

### Tribby.

Sinces Tribby has become the craze,  
All things must bear that name,  
And one hears Tribby o'er so much  
He nearly goes insane.

There are the shoes called "Tribby,"  
And the swell "Tribby ties,"  
And "Tribby chocolate caramels,"  
And "Tribby custard pies."

There are "Tribby tennis racquets,"  
The speedy "Tribby bike,"  
And some up-to-date young lady,  
Has dubbed Mitchell "Tribby Mike."

There's the "Tribby ice cream soda,"  
And sporty "Tribby belts,"  
The "Tribby song," and "Tribby dance,"  
And cans of "Tribby smelts."

Its Tribby, Tribby, Tribby;  
Where e'er your eyes you put,  
The only Tribby thing we miss,  
Is a pretty "Tribby foot."

J. L. S.

With apologies to T. B. F. Benson, F. R. Spence and others.

### It Worked Well.

Tommie was in for a caning. He knocked timidly upon Mr. Miller's office door.  
"COME IN!"

Tommie entered. We will pass over the ensuing lecture, etc. Suffice it to say that things finally reached the painful point where Mr. Miller said:

"Now, Morton, minor, hold out your hand."

Tommie was good enough to comply with this request. There was an awful pause. In fact there were TWO OF THEM. Then the cane descended, but not on the trembling Tommie's hand. NO! The "awful paws" were too much for Mr. Miller.

Silently turning to a shelf he fumbled for a moment and then produced a cake of college soap. This he put into the astonished Tommie's outstretched "hand" with a pair of tongs and then showed him the door.

When Tommie reached the outside air he "winked the other eye" in a very knowing way and said:

"It's a good thing; PUSH IT ALONG!" as he kicked the piece of soap down the corridor.

J. L. S.

### College Telegraph Operators.

The latest fad at college is telegraphy. Some boys are fortunate to possess storage batteries, but the great majority have the most skillfully contrived instruments ever seen. One ingenious operator is the illustrious Gordon Mackenzie, alias "Top." His instrument comprises a clothes hook fastened to his window frame. The screws are not put in tight, so that the operator may use it in imitation of a real telegraph key. Gordon has a wonderful alphabet of dots and dashes

with which he talks to his fellow operator, Mr. Richard J. Duggan, alias "Kelpie," who has a record as a pedestrian, and who can walk from College to Hamilton in five hours when he is in for a caning. Sometimes these two operators get mixed, and Gordon frequently puts his head out of his window and calls out: "Do you know what this means, Kelpie?" and then gives the clothes hook a prodigious bang which wakes up the other boys and "Top" is often sorry that he spoke. Their company is called the Moonlight Telegraph Company, and shares are selling from one to two toasts above par.

J. H. B.

### Drill.

Drill! What a lot that one word means to a college boy. Detentions, extra drills, an occasional touch of the captain's little black cane, (which is as bad for stinging as a birch rod) and other things so attractive to the average boy. And what good does it do? This is a question that has doubtless been asked by almost every boy since the college started, and it has never been answered satisfactorily (to the boy's mind). It is true that it aids digestion, but there are other and much more pleasant ways of attaining that indispensable end. We are made to go out in the sun and tire ourselves out for the day; and wear our shoes out by tramping over the gravel with which the yard is plentifully strewn, when we could be spending our time in a far more agreeable manner. But we college boys have to put up with some hardships and this is one of them; so, as we cannot have this grievance redressed, we will have to grin and bear it as best we can. I am sure we all wish the captain success with his drill, and hope that a second Wellington may (after he has passed his course at the Kingston R. M. C. and has been made a general of the English army) look back and think of the mornings he has spent in marching up and down the back yard of old Ridley.

### "Strappe de Hands."

This charming little opera, which means in plain English "Strap on the Hands," was given in Mr. Graham's room one afternoon. The performers were boys who had been caught the previous evening pillow fighting. The opening scene was placed in the quaint, old fashioned village of Mr. Graham's room. The first act was a variety of clog and skirt dacing. Act two consisted of some very exquisite melodies in b flat. Mr. Graham was stage manager. The proceeds were in aid of the Orphans' Home. MacKenzie, sec., did some very good acting.

J. H. B.

Report says that there is a wonder of the world at Ridley. It is a tender fifteen year old Gander that can't swim.