

the grand finale, for all gathered about the piano and with one accord sang "God Save the King."

This over, Hills said a hasty good-bye and hurried out, putting on his coat and hat as he left the house.

About fifteen minutes later all were gone. The Bishop had carried off Sir Thomas to his Palace for just another cigar. Mr. H. C. Griffith, with Erly Walker, member for Poverty Flat, caught the train for Ottawa, where an important division was expected next day. Hugh Hoyles, of Hoyles, Baldwin & Hatfield, went to bring his wife and daughters from evening party.

Harry Howitt and Llewellyn Price set out together for the telegraph office, saying they were bound to hear the reports of the races in San Francisco before going to bed. After Mr. Smallman had shaken hands with the last departing guest, he made for his smoking room, and throwing himself into an easy chair, lit a cigar and fell into a deep reverie.

"This sporting life isn't what it's cracked up to be," said he to himself, stroking his well rounded stomach, musingly. "Look at 'Madame' Howitt and 'I' Price, and me too; we all show the traces of good times; I wish I were back at Ridley, a good boy once more! Still, take us all through, we're a good lot—a good lot."

He was roused by the hot ash of his cigar falling upon his hand.

"Well, I must be turning in," said he to himself; "it's getting late." And ringing for his valet, he walked yawning into his bedroom and shut the door.

Half an hour later he was in his dreams, jumping from the spring-board at the bathing crib into the briny depths of the Welland canal.

J. L. STREET (IV)

### Some Wonders at Ridley.

A square Bail.  
A Ker that doesn't howl.  
A Street you can't walk over.  
A Mason that can't lift a brick.  
Two Ganders that can't swim.  
A Mair that will eat only cake.  
A Sturgeon that is afraid of the water.  
A Miller that can't tell oats from corn.  
Three Nicholls worth more than five cents apiece.  
A Smallman who will soon weigh about 180 lbs.  
A Greenhill who is always green, and a Hills who is not so green as he looks.

### Cricket—B. R. C. vs. Buffalo.

One afternoon in May, boys,  
What date I cannot say,  
The Buffalos came to play, boys,  
The Ridley College team.

'Twas the first match we played, boys,  
And we were quite dismayed,  
At the big score they made, boys,  
Against the College team.

"To lose would be a sin, boys,  
Fine has Wraight's batting been,  
We need some runs to win, boys,"  
Said "Lily" to the team.

"But we need not mind that, boys;  
We'll give them tit for tat,  
There's Angus yet to bat, boys,  
And all the College team."

Then Angus had a try, boys.  
Ere he "got in his eye,"  
His bails flew up on high, boys,  
Dismay fell on the team.

You'll not hear Angus speak, boys,  
From that unlucky freak,  
Of cricket for a week, boys,  
Nor blow about the team.

When we had all been told, boys,  
That Angus had been bowled,  
We felt we had been sold, boys,  
Unto that Buffalo team.

From then our wickets flew, boys,  
What could a mortal do,  
That we would lose, we knew, boys,  
So did that Buffalo team.

One more there chanced to be, boys,  
But bowled too soon was he,  
We lacked a score of three, boys,  
To tie the Buffalo team.

Once more we took the field boys,  
We felt our fate was sealed,  
But yet we'll never yield, boys,  
Tho' they've a splendid team.

Thanks to their "Doc" and "Wraight," boys,  
Their score was seventy-eight,  
In truth 'twas getting late, boys,  
To beat the Buffalo team.

We went to bat once more, boys,  
And runs we made galore,  
Doolittle, twenty-four, boys,  
Against the Buffalo team.

Then Wraight began to fear, boys,  
He'd come out in the rear,  
When six o'clock drew near, boys,  
He took away his team.

Said one: "If they would stay, boys,  
And to the end would play,  
I think that we could say boys,  
We beat the Buffalo team."

S. C. NORSWORTHY (IV.)

It was on the sham-battle field  
She nearly made me wilt;  
She said, "The Highlanders are dead,  
Because I see their kilt!"

Torontonian—It's a big bluff, that Hamilton so-called "mountain."

Hamiltonian—What are the Rockies but a big bluff, I'd like to know?

Answer of Torontonians not recorded.