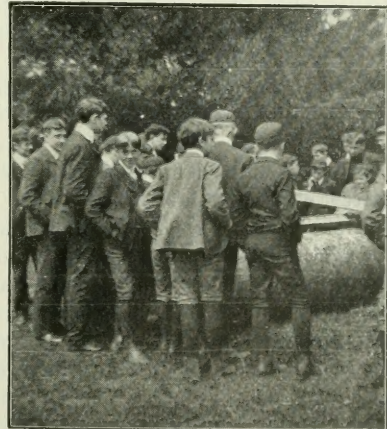
As to speed, there are vessels afloat capable of doing thirty-five miles per hour. The Kaiser Wilhelm II. embodies both speed and size. She has a length of 706 feet over all and a speed of $23\frac{1}{2}$ knots with 40,000 h. p. The advent of these vessels marks another step toward the annihilation of space.

For light transportation at summer resorts and places of pleasure, the steam or gasoline launch is much in vogue.

There is another mode of transportation, that is the submarine. Probably the first man to try this was Jonah. After brief negotiations he made a single voyage in the interior of a whale. We have safer methods now as set forth in the "Holland" and "Lake" submarine boats.

Lastly comes the navigation of the air. Much time and money have been expended and many lives lost trying to solve this problem. Mr. Alexander Graham Bell, of telephone fame, thinks he has a correct solution. Santos Dumont thought that his was the only true and proper way. The sea and earth have been overcome, but the atmosphere seems reluctant to give up. We have still to hear of the winds being thoroughly conquered, and of aerial transportation.

A. E. NOURSE.





PROPOSED NEW SCHOOL (ST ANDREW'S COLLEGE).

The College Services.

N Sunday night, April 26th, the third of the special services for the boys was held in the prayer hall. Dr. Milligan addressed the boys. The attendance was good, a fair number of day-boys being present.

The service commenced at 7.00 p.m., sharp, and was opened with a prayer by Mr. Macdonald. After the prayer, Psalm 114 was sung, and the Principal read Psalm XCVI., "O sing unto the Lord a new song." The well-known 499th hymn, "Eternal Father, Strong to Save," followed. Mr. Macdonald then read from the fourteenth chapter of John, and after hymn No. 251, a hymn adopted as the school one, was sung, Dr. Milligan rose to address the boys.

He chose as his text two verses, the 12th verse of Prov., 14th chapter, "There is a way which seemeth good unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." The second from Rom. 6, 22nd verse, "But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end thereof everlasting life."

Around these were grouped in contrast, the worldling's life for self, on the one hand, his judging by appearances and present circumstances, his aims, career, and final reward. On the other hand, the temptations in the life for Christ, the continual struggle with sin, and the seeming unprosperity of the true Chris-

tian in this life, were clearly brought out, together with his eternal compensation.

After the sermon a dismissal hymn (608) was sung, and Dr. Milligan pronounced the benediction, when the meeting broke up.

The fifth of the school services was held on May 10th, when Professor Ballantyne addressed the boys. The service was opened with a prayer by Mr. Macdonald, then "Holy, Holy, Holy" was sung, a prayer by the Principal followed, after which "Jesus shall Reign Where'er the Sun" was sung. When Mr. Macdonald had read Job 36 : 26, and hymn 250, "The Son of God goes Forth to War," had been sung, Professor Ballantyne addressed the meeting.

His subject was, "The Importance of Making a Choice." He illustrated the aspect of the two paths, one of which every person must tread, by taking as one example, "The Choice of Hercules." Also he took Lot's choice to show that although Lot, by his cupidity, got the more fertile territory, yet he did not prosper by his selfishness. From this he went on to describe the modern difficulties in the "narrow way," the temptations to turn off onto the other path, and the need of Christ's help to keep on the right one.

This closed the sermon, after which the boys sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and Professor Ballantyne pronounced the benediction.

A. MOFFAT.

The University of Toronto.

THE movement in favor of higher education, which ended in the establishment of the Toronto University, is said to have been existing before the United Empire Loyalists came to Canada. As early as the year 1786 Mr. Richard Cartwright, grandfather of the present Sir Richard, wrote to the Governor-General about getting public lands for establishing a university. After the Constitutional Act was passed in 1791, General Simcoe, the first Governor of Upper Canada, forwarded the movement from 1792 to 1796.

The work of Governor Simcoe bore fruit the next year, when the Legislative Council and the House of Assembly made an address to King George III., asking if he would direct his government of the province to give certain crown lands to support a grammar school in each district, and also a university or college. To this the King gave a favorable answer, and directed the Hon. Peter Russell to set apart lands for the building of a university. In 1798 the Executive Council reported that 500,000 acres would be sufficient to support the grammar schools and a university. There was, however, little interest taken in the establishment of a university until 1827, when a royal charter was granted for the establishment at York of a university called King's College, which was to have as its endowment a portion of the grant of crown lands. These lands, in 1828, were exchanged for 225,000 acres of crown reserves.

The terms of the charter practically made King's College a university of the Church of England, and required most of the officials to be members of the Church of England. In 1837 all religious tests were abolished by royal assent. In 1842 the erection of the college building was begun on the present site of the Parliament Buildings, and the first matriculation

took place in the next year. In 1849 the Legislature made several changes, the instruction in Divinity was discontinued, the affairs of the University were controlled in a larger measure by a Senate and the name was changed from King's College to the University of Toronto. Three years afterwards another change was made, which abolished the faculties in Medicine and Law, and the teaching functions were taken away from University of Toronto and transferred to a new corporation—University College.

