

The
Saint
Andrew's
College
Review

Easter

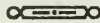
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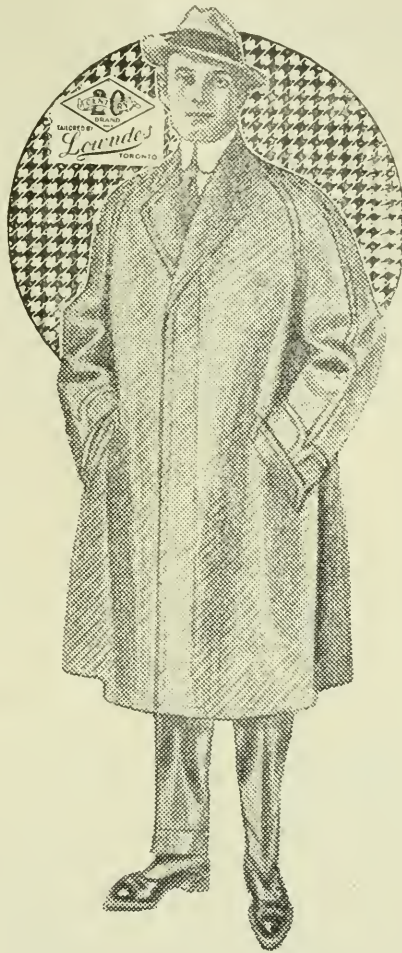


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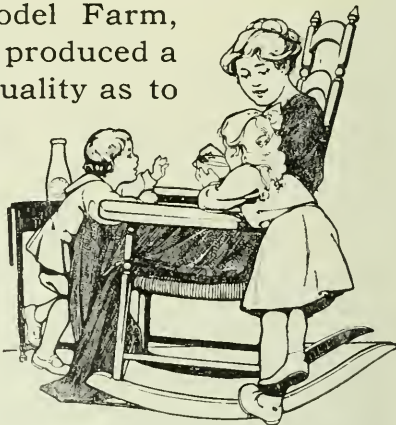
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The St. Andrew's College Review



EASTER, 1913

CONTENTS :

Editorials
Fiction
Athletics
Miscellany
Skits

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Editors:—BEATH
MALONE
ROSS II.
HENRY I.

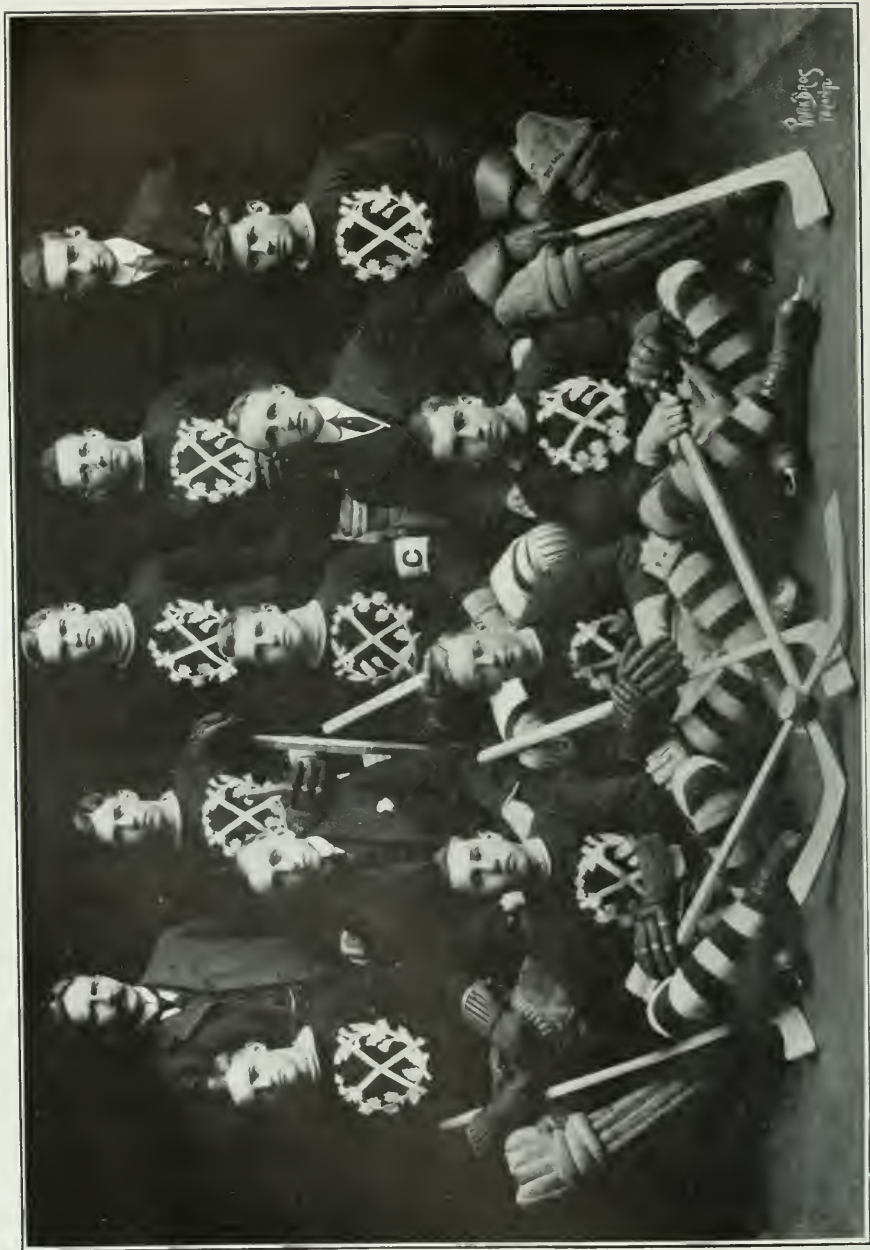
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EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER



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FIRST HOCKEY TEAM

St. Andrew's College Review

EASTER, 1913

Editorials

THERE is no blame coming to the man who *can't* do things; it is the fellow who *can* but *won't* who deserves censure. As Editor of a College paper, we have come into contact with many of the latter—boys who are talented and in a position to help their College paper but who, when asked to assist by giving a story or article, make all manner of excuses and—refuse. They are very likely the ones who are first and loudest in knocking the paper when it comes forth from the hands of others. There are several such boys in St. Andrew's College to-day; but, thank goodness, there are several of the other variety—fellows who are willing and eager to help wherever possible, even at the cost of their own time and pleasure. It is no easy job; it does take up time that could be pleasantly spent in the companionship of friends; it calls for an effort; it calls for unselfishness, and all praise is due those who *can* and *do* help their College paper—one of the most representative of College institutions. If the magazine is a creditable one it is due entirely to the boys who are willing to give of their best. If it is a failure, that unfortunate fact is due chiefly to the boy who can but won't exert himself in the least to make it a success. To this class we would say—if you won't *help*, don't *knock*. At the same time, we thank those who have generously given time and thought to the REVIEW. To which class do YOU belong?

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs, and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you
And make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired of waiting
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies;
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream, and not make dreams your master;
If you can think, and not make thought your aim;
If you can meet with triumph and disaster,
And treat these two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build them up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings,
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart, and nerve, and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will, which says to them "Hold on";

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings, nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run
Your's is the earth and everything that's in it,
And—what is more—you'll be a man, my son!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Fiction

LUCK AND THE BLACK CAT

THE Pendleton Exploring Society had proved of momentous interest to the juvenile population of that small Eastern town. Its objects were mysterious and vague; its methods of procedure full of delightful uncertainty. Red Grant and Tubby Stanley, commonly known as the Heavenly Twins, had held aloof for some time, refusing to join the despised band, but by some subtle alchemy their scruples were transformed into an unparalleled zeal, which brought much glory and several new members to the P. E. S.

Having once cast their lot with the adventurous company, they threw themselves, body and soul, into its various doings. That the society was given to exploring the country far and near was a fact generally known and attested by many an irate farmer whose legitimate preserves had come within investigation. Court proceedings had been threatened on more than one occasion, but as nothing ever happened the culprits began to consider themselves immune.

The members always hunted in couples, for safety and for the verification of their finds. In consequence, Red and Tubby became, if possible, more closely identified than usual. A sudden and provoking illness on the part of the latter indirectly caused the elevation of his chum to a height of giddy prominence and enviable notoriety. It happened thus:

Late in the summer, during the course of one of their fruitless meanderings, the Twins made a find. It was then late in the afternoon, so all investigations were postponed until a certain Saturday in November. On this day, so full of promise, measles placed its ban upon the luckless Tubby, and it remained for Red to carry on investigations.

Mounted on his spirited little bay mare, he travelled briskly along the leaf-strewn roads in the direction of the blue, haze-wrapt hills. The sun sifted through a trembling curtain of sparse foliage whose brilliant hues were intensified by its glimmering rays. A chipmunk dashed along the stone fence, with tell-tale pouches,

squeaked angrily, and darted into its covert. A few lonesome birds twittered disconsolately among the hazel-bushes, whose milky nuts had long since been appropriated by denizens of wood and field. In the early afternoon the solitary rider guided his pony down a narrow lane, completely over-arched by graceful trees and twining wreaths of wild-grape. Thick grass had obliterated all traces of a road, and the mare's feet trod noiselessly upon soft turf. A sudden turn revealed a rambling house of pure Colonial type, the gray walls almost hidden by trailing vines, which spread to the gambrel roof and circled the great, hospitable chimney. The windows were devoid of glass, and the front door, handsome and durable, swung dismally on rusty hinges.

Red tied his pony to the ancient hitching-post, and with a feeling almost of desecration, pushed aside the creaking portal.

A pile of damp leaves lay upon the floor of the entrance-hall and some had blown into the huge and lofty drawing-room. In the fireplace were sodden ashes, the betrayed ghosts of some tramps' orgy. The explorer peered into the cellar, but a whiff of damp, noxious air drove him into the more cheerful hall. One by one he examined the rooms on the ground floor, then mounted the creaking stairs. A rat scurried across the boards and a spider's web trailed its silken mesh over his face. Nothing of particular interest claimed a perusal of the sunlit chambers, so he mounted a second flight of dusty steps and found several rooms of goodly size in the upper story. They were absolutely empty, with the exception of one, which contained a tottering four-poster, to which clung fragments of faded green hangings. A sudden movement caused him to bang the door as he peered with suppressed excitement at the rickety piece of furniture. On the uneven, weather-smirched mattress a black cat of immense size rolled in an ecstasy of sociability, digging its claws into the ticking and twisting its handsome body in a series of bewildering contortions.

