

and he read in a sing-song voice the following:—

"For my grandson, Richard Redbuckle."

"Fit a frigate tight and sturdy,  
Good for fight and weather-worthy.  
Find the turquoise isle of Praeda,  
If you find you're not afraid to;  
Standing there on mountain side  
On the left a goose is spied—  
Now to eastward twenty paces,  
Dig ten feet and there two cases  
Filled with gold and bank-notes nifty,  
Snow your grandpapa was thrifty,  
That's about enough for you,  
Eighteen and carfare! Skidoo!!"

"Penned by Simeon Redbuckle, 1885."

"Absurd, is it not?" said Snip, as he finished. "Yet there seems to be a hint in it of this treasure, and the mention of the Isle Praeda, ought to be a valuable clue; though where it is I don't know. I have studied the map of the West Indies for hours but cannot find the Island of Praeda; and he says that a goose is to be seen on the left of a mountain, but this is doubtless a frivolous piece of nonsense, as are the last two lines. But this Isle of Praeda must be found first, and that is why," he fixed a sharp eye on Captain Kuttlefish, "that is why I have summoned you—to take Dick here to the Indies, to Praeda."

The black eyes of the captain blinked and winked maliciously, "And me," he growled, "I will take Master Redbuckle and the handservant, Jerry Bowes, to the West Indies for fifty pounds, not a penny less! Do you accept? 'The Ghost' sails to-night at twelve."

"Done!" cried Master Redbuckle, "twenty-five pounds down, twenty-five when we cast anchor off Praeda. Well, now, Jerry, lad, place the cash on the table here. We sail to-night, Jerry, at twelve; so fill up your goblets, all. Here's to the voyage of 'The Ghost!' Here's to the finding of the treasure, and here's to Captain Kandy Kuttlefish! Health!"

But he did not observe how that worthy smirked wickedly over his glass.

(To be Continued.)

### RIFF RAFF.

The first football practice was held on Monday, Sept. 17.

—  
We should get up a subscription for ~~him~~ to get his hair cut.

—  
Among the new boys are some fine singers. On Tuesday last "Bluebell" was sung most touchingly by Dickinson, at the back of the college. It was well attended, and we may look forward to more of these musical entertainments.

—  
There are so many new boys that they'll mob us if we don't watch out.

—  
Master (at beginning of term) —  
"Jones, what are you going to try, Toronto, McGill, or what?"

Jones—"I'm going to try what, sir."

—  
Latin Scholar (seeing someone getting caned)—"Ah, the puer boy!"

—  
A man went into a Jew clothing store and tried on a coat and vest. While the Jew turned to get the pants the man ran out of the store. A policeman came along and pulled out a revolver. The Jew called out, excitedly, "Hi, mister, shoot him in the pants; the coat and vest belongs to me."

—  
"Ikey, there's a customer in the store who wants a blue suit. Change the skylight."

—  
My best girl and I have had four or five little lovers' quarrels. We were in a hammock the first time we fell out, and to reconcile her I took her to a cigar store and bought her a Havana wrapper. I could always tell when she had her hair done up because I saw it in the papers in the morning. She had a young brother who was a thief. He was cross-eyed. He said he was honest, but he looks crooked. Once he stole a watch. A lawyer got hold of the case, and he got the works. He carried a shutter around with him, only for a blind. Another time he stole a horse and harness, and never even left a trace. It was funny the way he got out of jail. The governor was visiting there one day, and her brother accidentally stepped on