In the early years of the University it was moving its locality from place to place, till in 1858 the present main building was completed at a cost of over \$355,000. For the next thirty-four years no change was made; other collegiates entered into affiliation with the University, but the Faculty of University College continued to instruct nearly all students in Arts. The University Federation Act restored to the University of Toronto most of the teaching powers it originally possessed, leaving to University College the teaching of literature, ethics and ancient history. It also re-established the faculties of law and medicine. Three years after that date Victoria College entered into federation with the University of Toronto, and was moved from Cobourg to Toronto.

Since the erection of the main building many other buildings have been erected. In 1890 Victoria College was built. This college teaches nearly the same subjects as University College, the main difference being that Victoria also teaches Divinity and prepares students for the ministry of the Methodist Church, with which it is connected. In 1889 the School of Practical Science building was completed. In this building Practical Science is taught. A new Science building is now being erected. In 1895 the Chemical Building was founded, where practical chemistry

is done, and a College in Pharmacy and one in Dentistry have been lately erected. In 1893 a gymnasium was completed, fully equipped with the best and most modern appliances and also a well-trained instructor. In 1890 the main building was partly destroyed by fire and when being rebuilt an opportunity was taken to improve the lighting, heating and venti-

lation. A library building was also built. This has now over 60,000 volumes and is the second largest in Toronto.

The University of Toronto, with its large number of Faculties, students, buildings and lawns, may be said to be one of the important universities on the continent and is the pride of Ontario.

FLETCHER.

Sir Oliver Mowat.

THE sad news of Sir Oliver Mowat's death came at the commencement of the present term, when the school was re-assembling after the Easter vacation. On Wednesday morning, April 22nd, the day appointed for the state funeral, the Principal said a few fitting words as to the life of the dead statesman, and in concluding, announced that the school would close at half-past twelve. In this way the College paid its tribute to the late Lieutenant-Governor.

The funeral, which was the largest that has taken place in Toronto in recent years, passed the school gate on its measured tread to Mount Pleasant. The *cortege* was headed by a troop of Dragoons, and two regimental bands, alternately playing "The Dead March in Saul," and "Nearer My God to Thee." Immediately following the hearse were the carriages conveying the officiating clergymen and the doctors who attended Sir Oliver in his last illness. Then came the Lieutenant-Governor and many other distinguished men. The long line of carriages which followed was over a mile in length. The whole procession was a most fitting tribute to such a life of public service.

The main characteristics of Sir Oliver's life, which made him such a leader of men, were his strong sense of right, his industry and devotion to duty. He did the little things well, and when the opportunity

came, he carried out great undertakings in an equally able manner. Once his mind was clear on a difficult question, after studying it carefully, he did not hesitate in regard to the course he would take, but carried it out with persistent energy. He displayed a kindly spirit to his opponents, but held fast to his own convictions. Sir Oliver Mowat was a politician and a Christian. He did not make a show of his religion, but in a humble and quiet way, lived out a Christian life. The great key to his character was his outstanding integrity and sense of justice. The greatest proof of this is that a great and large province should entrust him with its most important affairs for twenty-four continuous years. He unmistakably proved that he was worthy of the trust of his country and of his province.

The life of such a man should teach the youth of Canada many great lessons. A man who always tries to do the right, and who gives all his energy to whatever occupation he is in, is sure to succeed. His life should inspire others to follow in his footsteps, and even though our service to our fellow men may be in a humbler sphere, nevertheless, if it is done in the same spirit in which Sir Oliver Mowat labored, it is certain to be a great benefit and lasting good to those about us.

N. M. KEITH.

The Wrong Receipt.



RS. JOHNSON has at last discovered the difference between a receipt and a recipe through the ministrations of an obedient cook and a careless husband. At least she blames it on her husband's carelessness, although he pleads not guilty in this respect, but, if feminine reasoning counts for anything, he merits the accusation.

Mrs. Johnson clipped a recipe for a new pudding from her magazine the other day and placed it under a book on the library table. Then she paid the grocer's bill and put it with some other accounts which she had settled in the drawer. Concluding one day to try the pudding, she said to Mary, the colored cook, as she was mapping out the dinner:

"You go to the library and tell Mr. Johnson to give you that new receipt I left about the library table. I am going shopping and may not return before dinner-time, but all you need to do is to use the proportion of ingredients given in the receipt and then we shall see if the pudding will be as good as the magazine promised it would be."

"Yes, ma'am," said the obedient Mary.

Mrs. Johnson left and the cook went to the library. "Please sir," she remarked, "I just wants the receipt Mrs. Johnson left here for me."

"What receipt?" asked Mr. Johnson.

"The one what tell about all them things I've got to put in the new puddin'. She says she put it on the library table."

Mr. Johnson tossed the papers around, peered into the drawers and finally handed the cook a slip which seemed to be what she wanted.

About half an hour later Mary rapped softly at the door of the library and apologetically said:

"Excuse me, sir, but must I use all dem things which this here paper says to use?"

"Certainly," answered Mr. Johnson. "Do just as my wife told you to do."

Mary returned to her kingdom mumbling about the peculiarities of the white folks and for the next two hours she was busy hunting all over the kitchen and pantry for the necessary articles for the pudding.

At dinner she carried the pudding in on the largest tray in the house and put it on the serving table with an air that said she was free from all consequences.

"What is that, Mary?" asked her mistress.

"The puddin'."

