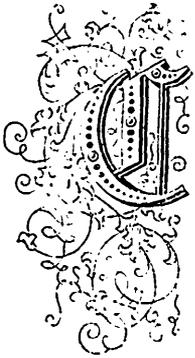


## ON A LEE SHORE



THE longest day of the year was drawing to its close, and the last rays of the June sun, gleaming from the the dome and spires of Oshawa College fell on the forms of two young men who were pacing together for the last time in their college career the favorite Elm Walk. Both strikingly handsome were they; Frank Byrne, slim, graceful, dark-eyed, and tall, broad-shouldered Gerald O'Neil, with his curly hair and honest blue eyes. Great as the contrast between their appearance was the warmth of their friendship, and this led them at the present moment to withdraw from the noisy crowd of students yonder on the lawn, where the "Sophs" were playing the "Freshies" at baseball, in order to enjoy for the short time remaining to them, the pleasure of each other's society.

"Well, old fellow," Frank was saying, "a few hours more and our college days will be among the *præterita rerum*. What are your feelings at parting with the old place?"

"I feel sorry, of course," replied Gerald with a half sigh, "I have spent six happy years here and I know I shall be very lonesome for a while when I am away from all the boys. I'm half sorry now I didn't work a little more," he went on in a regretful tone, "but," with a shrug of his broad shoulders, "I wasn't built for a student. Lacrosse and football were more to my taste than Greek and Geology."

"Why, Gerry, I never saw you look as dismal since the day the Asters beat us in Moreton, and Tom Harman telegraphed for a hearse to bring O'Neill home. Is it remorse, or can it be that you foresee 'with clearer vision,' your state of mind during the weeks to come? I remember that my first year, when I was a kid, I

cried myself to sleep every night for the last week, thinking how lonesome I was going to be in vacation."

O'Neill's gloomy face began to brighten with its usual expression of careless good humor under the influence of his friend's cheery words. Frank saw this and continued, "I don't think you have a great deal to reproach yourself with. A fellow who stands eighth in a class of twenty-three, and who knows he could be first if he wasn't too lazy, need'nt feel very sore."

"Oh, I could'nt treat my dear old father and mother so badly as to throw all my opportunities to the winds; but at the same time, I am glad that there is no chance of my winning the Papal Medal, which rumor has already awarded to Master Frank Byrne."

"Rumor hath an idle tongue, Gerald."

"*Laud semper errat fama*, a recent acquaintance of ours has it, and I am inclined to believe the jade for once."

"Really, Gerry," said his merry friend, "I don't know what to make of you today. First your conscience troubles you—you of all fellows; then you begin to quote Latin and Tacitus at that! Verily wonders will never cease. I suppose the next we hear of you, you will have turned Trappist. What a thrashing you will give yourself on discipline nights! Do you remember the time you punched Old Ben, the boxing master?"

"Can't you talk seriously for five minutes, Frank?" said Gerald, smiling in spite of himself.

"To please you, dear boy, I shall try, so here goes for a plunge into the most serious subject I can think of. Which of the learned professions do you intend to bestow yourself upon? Shall it be Gray or Blackstone, the green bag or the pill-box, the wig or the scalpel; or does your ambition, perchance, lead you to emulate the solitary and unique Michael, the renowned and inimitable Kelly?"

"There, I knew you could'nt do it, and I suppose I must fall into your humors. The votaries of the noble science of jurisprudence, whom you refer to in such a disrespectful manner, will soon receive me into their number. And you?"