

held on the evening of Oct. 5th., the following officers were elected.

President—Mr. Bazett.

Vice-President—Chambers max.

Sec. and Treas.—Mr. Smith.

Curator—Porteous max.

All who desire to become members of the club should give their names to Mr. Smith.

S. O. Laing, head prefect of last year has gone into the Insurance business in Montreal.

H. H. Sims, is taking a Science course at McGill, and is playing full-back for the Junior foot-ball team.

J. D. Gordon, has gone into business in New York.

E. Miall, is travelling on the Continent.

C. Steer, is about to enter the Bank of Halifax, in Halifax.

P. N. Anderson, has entered the Bank of Montreal in Ottawa.

R. Boulter, is in the firm of Silverman, Boulter & Co., furriers, in Montreal.

W. G. Peck, is taking a partial course in Science at McGill.

WANTED:—A self-adjustable, ball-bearing tripple actionn ickle plated "method." Must be in good repair and suitable for working arithmetic sums. Address, Toby, care of "The Mitre."

To a Cat.

Thou furry sphinx with verdant eyes
Filled with disdain and calm surprise,
Sitting beside the grate and purring,
Absorbing warmth and never stirring,
Except to lick thy paws or flanks with care,
Or stick one leg grotesquely in the air.

You purr and blink and blink and purr O! cat;
Look innocent and pure and meek and mild;
Yet, all the while, I wonder what you're at,
And dread your plots for theft or orgies wild.

But lately, on a roof, among the screamers,
You were the *prima donna*, and your song
Banished all sleep, drove dreams from dreamers,
And filled the air with horrors all night long.
Do not you think such conduct unbefittin'
For any decent cat, or even Kitten?

You need not look at me and sneer:
I know your thoughts. T'is very clear
You pride yourself upon your voice, and claim
A place for cats 'mong artists known to fame,
You've heard of the Cat's Fugue; and, knowing
that

There was a Catalain, think she was a cat.

You cannot blush, and yet forsooth, you try
To look both coy and bashful as a proof
That you tell truth, and shyly blink your eye,
And, mewling, tell me that you sought that roof
Because you hoped to meet your Tommy; that
the heart

Is stronger than the brain; that Cupid drove
You forth, combined with love of art,
From your warm couch behind the cooking-stove

Well let it pass, although I can't conceive
That you should e'er expect me to believe;
Still, for all that, there is no telling
But cats may prove their love by gruesome
yelling.

Creatures affected by exotic passion
Oft make it known in most erratic fashion.

But harken Puss! for I must surely pick
A lot of bones with you;
And, if you have one, straightly your conscience
prick
By charges harsh but true.

The fact is cat, you lead a double life;
While in the parlor you're a saint;
In the back yard you take delight in strife,
I will not, dare not seek to paint
Your picture; from such a task I shrink.
What's that you say? You do not drink?

O! cat, you're surely boasting with bad grace;
Had you the cash, or could you run your face
At any tavern; quick you'd give up mousing,
And pass your days and nights in mad carousing

And then again, fresh from a hearty meal,
You creep into the Pantry, and you steal;
And, curled upon the sofa, snooze and dream,
While all the family drink their tea sans cream.

And you, who plead for feline love and song,