"The pudding? Good gracious! I never dreamed it would be that large. You may help us to some of it, though."

When Mr. Johnson's portion was placed before him he scanned it carefully and turned it over with his spoon.

His wife, however, had the courage which comes from an implicit faith in the culinary page to try a spoonful.

"Mercy! she cried. "Why, Mary, what in the world have you put in this?"

"Nuffin' except what the receipt said to use," avowed the cook.

"Hum," mused Mr. Johnson, "it must be a funny recipe."

"Well," asserted Mrs. Johnson, "I never saw such a looking affair before in my life. Mary, you surely have made some mistake in mixing it."

"Indeed I haven't," replied the cook. "I used just everything like the paper said."

"Did they offer a cash prize for any one who would eat the pudding?" asked Mr. Johnson. "Because if they did I am about to miss an opportunity to enrich myself for I must deprive myself of the

extremest pleasure of tackling this compound."

"I'll just give my two weeks notice right now," announced Mary. "You are the first white folks what say you won't eat my cookin', and I know there are plenty of society folks what is glad to have me in their kitchen, and I am going right out and fetch that receipt and you will see for yourself what it says to use."

Mary retreated to the kitchen and returned solemnly bringing the receipt which read :

"E. B. Johnson to Swan Bros. debtor.

"One can corn, ten cents ; one box shoe polish, five cents ; one half dozen candles, fifteen cents ; one cake yeast, one cent ; bottle olive oil, twenty-five cents ; one half peck potatoes, twenty cents ; one mackerel, eighteen cents ; three pounds prunes, forty-five cents ;

ten pounds salt, ten cents ; one bottle mustard, fifteen cents ; six packages of flower seed, thirty cents ; one feather duster, thirty-five cents.

"Paid."

"There it is," said Mary. "There it is. Ain't they all in that old puddin' 'ceptin the handle of the duster, and blame if I know how to work it in, when I stirred up all the other trash with it ; and if you don't like that kind of puddin you better get some other lady to tend the cookin' for you, 'cause I ain't used to preparing such dishes."

Then Mr. Johnson took his wife by the arm, led her into the library, took down the large dictionary and pointed out to her the words "recipe" and "receipt" with their respective meanings.

WALTER GOLDSTEIN.

Hello ! pa ! (to Smitter).

Beware of Scott. Think of what his brother is accused of having done.

McLaren and Ferguson are not great cricketers, nevertheless they got 14 for 2 out.

Wasn't it awfully kind of one of our masters to O. K. all our lines ?

The corner dormitory thought Mr. B— had been taking vocal lessons by the way he sang "Open that door and let me in."

"Strawberries ?" Well, I guess yes !

It is to be hoped that one of our absent masters never makes a break and orders his men to "Take 240 !" instead of "Shoulder arms !"

"I am anxious to give every boy a chance—even the youngest—to discover and develop their talent as cricketers." Inotation.

As Mrs. Johnson was preparing for a trip across the Atlantic, her maid asked what piece of music she should put in to comfort her while sick.

"Why," said Mrs. Johnson, "I think that beautiful piece called, 'When the Swallows Upward Fly,' would suit me."

Jasper (after answering the telephone) "Anybody know where Page is ?" "Oh, out *under the trees*, most likely."

To Wallace. "Going to try any exams., Guy ?"

Guy.—"Oh, if I'm here I might go in just to be sociable."

Goodie.—"Come on up to Frogley's, (a moment later) everybody for himself, you know."

We are sorry that we cannot reproduce the face of our worthy hockey captain—modesty prevents.

Who thought this was the way McCormack would board down town ?

Cup Racing from a Business Standpoint.

TOWARDS the end of the season all interest will turn to Sandy Hook and New York, for here will be held the yacht races for the America Cup.

The development of this costly sport has been brought down to be the work of a business organization. The cost is stood by a syndicate of private individuals, who have no responsibility after they have written out their checks for the necessary amount.

As soon as a challenge is received, a designer of the utmost skill and who has produced winners in the past is employed. Nothing is left to chance or guess-work. All, even to the smallest detail, is reckoned very accurately.

The defender has an advantage over the challenger in that it does not need to be named until a week before the race; whereas the challenger is named in the challenge, ten months before.

Thus, for example, the yacht *Constitution* was designed to sail against the *Shamrock II.* in 1901. She did not prove satisfactory, so the *Columbia*, which sailed against *Shamrock I.*, was again used as the defending vessel. On the other hand, the challenger's vessel was also unsatisfactory, but he did not have the privilege of changing.

The management of affairs concerning a cup racer forms necessarily a position of utmost importance. It requires an expert of the greatest energy and iron will to get everything possible out of his crew and let nothing come between himself and victory.

The modern yachts are designed and built secretly. The designer is under obligation to no one, not even to those who employ him. The builder of to-day knows to a pound how much his work will weigh, its resistance when under sail, its displacement, etc., before a blow is struck.

Everything is sacrificed to lightness in hull and rigging. The plates in the hull are of a special combination of metals and are not thicker than a dinner plate.

Her deck is of aluminum, so thin that a sharp marlin spike dropped from the distance of three feet would pierce it. This is covered with cork or canvas to give the men a foothold.

The towering masts are made of steel plates over a truss work of steel. They are good only for racing. In the case of the challenger coming across the ocean the racing mast is shipped by steamer. The lighter spars are made of two pieces of the lightest pine hollowed and glued together.