"Black cats for luck! This looks all right," laughed Red to himself, as he advanced cautiously towards his feline companion. The animal rose and leaned towards him, with loud purrings as his firm, brown fingers stroked the jetty fur. Nothing else was to be seen in the shadowy room, and with a certain amount of disappointment Red turned towards the door. The fading Autumn light filtered into the musty chamber with its sloping ceiling and shabby walls. The cat jumped heavily to the floor and rubbed

against his legs as he stood with his hand on the brass knob. He stooped caressingly and at the same time pulled at the closed door. A look of surprise swept over his features, and again he tugged at the refractory portal. It remained fast. Once more he tried his strength, but with no better result. He refused to consider himself a prisoner, and exerted the whole strength of his athletic young body to the task of gaining his freedom. An old snap-lock had evidently been shaken into position by the jarring of the door, and try as he would his sturdy arms and lithe fingers failed to effect his release. For several minutes he worked hard, with the desperation of despair. At first the situation was somewhat amusing, and promised good material for the next meeting of the club, but as the minutes dragged on the seriousness of his position began to dawn upon him. To be shut up alone for a night, or possibly longer, in a ramshackle dwelling with a black cat as sole companion, might be romantic when the outcome was assured; but his predicament was too full of uncertainty for the fostering of sentiment or the future edification of his club. He walked to the paneless window; between the trembling and almost leafless vine the late afternoon sun sifted coldly and a blue mist already hovered over the neighboring fields. Far in the distance loomed the purple heights of Eagle Mountain, behind which snuggled his home. The pony whinnied impatiently, and at the familiar sound his spirits began to rise. Some one must hear the mare's call and begin an investigation. Then his courage waned as he realized how he and Tubby had stumbled on this out-of-the-way place. The lane was unused and far from the road. In a panic of dread he again tried the door and beat hard upon it with clenched hands. The cat retreated to a far corner where her green eyes blazed unceasingly in the darkness. He suddenly thought of witches and then, with more practical calculation, of the tramps who might use the deserted house as a rendezvous. He remembered the ashes in the giant fireplace and a cold hand seemed to close about his throbbing heart. He went to the window and cried aloud. A faint, tremulous echo was the only reply.

The darkness deepened until he could see only a few feet in front of him. His frantic attacks upon the door were evidently futile; so he lingered about the window where the dying light kept him in touch with the outer world. It was just such an adventure as he and Tubby had longed for, but as a reality it was

more distressing than romantic. Later he would be able to laugh about it; but, perhaps—! His eyes closed upon a vision of whitened bones found many years hence, and he leaned far out of the window and called in terror-stricken tones. The darkness and loneliness began to have their effect, and added to his mental torment was the physical suffering of an empty stomach. Tears gathered in his eyes, but he brushed them bravely away. He called the cat softly and, as it came to him, grabbed the friendly creature and hugged it close to his breast. At least here was something alive, something tangible—better company than the silence and the darkness. Without, all was quiet and night had fallen upon hill and dale. Again and again he called, but in vain.

The hours dragged on and his limbs grew cold as the night winds blew through the open window. He hugged his furry friend closer, glad of the warmth and the sense of physical contact. He drew into the room as the night became more chill and at last sank wearily upon the rickety four-poster. The room was black and silent—strangely, horribly still. A faint scratching sounded in a corner of the room and the cat sprang hastily from his encircling arms. He threw himself upon the stuffy mattress and held his hands tight to his throbbing eyes. Visions of home floated before him; with a keen, mental uneasiness he knew the furore his absence would cause, and the thought brought a sense of comfort. They would scour the country and perhaps Tubby could tell them how to find the old house. A keen gnawing below the belt made him wish he had brought a lunch. The cat jumped again upon the bed and with a contented purr nestled against him. She had evidently had a satisfying supper of mouse or rat and Red began to wonder about the edibility of certain Chinese dishes of which he had heard. It seemed as if he had been imprisoned for many hours; his eyes closed wearily and, with a half-struggle to keep awake, he lapsed into a deep slumber.

It was an uneasy sleep and the fact of his imprisonment found reality in his dreams. Now it was a deep cavern in which moved elusive, mysterious lights and strange dream-creatures; again, he was entombed in the chill sepulchre of some Egyptian Pharaoh, with grim, ancient mummies as jeering companions of his captivity. Then he came back in fancy to the gray house among the familiar hills. In the blackness, some fiendish, menacing entity lurked.

circling about the dark corners and drawing ever nearer to the four poster. A pair of glowing eyes glared at him over the foot-board and then from the tattered drapings above. Long, taloned fingers groped about the edge of the mattress and lay coldly upon his feet. He could not move. The hateful touch became more frequent, more venturesome, as the unseen hands drew closer to his throat. A heavy weight rested upon his breast and his breathing came in painful gasps. Short spasms of pain seemed to contract his lungs and lightning stabs pierced heart and brain. A heavy sense of suffocation caused his mouth to open; but no sound issued from the hot, burning lips. At last the pain grew so intense that a new power lent itself to his nerveless body and mind. The grewsome Something hovered near and he could feel its warm breath as its glowing eyes burned closer to his own. With a superhuman effort he raised himself to a sitting posture, grabbed his tormenter by the throat and with a wild scream of terror sprang to the floor. His head struck something hard, a million lights swam before his straining eyes and then,—a blessed oblivion.

When he awoke his first sensation was one of physical discomfort. He lay upon the hard floor, his head in a pool of congealing blood. His limbs were cramped with cold, his hands blue and reft of strength. Beside him lay the body of the black cat, its eyes protruding from its head, its tongue stretched between death-set jaws. He tried to think out the events of the night but a terrible, racking pain precluded all efforts. The stained mattress was hauled half off the bed, and he vaguely wondered at a little pile of coins on the floor beside him. He picked one of them up in his trembling fingers, but the fact that it was gold made no impress upon his dormant senses. All he wanted was sleep, and a pleasant drowsiness banished the pains that racked head and limbs.

Long afterwards he was awakened by a loud crashing and the sound of splintering wood. Many voices drifted through his numbed brain and soft arms slipped between his aching head and the hard floor.

“Son—little son—thank God you’re alive!” The voice sounded sweetly familiar, and there was something wondrously comforting in the warm fingers that tended him. He was too tired to take much notice—too cold to care for anything but the

grateful sense of bodily warmth as he found himself wrapped in soft, downy coverings. The fresh air only made him more drowsy, more indifferent to what was taking place. The sound of carriage wheels sounded like faint, far-away music and the low conversation like the murmuring of some meadow-brook. Something wonderful was happening, but he cared only to drift on—on—on!

* * * *

It was many days before Red opened conscious eyes on his own little room with its trophies of field and wood and stream. His mother rocked gently beside his bed, and about him were sweet, domestic sounds that had never been so full of meaning and comfort. A troubled sense of some dim tragedy chased about his brain and in a voice that he would never have recognized as his own he said meekly, "What does it all mean, mother?" His eyes rested questioningly upon her swift fingers as she bent over her knitting.

"You must rest now, son. When you're better I'll tell you all."

"Tell me now—*please*. Have I been ill? And—where is the black cat?"

"I think, dear, that you finished the poor cat, but not before it brought you good-luck—very good luck."

"I—I seem to remember now—something terrible attacking me—some terrible monster—and I think I killed it, didn't I?" A faint spot glowed in the boy's white cheeks.

"Yes, son, you killed it and in the struggle you managed to tear open that old mattress and in it was—"

"Gold? Oh, I remember a bit of gold."

"Gold and silver—a very large sum of money. Half of it is yours. Dear old Mrs. Ritchie, who owns the place, insisted that you should have equal shares in the treasure. It is all of her grandfather's wealth. He died suddenly and none ever knew where he kept his miser's hoard. He was carried off in the small-pox plague and his room was left undisturbed—no one would go near it. That was many years ago and it remained for you to find the money. You'll be able to go to college now, after all. Isn't that splendid?"

"Splendid, mom. And think of the story it'll make for the Exploring Society. Gee! They'll open their eyes."

"Yes, but you must close yours now and sleep. You've been very ill, dear, but you're on the high-road—thank God."

Already the quiet voice sounded far away and Red slipped gently into a deep, refreshing sleep. His mother bent over him, kissed the smiling lips, and stole softly from the room.

C. N. W.

BURGLAR—OR DETECTIVE?

A RAY of pale yellow light played for a moment about the panelled walls of the narrow hallway and then found its way to the curtained doorway at the left. There it wavered unsteadily, burning with increasing brightness, but diminishing area, for a brief moment. Then a long slim hand crept into the small disk of light. From the hand two lean fingers were extended, then clutching the opening fold of the curtain they slowly drew it back, and as the aperture widened the light disappeared. Once in the room beyond it flitted about from corner to corner, chair to chair, up and down, until it flashed upon the polish of a small mahogany desk. There it remained.

In the deathlike silence of the room there came a short sigh of satisfaction, and the light flew to the upper left hand corner of the desk and rested there. Again the long white hand came into the light and the tapered fingers closed about the knob of the drawer in the upper left hand corner, and slowly drew it open. Then they disappeared in the opening, only to reappear in a brief moment tightly encircling a small black leather case. Then the light faded. The lurking shadow that had followed the light drew itself erect and stood motionless, then with a quick, cat-like stride, it reached the secrecy of the oriental hangings near the window, from where it waited the result of the sound that had come from the hallway.

In a moment a small red glow showed in the doorway and the aroma of Turkish tobacco pervaded the room. The incoming figure crossed the floor and, with a soft click, turned on the light, revealing himself to the silent watcher behind the drapery. He was a tall man, young and strikingly handsome, and was attired in conventional evening dress. He stood for a moment by the table and from its place there he lifted a small, gold-encircled por-

trait, at which he gazed long and earnestly, then quickly replacing it he turned and went to the small mahogany desk.

Behind the drapery the shadow breathed quickly, and a small bright cylinder slowly emerged from the folds. It was pointing toward the figure in the centre of the room.

The other opened the upper right hand drawer and extracted therefrom a small vial of pale green liquid, which he held up to the light with a grim smile upon his face. Then he turned, went again to the table and filled a wine glass with liquor from the decanter, then taking the stopper from the vial he drained its contents into the liquor.

Again he went to the desk and seating himself, commenced to write. He hurriedly finished some four letters, which he laid side by side on the desk. Then rising he returned to the table and again took up the portrait.

The shadow behind the drapery had missed not a single movement and still was watching.

The figure beside the table remained fixedly gazing at the portrait, then picking up the glass of liquor he held it near the portrait as if comparing the two. Thus he stood while the shadow behind the drapery watched him still.

* * * * *

A few minutes later saw the room in darkness except where the moonbeams streamed in the long French window. Silhouetted against the moonlight was the figure of the young man, and in his hand he held the glass of liquor untouched. Suddenly he shrugged his shoulders and with an uneasy laugh raised the glass to his lips. Like a flash a long, white hand darted from the folds of the drapery and with a light crash the glass fell to the floor. "You fool!" said a voice—it was the shadow who spoke, and his tone carried a burden of contempt. But as he said these words he found himself instinctively raising his hands above his head as he gazed in wonderment at the gun in the hand of the would-be suicide.

