

the fellows in the club of last year are back again this year, and together with the new material should make up a good club. Miss Singleton, with the assistance of the President and Vice-President of the Club, is selecting the music and practice begins Tuesday, Nov. 6, in Convocation Hall.

All new men who are interested in the work of either club are welcomed to its practices.

"For a good school master has the right to be a tyrant and a slave-master, no matter what language he teaches."

"Be it neither Hindustani, French nor Coptic,

Be it odds and ends and leavings of the same

Translated with a stick (which is really half the trick),

The children hark to Doctor What's-his-name.

There are years that no one talks of, there are times of horrid doubt,

There is faith and hope and whacking and despair,

While the Doctor gives the grammar, and he combs the children out,

And parents hardly seem to know or care;

And he does it on the cheap with chalk and ink;

And he's not allowed to forward any claim,

Tho' hé talk a schoolgirl dumb, and he make a schoolboy think,

He will still continue Doctor What's-his-name;

Usher, master, or professor or instructor;

But the everlasting miracle's the same."

(With apologies to Mr. Kipling.)

—Principal Hutton.

EUTHANASIA.

By William Wallace Whitelock.

Father's got conniption fits,

Put him out of pain;

Mother's almost lost her wits

From the fearful strain.

Doctor, can you hesitate?

Strychnine's yonder on the plate.

Baby's yelling with his teeth,

Poor, dear, little creature!

One above and one beneath,

Twisting every feature.

When his mouth he opens wide,

Give to him the cyanide.

Fanny's had an awful blow,

Her engagement's broken;

Can you see her suffer so?

Not a word she's spoken.

Rough-on-rats is painful, yet

It will help her to forget.

Uncle Thomas has the gout,

Feet and legs are swelling;

Cannot sleep or move about—

Hark! You hear him yelling?

We, his heirs have all agreed

From his pain he must be freed.

Si notre vie est moins qu'une journée

En l'Eternel, so l'an qui fait le tour

Chasse nos jours sans espoir de retour,

Si périssable est toute chose née,

Que songes-tu, mon âme emprisonnée?

Pourquoi te plaît l'obscur de notre jour,

Si pour voler en un plus clair séjour

Tu as au dos l'aile bien empennée?

Là est le bien que tout esprit désire,

Là le repos où tout le monde aspire,

Là est l'amour, là le plaisir encore.

Là, ô mon âme au plus haut ciel guidée,

Tu y pourras reconnaître l'idée

De la beauté qu'en ce monde j'adore.

—du Bellay.