

life in a short work entitled *O'er the Tea-Cups*. Charles Dudley Warner, perhaps one of the best known of American literature of the present day, will ever live to us Nova Scotians in the pages of *Bulldozer and That Sort of Thing*.

There is a host of others, all that numerous list of newspaper harlequins and platform lecturers, of whom Bill Nye, James White and Riley, Bob Burdette of *The Burlington Hawkeye*, Opie P. Read of *The Arkansas Traveller*, Charles B. Lewis of *The Detroit Free Press* and Alexander Sweet (a Nova Scotian) of *The Texas Siftings* are perhaps not the least importance—names of never-dying renown, and requiring more than a passing notice. But our article has already grown too long. Let us hope that, when this rich harvest has been gathered in, it may, in turn, be replaced by another of greater luxuriance and that fresh and vigorous recruits may be raised up to worthily fill the place of the veterans that are now passing off the stage.

A Schoolboy's Letter.

(This letter was picked up in the High School and advertized but the owner did not turn up.)

My Dear Mother:—I now sit down to let you know that I am well.

One of my elbows came through but the woman sewed it up again.

I used up both balls of twine that you gave me for a fishing-line.

And my white-handle knife—I guess it went through a hole in my pocket that I didn't know of till after my knife was lost.

My trousers are getting pretty short, but the woman says it is partly my legs getting long and I am glad of that.

The other day I stubbed my toe against a stone and tumbled down and scraped a hole through my oldest pair; it was very rotten cloth. I guess the hole is too crooked to be sewed again.

Yesterday coming from school it began to rain, so when I got home I hung my clothes around the kitchen stove on three

chairs, but the cooking girl flung them under the table, so now I go with them wrinkled and the boys chase me to smooth out the wrinkles. I don't skip over any button holes in the morning now, as my jacket comes out even.

Why didn't you tell me that I had a red head? The boys say that they would pull my hair if it weren't for burning their fingers. My great mate "Peter" said he guessed my hair was tired of standing up and wanted to lie down and rest for awhile.

I wish you please would send me a new comb. For the large end of mine has got all but five of the teeth broken out, and the small one as you know won't go through. I can't get it cut because the barber has raised his price, so please send me a good stout one.

I lost two of my pocket handkerchiefs and another went up on a kite and blew away, so now I only have one.

The next time you write to me give me all the news about my old girl "Peggy" and give her my love.

Your own son,
JOHNNIE.

Quite village depot, at 8 o'clock a. m. Two passengers are waiting for the train, one by his lordly air as he twirls his cane, and tugs his moustache we at once recognize as a Professor, the other is without doubt a student. The following dialogue ensues:—

Professor.—"You have a quiet place for studying W—"

Student (demurely) "Yes, sir,"

Professor.—"I hope you take advantage of it."

Student.—"I hope so."

Professor, (conclusively) "But it is pretty hard to turn a "society" man into a "student."—(Exit student.)

We are pleased to present the readers of the MONTHLY with the splendid article on "Football" which we publish this month.