"I daresay you're right" said that gentleman, "but who are you and what are you doing here? Come out here where I can have a look at you," and together they moved to the centre of the room.

"Well, to make a long story short, I came here to rifle your house, and was about to make a start when you entered," was the cool reply.

The other smiled. "You don't say so!" he said credulously. "What did you want, anyway?" he asked.

"Nothing more than usual," coolly returned the shadow. "I'm a burglar and what a burglar wants he never knows."

"You're no burglar, my man, but I think I know who and what you are. Come now, give me a more satisfactory explanation of your presence here, and don't forget that I can take the receiver from this phone and bring an officer here within two minutes."

"But you wouldn't do that," said the other.

The young man looked at the speaker keenly, and said, "No, I don't believe I would. I've got a better proposition to make to you."

"Would you care to drink with me while we talk things over?" asked the young man, "or would you rather smoke?"

"Smoke, if you don't mind," answered the other, and helped himself to a cigarette.

"Well, to get down to business. I know who you are, and you know who I am, and I know as well as you do yourself why you are here to-night masquerading as a burglar and prowling about this house. You've got me at last, I admit, but I've given you a hard chase, haven't I? I've got you under my power while I have you here alone, but I realize that within a very few hours I'll be behind prison bars. You know I could kill you where you sit," he said, musingly, "but what advantage would that be? I've appreciated the fairness with which you have hunted me, and I've also a great personal regard for your chief, and it is that bit of sentiment that spares you. By the way, you were foolish to knock that drug away from my hand; or did you want to get me alive? You're a queer lot, you detectives. Now you've got me where you want me, and I'm prepared to give up on one condition."

"And that is——?" broke in the other.

"That you agree to deliver a letter which I shall give you to the person to whom it is addressed, and to do this as soon as you can. It is but a small favor I'm asking, and I think you might oblige me. I am engaged to the young woman whose name is on the letter. You see, even men such as I fall victims to sentiment at times. Fortunately, however, she does not know me as you do," and he smiled. "The letter is merely a note of farewell, as I am leaving for Europe to-morrow—a sudden call," and he smiled again. "I want you to take this letter to her to-night, and I pro-

mise you that I shall not leave this house, and that no harm whatever shall come to you."

The other, who had been smiling to himself all through this recital, suddenly grew serious, and turning to the man opposite him he said: "Are you sure that I can trust you?"

"On my honor, I promise," the young man said.

"Then," replied the other, "I will do as you ask."

* * * * *

Two hours later as the moonlight from the long French window fell upon the floor in this same room, it shone upon the body of a young man in evening dress which lay in a huddled heap beside the window. On the floor beside him lay a small glass vial, empty and identical to the one on the table near the decanter.

On the opposite side of the city, a tall shadowy figure stood in the roadway before a large brown-stone mansion. In his hand he held a white square of paper, and he seemed to be comparing its contents with the number of the house. They evidently corresponded for he slunk up the drive to the large doorway and delivered the letter.

* * * * *

Next morning the papers contained the startling news that Randall Harris, the notorious jewel thief and society yeggman, had been found dead in his apartment in a fashionable section of the city. He had poisoned himself. This, the papers said, was a great disappointment to the police who had counted on capturing Harris when they entered the apartment.

In another column was the story of the arrest of "Shadow" Davis, a clever second-story worker, in a pawn-broking establishment downtown, where he was attempting to dispose of a small black leather case.

M. G. BEATH.

WITH THE LAW BREAKERS

THE Annual Spring Assizes of the Judicial District of Andy were held at the county town on February 21st, Chief Justice George Paterson, presiding. The calendar though not an extensive one was of great importance, and the interest shown by the public was evidenced by the crowded courtroom, which was thronged throughout the session.

Henry, the newly-appointed Clerk of the Court, graced the session with his benign presence, and handled the gavel in befitting manner.

The opening case was that of Andy *v.* Manville, involving the theft of prize poultry, the property of one Travis, a prominent taxpayer. The evidence adduced at the trial went to show that said Manville had burglariously entered the Travis hatchery and wrongfully elapsd with a brace of Newfoundlands. Counsel for the defence, Beath, K.C., entered a plea of *non compos mentis*, but his Honour did not feel inclined to be lenient, and Manville was sentenced to two weeks in Hamilton.

In the case of Andy *v.* Hutchings, for vagrancy, it was found from the evidence of P. C. Richardson, that the prisoner had been in the habit of frequenting Child's restaurant, and on the date of his arrest he was found asleep in the doorway of said eating emporium. When questioned by the limb of the law Hutchings replied that he was merely awaiting the opening of the feed-shop in order to be first on the day's supply of pancakes. Ingram, representing the Children's Shelter, offered to care for the prisoner, and Hutch was handed over to be remodelled.

A case which excited some interest was that of Andy *v.* DeBeck. DeBeck, who is the opulent proprietor of the far-famed Bon-ton lunch in Starvation Alley, was charged by the Health Department, through Supt. Malone, with keeping his premises in an unsanitary condition. The officer produced exhibits to verify his charge, and his evidence was quite startling. It came out in the trial that DeBeck was the mysterious producer of the sausages which have been circulated to the residents of this community. In the face of this, His Honor was forced to be severe, and despite the pleadings of counsel, DeBeck was sentenced to an overdose of medicinal combustibles.

Another startling case was that of Andy *v.* Blair, for improper terpsichories. Many complaints have been made by numerous residents of the Room Twenty-four District, but no definite actions were taken until McEachern, a leading suburbanite, laid the matter before the authorities, with the result that Blair was pinched by the police in the act of performing some acrobatic insanity atop a table in his residence. Some shocking evidence was brought out at the trial, and the court, in view of the gravity of the charge, did not look with favor on the plea of insanity entered by Blair's counsel, Beath, K.C., and he fined him thirty cents and costs, with an additional sentence of ten days.

M. G. B.

NEAR THE JAWS OF DEATH

BUT them rails will be blamed slippery, Red." These words were uttered by Bill, the engineer of the westbound freight No. 4, to "Red," a fiery-haired brakeman who had been in the service of the company for a number of years.

William Black was the son of Richard Black, known to the railroad men as "Shorty." He was one of the oldest of the employees in that neighborhood. Shorty was at present engineer of Eastbound Freight No. 7.

Bill and Red, who had always been close friends, were on their western trip with a long and heavy train. They were to pass No. 7 on the western switch, according to a telegram received by Bill before he left. This, however, he threw away, believing it to be of no further use. It was necessary that the two trains should meet at the switch, owing to the fact that the road was single track across the mountains. A message was given to Shorty at the last station. It was: "Pass No. 4 at Eastern switch." Here was the mistake.

The westbound freight with its happy crew was rattling along at a pace of forty miles an hour, approaching a train going at still greater speed. Twenty-five hundred feet ahead was the Eastern switch and in less than a minute No. 4 had passed it and was on its way to destruction.

No. 7 had been coming steadily onward, its merry crew laughing and joking, when suddenly a grating noise, followed by a

sudden jolt, brought No. 7 to a standstill. A break-down caused a delay of about twenty minutes, at the end of which time the freight resumed its journey.

But No. 4 had travelled steadily over the rails all day and by midnight was approaching the Western switch. Shortly after the engineer of the westbound freight saw in the headlight's glare a dark object on the track. He immediately pulled the cord. A brown bear, terrified by the noise of the whistle, stood still, causing another wild screech from the whistle of No. 4.

In the cab of No. 7 Shorty had been telling the brakemen of an adventure with a mountain lion, when suddenly he heard the sound of a whistle. He could not believe it. He listened again, this time hearing Bill's second whistle for the bear. He could hardly believe his ears. A collision seemed certain. He warned the oncoming freight with three long blasts from the whistle. These were heard by Bill with as great astonishment as his father's. The Western switch was between the two trains. Bill believed the eastbound freight to be waiting for him on the switch, so did not reduce the speed of the train. But Shorty tried the brake, which would not work on account of the slippery rails and heavy load. Shorty thought that by throwing on full speed he would be able to make the switch before No. 4 left it. If not the crew of both trains, his son and himself, would be killed. Both trains were now going at top speed. No. 7 turned on the switch a few minutes later. Shorty now gave orders to apply all brakes. This order was immediately executed, but with little success.

No. 4 was approaching at full speed and No. 7 was still going at a high rate, although all brakes were on. Suddenly the headlight of No. 7 was seen approaching by Bill and he knew it was not waiting for him on the switch. No. 4 was now on the switch and No. 7 nearly at the end. Only about six hundred yards intervened between the third car of the westbound freight and the engine of the eastbound train. Would they collide or would they not? Would the sleeping crew in the caboose of No. 4 pass No. 7 safely? These were the questions which surged through Bill Black's mind. If they did not it meant the death of the caboose crew and his father with his brakemen. His father he must save. He shoved the throttle to the highest notch. About two hundred yards now separated the engine of No. 7 and the

last quarter of his train. The space quickly lessened. It was now a matter of seconds. One—two—three—four—and he heard a terrific rumble. He put his head out of the cab window just in time to see the engine of No. 7 rush by the caboose of his train. Everything faded from his sight. He fell forward and knew nothing until ten minutes later, when he opened his eyes and saw Red bending over him, telling how he had saved the crew of both trains.

RANKIN.

THE RECOGNITION OF MANUELO

IT was almost six o'clock and east Manhattan street was astir with the usual crowd of home-going humanity. A heavy snow-fall had already turned the dark, narrow street into a brighter Christmas-like avenue, and bright shop windows proved sufficiently tempting, for through them one could see many busy people making their week-end purchases. A loud chorus of whistles sounding above the incessant roar of the nearby elevated, announced the hour of six, and, before it had died out a crowd of working girls passed with their usual chatter, and turned down into Bay street. Here and there a newsboy strived to make himself heard, and to sell the latest editions.

The casual passerby would not have more than glanced at a dark-eyed boy dressed in an unusually ragged suit, and timidly holding out papers to the unsympathizing crowds, but a closer view would have proved more interesting. His dark hair and his delicate features marked him as an Italian, but not of the usual laboring class. A look of more than ordinary intelligence lit his hunger-pinched countenance when a kindly old gentleman bought a paper.

At last, either worn out with his long day's work, or convinced that his papers could never be sold among so many old and experienced competitors, the boy turned and walked slowly down towards Bay street. Suddenly, when passing an open window grate, he threw his bundle of papers down and started to run.

He was still running when he reached the door of a small Bowery pawnshop whose windows were filled with the countless old relics that distinguish such a place. He pushed timidly into the dark shop and was met by a fat, unpleasant-looking Jew.

