

And we have our little pleasures,
aided by the faculty.

There was Penman small of stature,
but of voice exceeding loud,
Who would scare us into silence and
win out against the crowd,
'Till the Penman Party chose him as
our Rep. to old McGill,
And his great oration lingers in the
class's memory still.

There was D. R. C. made famous by
the great Dundonald cause,
A kicker at year meetings and a
holder up of laws ;
And Gillies, the football giant, who
alone obtained a place
On the first team and so saved '05
from athleteless disgrace.

Next McGregor, stern and silent,
dark-browed homer of his clan,
(And N. F. B., the ancient, who must
sing this if he can).
Thoughtful silence was his motto, a
most deep observant man.
Chubby May, the ladies' darling, with
all things satisfied,
Now president forever, medal too, to
swell his pride.

Now that noted combination, mastiff
great and terrier small,
Our Jonathan and David, to each
other all in all.
Platt, the keenness of whose humor
dazzled Morden's puzzled eyes,
Little Uglow, short of stature, but a
terror for his size.

Polson vowed he'd leave us helpless,
when he thought we had turned
him down,
But the thought of good things com-
ing smoothed away his cynics
frown,
And we really loved him dearly, sent
him up to 'Varsity,

And his gratitude to all the class was
wonderful to see.

Lo! the President, most worthy, with
the sad pathetic smile,
Of humor elephantine, and entirely
without guile,
S. E. H. L. X. Y. Z. Law, who with
patriarchal air.
Leads his flock to western wilderness
to teach or perish there.

Of Swanson, keen and canny, always
laughing in his sleeve,
Of the fair "lyric Opollo," driving all
the girls to grieve,
Hay and Bothwell, critics down on
"superficialities,"
And many other famous ones; we
could go on with ease.

Re. the girls of '05 it is really hard to
say
Much, except that they behaved
themselves in an exemplary way.
They scrapped among themselves, 'tis
true, about debates and sich,
But the way they ran the Levana
Court was really very rich.

They "got soaked" hard by our
Prophet, so I won't repeat it
here.

Though lacking many parlor tricks
they haven't much to fear,
For their courage it is mighty, and
their brains are not a few.
And if you would know more of them
get them to talk to you.

But all these motley members had so
pugnacious grown
That a '05 meet without a scrap was
something never known.
And they'll likely so continue, until
alott they soar,
When the wicked cease from troubling
and the scrappers scrap no more.