

Foster jay-gee-yew-ess Consul,
E-mac-aye of great Dalhousie,
Tee-ar-gu the Dyna-mite chief
Tom-soon-gee-aye (Bank Chebucto)
Price-nye-aich of Eye-see-are.
And young Eff-jay-mic-mac-donald
Of the great bank of Mount Royal.

All are new men of Tribe Stud-lee,
All are non-coms and not Quoit-ahs,
All like Rump-unch and split Sodas,
And the cheese call Gorgon-zola.
Holding pow-wows with the warriors,
At the great feast of the Hodge-Podge,
And at function called O. S. F.

If you should ask me, Jay-boss, saying,
Tell me more of all the Tribesmen ?

I will answer, I will tell you,
Straightway in such words as follows :
That the stock of chaff and nonsense,
From Stoutish-fellow to old chieftain,
Has entirely given out, sir.
Therefore, now adieu, I bid you,
Wishing all the jolly Quoit-ahs,
Christmas and the New Year happy.
With the Yule log briskly burning,
Is the wish of Stoutish-fellow.

HALIFAX, N. S., November 1st, 1898.