"Well, and didn't I tell you to stay away from here," said the Jew in Italian.

"Yes, but can't I have just one look at the violin," answered the boy in the same language. "I won't try to take it away; please let me play on it for a little while." He got no answer—the Jew seized him roughly and pushed him outside. Turning reluctantly he walked away.

His destination this time was a large tenement house on Stepney street at whose door he was soon knocking, for it was locked, and resisted his feeble efforts to open it. . . .

It was a room like many thousands in the slum districts of New York. A small window which had once contained several squares of glass, but which was now partially stuffed with rags, let in what little light there was. On an old mattress in the far corner, and covered by a heap of old clothes and blankets, lay a middle-aged Italian woman. Her hollow cheeks and transparent skin told a tale of poverty and sickness. In her arms and warmly wrapped slept a small baby.

With a crash the door was pushed roughly open and in rushed a boy of about sixteen. With a sob he threw himself down by the bed. "Oh! mother," he cried in Italian, "it is no use; I've been everywhere and the people won't buy my papers. Nobody has heard of father, and Wienberg won't let me have the violin. Do you think he has sold it? Oh! why did we ever come here?"

"Hush! Manuelo, dear. You've done your best, and maybe you will be more successful to-morrow," answered the mother as soon as she could get a word in. "How much money have you brought back?"

Manuelo poured a scanty handful of coppers on the floor beside his mother.

"Listen, child, go and get some milk for brother with this, and return quickly. He is very hungry. And Manuelo, ask the landlady if she won't let us have the stove again, just until to-morrow. Tell her it is so cold."

It was, at this time, four months since Manuelo's father had sent for them to come from Italy to Chicago, where, he said, he was making lots of money. He had told them he would meet them at the Immigration Office Landing, but they had watched there for many days after their arrival and he hadn't appeared. They had asked the officials in authority there, but these busy

men could give them no help. The Italian consul had been unable to do anything for them. "Maybe he fell off one of the barges and got drowned; lots do," answered one of the American foremen at the wharf where New York's refuse was sent out to sea, when Manuêlo showed him a paper with his father's name written on it, for he could speak no English.

It had been a fruitless search and they were becoming discouraged. Piece by piece Manuêlo had to pawn their cheap furniture, for they had brought enough money with them to live comfortably for a while. At last even their cheap beds, chairs and dearly loved keepsakes brought over from sunny Italy found their way to the greedy pawnshops. Finally he had to sell that which he valued more than anything—his violin, and the shrewd Jew had only given him ten dollars for it. At first this sum seemed a lot to the starving family, but now even this was spent, and a few coppers only had lain beside the bed.

The next morning Manuêlo kissed his mother and brother, and taking the empty milk bottle climbed weakly down the stairs. He had noted with alarm the ghostly look of his mother, and it frightened him. As usual he turned his steps towards Wienberg's pawnshop where he determined to make a last effort to borrow back his violin, for he could play it in the streets and probably collect a few coppers.

"Please give it to me, only for an hour, and I will bring it back," he pleaded, but Wienberg, who had apparently been having trouble with another customer, was in no mood to be pleasant.

"Didn't I tell you not to come back," said the Jew threateningly. "Didn't I tell you that your violin was sold, and you couldn't have it. Now go."

"But please let me——"

"What does the boy want?" broke in a large, pleasant-looking man in a fur coat, who had been listening, apparently without understanding.

"He said he wanted some money to get something to eat," muttered Wienberg.

"No, he didn't," returned the man sharply, "he wants his violin, and you'd better get it now."

This had the desired effect for the puzzled Jew went into the little back room and returned almost immediately with Manuêlo's violin, which he handed to the boy. With eyes shining with fast

returning happiness the boy commenced to tighten the slackened strings. In a few minutes his skillful fingers had tuned it perfectly, and turning to Wienberg he asked for his bow.

"Won't you play something," asked the man in perfect Italian, when he had noted the masterly manner in which Mannelo handled the instrument. "Yes," replied the boy; "listen."

The first few notes were weak, but gradually the sweet strains of "Simple Aven" rose from the violin under the deft strokes of a master's bow. It was over all too soon, and the man was wiping his eyes. "I had a son once who played the violin," he said, and turning to Wienberg, "how much is there to pay on this?" "Fifty dollars," returned the ever wary Jew. "Here, take this," and the sum named was passed over the counter.

"Now, boy, come with me, and we'll see what can be done." Mannelo confidently followed his friend outside.

It was a year later and the Metropolitan Music Hall was crowded, for the boy violinist, "Mannelo," was to make his bow before the public.

A murmur went around the large auditorium as the curtains parted and the violinist stepped confidently forward. It died down quickly to the silence of anticipation, as with a pleasing smile Mannelo raised his instrument.

Once more the sweet strains of "Simple Aven" rose and fell and the boy played with a feeling and a fiery zeal that had seldom before been heard. Not a soul moved from beginning to end, and then after a short pause a thunderous applause broke forth. His success was complete, but no one was more pleased than the little dark haired mother in a front seat beside a big, proud, smiling Italian laborer.

E. Y.



"Watching the Wee Birdie"

AN INDIAN DRAMA

WALKING through the crowded streets of Calcutta, near Fort William, which stands along the Ganges River, between the "black city" and the "white city," I met a poor little girl about twelve years old.

Something in her bearing drew my attention. She was dressed in the picturesque costume of the Oriental dancers, and was very pretty, her fine features revealing a higher caste than that to which these poor dancers belong. Her skin was not as dark as that of the ordinary Indian, but more like a Brahmin. She had beautiful dark brown eyes and thick black hair which hung in curls about her delicate waist.

She was looking about anxiously, as a deer when cornered by the hounds, with such a distressed and sorrowful look that I felt compelled to speak to her. I asked her what was the trouble. She answered me promptly with a pleading voice:

"Hurry, sahib, please take me with you. They will find me and they will carry me back to that horrid temple."

Compassion for the poor child and maybe the chance of hearing a story led me to take her to my lodgings, where, as soon as she became sure of her safety, she quieted down and told me, 'mid many tearful breakdowns, the sad story of her life.

"My father was a blood relation to the Rajah of Ranigamy, who resided in Goalpara, along the fertile banks of the Brahmaputra River.

"He had chosen between the life of a rajah in the city and the easy life of the mountains, where he was head of a wealthy tribe in the Province of Assam.

"Everything went along smoothly enough until I was eight years old, when my father received a message from the Rajah to go with all his family to the palace in Goalpara for the celebration of the Rani-Gut.

"He had sent similar invitations to all other members of his family.

"My father unsuspectingly prepared for the journey, which lasted three days, arriving at the palace the day before the festival.

"It was on the morning of the day of the Rani-Gut when I first saw my uncle, the Rajah, in the throne room, greeting his family.

"He was about thirty-eight, thin, tall and muscular, very handsome, and was dressed in a rich silk suit and a turban with a diamond in the centre; his eyes, which flashed every little while, had an insensate look of cruelty.

"The religious festivities being over, a banquet was given for all the members of the family and they remained eating and drinking till late in the afternoon.

"Some of the younger boys and girls, including myself, had been allowed to play about in the garden, not being old enough to sit at the table.

"The dinner over, the guests were ushered to the garden, which was inclosed on three of its sides by very high walls and by the palace itself on the other.

"Were I to live a hundred years I should always remember this terrible scene, as if it had happened yesterday.

"The sun was very low by this time.

"Suddenly a shot rang out and turning around I beheld the Rajah with a smoking rifle which he had just fired at the people in the garden.

"He was in a small balcony, from which the whole garden was visible, surrounded by a few frightened servants who dared not disobey his orders; his eyes were almost out of their sockets, his hair was dishevelled and the red, oblique rays of the setting sun gave him the appearance of a devil.

"He was yelling like a madman:

"'Conspirators! You shall all die! I shall exterminate you! You will plot against my throne!'

"He had been drinking heavily and had given orders to have his family locked in the garden; then, with five or six rifles, which were loaded as soon as he emptied them, began killing the members of his family.

"The maniac had the most accurate aim, and with a broken heart I saw my father fall, a bullet through his brain; a moment after mother with her spine broken, and my two brothers came next.

"While this atrocious scene was going on he kept drinking that devilish brandy, getting more excited as his people fell dead one by one.

"Terrible scenes passed. A poor woman, begging for mercy, received a bullet through her mouth, dying instantly. He had no

mercy, sparing neither women nor children, and soon as many as twenty bodies lay dead.

"Only his young brother had succeeded in evading the fire, though the Rajah had shot at him several times.

"He jumped like a tiger, ran zig-zagged to spoil his brother's aim and begged for mercy, yelling:

"Spare me, brother; we are of the same blood. I will go far away from you.'

"At this point the lunatic, who in his madness thought his family was plotting to take his throne, stopped firing and answered with foaming lips, and with an almost inhuman voice:

"I will spare you with one condition. I will give you a rifle with one bullet and I shall throw a rupee in the air; if you hit it you are free.'

"I agree,' answered the brother promptly.

"They passed him the rifle. The Rajah threw the coin in the air which glittered at the touch of the dying rays of the sun. A shot was heard. It did not hit the rupee, but passed through the heart of the maniac.

"He was proclaimed Rajah by his servants, but his heart had the instinct of the beast, as that of his dead brother.

"When he knew I had escaped death, he secretly sold me to the sect of the "Thugs" and confiscated my father's lands and properties."

After the relation of the drama the tears cut her short and she sobbed for a few minutes. She told me afterwards the miserable life she had led when taken away by those scoundrels, how she was treated and forced to dance at the sacrifices where human lives were offered to the Goddess of Death.

As Surana and I have become good friends I am making use of my influence to obtain for her the property she lost.

Meanwhile, to avoid being captured again by the "thugs" from whom she had made her escape, I have sent her to a school out of Calcutta, where she is receiving a thorough education.

H. HERSCHKOWITZ.

Athletics

PERSONNEL

Personnel of the 1st Hockey Team.

Cantley ("Don") R. wing, captain.—Captained his team well throughout the year; checked back well; a steady, all-round player.

Malone ("Mike"), goal.—A good all-round goal keeper.

Travis ("Trav.") goal.—Keeps his head well; good on long shots.

McQueen ("Smirlie"), point.—A good check and a fair shot.

Alexander ("Gord"), C. point.—Improved more than any other player on the team; good on long rushes.

Ross ("Dud"), C. point.—Was unfortunate in being injured in the first game. A strong defence player.

Munn ("Cocky"), rover.—A fast skater and good stick handler.

McGill ("Mac"), center.—Played his position well; a fast skater.

Hatch ("Russ"), left wing.—The most consistent player on the team; a hard shot.

The team wish to thank Paterson I. for the splendid way in which he managed the team.

