

## The College Ghost.\*

A fellow, who swallowed a drachm  
 Of our milk, grew cold as a clachm,  
 And when somebody said,  
 "I believe he's not dead,"  
 The corpse quickly shouted, "I achm."  
 And since then, they say that his ghost,  
 Each night walks round his bed phost;  
 And the very small boys,  
 When they hear a slight noys,  
 Go out of their senses almhost.

## Give Us Westerners a Show.†

You 'ave sung of Tommy Atkins and of Fuzzy Wuzzy too,  
 You 'ave sung of Gunga Din and Boh-Na-Ghee,  
 You 'ave sung of Bhils and Bhisties, Pathans, Zulus and Burmeses,  
 And all sorts of bloomin' odes about the sea.  
 You 'ave sung about the Hathis pilin' teak at Mandalay,  
 You 'ave sung about the east until we know  
 Every tribe and every caste-mark and the ways of mountain guns—  
 But why don't you give us westerners a show?  
 We ain't the Tommy Atkins you gave immortal fame,  
 And we ain't no Rajputs, Sikhs, or Bengalese;  
 We're just what's called in Canada "The Riders of the Plains,"  
 And we helps the bloomin' reidskins keep the peace.  
 We 'ave Ernest Seton Thompson, 'e's a "shookum" writing man  
 (I believe you call it "pukka" over there),  
 'E can write about old Mooswa or of Krag, the Kootenay ram,  
 But 'e don't treat 'uman beings very fair.  
 But if you only come across and give us half a chance,  
 We will go along the trail from post to post;  
 We will show you the whole country from Regina down to Nome,  
 From the Behring straits to the Pacific coast.  
 We will take you through the canyons of a Rocky Mountain pass  
 (That's where you need the tallow in your socks),  
 With a Nitchi looking longingly upon the whisky flask,  
 And a pack horse climbing slowly o'er the rocks.  
 We will shoot the wild Saskatchewan inside a bark canoe  
 (It beats the sacred Gunga in a flood);  
 We will take you through a village of the Cree or Blackfoot tribe,  
 And moralize on fleas, grease, stinks, and mud.  
 We will float you down the Yukon to the fields of untold gold;  
 We will "mush" on snow shoes o'er untrodden snow,  
 With a team of dogs be'ind; and a club, I think you'll find,  
 Is a 'andy thing to make the 'uskies go.  
 We 'aven't got the Mogli 'angin' round the country yet,  
 But surely one's enough for such as you,  
 Still we've got lots of other things to write about, you bet,  
 And we 'opes you'll pote for us a little too.  
 Now I've no poetic license, for it isn't in my line—  
 I can only do fatigues and draw my pay,  
 But if you only come to us and take us at our word,  
 Why, we'll give you subject matter for a lay.

R. D. K.

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† These verses were written by R. D. Keefer, better known while at College as "Swipes Junior," who is a constable in the North-West Mounted Police. The author has sent a copy to Rudyard Kipling.