

A Bicycle Ballad.

List while I chant a simple lay
Whose virtue is—it's true.
It chanced all on an autumn day,
Where—matters not to you.



She rides a man's wheel? Yes, good
sirs,
If fault you hap to find,
It is because she much prefers
It to the other kind.



Close after her a fat old wight
Comes scorching up behind.
He is in Ridley blazer dight.
Who is he? Never mind.



Her heart is no cold icicle,
Neither is his I ween.
So Cupid on his bicycle
Creeps slowly up unseen.



But soon an awful thirst each feels,
When vineyard they espy.
So by the roadside leave their wheels,
The juicy fruit to try.



Just then came up a lusty tough.
"What have we here?" quoth he.
"Well, I just guess it's good enough
To carry such as me."



Another leaner tramp, but strong,
The other bike mounts quick.
He bowls the dusty road along
As hard as he can lick.



Alas! his fate is very sad;
He ran over a pup.
The fat sport saw the pieces were
Not worth the picking up.



The fat one now felt very small;
The maid began to sob,
When Cupid boldly out did call
"I say; give me the job.



"Since you now feel so very small,
If you've a mind to try,
My Welland Vale will hold us all."
He grinned and winked his eye.



They always ride a tandem now;
Their son sits on behind.
He's christened Cupid James, you
know,
To keep that day in mind.

The Woes of the Fifth.

What makes the Fifth Form fellow mad, and why does
he complain?
It's not because he works too hard, or ever gets the cane;
But for every little trifle he's rewarded with an hour,
And when he's used just like a kid, no wonder he gets
sour.

Oh, the Fifth, Oh, the Fifth, Oh, those poor ill-treated
boys!
They mustn't ever whisper or their name is surely
"mud;"
For if there's but a murmur or the sign of any noise,
Then it's "take an hour, Baldwin," or "a hundred
lines" for Jud.

What makes the Fifth Form fellow mad, why does he
grumble so?
He didn't mind when he got "soaked" a year or two ago.
But he used to grin and bear it, for very soon he hoped
In the Fifth to be a prefect, who could "soak" and not
"get soaked."

At last he's in the Fifth, but he's still a little boy,
With the Masters even stricter than they used to be
before.
Now, only Sixth Form fellows prefects' luxuries enjoy,
And the hard-worked would-be-prefects are athirst
for some one's gore.

S. C. NORSWORTHY (VI.)

Overheard by Pete.

Peanut (who has been deep in the study
of geography)—I say, Ambridge, are you a
Catholic?

Ambridge—No. Why?

Peanut (in a friendly but superior tone)—
Well, you don't want to go down there to
Mexico again, because the Catholic religion
is the religion of the country, and if you be-
long to any other you'll be *tolerated*, and
you're not a bad sort of a fellow.