

gan to guess who the intruder was and someone guessed me ! How can people be so idiotic? We then got our canoes out and paddled about half a mile up the shore to find a place to bunk for the rest of the night. We reached a nice spot, spread our blankets on the ground and retired to rest. It seemed to me I had only been to sleep five minutes when I dreamed I was having my face washed (for a wonder) and woke up to find it was raining. I aroused the others and we went under the shelter of some trees to have breakfast. I was standing with one leg out of my oilskins and the other in, no shirt on and a sou'wester on my head, eating breakfast and feeling miserable. Thank goodness nobody had a camera. By and by the sun came out and we had a swim and felt much better. The other two took one of the canoes and the dunnage and made rather a crooked bee line for camp while I went for my two passengers. During the wait for them on the wharf I was cornered by two Indian relic hunters. They were both dressed in seedy frock coats and dirty white bow ties. They started telling me of their finds and discoveries of the past hundred years. At length one of them said,—“The other day I found an Indian skull with a tomahawk stuck in the leftside about two inches above the ear. Only two bones had been broken and the skin had healed before he died. Now don't you agree with me that the poor fellow had obviously suffered from a declivity of the interstices?” “Doubtless,” I answered, “but it is never good to come to such an obvious conclusion as that too soon or it might prove fatal.” They left looking rather annoyed and I believe they thought I didn't know anything about it. How silly of them to think ! Presently my passengers came along and we all paddled home and lived happily ever after.

Dog-gerel.

BY KATIE.

In Port Hope Ont. quite near Toront-
-O sixty miles away,
Is T. C. S. which is no less
Renowned for work than play.

On campus green the boys are seen,
Or on the skating rink
In manly sport of every sort—
They learn to act and think.

They all go down into the town
On every holiday ;
The prices rise on shirts and ties
In an alarming way.

Down to the Tuck just like a buck
By instinct new boys go ;
To get a place e'en old boys race
They love the old shop so.

But on the morn haggard and worn
Onward through life they go—
They hate to see their room mates' glee
And seek the realms below.

Many a one who's helped to run
This School upon the hill
Has gained renown beyond the town
For patience and for skill.

The pupils too have not a few
Won fame in foreign clime ;
There's Bishop Brent who long has lent
The Philippines his time.

We wont forget our Baronet—
Sir William Osler, Bart.
Long to survive his 'Forty-five'
Is hoped by every heart.

In Church or State whatever fate
May overtake our boys,
They play the game but not for fame,
Through all life's griefs and joys.