The sails are made of a certain kind of cotton by one firm. This is the product of extensive experiments lasting over many years. Cotton is not always considered good enough, however. One ninety-footer, two years ago, had a spinnaker made of equal parts silk and mercerized sea-island cotton, at a cost of \$1,700. This sail, as it happened, was never spread.

The old hempen rigging has been superseded by steel rigging. The standing of plough steel and the running of flexible steel.

Great care must be taken of such a delicate machine. As she may draw twenty feet of water she cannot sail in the vicinity of rocks, sands, reefs, etc. She must not be risked in too great a seaway and must be anchored in plenty of water and sheltered from wind, vagrant coasting vessels, tugs and steam barges.

Living quarters must be supplied for the crew, as there are none on the yacht. A tender to the yacht is generally quite a larger craft, and the tender to the tender mostly a seventy-foot launch of high power with a twenty knot speed.

Then a lighter to carry the spars and a tug to tow the lighter is necessary.

The actual cost for a racing yacht for a season, including first cost is from \$200,000 to \$350,000.

The captain receives \$5,000 for his services a season. The crew get forty to forty-five dollars a month. The manager receives no salary but is given \$10,000 for expenses.

National pride has nothing to do with the selecting of the crew. The captain of the last defender was a Scotchman and the crew Scandinavians.

When the cup racer is put in com-

mission a period of work and worry commences from the manager down to the last man, which ends only in the final races. This is made all the harder because the public claims a sort of obligation from the whole affair; owner, yacht, manager, captain and crew, and even the builders and those having anything to do with supplying broken parts or supplies for the crew.

We all look forward with interest to the coming race, and loyally hope to see the cup in possession of Sir Thos. Lipton, in the near future.

D. NASMITH.

A Junior House boy who had recently been to an English church where the minister was very English—dontcherno—was heard to inquire of his master :

“Sir, I thought you said it was wrong to fight?”

“Yes, S——,” said the master, “it is very wrong.”

“Well,” argued the boy, “I heard the minister read this morning out of the Bible, ‘Hit his eye, Peter, be not afraid.’”

Tennis lessons will be given by H. M. Stephens.

Austin, the 5th form Hercules, (noticing those around him): “Chestnut in front of us, chestnut behind us, chestnut at the right of us volleyed and thundered.”

It is quite apparent that some people in this school have missed their calling; they should have sought positions on the Canadian Detective Agency.



The Raising of the Montseroy.

IT was about the middle of July, 1899, that I, one fine morning, saw a strange looking craft in the harbor just opposite our house. I could not help wondering what this strange looking vessel was. She had no masts or anything visible on her deck. She also seemed to be floating very low in the water. There was one way that I could find out what she was and that was to get the spy glass. This done, I took a look at the vessel. She was all broken at the stern and her bow seemed to be all open. In the middle of her deck was the remains of a mast, just a very little bit of the stump remaining standing. Not being quite satisfied with what I had seen I got the row boat out and started for the strange ship, arriving at her side a few minutes later. Near the side furthest from the house I noticed a group of men. Rowing around to the side where the men were I asked one of them what this vessel was. He said that she had been found upside down out in mid-ocean, loaded with lumber. Righting her they had towed her into Halifax to unload her. After removing the lumber from this craft they repaired her stern and bow and she was able to float almost as well as she had done before being smashed. The name of this ship was found while they were taking the lumber out of her, but where she came from was never discovered. Her name was the Wilfrid C.

Not wishing to lose such a good ship as the Montseroy, the Standard Oil Co. decided to have her raised, if possible. Thinking that the Americans would be more successful than anyone else, the task was given to an American company. They tried several different methods of raising this ship. The chief way was by making the ship air tight and then pumping out the water. This method was unsuccessful, although they did succeed in turning the ship right side up. The next thing

they tried to do was to pump the water out of her oil tanks. This, however, also failed. Thinking it next to impossible to get the ship up, the Americans gave up and the Oil Company, not wishing to waste more money, thought it no use trying any other company.

At last a company in Halifax volunteered to raise the ship and repair her. At first it looked as if the Canadians were going to share the same fate as the Americans had done; but not so.

After trying in vain several times, they tried a new way. Two things called pontoons were built, costing \$5,000. These pontoons are built something like an oblong box without a bottom. To these are attached strong pumps. These pontoons were sunk, one on each side of the ship, and fastened to her. But this would not do alone, so a scow was built, the same shape and size as the old Wilfrid C., the ship that had been discovered loaded with lumber. These two scows were fastened a certain distance apart by a heavy beam. Over this beam huge chains were passed. The next thing they did was to pump the water out of the steamer's tanks and then air was forced into the pontoons, and slowly but surely the ill-fated ship was raised to the surface. As soon as her deck was above the water the chains which were around the beam were made fast and there she floated with just a few feet of her deck above water. The next thing they did was to pump all the water out of the ship.

As the water was pumped out the steamer gradually floated higher and higher in the water, until at last she floated as she had done before the fire. She was next towed to New York, where she was newly fitted up, and she now sails the sea, carrying oil as she did long before any thought of fire surrounded her.

E. L. THORNE.

SPORTING NEWS.

CRICKET.

[It has been found impossible to obtain a photo of the Cricket Captain in time for this issue. We will reproduce it in the fall number.]

Second House vs. Third House.

THE annual cricket match between the Second and Third Houses took place this year on May 5th and 6th at the Rosedale Lacrosse Grounds.



