THE MARTLET.

Today, alas! behold the modern bard Through want compelled to write in

- praise of lard, A breakfast food, umbrellas, shoes or
- teas, And thus employers and the public please.
- O'er themes like these, designed but to amuse,
- The poorest rhymster never could enthuse.

Happy am I, that in this doleful time, A better subject lures me into rhyme; In clarion tones, to all the race of men, I sing the praises of the Class of Ten.

Come Orpheus then, and quickly tune my lyre!

- Ye Muses Nine my stammering tongue inspire!
- "T is only three short seasons since there came
- This band of youths and maids, unknown to fame
- Save by the marks, obtained with painful skill,
- By which they forced an entrance to McGill.
- Oh what a band were we, my countrymen,
- When verdant Freshies in the Class of Ten!
- Those who survived the kindness of the Profs.,
- Returned next year to act the part of Sophs.;

Acquiring knowledge by incessant toil,

- And constant burning of the midnight oil.
- Some learned to smoke, drink cider and to cuss,
- While others went on Friday nights to tuss.

This year, as Juniors, in the library, Our time is spent in studious reveries; Or in the lab., the smithy or the shop, We work until the Prof. commands to stop.

Patient we plod in one unceasing grind, Yet trust at length a sure reward to find.

Concerning life o'er at the R. V. C.,

- This is a foreign theme, unknown to me. Yet Rumour whispers, of the maidens there,
- The Class of Ten has more than usual share
- Of wit and beauty, depth of heart and mind,

And all the graces dear to womankind.

Fain would I have the vision of the seers, And wisdom to foretell the coming years. To show the glory, honor, praise and fame.

Enumerate the time, the place, and name Of deeds, undying in the hearts of men.

- Performed by members of the Class of Ten.
- But Fate forbids my halting, uncouth rhyme

Disclosing secrets of the future time,

- Yet when I reach the mansions of the blest
- I think I'll see, outshining all the rest,

A band at once familiar, and again

Pecome a member of the Class of Ten.

R. V. C.—"No! Don't **ARTS'11.** be too previous in buying '11 jewelry. There are some marks in our class (for evidence see football games), and perhaps, if you wait till some skating parties and dances come off — however, it doesn't do to

make rash promises for other people."

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