UPPER CANADA vs. ST. ANDREWS

(1st game)

On Monday, January 13th, St. Andrew's and Upper Canada opened up the third section Junior O. H. A., at the Arena Gardens. There was a fine attendance of rooters and, as usual, the rooting of the opposite factions was a great feature. The coin was spun at 3.30 sharp, and Upper Canada defended the north end while St. Andrew's took the south.

The teams lined up as follows:

St. Andrews.	Upper Canada.
Travis Goal	(Capt.) Pepler
McQueen Point	Pipon
Ross Cover	De Gruehy
Munn Rover	Agar
McGill Centre	Heintzman
Cantley (Capt.) . . . Right Wing	Henderson
Hatch Left Wing	Burwash

First Half.

Right after the face-off Upper Canada College pressed and carried the play into St. Andrew's territory. St. Andrew's relieved, but in a mix-up in front of goal, Burwash slipped one in. First goal U. C. C. (Burwash) 2 minutes.

St. Andrew's seemed to waken up after this score and at once began to attack Upper Canada's goal. Munn's rushing was conspicuous, but Upper Canada's defence played a good game and kept the College out. Ross II., after a rush down the ice, collided with the boards and was forced to retire. Burwash, of U. C. C., going off to even up. Just after this St. Andrew's scored. McGill got through U. C. C.'s defence and netted St. Andrew's first, in six minutes.

Upper Canada came back strong and the pace for a few minutes was terrific. Travis in goal stopped four shots in quick succession, while Pepler in goal for Upper Canada had quite a lot of work. Ross II. and Burwash returned to the game. De Gruehy was ruled off, and while he was on the bench Ross rushed and centered to McGill, who batted the puck in. Time, ten minutes. U. C. C., 1; S. A. C., 2.

De Gruehy came back and McGill was chased to the bench for tripping. Cantley was penalized and College were playing five men to Upper Canada's seven. Upper Canada tried hard for a goal, but failed. They came up the ice with a nice combination, but Travis made a fine stop. At this stage of the game Munn I. was playing a great game, with Cantley also starring. Munn broke through, but Pepler made a good stop.

Half-time—S. A. C., 2; U. C. C., 1.

Upper Canada came back hard in the second half and pressed very hard, but Travis made some fine stops. St. Andrew's then woke up, and the game became very even. Finally, Cantley broke away and scored by a long shot from the side.

Score—S. A. C., 3; U. C. C., 1. Time, 4 minutes.

McQueen broke away, but his shot went wild. Cantley was off for tripping, and U. C. C. with the odd man managed to get one past Travis.

Score—S. A. C., 3; U. C. C., 2. (Agar) 2 minutes.

St. Andrew's played up and the play was in Upper Canada territory till Heintzman broke away, but failed to score. Cantley relieved, but after passing the defence, failed to score. Agar and Burwash broke through on nice combinations, but a good stop by Travis relieved. McQueen, after a fine rush, netted St. Andrew's fourth and last goal in 8 minutes. St. Andrew's were now playing five men to U. C. C.'s six, and U. C. C. tried hard for a score. McGill and McQueen played well. Time up. Final score:

St. Andrew's, 4; Upper Canada, 2.

Upper Canada finished strong, but couldn't score.

For Upper Canada, Agar, Heintzman and Pepler starred.

For St. Andrew's, the whole team played a good, steady game, and it would be very hard to pick out individual stars, but Cantley and Munn especially distinguished themselves.

M. E. M.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE vs. ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

On Monday, January 20th, St. Andrew's played their first game with St. Michael's. At 3.45 referee Waghorne called both teams to the centre of the ice. St. Michael's won the toss and chose to defend the north end. On the face-off St. Michael's carried the puck into St. Andrew's territory, but Munn and McGill relieved and rushed up the ice, but failed to score. For a short

time the play hovered around the centre of the ice. St. Andrew's pressed, but their shooting was wild. After this St. Michael's had the best of the play, and Nealon scored in five minutes.

Score—St. Michael's, 1; St. Andrew's, 0.

After this St. Andrew's seemed to wake up, but it did not last long, as St. Michael's combination and back-checking began to tell, and they scored again in ten minutes. Nealon again was responsible.

Score—St. Michael's, 2; S. A. C., 0.

The play was more even until half-time. Richardson was laid out, and Doyle went off to even up. A short time later the time was up.

Half-time score—S. M. C., 2; S. A. C., 0.

Second Half.

When St. Andrew's came back on the ice, Cantley was playing right boards and Munn rover. St. Andrew's started right in to even things up, and the play, for a while, became more interesting. In a mix-up, in front of St. Michael's goal, Hatch scored our one and only goal. Time, 5 minutes.

St. Michael's, 2; S. A. C., 1.

St. Andrew's supporters had high hopes that the team would tie the score, but their condition was not of the best. Also they were weak in in-shooting and combination. Time after time they would break through and pass aimlessly, or make a very wild shot. Doyle, of St. Michael's, who played a splendid game, scored. Time, 3 minutes.

St. Michael's, 3; S. A. C., 1.

McQueen made a good rush, but failed to score. All during the game he played very well. His rushes relieved the forwards time and again. College began to rush things again, but could not get past St. Michael's defence. McGill made a good rush, but did not score. St. Michael's were now having the best of the play, and Nealon again scored, making the score: St. Michael's, 4; S.A.C., 1.

Shortly after this score time was called. Some dissatisfaction was expressed, because the teams only played twenty minute halves, but St. Michael's undoubtedly had the best of the play, and deserved their win. For St. Michael's, Doyle and Nealon were the



SECOND HOCKEY TEAM

best; while for St. Andrew's, McQueen appeared to be the most consistent player. McGill made some very nice rushes, but he lacked condition. The teams lined up as follows:

St. Michael's (4).

Sullivan	Goal	Thompson
Broderick	Point	McQueen
Servis	Cover	Richardson
O'Neill	Rover	Munn
Doyle	Centre	McGill
Bunyon	Left Wing	Cantley
Nealon	Right Wing	Hatch

St. Andrew's (1).

Referee Waghorne, as usual, refereed satisfactorily to both teams.

M. E. MALONE.



Trav. and Jimmie

ST. ANDREW'S vs. UPPER CANADA

On Friday, January 24th, St. Andrew's met Upper Canada in their return game of the Junior O. H. A., at the Arena Gardens. The teams were very evenly matched, and the game was a hard one, both teams putting up an excellent argument. St. Andrew's should have had more goals, only for their failure to pass the puck when they should have done so. Upper Canada put up a great struggle, and only lost the game in the dying moments of the fight.

For Upper Canada Agar was the best man, and perhaps the fastest on the ice. Pepler in goal was good. For St. Andrew's McGill and Cantley played fine hockey, and Munn at rover was excellent. McQueen in defence was fine, breaking up dangerous rushes.

Upper Canada won the toss and began the game by defending the south end. The game commenced with a rush towards St. Andrew's goal, but the shot went wide. S. A. C. woke up and took the puck to the other end, but a poor shot was the result. The puck hovered around U. C. C. nets for a time, until Heintzman relieved the tension by taking it down the ice, only to be blocked by Alexander. Finally, after twelve minutes of hard play, Heintzman took a pass from Henderson and notched the first goal for Upper Canada. U. C. C., 1; S. A. C., 0.

However, St. Andrew's tried harder, but could not pass De Gruchy, until McGill took a pass from Hatch and netted St. Andrew's first goal. S. A. C., 1; U. C. C., 1.

Both teams came back stronger and some fine rushes by opposing forwards resulted, only to be stopped by the goal-tenders who each made some exceptionally fine stops.

McGill was laid out by a cut over the eye, and the game was stopped for a few moments until he was ready to play again.

Play resumed, De Gruchy made a fine rush, only to find Travis impassable, he having to come out of goal to stop him. Soon afterwards Hatch scored, putting St. Andrew's in the lead. S. A. C., 2; U. C. C., 1.

Two minutes later Burwash and Agar got the puck, and Burwash slipped one past Travis. S. A. C., 2; U. C. C., 2.

A few moments after half-time was called, with the score still tie—S. A. C., 2; U. C. C., 2.

The second half started in fine fashion with the Saints working like fiends. Thirty seconds after play had begun McGill put one past Pepler. Thirty seconds after Cantley shoved another one in, the score now being: S. A. C., 4; U. C. C., 2.

The forwards of St. Andrew's team were playing fine, back-checking excellent, and holding down U. C. C. Upper Canada then began to play harder, and soon Heintzman scored, making S. A. C., 4; U. C. C., 3.

The two teams were now playing in their best form, each striving for supremacy. Agar and Hatch collided, and Agar was laid out, but was soon again able to play. He made up for it by making a most spectacular rush through the whole of the St. Andrew's team and tying the score. S. A. C., 4; U. C. C., 4.

The game now became fast and furious, each team playing excellent hockey, and their supporters, keyed up to the highest pitch of excitement, encouraging them on. At last, Hatch, with a beautiful shot from the left boards, beat Pepler, broke the tie, and incidentally put in the goal. S. A. C., 5; U. C. C., 4.

Captain Cantley now had Munn come back for a three-man defence, as U. C. C. were coming back strong. But it was of no use, S. A. C.'s defence was impenetrable, and the gong rang a few minutes later, leaving St. Andrew's winners over Upper Canada for the second time this year.

S. A. C., 5; U. C. C., 4.

LINE-UP.

Upper Canada (4)		St. Andrew's (5)
Pepler	Goal	Travis
De Gruchy	Point	McQueen
Pipon	Cover	Alexander
Agar	Rover	Munn
Heintzman	Centre	McGill
Henderson	Right Wing	Cantley
Burwash	Left Wing	Hatch

Referee—F. C. Waghorne.

H. S. LECKIE.

ST. MICHAEL'S vs. ST. ANDREW'S

Second Game.

For the second time in the season, St. Andrew's met St. Michael's on Friday, January 31st. The game meant very much to both teams, as the championship would go to St. Andrew's if they won, and if St. Michael's won they would tie up the group. With these facts in view, quite a large crowd turned out to see the game. The teams lined up as follows:

St. Andrew's.		St. Michael's.
Travis	Goal	Sullivan
McQueen	Point	Servais
Alexander	Cover	Broderick
Munn	Rover	O'Neill
McGill	Centre	Doyle
Hatch	Right Wing	Nealon
Cantley	Left Wing	Bunyon.
Referee—Waghorne.		

Referee Waghorne started the game at 3.45, fifteen minutes after scheduled time. St. Andrew's were at the east end, and St. Michael's at the west. From the very face-off, St. Andrew's forced the play; Munn secured, and carried the puck into St. Michael's territory, but failed to score. College buzzed around Sullivan in the nets for St. Michael's, like a hive of bees, but could not beat him. St. Andrew's shooting was a little wild, but they soon got over this fault. At last Munn slipped the puck past Sullivan from a mix-up in front of the goal.