After a slight delay caused by the non-appearance of several players, the game commenced in deadly earnest, the Third House, with the aid of Mr. Grant and luck, having won the toss, and going in first to bat. Mr. Grant and Blackstock went in first, but, fortunately for the Second House, the sun (or the bowling) was a little too warm for the aforesaid Mr. Grant and consequently he did not remain long on the field. A sensational catch by Mr. Hill, putting Blackstock on the bench, seems to have made Mr. Macdonnell a little apprehensive, as he was heard to enquire of Captain Cotton what he should do with the ball if it came his way. However he seems to have taken the Captain's advice to heart as almost immediately afterward he made a handsome stop and throw of one of Allan's long ones.

"Over," called Mr. Findlay, and after another five minute mix-up the play was resumed, Quiller loudly and

bitterly complaining that he couldn't sleep decently with all this changing.

On the third ball in this over Allan wouldn't get out of the way, consequently l.b.w. (hard luck). However, Goggin took his place during the remainder of the over. Next Mr. Fleming sallied forth, but seeing that "Fat" Osborne was strangely getting the worst of a rough and tumble (a side-show), he faithfully put duty before pleasure, and, instead of making his customary century, he unselfishly decided his services were needed elsewhere. Saunders, after batting splendidly, was finally bowled by Mr. Hill. Cotton II. followed, and after a narrow escape, settled down to convince the spectators that no little thing like brotherly love ever troubled him. McArthur was the next victim and, after making a couple of nice hits, generously gave up his position to Monk. The latter, however, did not seem to appreciate this kindness, but resigned in favor of Duncanson. Really nobody can blame "Dunky" for throwing up the job when they realize that even the umpire stopped his hits (eh, Smitter?) However the always-ready Black, all in white, crawled out, but fortune was against him, Cotton II. putting up a nice fly for Thompson and the innings was over.

Elated with their success in holding down their opponents to the small score of sixty-one, the Second House went to bat. Mr. Hill and Thompson being the first to do the tricks. It seems Mr. Hill was too easily satisfied as he soon gave up his place to Nick Adams, the great and only wicket-keeper. It is not known whether Thompson was easily satisfied or not, but nevertheless he was easily bowled, which amounts to about the same thing. Russell and Cotton I. soon followed and "both"

being old cricketers they materially enlarged the Second House score.

The spectators were just beginning to fully appreciate the splendid exhibition of cricket (the Junior House boys viewing the game from behind pop bottles), when all were greatly surprised by the pulling up of the stumps and the postponement of the game until the following afternoon.

Russell and Cotton I., who had not been put out on Monday, went in on Tuesday, but the former was in a hurry to meet a particular friend and did not remain very long. Mr. Robinson was the next volunteer and although he played a splendid fielding game he did the "in again, out again" act with the bat. Willmot and Thorne (two never-known-to-miss fielders) followed respectively, each doing—everybody. Mr. Macdonnell and McCrea each took a turn and were followed by DuVernet, the last man.

By this time excitement was running fever high, Cotton I. and DuVernet steadily decreasing the small margin. Naturally both Houses couldn't win so Mr. Fleming took it on himself to end the suspense by catching a tip off DuVernet's bat. Official score 61—56.

FORSEY PAGE.

Main House vs. Second and Third Houses.

The annual match between the Main House and the Second and Third Houses took place on Tuesday, 12th May, under very favorable weather conditions, and resulted in a win for the former, after a very exciting struggle, by the narrow margin of two runs.

The Main House won the toss, and going in to bat, tallied forty-three runs to their credit before the last wicket was taken, the chief contributors being Wallace with ten runs, and Scott and Fleming each with seven. The Second and Third Houses then went in to bat, and with nine wickets

for forty-one runs scored, excitement rose high, but Wallace took the last wicket before any more runs could be added to their account. The best scores for the side being Mr. Fleming with fourteen, and Cotton with eight.

The two teams were very evenly matched, and the play all through was of an interesting nature, and we hope to see more of these matches in the future.

A E AUSTIN.

Seconds vs. Masters.

It is a recognized fact that it takes a good night's sleep to put back into good humor a cricketer who is put out without first having employed the services of that patient person they call the scorer.

The Second team which played the Masters did fairly well considering the bowling they had to bat against. Captain Warden especially ran up a good score, being unfortunately run out, not so much the batter's fault as the quick way the ball was returned to the wicket keeper, and the speed with which he removed the bails.

Gunn went to bat first. He raised his score to five, and then raised the ball in the infield. It looked as if it would require a person who had practiced all his life to catch it, but Mr. Taylor judged it well, and made a professional catch of it. Dineen went next to bat, but succeeded in getting only one run before he gave Mr. Robinson a chance to try his skill at fly-catching, which chance being taken, Dineen had to depart. This he did slowly and mournfully.

Mr. Cooper now started to bowl, and soon Fergusson fell a victim to his fancy mixed.

Tovell was run out, evidently not counting on the good fielding of his opponents.

Soon another sky explorer was sent, which fell in the direction of Mr. Taylor, but the onlookers (some oftentimes de-

tained) did not seem to realize that the ray of red light caused by the blending of the colors of the cricket ball and Mr. Taylor's Trinity cap, changed the course of the ball, resulting in a "not out."

The fielding of the Masters was above the average, and it could be easily seen that most had played cricket or ball before.

The Seconds went out for a total of fifty-four. It was now up to the Masters to raise that sum.

Mr. Beddow went to bat. It was on him that the Masters chiefly depended. The uncertainty of cricket manifested itself when he was caught by Tovell in the slips.

