

ston was always a great fellow with the girls, and he prevailed upon this one to release him. As soon as he got out he came straight to the football field.

\* \* \* \*

It was afterwards learned that the men who had kidnapped Winston had bet large sums of money on the game, and that they thought St. Simon's had little chance of winning if Winston were playing, for this reason they had taken him away.

### THE THREE PREFECTS.

Three prefects went walking all dressed in their best,

All dressed in their best they were going to town.

Each thought of the girl that loved him the best,

And the prep. kids stood watching them going down.

For kids must work—the rules will keep

The prep. kids for going away for a week,

Though their little tummies are groaning.

Three couples sat in the Palm Room dim,

On each prefect's face a despairing frown,

For the girls had ordered expensive stuff,

And the prefects sat watching it going down;

For people must pay for what they eat, And appetites large you've got to treat,

Though your pocketbook is moaning.

Three poverty-stricken fellows came back

And counted the cost of their outing;

Their week's allowance had gone for a feast;

All over but the shouting.

Now they must starve for the following week

There's nothing to borrow, so they can't eat,

And their tummies will all be moaning.

Beacon Lights—"Bull, MacLachlan, Woodhose, Henry I., Henry II."

As Bull came back to his seat after proving a very hard proposition, the master was heard to remark, "That was a bully proof."

The other day Ferdie went into the druggist's and asked for some liquor for his horse. "What color is your horse, sir?" enquired the chemist. "A bay." "John," said the chemist, "a bottle of bay rum."

Master (to Gzowski, who has been kicking up, per usual)—"Take a hundred lines, Gzowski."

Gzowski—"How many, sir?"

Master—"Take two hundred lines." Gzowski—"I heard you the first time, sir."

Ike Harris says the street car company are grafters. He claims that a conductor gave him a counterfeit nickel in change and then refused to take it as fare.

The snow lies thick in the roadway there;

Every little bit helps.

And the wind blows round about for fair,

Every little bit helps.

But when the sleet and hail doth pour And Jack Frost locks the day-boys' door,

We have to walk just so much more— Every little bit helps.

### FATHER TO SON.

"When I first came to this 'ere school To learn my lessons, John,

The desks were new—why not a name had been carved thereupon.

But now its oh, so different, for when you try to write

The pen busts through the paper And the nib goes out of sight—

For "everywhere, everywhere,

In Roman Capitals

And letters short or small,

Everywhere, everywhere,

There's names carved here and there and everywhere."

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