

Sam Tilley—Is in the Bank of Montreal in London, Ont.

Tom Ritchie—Is at Dalhousie University, Nova Scotia.

George Lewis—"Pam"—is in the Electrical Works at Peterboro.

Geo. A. Mayhew—Is in business at Simcoe.

Miles O'Reilly—Is in the Toronto Branch of the Bank of Montreal.

Charley See—"Ching-Wa-Lee"—is in the Head Office of the Bank of Toronto.

#### A Breakfast at Ridley Junior Table.

Ridley's rising bell rings at 6:45, but the boys are not always very punctual in getting out of their warm beds at that hour, so they generally roll over for another little snooze. At about 7 o'clock you will hear a groan and some one call out, "Say, Willie, has the bell gone yet?"

"Yes."

"I think I will get up now."

So Tommy gets out of bed just as the last bell begins to ring.

"I guess I'll have to hustle," says Tommy to himself.

Tommy arrives down in the dining room just in time to be too late.

"Tommy, why are you late?" says Mr. —

"I don't know, sir; but, sir, I took too big a wash, sir; I guess, sir."

"But, Tommy, you forgot to brush your hair."

"Yes, sir."

"How's that, Tommy?"

"Because, sir, somebody has broke my looking-glass, sir; and I couldn't look at myself, sir."

"Tommy, you had better leave the room and brush your hair," says Mr. —.

Yes, sir."

"Take a quarter of an hour for being late, and a quarter more for not having your hair brushed."

"Yes, sir. But it won't count two detentions sir, will it, sir?"

"You'll see when you get there," says Mr. —.

"I hope you'll be in a good humor to-day, sir."

(Tommy goes out and in a minute or so comes in looking about as fresh as before).

"I had first on the milk," says Tommy, as soon as he gets to his seat.

"I beg your pardon, Tommy, but I had first," says Percy, his brother. "You're late; you're fifth."

"Well, the toast starts at me to-day," cries Tommy; "because it started at you last day."

The toast is passed around and Tommy gets two pieces.

"Say, Tommy, sell me a piece for a piece next day," cries somebody from another table.

Tommy assents, and the toast is passed over.

"First on the potatoes," cries Willie.

"Second."

"I beg third," cries Tommy. "Mr. —, is time up yet, sir?"

"No, Tommy; not yet."

"Much longer, sir?"

"About three minutes more."

Tommy, endeavoring to get a piece of bread, knocks his tea all over Percy.

"Ha! Ha! I'm going to tell," but time is up and the boys are dismissed by tables.

H. R. HARMER.

#### A Midnight Raid.

Poverty Flat was as still as death, and no sound was heard save the continuous snoring of the two Willies and the Macks. At last the silence was broken by the heavy step of the master on duty, but as the last flicker of the candle disappeared, a low whistle was heard, and several white figures stole from their respective rooms and held an earnest consultation in the corridor.

Finally a decision was arrived at, and a figure with a queer limping gait (Sandow), crept off towards the door leading to the main. The rest followed at intervals.

When Mr. Boddy's room was reached it was ascertained by a bold member of the band that he was not at home.

This news was received with low murmurs of rejoicing as the invaders departed to storm the neighboring dormitory. As they entered they were received with a volley of missiles and pillows; water-jugs, basins and boots filled the air.

In the midst of this uproar a warning signal was heard, and the assailants disappeared under beds and behind curtains. Not a second too soon, for as the last leg was withdrawn a master entered, but peaceful snores were the only answers he received to his questions.

As soon as the coast was clear, the marauders started out again and rushed through the upper flat, leaving the wretched, shivering, half awakened enemy to collect their scattered bedclothes. Suddenly a shrill cry of "Cave!" was heard, and all dashed for their own rooms. But in vain, for the leader, on rounding a corner, was received into the arms of a master. The rest were easily discovered and dessert was served around to the tune of six on each.

N. F. KERR.