

A Powerful Blast.

A tornado on a small scale occurred in the Third Form the other day. It was during the algebra hour. We were startled by hearing a most awful noise. Books started to fly, desks were blown over and other damage occurred. Unfortunately, Charles, Mason and a few others received painful bruises.

But what could be the cause of all this disturbance? Things like that don't happen without a reason, so we were puzzled how to account for it. Suddenly "Parson" Gooderham exclaimed, "Why, boys, it was only Topheavy Mackenzie blowing his nose."

This proved to be true, and we were very thankful to escape with so little injury. After things had been set right again, the class resumed its work.

A. C. BLACK (III)

A Startling Revelation.

It was Sunday afternoon. After Chapel "Ambrose" had asked me to go out with him on the tur—npike road which leads to Port Dalhousie.

We had had a most enjoyable walk and were returning in good spirits when we saw a sight which we at first thought, from the glittering, to be a circus. But remembering that it was the Sabbath, we quickly banished such vain thoughts from our heads, and on approaching a little nearer became convinced that it was the St. Catharines Fire Department. But having heard no alarm, we decided that it could not be, and for some time were completely nonplussed, until at last Smitty hazarded his opinion that it was the Salvation Army. From the noise it made we thought it must be either a gravel train on the down grade or Mr. Hendry's bicycle. Although feeling certain that such a dazzling light could come from neither of these, I held my peace and awaited further developments. But we were now drawing so near that there could be no mistake, and at last the grand truth dawned upon us that it was only Ize out for a stroll in his best Sunday clothes. The noise which had so disturbed us issued from a very loud necktie, and the dazzle from a solitaire tie-pin of plate glass.

S. C. NORSWORTHY (V.)

When is the Fifth Form French class like soapy water? When there is a Bubble at the top.

Why is the "Cow" like an unfaithful soldier? Because he has been sleeping on his watch lately?

The Newboy's Joke; or, Fatty's Fate.

It was just after midsummer,
And back had Fatty come;
He had unpacked, but cake he lacked,
He felt he needed some.

He straightway to the wing repaired,
The rooms there to explore,
And lots of cake he surely ate,
But yet he wanted more.

At last some Newboys caught his eye,
As every room he scoured,
Their backs to save, their cake they gave,
And Fatty it devoured.

One boy remained and he declared,
He had not brought a bit;
But those who heard said 'twas absurd,
And cried, "Now, out with it!"

Alas! his protests were in vain,
Although he did his best;
He said, "I fear the cake I've here
Is what you can't digest."

But Fatty would not be denied;
A dreadful oath he swore,
"If I can't eat up all you've got,
I will eat cake no more."

At last the Newboy "opened up,"
And out a box he drew:
But 'twas a cake of toilet soap
That he held up to view.

That's why poor Fatty has grown thin,
And he eats cake no more;
For sake of cake, he will not break
That dreadful oath he swore.

S. C. NORSWORTHY (V.)

The following gem is guaranteed by the editors to be the perfectly genuine production of a First Form boy, printed from the original manuscript, without a single alteration or addition. How it came into the editors' hands will for ever remain a secret, as they have no fear of the now jolly little author appearing to claim it:

"My first night at school was one of the awful nights I ever spent if I had heard somebody crying it might have consoled me a little but I kept up a moan all by myself I dersay if you saw in every cubical of a new boy and under the pillow you might have heard many stifled sobs besides mine"

Ode To Poo Poo.

And must I say "Farewell?" Alack!
It surely is not true
That next term you will not be back,
My own beloved Poo Poo!

Your heart is in the woods, I fear.
Yet surely, Poo Poo, you
Will leave the deer and come back here,
My own beloved Poo Poo!

Oh, do come back to college fare;
The fair all long for you;
Your spirit tear from hunting bear,
My own beloved Poo Poo!

And our first cricket team to fill,
Poo Poo we shall need you;
Come, say you will leave Essonville,
My own beloved Poo Poo!

What a fine half back you will make,
If you will stay, Poo Poo!
Stay, for my sake; my heart will break
When once you leave, Poo Poo!

S. C. NORSWORTHY (V.)