

OUR FIFTH FORM BOYS.

[The editor returns thanks for the brilliant poem composed by the shining intellects among the fifth form young ladies, but readers must remember that poor CHIPS is not responsible for the opinions of its contributors.]

- W**ITH noisy step and manly air,
Our fifth form boys climb up the stair;
Out in the hall we hear a din,
Then fifteen boys come quickly in.
- 2 First comes Carson, so modest and meek,
Well up in everything, if he only would speak.
He'll win renown on the fields of fame,
And leave behind him a glorious name.
- 3 Behind comes Clark, with lordly tread,
We all know him by the poise of his head;
From him we hear the finest expression,
Force, pitch and emphasis, in succession.
- 4 Next comes Hendrie, with thick, black hair,
His thoughts are always up in the air;
He reads, and works, and also plays;
He'll be a great scientist one of these days.
- 5 Now comes Hobbs, with lively tread,
Carrying knowledge in his head;
Big blue eyes, and tie to match;
O he's the one to remain a "bach."
- 6 Last in the row is Kerrigan, bold;
He's one of the kind who'll never be "sold."
He plays foot-ball with wonderful skill,
When he sees the girls at the windowsill.
- 7 Then comes Little, a clever lad,
Always happy, gay and glad.
He'll be a great writer, painter or poet;
He's very smart, and we're bound to know it.
- 8 Little Love comes next, the pet of all,
To part with him would make us bawl.
Gentle, retiring, pleasant and shy,
He the exams will successfully try.
- 9 Now little McMillan our eyes fall upon;
He wishes that Euclid with McGinty had gone,
And in the Dead Sea, Greek history to be—
In this, with him, we all agree.
- 10 Behind comes Mills, so modest and meek,
He revels, of course, in Latin and Greek;
We know that he would be good in debate;
This we can tell by the shape of his pate.
- 11 Now Mr. Laidlaw's beaming face,
The high hall of learning doth grace;
He answers all difficult questions with ease,
And his masters endeavors to please.

- 12 Then comes Plewes, of wide renown;
His fame's spread abroad in this small town;
'Tis not too much for us to say,
He does all things in the very best way.
- 13 Next comes Stevenson, with quiet tread,
Very learned, and very well read;
He never gives the girls a glance;
If he did, his charms he would greatly enhance.
- 14 Next in comes Seaborn, to whom we can teach
Kindness of manner and slowness of speech;
Gentle, moral, and very precise;
We're very much pleased to find him so nice.
- 15 Behind comes Stuart, towering high,
Soon he'll reach the bright blue sky;
With one quick glance of his keen eye,
He soon finds out what girls are nigh.
- 16 Now comes Art. Stringer, more modest by far;
His eyes shine bright as the morning star.
He takes his seat with a quiet air,
And looketh not on his maiden fair.
- 17 Now Mr. Waters comes walking in,
Behind the rest, with a very broad grin,
And never a scowl on his face is seen,
Though some of the lessons are "pesky mean."

RAVNIHCOL.

THE Institute boys have come out of their grave,
And the way to success they'll endeavor to pave.
No doubt all the city have heard that ere now
A poet has risen who's not quite so slow.
With ardor quite full and wit always warm,
This great noble bard of the famous Fourth form.

He translates from Homer, construes with great ease,
And portrays the penitent down on his knees.
With a hand like the hand of the masterly "Pope,"
He gets girls on a string, girls get him on a rope.
Then he sings like a harper the notes of his heart
And when he soars upward we'll give him a start.

So boldly he talks to the teachers at school,
His tones sound like those of a modest young fool.
He can't take a hint when he's sat on quite hard,
If you want an ear talked off just send him your card.
Of such tough examples as are in these lists
He, poetical genius, entirely consists.

Now, what's troubling this lad it is plain to see;
He has corns, and he suffers much misery;
But if he goes to *Barkwell* and buys his cure,
He'll get a cure that'll cure such excrescences sure.