Mr. Grant made a good showing, both at the bat and bowling. The hope of the team was gone. The rest of the players said that they could now leave that waterfowl's eggs unbroken with a clear conscience, because they claimed they could not be expected to bat against bowling and fielding that would put out a pro.

Mr. Hill was not of this mind though. He started off with a few hits of a minor nature, followed by a fine run and slide to wickets, by which some of the laws of resistance, mobility, solids and moving bodies were somewhat displaced.

A row of nothings now came. L.B.W. run out, bowled, and caught were all in vogue. Mr. Brokenshire had the honor of carrying his bat.

Some wondered why detention was not meted out in the usual quantities and of the same qualities next day, but they did not remember that all the masters had been playing cricket out in the fresh air, with plenty of exercise, and that they were necessarily brought to see things from the same level as a boy, and it had had its effect.

Let us arrange some more Masters vs. II. Team matches.

S. A. C. vs. Trinity University II.

The St. Andrew's College first eleven played their opening match this season, on Saturday, May 2nd. Their oppon-

ents were Trinity University II., whom they defeated by the score of 61 to 42. The game was played on the grounds of the latter, and was a fairly good exhibition of cricket, with the exception of some streaks of rather poor batting, and one or two muffs in the field. The strong wind which was blowing across the grounds may have been accountable in some measure for these mistakes. The S. A. C. bowling was particularly effective, and the chief feature of the game was the sensational bowling of Saunders, who took three wickets, in one over, for no runs. The most noteworthy performance on the part of our opponents was the fine free hitting of Riesboro, the Trinity professional, who scored 19 runs in a very few minutes.

Mimico Asylum vs. St. Andrew's.

Saturday, May 16th, found the College team playing cricket at Mimico Asylum. Here, although the boys played well, they suffered defeat as might be expected. The score was 184 to 45. Sale was the particular star of the college innings, contributing 22 not out, by excellent batting.

It should not be forgotten that the college eleven had 7 of their opponents down for only 37 runs, and it was the appearance at this point of batsmen of international standing that raised the score to such a large total.

St. Alban's II. vs. St. Andrew's.

S. A. C. met St. Alban's II. at Rose-dale on Saturday, May 23rd, when a close and exciting game was played. St. Andrew's were the first to bat and made 50 runs.

St. Alban's, on going to the wickets, succeeded in hitting up 41 for the loss of only 6 men, but by good bowling and fielding S. A. C. got the last four wickets for only five runs added, thus

making the score 50 to 46 in favor of the college.

The most noteworthy points of the game were a sensational catch made by Hamilton, off his own bowling, together with his and Robinson's fine batting.

Niagara vs. S. A. C.

On the 25th of May the College first eleven went to Niagara Falls to play the local team at that place. The game, though quite keenly contested, was won by the college by 15 runs and two wickets.

The match was a good, clean exhibition of cricket, and some brilliant playing was done.

For Niagara Whitely batted in fine style, while Bevan's bowling was very effective, especially at the beginning of the innings. Dineen, mi., batted splendidly for St. Andrew's, but, without doubt, Booth carried off the honors of the day by his bowling performance, taking six wickets for ten runs.

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

St. Andrew's cricket team met that of Trinity College School on the Rose-dale grounds on Wednesday, the 10th June. This proved to be the only two innings game this season which St. Andrew's had time to finish, and it resulted in a victory for the visitors by two runs and five wickets.

The game was well contested by both sides, but the most noticeable point was the splendid fielding of the St. Andrew's boys. Probably the best play of the day was a very difficult catch which was made by Sale, at long off.

Hagarty and Paschal did the best batting for T. C. S., while Jukes obtained a splendid bowling average. For St. Andrew's Dineen, ma., and Cotton were the best batters. The bowling honors, however, went to Follett and Swan.

The score was as follows :

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE.

FIRST INNINGS.

Chesnut, run out.....	1
Keith, b Paschal.....	1
Sale, c. Hammond b. Rhodes.....	0
Nasmith, c Jukes, b. Paschal.....	2
Dineen mi., c. Paschal, b. Jukes.....	5
Cotton, c Rhodes mi, b Jukes.....	13
Follett, b. Rhodes.....	1
Dineen, ma not out.....	12
Flemming, b. Jukes.....	0
Swan c. Kidd, b Jukes.....	2
Booth, b. Jukes.....	0
Extras.....	3
Total.....	40

SECOND INNINGS.

Chesnut, b. Jukes.....	1
Cotton, b Paschal.....	2
Sale, l. b w., b Jukes.....	2
Dineen, mi., c. Rhodes, ma., b Paschal.....	0
Dineen, ma. run out.....	7
Keith, b. Jukes.....	2
Nasmith, c. McPherson, b. Paschal.....	2
Follett c. Kidd, b. Paschal.....	4
Flemming, not out.....	11
Swan, c. McCaffrey, b. Jukes.....	4
Booth c. Rhodes, b Paschal.....	3
Extras.....	5
Total.....	43

TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL.

FIRST INNINGS.

Rhodes, ma., c. Nasmith, b. Booth....	8
Kidd c and b. Swan.....	6
Rhodes, mi., c and b. Booth.....	2
Mason, c Sale, b Booth.....	0
Paschal, b. Booth.....	6
McPherson, b. Swan.....	2
Jukes, c. Swan, b Follett.....	7
Hagarty, st'd Keith, b. Follett.....	23
Chowne, c Cotton, b. Follett.....	0
Hammoud, c. Dineen, ma. b. Swan....	3
McCaffrey, not out.....	0
Extras.....	0
Total.....	57

SECOND INNINGS.