Score—St. Andrew's, 1; St. Michael's 0. Time, 3 minutes.

This goal seemed to wake St. Michael's up, to some extent, and they began to make the play more evenly. At this point the defence was playing a very good game, but shortly afterward St. Michael's, by a pretty piece of combination, slipped by and scored.

Score—St. Andrew's, 1; St. Michael's, 1.

The play after this score was very even, neither team having the advantage. The play hovered around the centre of the ice. St. Michael's showed good combination, but could not get past the College defence. St. Andrew's rushed the puck down the ice, but

were unable to score. Doyle, for St. Michael's, and Hatch, for St. Andrew's, were playing good hockey. St. Andrew's now seemed to loosen up a bit, and rushed the play. Munn's back-checking at this time was very conspicuous. McGill was put off for loafing. St. Michael's, with the extra man, began to press, but the back-checking of the College kept them out for awhile. They were not to be denied, however, and slipped one past Travis.

Score—St. Michael's, 2; St. Andrew's, 1.

This score woke the College up, and the play became very fast. St. Andrew's had the best of the play, and were continually shooting on St. Michael's goal. Hatch, however, managed to beat Sullivan by a nice shot, and put the College on even terms again.

Score—St. Andrew's, 2; St. Michael's 2.

Encouraged by this score, they again pressed in, and before long had notched another goal. This time, by a very nice bit of combination, McGill scoring.

Score—St. Andrew's, 3; St. Michael's, 2.

St. Andrew's again rushed matters, but St. Michael's seemed to wake up a bit, and the play became more even. Nealon made a nice lone rush, but as he had no support he did not score. Munn and Cantley played a good game, but Cantley was inclined to roam away from his wing. St. Michael's, who were being outplayed, managed to score a lucky goal.

Score—St. Andrew's, 3; St. Michael's, 3.

After this score, St. Michael's rushed the play, but could not beat the College defence. Munn relieved by a nice rush, and evened up the play. Sullivan saved what looked like a sure goal.

Half-time called. Score—S. A. C., 3; S. M. C., 3.

Second Half.

The second half opened with a rush. St. Andrew's went down the ice with nice combination, but broke up on St. Michael's defence. Cantley made a nice rush, but failed to score. Servais relieved by a good rush, but the College came right back and peppered Sullivan, but could not find an opening. Play became more even. McQueen broke up a nice combination rush. At last College broke away and scored by combination, Hatch to McGill, McGill scoring.

Score—St. Andrew's, 4; St. Michael's, 3.

Hatch forced the play, and made a nice rush, but loafed on the return and got put off for one minute. Sullivan again distinguished himself in goal. The play again became even. St. Andrew's defence play well and stop St. Michael's combination rushes. McGill off again, but St. Michael's could do nothing with the extra man. St. Andrew's score in a mix-up in front of the goal.

Score—St. Andrew's, 5; St. Michael's, 3.

St. Andrew's press. Munn made a good rush, and a few minutes later repeats and scores.

Score—S. A. C., 6; S. M. C., 3.

St. Andrew's keep right after them, but St. Michael's scored a lucky one from the side.

Score—S. A. C., 6; S. M. C., 4.

St. Michael's seemed encouraged by this score, and again rushed and scored again from the side.

St. Andrew's, 6; St. Michael's, 5.

The play now became fast and furious. Cantley and McQueen both got put off, but the rest of the team held St. Michael's out. With one minute left to play, St. Michael's break through the defence, but Travis makes a nice stop. St. Andrew's just missed a score, and kept the play in St. Michael's territory. Munn played a fine game at this stage of the conflict. Time up.

Final score—St. Andrew's, 6; St. Michael's, 5.

By this win, St. Andrew's became champions of District 3.

For St. Andrew's Munn, Hatch and Cantley played fine games.

In fact the whole team played up well.

For St. Michael's, Sullivan, in goal, played a wonderful game, and only for his fine work the score would have run up into double figures.

St. Andrew's had the best of the play throughout the game, and deserved to win by a larger score.

M. E. MALONE.

ORILLIA vs. ST. ANDREWS

Having won district three of the Junior O. H. A., the College team was drawn against Orillia. The first game was played in Orillia on Friday, February 7th. The Orillia rink is somewhat smaller than the Arena, and the ice was much faster. The game started at 8.30, before a well-filled house. The St. Andrew's contingent of supporters showed their Scotch instinct by bluffing the gate-keeper and getting in free, and all of them crowded into the penalty box, leaving no room for the Orillia officials. However, everything was arranged in due time and we settled down to see a good, fast game of hockey. St. Andrew's held their heavier and faster opponents well, the College back-checking and stick-work being very good. Orillia drew first blood by a shot from the side. The supporters of the Orillia team nearly raised the roof with their cheering. They had another opportunity to exercise their lungs a few moments later, when Orillia scored from a mix-up in front of the goal. Cantley received a bad cut on the lip, and the game was delayed while he was being patched up. Orillia now had the best of the play and kept showering shots from all angles onto the goal. They scored again, by Butterfield's nice, lone rush. St. Andrew's seemed to wake up after this score and made the play more even. Cantley had a very bad fall, striking the back of his head on the ice. After a short delay he pluckily continued, and, considering how shaken up he was, played a fine game. St. Andrew's broke through, but Cooke, in goal for Orillia, made a splendid stop and saved a score. College were not to be denied, however, and Hatch and McGill broke through and scored on nice combination play. St. Andrew's supporters, eight of us, cheered as loud as we could, but the sound we made was not very great in that large rink. Shortly after this half-time was called, and the score stood: Orillia, 3; St. Andrew's, 1.

The rest seemed to do Orillia good, for when the game started again they went after it hammer and tongs. They scored two goals in rapid succession, and then—well, there is no need to go into details. When the smoke of battle, or slaughter, may I say, cleared away, the score was: Orillia, 11; St. Andrew's, 1. That was an awful ten minutes. Orillia simply smothered the College team by their weight and combination play. St. Andrew's scored a few minutes later, making the score: Orillia, 11; St. Andrew's 2;

but Orillia came right back and scored two more. Just before the game ended they slipped another one in making the score 14—2. The game ended with a bombardment on St. Andrew's goal, but found the College team still fighting pluckily against overwhelming odds. The team showed the right spirit, and also showed that, although they were defeated they were not disgraced.

M. M.

S.A.C., 5; ORILLIA, 7

The second game of the Orillia series was played at the Arena on Tuesday afternoon, February 11th. The speedy Northerners were again victors by a score of 7—5 in a closely-contested struggle that was quite unique in many ways. College retained the same lineup except for the substitution of Malone for Travis as goal guardian, and Orillia played their regular team, including Lovey Jupp, their star wing man. The game itself might easily have been better. The first half was rather wearisome at times, neither team putting much exertion into their work. The period ended with Orillia in the lead by a 4—1 tally. In the second half Orillia dropped Jupp, whose ankle had been troubling him, and McGill went off to even up. This necessitated six-man hockey, which meant some strenuous work. Early in the period Hatch received a rap on the head from Thornton's stick and was forced to retire. This left each team with a two-man attack, and a merry battle ensued. College had all the better of the period, and succeeded in tying up the score by some superb combined attacking by Quinn and Cantley. Orillia, however, managed to nose out a two-goal lead before the gong rang, the result of some aggressive work by Thornton and McNabb.

Malone, in the nets for College, did some excellent saving, and cleared with good judgment always. He was rather unlucky with two rebound shots in the second half, however. Munn and Cantley produced some spectacular combinations and their untiring work saved the game in the dying moments of the struggle. McQueen and Alexander put up a sterling defence; time after time they broke up the rushes of the Orillia forwards and saved their goal from impending danger. Hatch and McGill also did good work in the first half, and had conditions allowed, they would have dupli-

eated in the second. The team as a whole played a steady, aggressive game, and surprised their supporters time and time again with spurts of amazing speed.

For Orillia Butterfield starred. His work was gilt-edged from start to finish. Jupp, McNabb and Thornton were also strong factors in the game. As a team Orillia did not play with the vim and dash they displayed on their own ice, preferring to hold themselves in reserve.

LINE-UP.

Orillia.		S. A. C.
Cooke	Goal	Malone
Reid	Point	Alexander
McNabb	Cover	McQueen
Butterfield	Rover	Quinn
Tudhope	Centre	McGill
Thornton	Left Wing	Hatch
Jupp	Right Wing	Cantley

Referee—Gren Caldwell (Barrie).

M. B.

SECOND TEAM—ST. ANDREW'S, 5; UPPER CANADA, 3

Not to be outdone by the Firsts, the Seconds also put it over Upper Canada in their only meeting of the season, by a score of 5—3. It was a slow game, and the players on both sides were guilty of nonchalance, and even somnolence, at times. The score is no indication of the play, as College had possession of the rubber easily ninety per cent. of the game, and should have piled up an enormous score. Wright starred for College, playing a magnificent game. He was all over the ice, aggressive at all times, and checking back zealously. Beercroft and Malone also played good, consistent hockey. For Upper Canada, Arnoldi and Howard were the best.

LINE-UP.

St. Andrew's—Goal, Malone; Point, Richardson; Cover, Beercroft; Rover, Wright; Centre, Rand; Right Wing, Nation; Left Wing, Bell. Referee—Pepler, Upper Canada.

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

On Thursday, February 27th, the "Speed Boys" (which is the Second Team) met the second septette from Trinity College School, at the Arena.

Although St. Andrew's won by an overwhelming victory of 12—1, yet the Port Hope lads fought hard all the way.

Two Trinity players were forced to retire on account of injuries, and the game ended five men a side.

From the initial whistle to the final gong the Saints played the Red and Black off their feet.

In the first half the Saints had much the better of play, but only annexed four goals. However, in the second period, the play was all St. Andrew's, and they netted goals at their will. Port Hope made their lone tally with five minutes to play.

The game ended S. A. C., 12; T. C. S., 1.

Wright and Beecroft played brilliantly for the College, while Broughall, in goal, for T. C. S., put up a good exhibition of net-tending.

PATERSON I.

LOWER SCHOOL HOCKEY (1913)

This hockey season has been a remarkably successful one for St. Andrew's College, and the Lower School have done their part towards making it such.

Though at St. Andrew's, as well as at other rinks, the ice was slow in coming, yet it did not take long for the team to round into shape. The first seven opened the Lower School season against



First Team, Hockey, Lower School

U. C. C. on Friday, February 14, against the Preparatory School. Though playing on strange ice, the Saints completely outclassed the Blue and White boys. The game ended with the score standing 9—2, with St. Andrew's in possession of the large end. Munn II. was the best man on the ice, he playing a beautiful game at cover-point.

