

methods, for we are credibly informed that he is now doing good work.

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E. S. Charlton, '96, is on his father's farm at St. George, Brant Co. They are breeding Holsteins extensively, and have some choice animals.

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F. E. Webster, '90, is one of Grey county's leading farmers, having followed it up near Creemore since leaving College.

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Fred. J. Sissons, '96, is living at Barrie. As secretary of their Hockey Club of last winter he cut quite a figure, and he will probably follow football this season. His place at half-back will be hard to fill on our team.

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Jim Brickwell has returned from his visit to his home in Paris, France, looking his very best. He intends buying a farm at once, and settling down for the rest of his days. Considerable pressure is being brought to bear in order to have him play the season out with our team but Jim says he means business, and football must take care of itself.

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W. W. Cooper, '93, is farming at Kippen, Ont., and writes that prospects might be worse.

## LOCALS.

### The Midnight Supper.

Oft had I heard of Pompey Bell,  
And when up in the Tower,  
I chanced to see, as evening fell,  
Pompey in all his power.

Beside this bell there lived a pair  
Of Indians, crude and wild;  
They came from Indian Bush, these rare,  
Rude offspring of a savage child.

'Tis of these men, and several more,  
That I to thee will sing;  
'Tis not to even some old score,—  
It is the power of spring.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
He never took it in his head,  
In flowing numbers thoughts to free?  
If such there live, I am not he

But now, again, must I come to my song  
If I wander too much it will be all too long.

Cesar, Pompey, both were there,  
Brutus, Hamlet, head in air;  
Lucius, just half asleep;  
Antonio from his bed did creep;  
Falstaff, with his merry jest,  
Said he'd help to rob the chest;  
Hotspur came with good King Lear;  
Both were men who knew no fear,

Romeo had had a feast,  
But said he'd come and watch at least;  
But Cassius, with his hungry look,  
Said he preferred a book;  
Macbeth came in with haughty air,  
And scowled upon the Indians there.  
But these, though last, were not the least.  
For they were sent to fetch the feast.

Within the tower a man there dwelt,  
Who pangs of conscience never felt:  
He was a blue Neso, Scotia's son.  
Outside his door, just in the hall,  
He kept his box, nor dream'd at all  
That on his bank there'd be a run.

Therein we found some lovely cake,  
'Twas good, it gave no stomach-ache,—  
And by it bottles four were found:  
Apples there were of goodly size,—  
We opened wide our hungry eyes  
And sighed for appetite unbound:

As Indians are a sneakish lot,  
They were sent the box to pot,  
And soon returned they with the loot,  
And stowed it safely in our den.  
We found it locked quite safe, but then  
We opened it with Hotspur's boot.

"Eureka!" then, wee Pompey cries,  
And opened wide his wondering eyes,  
As a jam pot of generous size  
Came forth as noble Caesar's prize.  
Lucius cried out in his sleep,  
'Of apples have I found a heap!"  
'The bottles full of berry wine,  
Pressed from the fruit of bramble vine,  
Were opened, and the warming fluid  
Soon was coursing in our blood.  
The bottles did not last us long,  
We passed them round with shout and song,  
And when the wine had gone, with laughter,  
We filled the bottles up with water.

Again the boot locked up the box,  
And Antonio, sly old fox,  
Put it back and all was o'er.  
But as the story has been long,  
I'll break off here my little song,  
But some day I will give in rhyme  
What befel at Christmas time,  
To the Scotian Blue Neso when he thought  
He'd try the food that from home he'd brought.

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At the recent concert in the gymnasium, a young man from the city who is too well educated to use nick-names, said to a lady who resides in the College, "Is this the James Nasium, or a lecture room?"

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Morrison, to Allison—What do you think of that new man at your table?

Allison—He's a bird!

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Forbes was fined a quarter for smiling at the servant maids, contrary to the regulations. The girls say that any one who smiles such