Rhodes, ma. b Swan.....	6
Kidd, c. Follett, b. Swan.....	2
Rhodes, mi., st'd Keith, b Follett....	8
Mason, c. Chesnut, b. Booth.....	0
Paschal, not out.....	12
McPherson, c. Swan, b. Follett.....	0
Jukes, not out.....	0
Extras.....	0
Total, for five wickets..	28

After the fall of the fifth wicket Trinity College School had a lead of two runs and five wickets, the score being 85 to 83.

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

Upper Canada College and St. Andrew's College first elevens met on the Upper Canada grounds on Saturday, June 6th, to decide the relative strength of the two teams. The match was doubly interesting owing to the fact of its being the first time the two colleges have met at cricket.

The result of the game, owing to a lack of time in which to finish the second innings, was decided on the first innings, the score being 41 to 32 in favor of U. C. C.

In the second innings, however, Upper Canada secured 151 runs for only 7 wickets down. Of these 151, Jones, by a good, hard-hit innings contributed 60.

On the Upper Canada team the batting honors went to Jones, while Dobson in bowling secured 7 wickets for 16 runs.

For St. Andrew's Swan and Follett bowled very effectively, and Cotton and Nasmith both batted well.

The score was as follows :

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.	
Southam, c Booth, b Follett	12
Jones c Nasmith, b. Follett	14
Morine, c. Keith, b. Swan	1
Smith, b Swan	0
D'Alth, b Follett	0
Orton, b Swan	0
Warren, b. Follett	9
Dobson, b. Swan	0
Spence, b. Follett	1
Banta, b. Swan	1
Kennedy, not out	1
Extras	2
<hr/>	
Total	41
ST ANDREW'S COLLEGE.	
Chestnut, l. b. w., b. Dobson	0
Keith, b. Dobson	5
Follett, b. Dobson	0
Dineen ma., c. Orton, b. Dobson	1
Sale, b. Southam	5
Nasmith, b. Southam	8
Cotton, c. D'Alth b. Dobson	7
Dineen. mi., b. Dobson	2
Flemming b. Dobson	0
Swan, c. Morine, b. Smith	0
Booth not out	2
Extras	2
<hr/>	
Total	32

Ridley College vs. S. A. C.

The annual cricket match between Ridley College and St. Andrew's College, was played on the Rosedale grounds on Saturday, May 30th. The game resulted in a victory for the visitors, the score being 51 to 37.

The most noteworthy performance on the Ridley team was the batting of Hague and Dalton, who made a good stand together at the opening of the innings. Among their bowlers Maxwell and Allman were the most effective.

For the home team Chestnut's batting was a feature, while Booth's bowling was very effective, since he secured eight wickets for 25 runs.

The score in full was as follows :

RIDLEY COLLEGE.	
Hague, c Saunders, b. Follett	11
Dalton b. Booth	12
Rosehill, b. Booth	1
Mitchell b. Booth	6
Lee c Nasmith, b. Booth	0
Norsworthy, c. Keith, b. Booth	14
Nichols, b. Booth	0
Allman, run out	3
Harcourt, c. Chesnut, b Booth	0
Glen, b Booth	0
Maxwell, not out	0
Extras	4
<hr/>	
Total	51
ST ANDREW'S COLLEGE	
Chestnut, run out	16
Keith. c. Nicholls, b. Mitchell	0
Follett, b. Allman	9
Sale, run out	0
Cotton b. Maxwell	3
Nasmith c. Hague, b. Maxwell	0
Dineen, ma., c. Hague, b Allman	3
Dineen mi c. Hague b Dalton	3
Flemming, b. Maxwell	1
Bo th, not out	0
Saunders, b. Dalton	0
Extras	2
<hr/>	
Total	37

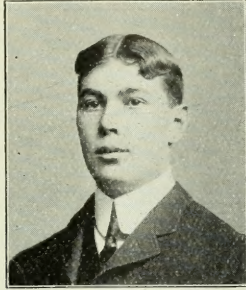
Varsity vs. S. A. C.

A very interesting and fairly close contest took place on the Varsity Campus on Monday, June 8th, when the

Varsity and St. Andrew's First cricket teams met.

The game was well-contested throughout, and resulted in a victory for Varsity by 19 runs, the score being 94 to 75.

On the Varsity side Reade and Reynolds both batted well, while Booth bowled splendidly for St. Andrew's, securing 7 wickets for 48 runs.



HAROLD G. SMITH,
Senior Champion, 1903.

THE ANNUAL GAMES.

OUR annual college games took place this year on May 20th at the Rosedale Lacrosse Grounds. A large and enthusiastic crowd were in attendance, as the weather obligingly turned out bright and warm in the afternoon.

The band of the 48th Highlanders rendered some cheerful, lively music, which made the noticeably short intervals between the events seem almost no time.

Harold G. Smith won the Senior and Boarders Championships with a total of twenty-five points, Nasmith coming a close second. The Junior Champion-

ship, however, resulted in a tie between F. Harris and G. Murray, and consequently was run over again, G. Murray winning out.

We are glad to be able to mention the fact that several of the school records were broken, and altogether the games were a great success.

Mrs. Mortimer Clark very kindly presented the prizes to the winners immediately after the last race. The events and results were as follows:—

Throwing Cricket Ball, Sr.—Goldstein, Sale, Douglas.