A week later, on February 21st, the Second Team played a Rosedale club. Again the Saints demonstrated their superiority, winning by 7—0 in a rather one-sided contest.

Owing to an epidemic of measles at Upper Canada, all further games with that College have been cancelled. However, there are yet games to take place against the U. T. S. and Rosedale clubs. It is to be hoped that in these fixtures the Crimson and White will acquit themselves as creditably as they have so far.



Second Team, Hockey, Lower School

In an exhibition game between 1st Lower School team and a seven representing the Lower Flat, Upper School, the former proved easy victors to the tune of 11—3.

Much of the success of the Lower School is due to the untiring efforts of Captains Munn II. and Comstock, of the first and second team, respectively.

LINE-UP.

First Team—

Goal, Stevenson; Point, Leishman II.; Cover Point, Munn II.;
 Rover, Winter I.; Centre, Balfour; Right Wing, Cameron; Left
 Wing, McDougall. Spare, McGillivray.

Second Team—

Goal, Grant; Point, Smith; Cover Point, Comstock; Rover,
 Carr; Centre, Winter II.; Right Wing, McGillivray; Left Wing,
 Donaldson. Spare, Davis.

GRANT II.

“THE BELL HAS GONE”

They tell me that “the bell has gone,”
 Where, O where?
 They tell me that “the bell has gone,”
 Yet still, it's there.
 And if it went, why should we go
 To classes slow?
 But if it goes, how shall we know
 To go below
 For food, when spirits faint.
 I pray you ask the bell to stay,
 And not delay
 To ring for breakfast, dinner, tea,
 This is my hungry plea.

Bishop Bethune's College Magazine.

Miscellaneous

DID THIS EVER OCCUR TO YOU ?

There was row and great commotion
 Heard resounding through the flat,
 Like the roar of mighty ocean
 Like the noise of fierce combat ;
 There was heated conversation
 And a plenitude of cussing ;
 Jones was making preparation
 For an afternoon of fussing.

You could hear the doors all banging
 As he rattled down the hall,
 You could hear the pitcher clanging
 As he took a nasty fall ;
 " Where's the soap ?" and " Where's my razor ?"
 Listen, as he cries, abused :
 " Who's been using my new blazer
 As a polisher of shoes ?"

Can't you hear the gruesome wailing
 Sounding loud throughout the place ?
 It is Jones—he's merely scaling
 Half the skin from off his face.
 " Where's my face cream and my powder ?"
 " Where are all my purple hose ?"
 Then he yells a little louder
 As he slips and cuts his nose.

It's the same old, sad, sad story,
 As he stamps around the flat ;
 He can't find his shirt or collar,
 Someone else has got his hat.
 There is trial and tribulation,
 And an overdose of mussing
 When Jones starts his preparation
 For an afternoon of fussing.

M. G. B.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

Among the most important features of the College year are the weekly meetings of the Literary Society. These are held on Friday evenings and are a source of much interest to all concerned.

The primary motive of the Society is to give its members an opportunity to face an audience and to speak without succumbing to nervousness, the terror of the uninitiated. That the members are deriving a benefit from this is shown in the frequent debates which are given wherein the debaters have acquitted themselves admirably, advancing their arguments and refutations in a finished, convincing manner.

The programmes rendered by the members at these meetings are very varied, embracing debates, two-minute speeches and difficult musical efforts. By tactful arrangement these programmes are made both instructive and entertaining and provide a fitting relaxation after the week's labors.

The following are the officers of the Society:—Hon. Pres., Dr. Macdonald; President, Mr. Taylor; 1st Vice-Pres., Travis; 2nd Vice-Pres., Henry I; Secretary, Ross I; Historians, Nelson, McKeague, Ross I; Form Representatives, McQueen, Beath, Paterson I, Cantley, McGillivray.



Lock-Step

THE CADET CORPS DANCE

AS the brilliant social event of the college year the Cadet Corps Dance shines forth pre-eminent. This year it lacked none of the impressiveness of former occasions, and to many minds it eclipsed even the most successful held heretofore. It was truly a gala night for the old school, and each one of the merry throng who gathered in the old hall enjoyed to the full an altogether delightful evening as guests of the Cadet Corps.

It was a brilliant assembly that thronged the gaily decorated corridors and halls on that evening. There were myriads of beautifully gowned matrons and maids, and the variety of their costumes intermingled with the handsome uniforms of the cadets, and a sprinkling of more conventionally attired cavaliers made a pleasing spectacle indeed. Then, too, the music was excellent, the floor all that could be desired, and in fact everything was conducive to enjoyment.

The hall was dressed in befitting array for the festive occasion and sitting out nooks were placed here and there with tactful deliberation. These secluded corners were occupied at divers times by gallant cadets and their winsome ladies.

The first guests began to arrive soon after eight o'clock, and when the orchestra commenced the opening bars of the first two-step there were upwards of one hundred and twenty-five couples present.

Mrs. Macdonald received at the entrance to the hall and was admirably assisted by Capt. Ross and Lieut. Thompson.

A dainty supper was served in the dining hall during the period between the eighth and thirteenth dances. It was a toothsome morsel and the very acme of catering excellence.

The programme, though of reasonable length, proved all too short, and it was anything but relief that welcomed the concluding waltz. "God Save the King" brought the delightful evening to a close at about two o'clock.

Much credit is due those in charge for the admirable manner in which all details were arranged. No item was lacking to provide pleasure and comfort for the guests, and the evening passed off very smoothly.

BEATH.

SOCIETY NOTES

Lady de Effie Ross, who broke her knee while entertaining Upper Canada Hockey team, is around and about again.

Miss Stewey Henry, the prima donna of the classical success, "The Darlings of Paris," gave a most delightful dinner party to a few of her most intimate friends the other evening. Those present were Miss Sandrina Blair, Miss Beckey de Beck, Madame Warner le Paterson, Lady Fatty McLennan and numerous other friends. Miss Stewey, whose engagement to Sir Aelvo Ingram was announced at the dinner, wore a charming chiffon de val-pariso boudoir pantaloon dress. She carried on her arm a beautiful bouquet of cowslips of the valley. Sir Aelvo stood with one arm around her middle and received with her. Miss Sandrina wore her accustomed shoe lace and happy smile. Her hair was done in a tousled door mat, pomeranian, shredded biscuit style. Miss de Becky Beck wore a borrowed pair of pyjamas which were unfortunately much too small, and before the evening was over she was forced to retire to bed. Miss McLennan met with a very unfortunate accident. She sat down on a nearby chair and it collapsed. She sprained the ligaments of her right left hind foot. The noise of her fall brought about an intrusion on the part of Mr. Taylor. The party broke up hurriedly, but Miss Stewey intends to hold another one shortly.

Lady Hutchings held a society charity raffle on a pair of skates. Miss Malone, the charming debutante (blond, Tuesdays and Thursdays), drew the lucky number, and to date she is the only one who has paid her 50c. Sir George Paterson, the local financier, lost heavily on the transaction, and it is rumored that he will have to give up his palatial apartments in 22.

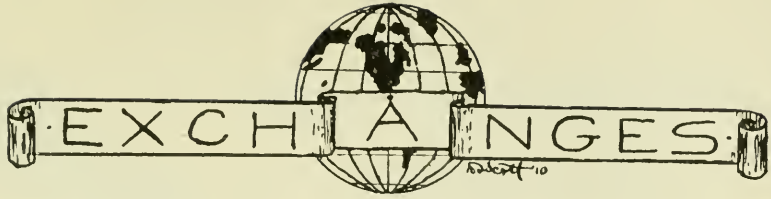
Mr. Sandy Blair wishes it to be announced that he will not be able to keep his engagements for the next few Saturdays, as he will on those days be visiting Mr. Taylor, who has proved to be one of the most thoughtful hosts. He always provides amusement and occupation for his visitors, and they have never been known to leave him until 6.30 p.m.

Blushing quite cutely, E. A. Rand and F. G. Rolph took their seats in the prefect's bench on an auspicious morning in January, amid enthusiastic applause.

A.O.P.G. meetings have been postponed on account of the illness of one of the members. Mr. McKeague, who has just recovered from the chronic rheumatism, has been once more attacked by hydrophobia paralysis of the croopic membranes. His right hand is paralyzed and he is unable to do any school work.

A LOWER SCHOOL TRAGEDY

WINTER was over. "Somer's come," cried the King as he entered his Carr with his Morgan-atic wife, and drove through the Barnfield to see if the Hay had been cut on the Marsh. He saw the Applegath-erers at work trying to earn some Munn-ey. "That tree is only fit for Lumber(s) or kindling Wood! Hewitt down or I May be Cross. Your're Lazier than ever," he added to the black-Smith, "and should be soaked in Bryan. "I'll Turnbull and bunt you into the middle of next week. Had you worked, I should Grant you some Beer. Get the Leish-man and tie his hands. He will Tugwell. If it were the Queen, I'd half Skinner." The poor man turned Greene and Brown as he showed the King the Marks of labour on his hands. "Odell-iver me," he cried, but the monarch had him executed on the spot.



The Boone Review, Wuchang, China, is a most interesting number. It contains a most graphic description of revolutionary doings, illustrated by splendid photos, of havoc wrought by the Revolutionists. We rejoice that this fine college was spared and that they are able to resume their noble work.

Blue and White, Rothersay, N.B., sustains its standard of excellence and is a welcome exchange.

Black and Red, Victoria, B.C., is attractively edited, but rather local in nature.

Collegiate Outlook, Moose Jaw, Sask., is full of interesting reading—good stories and clever articles.

Bishop's College School Magazine is a tasty little periodical that would be improved by some stories and verse.

The Magpie, De Witt Clinton High School, New York, is one of the best exchanges on our list, and abounds in interest from start to finish.

The Scotch Collegian, Australia, is a splendid paper, thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated.

The Branksome Slogan is a gem, and reflects great credit upon its editors. The Christmas number is excellent,—bright and attractive, with good illustrations. Congratulations.

The School Magazine, Lower Canada College, is a splendid one—beautifully printed, tastefully bound, and full of good reading and illustrations, it is a credit to the school. The team critique is unique and most interesting.

St. Margaret's Chronicle, Toronto, is most interesting at all times and its illustrations give much tone to a very fine periodical.

Acta Ridleiana has an unusually good number—splendid caricatures, good articles and attractive illustrations.

Alt-Heidelberg is an ever-welcome exchange. The clever verses by "A. F. F." are much appreciated.

