

of some mighty poet, a fascinating writer or an immortal artist. Think of the joy and pride of the Editor if the coming year discovers some rival Kipling or a second Gibson—it is a great thought. Of course everyone will take the paper, that is understood. But should any of our readers chance to meet any one so misguided or unfortunate that he has not yet subscribed, we trust that they will let the light into his darkened mind and show him the straight path wherein he should walk. If any feel like criticizing let him do so, but do not merely point out the error of our ways but also give us some suggestions as to improvements.

In the rest of this number will be found information upon many and various topics, which will, we trust, be of value to old and young. All the gentlemen connected with the clubs and societies mentioned will be glad to give any further information that may be necessary.

So here's to a good year and a happy one. Support the Martlet, the Football matches, the Union, and all the clubs, and good luck go with us all!

Students are Back Again (Daily Paper.)

Students coming back again—I wonder how they knew
 Who told the gossip-paper man? who gave the guy the clue?
 Suppose he saw the freshie round sheltered by his pop,
 Being told if Johnny was'nt good, he'd give him to a cop;
 Or heard an angry governor with angry looking feet
 Demand a private interview about the son with Pete;
 Or can't he find the friendly squirrels, that everybody knows
 They're hiding high because of stones that little Willie 'hrows;
 Or was it awfully noisy checks in drapery called clothes,
 With little pipe in thirteen hairs—so light 'neath Sophie's nose.
 Saw he a prim demure freshette 'neath juniors piercing glance,
 As if to say "I wonder if you're worth it for the dance;"
 Or met two seniors speaking of their "last forever trip"
 And noticed just the slightest little quiver of the lip.
 The "flannelled fools" are at the nets and there's the "muddled oaf"
 Being cheered to deeds of valor by the gaping college loaf.
 Perhaps he saw a swelling of our "Jimmy's" pompous chest,
 Or harked to Tom" and "Corky" dope us out to beat the rest.
 But college has to open when the leaves are coming down,
 And somehow people notice that the students are in town.

KILAPIE.