Throwing Cricket Ball, Jr.—Swan mi, Fraser, Moffatt.

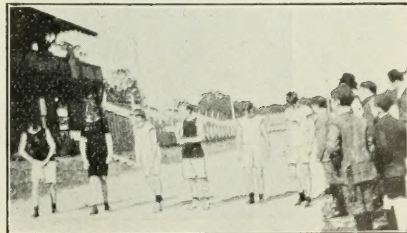
Kicking Football, Sr.—Sale, Wallace, Gooderham I.

Running High Jump, Sr.—Smith,



Start of 220 Yards Dash.

—Photo by Scott.



Start of Half Mile.

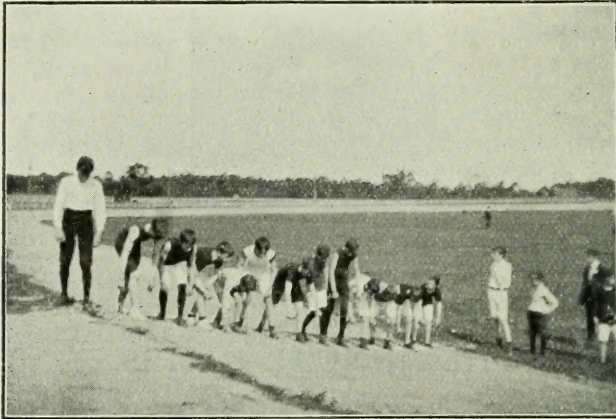
—Photo by Scott.

Doust, MacKay I. Height, 4 feet, 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

Running High Jump, Jr.—Harris, Burton, Cotton mi. Height, 4 feet, 4 inches.

Running Broad Jump, Jr.—Moffatt, Fraser, Monk. Distance, 13 feet.

50 Yds. Dash (Preparatory Form).—Gooderham II., Haas. Time, 7 $\frac{3}{5}$ seconds.



Start of 220 Yards Dash, Junior.

—Photo by Willmott.

Standing Broad Jump, Sr.—Smith, MacKay I., Doust. Distance, 9 feet, 8 inches.

Standing Broad Jump, Jr.—Chestnut II., Zeigler, Burton. Distance, 7 feet, 6 inches.

Running Broad Jump, Sr.—Smith, Doust, MacKay I. Distance, 18 feet, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

100 Yds. Dash, Sr.—Nasmith, Doust, Smith I. Time, 10 4 5 seconds.

220 Yds. Dash (16 and under).—Graham Bell, Spohn, Follett mi. Time, 28 seconds.

100 Yds. Dash. Form I.—Coatsworth, Swan, Ramsay. Time, 13 3-5 seconds.

220 Yds. Dash, Sr.—Nasmith, Smith I., Mackay I. Time, 24 3-5 seconds.



Do you know any of them?

—Photo by Willmott.

Three-Legged Race, Jr.—Fraser and Smith III., Gartshore and Tibb, Macdonald and Chestnut III.

Junior House Handicap.—Coatsworth, Gooderham II., Davison. Time, 12 4-5 seconds.

100 Yds. Dash, Jr.—Murray, Taylor, Duncanson.

Half-Mile.—Chestnut I., Craig, Follett ma. Time, 2.21.

Sack Race.—Macdonald II., Tibb, Chestnut II.

220 Yds. Dash, Jr.—Murray, Zeigler, Monk. Time, 30 3-5 seconds.

Hurdle Race, Sr.—Smith I., Nasmith. Time, 18 4-5 seconds.

Hurdle Race, Jr.—Harris, Duncanson, Taylor. Time, 21 1-5 seconds.

440 Yds., Sr.—Nasmith, Follett I., Smith I. Time, 59 4-5 seconds.

Egg Race.—Fraser II., Swan, Smith III.

Consolation Race, Jr.—Cotton mi., Ramsey, Macpherson I. Time, 14 seconds.

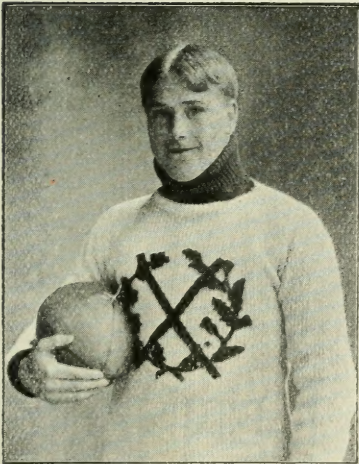
One Mile Run.—Sale, Chestnut I., Craig. Time, 5 minutes 5 3/5 seconds.

Fatigue Race.—Booth and MacKay I., Doust and Scott, Graham Bell and Douglas.

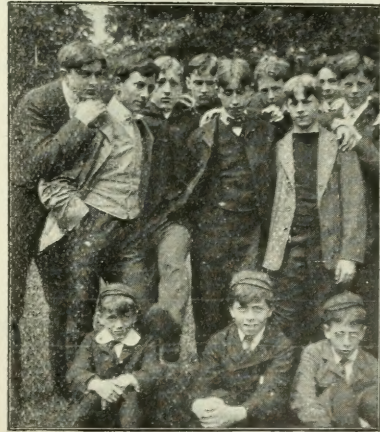
Consolation Race, Sr.—Hay, Fleming, Spohn.

Relay Race.—Thorn, MacKay I., Chestnut (4th Form), Graham Bell, Booth, Doust (III. A).

FORSEY PAGE.



"DUB" SALE,
Captain 1st Rugby Team, 1903.



A few of the boys.



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