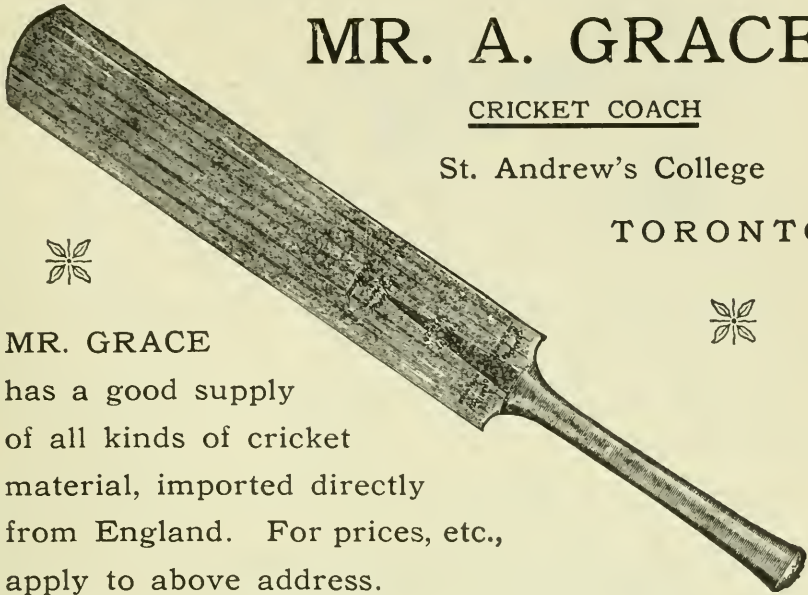
The Mirror, Philadelphia, is one of the most ambitious of our exchanges, and its editors put out a highly creditable paper at all times.

The Black and Gold, Honolulu, is a far-away exchange that we gladly place on our list of contemporaries. It is a very attractive paper.

The Tatler, published by the students of the Huntington High School, Virginia, is a work of art from beginning to end. The January cover is the finest we've seen and is a gem, while the contents of the excellent little paper are in accord with its binding—good, through and through. Come again, *Tatler!*

Vox Lycei, Ottawa, as usual, fine and dandy. One of our best exchanges, much enjoyed.

Other exchanges gratefully acknowledged are: *Bishop Bethune College Magazine*, Oshawa; *St. Hilda's Chronicle*, Toronto; *University Monthly and Arbor*, Toronto; *Lemon and Black*, Front Royal, Virginia; *Calendar*, Buffalo; *Ashburian*, Ottawa; *The Albanian*, Brockville; *Lux Columbiana*, New Westminster; *Acadia Athenaeum*; *Chronicle*; *Argo*; *T. C. S. Record*.



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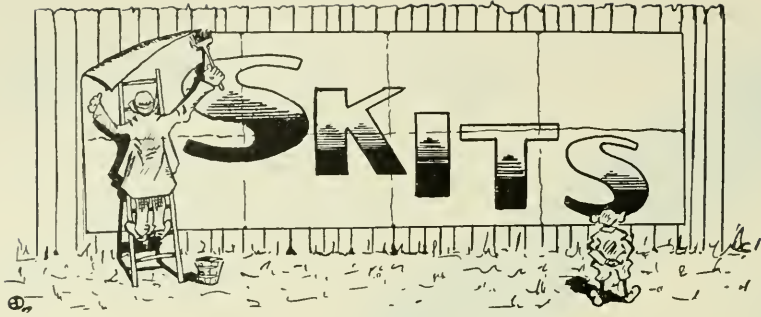
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Marjorie (at the dance): "Doesn't Stew look like a colonel?"
(kernel). Mel. Beath: "Yes, he's nutty."

Blair, the irresponsible, goes to bed alone, and wakes up with
three house lates.

Hefty Tower's new job, a model in a macaroni factory.

Looty Thompson (at cadet corps drill): "Company! Advance
two paces to the rear."

Mr. Chapman (at the dinner table, before 2nd U.C.C. game)
—"You can't have dry buttered toast, fellows."

Paterson I. (seeing a sign "No Bathing Here")—"This is the
place for me."

Merc. Ingram—"Watch all the skirts look at me, I've just
found a dime."

Mr. Walker—"Who made that noise like a steamboat?"
Campbell—"Steamboat Bill."

Bradley, the last of the terrible three.

Stew Henry (going out of room when Mr. Knighton is turn-
ing out lights): "Good night, bums."

Mr. Knighton: "Good night."



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Mr. Walker in 4 B.

Henry, take eight quarters attention.

Dr. MacDonald (en route to Orilla)—“There’s to be no betting on the game, boys.”

McQueen—“Sir, you can’t very well bet on your face.”

Dr. Macdonald—“I wouldn’t take a chance on yours.”



A Weekly Event

Mr. Findlay (in 46)—“Well. Class, we have two minutes left, has any boy a question to ask?”

Olinger (the bright boy)—“Yes, sir. “What is the time?”

Mr. Walker (to McPherson II.)—“Take two quarters.”

McPherson (a new boy)—“I’m not allowed to take money from strangers.”

St. Andrew’s, 4; Upper Canada, 2.

St. Andrew’s, 5; Upper Canada, 4.

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Think This Over, Men and Boys!

Mike Malone (to Blair)—“What are you doing there?”

Blair—“I'm oilin' the wheel-barrow.”

Mike—“Well, lave it alone. I'll do it meself. What do you know about machinery?”

Wallace H. (writing to Ben Allen)—

Der roses vos redt.

Der violet blue;

You see I've left,

And you left too.

Stew. Henry—“Every time I go over to Detroit on the boat it makes me cross.”

Mel Beath (as the car passes Ainger apartments)—“Where does she live?”

Rich. Davies—“Suite sixteen.”

Mel. Beath—“I didn't ask you how old she was. Where does she live?”

Blair—“I think'll show snowing (snow-shoeing).”

Sprinks Chase—“Ah! you've got your tong tumbled (tongue tangled.)”

Reg. Wilson—“Wallace I. owes me fifty cents. He got hit on the head, and the doctor says he is going to lose his memory.”


Dand—“Are mosquitoes religious?”

Crothers—“Yes; they first sing over you; then they prey on you.”

Sandy Blair—“I dreamt I was eating flannel cakes, and when I woke up, half the blanket was gone.”

Scott to McIvor—“What's the use of fighting with you? If I gave you a black-eye, it wouldn't show on your dirty face.”

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Mr. Tudball—"Have you been eating oranges, Crothers?"

Crothers—"No, sir. Why?"

Mr. Tudball—"I see the skin all over your face."

Risteen (to Fat MacDonald while walking from town)—
"Tired walking, Fat?"

McDonald—"Yes."

Risteen—"Let's run awhile then."

Mr. Taylor (in Anc. History class)—"When was Rome built?"

Davis II.—"In the night, sir."

Mr. Taylor—"What makes you think so?"

Davis II.—"Because you said it wasn't built in a day."

De Beck—"What did Dr. MacDonald cane you for just now?"

Graham—"He thrashed me for nothing. Do you think I paid him for it."

Up with your shouts, Blair:
Down with your doubts,
We'll turn lazy louts
Into manly boy scouts.

School Inspector (to Black)—"Who is it that sits idle when everybody else is working?"

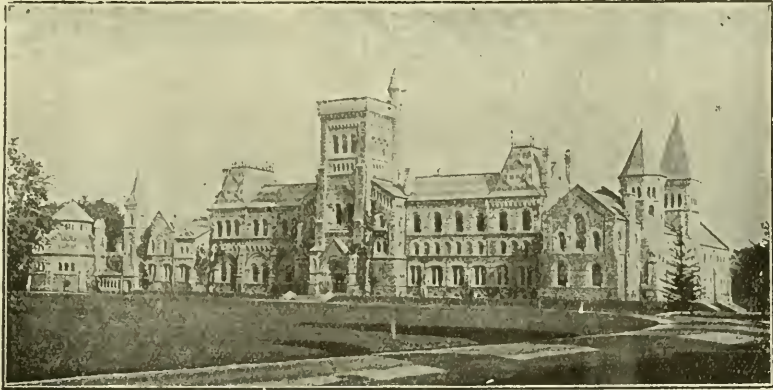
Black—"The Master, sir."

Jones Bateman (who has his arm tied up)—"I was not like this always, sir."

Dr. Macdonald—"No, yesterday you had the other one tied up."

Mr. Laidlaw (in literature class)—"Blair, give me a sentence using the word 'seldom.'"

Blair—"My father had two horses and he solded 'em both."



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Mr. Bishop—"I think it is very extravagant to eat butter and jam on the same piece of bread."

Robertson—"Pardon me, sir. I think it's economy; the same piece of bread does for both."

Blair to De Beek (who has brought up his piece of cake from supper on Sunday)—"Let's play menagerie. I'll be the lion and you feed me your cake."

Some like cats, and some do not,
 Their music is vile, when their claws get caught;
 But of all the sounds that sound like sin,
 There's nothing as vile as a vile violin.

Travis (in Montreal restaurant)—"Do you serve lobsters?"

Waiter—"We serve anybody; sit down, sir."

Master—"Is that your father's signature?"

Davis I.—"As close as I can get it."

Really, there is more water in Lake Ontario than in the college soup.

Old Boy (to Sandy Blair)—"Do you know my young brother?"

Sandy—"Sure. I sleep in the same Latin class with him."

Cantley (to tailor)—"Yes, I like this suit. I suppose you will make any alterations I require free?"

Tailor—"Certainly, sir."

Cantley—"Well, then, cut down the price from \$22 to \$10."

Malone—"What did Gren. Rolph do on Saturday?"

Lin—"As usual, he had lunch at the Baltimore and picked his teeth outside of the King Edward."

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Methuse (who has been stung by a hornet)—“It walked over my hand, and it was pretty, but oh, when it sat down.”

Syme to Beer—“Mr. Walker gave me four quarters to-day.”
Beer (innocently)—“I wish he would give me a dollar.”

Bradley—“Where did you get the hair cut?”
Cantley—“On my head.”

Master—“What is space?”
Cantley—“It is—is—is—I have it in my head, but can't explain it.”

Mr. Robinson (giving Latin example)—“Even though he were to slay me, I would still love him.”

Mr. Walker—“Does my question embarrass you?”
Duncan—“No sir; the question's all right, but it's the answer that puzzles me.”

Barnfield to Mr. W.—“I've got a pain in my stomach.”
Mr. W.—“How did you get it?”
Barnfield—“Oh, it just came natural.”

Barnfield to Donaldson (who has been boasting of his expenditure at the tuck)—“You're just like the prodigal son, and deserve to end up in the pig pen.”

In 72 (after 4B science class)—“Run along, boys, and play with some other master.”

Mr. Robinson (in Latin class)—“How many sentences did you do, McGregor?”
McGregor—“I did them all except the ones I left out.”

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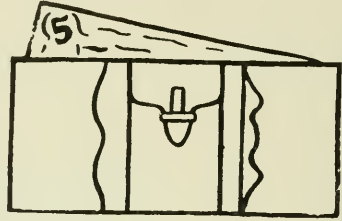
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