

the boys of this society have become so famous for their magnificent muscles that when Nicholls' ma sees fit to plant his fist into the small of some unfortunate fellow's back, the slugee always says, "It's a Pale-Face," and I suppose he thinks so because he "feels it in his bones." Several fellows are waiting for vacancies to occur, among whom are H. Harmer, B. Benson, A. McKenzie, "Lilly" Hills, and "I."

Here's to the Exercise Club!

L. P.

DEDICATED TO THE MEMBERS OF LIBERTY FLAT.

Our dear Captain Bingley has nice little feet,
The man that disputes him he's willing to meet
In a clear open space, with a sword in his hand;
He is ready to see who shall have the command.

Next, Alec McKenzie. And sure you'll agree
He's the best-looking fellow that e'er you did see;
He dresses so neat in such lovely new duds
That the damsels all think that he's really "hot spuds."

Then comes a bad fellow, I'm sorry to say,
Who is going quite seriously from the right way;
For "Freddy Old Boy" has a tendency slight
For very rank cheese and some crackers at night.

And "I," his young brother, is almost as bad,
If you call him a real tin he'll get very mad;
And, I tell you, he is not a good boy at all,
For he's rather too friendly with Cecil Von Bahl.

Then comes a young fellow whose name is Hal Harmer,
It's queer, but they call him the young ladies' charmer;
He's as active and strong as a young polar bear,
And looks very nice with his lovely long hair.

"Your health, Gallant Spot! wholesale grocer you'll be,
And measure out portions of sugar and tea,
You'll do 'em up well in brown paper and twine,
And be making your fortune in very quick time."

Then Harry G. Nicholls is next on the list,
His head's full of beauty, great strength's in his fist;
He is (I'm not jolly) a very strong man,
And in marvellous feats is a rival to Pan.

Marse Joe Greenhill, from the banks of the Grand,
Will tell of adventures on sea and on land;
When he was at Sheldrake's, that school of all schools,
He was a bold fellow and broke all the rules.

George Gooderham Mitchell is called "Handsome Mike";
It's enough to make any young lady's heart strike
To see him play football or run in a race,
For in all manly sports he is sure of first place.

Then comes Wilmot Matthews, who's now off the turf,
He's the best of all jolliers I've met on this earth;
He'll chaff you and tease you and make you quite jolly,
And end up by saying that you're just "hot tamauley."

Pray allow me to tell you without any quiz
Of a boy with Greek features and Homer-like phiz,
His eyes are the color of those of a dove—
You'll laugh when I say Mena Gurd is in love.

Here's to Old Gran! who the banjo does play,
He strums and he strums all the night and the day,
His music is lovely and always admired,
But when it is ended you feel rather tired.

Of Vernie Gzowski it's always been said
He's a boy of great knowledge when he's not in bed;
He's among the best quarters the school's ever had;
And I'll tell you the others were not very bad.

Of John Garnet Reid it is said "He's a freak,"
But it's really not so, or he'd soon pull my beak;
For John comes from Sault Ste. Marie in the north,
And also belongs to the "jolly old Fourth."

Then there is Frank Spence, whom you know very well,
He's so brimful of sleep that he ne'er hears the bell;
He rushes to breakfast, though late in the morn,
Always looking quite happy, though feeling forlorn.

And now that I've painted in such a bright light
My friends and my neighbors, I hope it's all right;
For the light of a candle is hard on one's eye,
So I bid you this moment a hearty good-bye.

A. J. H.

A NEW BOY'S LETTERS HOME.

LETTER I.

B.R.C. COLLEGE.

DEAR MA,—I am getting on verry well with my studdys and mr. miller says I must have a fotball gerser I came head in speling yesterday and I want er come home at wonce, I shall die if I stay here, I hav ter go to bed at 9 o'clock, I dont like to have the gass terned out at 9 o'clock, I sleep in a cubbykill and the cubbykill hasent any carpit, last night a boy through a wet sponge into my cubbykil and I stepped on it and it made my fot cold (P.S. I through it back) I am in the first form. When I got into bed I lay'd down on my hare brush. And when I was aslep the boy which I through the wet sponge back puled me out of bed and all the croud from the other cubikils laughed and a master came in with a candel and straped the other boy, my bed is made of wire. I am going to bring a boy called Tommy home with me for the Cristmas hole-days, I think I have caught consumtion. tell pa to come and take me away at wonce I shall dye soon if I stay hear, the fude hear gives me indignashun and they gave me some gregeris mixthur, I am going to get my bath tikit termorrer. I plaged fot ball today. the boys said I shod praps be on the first teem, and I am going to praktise, dont send me them new closes you was going to send me, let me come home at once, their is an old man like Santer claws, he walks round all night with a lanturne and keeps a feller awake, the boy in the next cubikil says you must send me another cake like the one I broght, and some candys, he says he wants creems and gumbo karimles and their musent be any white ones, he is