

from his people, and, will wonders never cease—he has washed, at least the more visible parts of his person. There is a suspicion of a high water mark—but he has made the effort. Tom also has suddenly developed a mania for writing, and wastes countless sheets of paper, trying to improve what he fondly imagines to be a hand, and which in reality is more like hen tracks. His father one day solves the mystery by picking up a note which starts “Darling Dolly.” The “cat is out of the bag.” This is extra moral influence number one, for Darling Dolly is none other than the prettiest girl in the aforesaid Ladies’ College. In after years Tom confided to me, that his great pal and crony Jimmy, had been raving about a beautiful fair haired, blue eyed, pink cheeked fairy, who had come to round off and complete her education at the Ladies College.

Now Tom up to this time had always respected and thought a good deal of Jim, but when he heard Jim going on in this fashion, he felt a sort of weak sick feeling coming over him, and this was followed by a desire to see what nature of thing it was that had been the cause of Jim’s undoing. “He came—He saw—She conquered.” It was a most romantic first view he had of her. It was when she, with her companions was taking part in an interesting and soul inspiring street procession, which is taken daily by the young ladies of that college and goes by the name of “walk.”

What was he to do? How could he meet Dolly? Was the captain of the hockey team to be thwarted in this thing? Jimmie had incontinently fallen into the back ground when he found how the land lay, as he had done before on so many other occasions when Tommy was his rival. He knew that so far as he was concerned the “jig was up.” Tom’s first move was a master one. He assiduously cultivated the son of the president of the college, who being younger than Tom, was much gratified by the attentions paid him.

Move number two was to become acquainted with the janitor, which of course he did shortly. This janitor was a good tempered, red headed and romantic Scotsman, who before long had almost as great an admiration for our hero as had his companions, and recognized the fact that though at times a first class nuisance—there was no real harm in him, other than a cause of subversion of discipline; or so said the lady principal. It was not very long before Thomas paid Malcom regular visits and would play tennis with Dick (the president’s son), and in the beautiful summer evenings the trio—the janitor, Dick and