

"Snap" was wafted down to his late home from the Indian's *tepee* or tent half a mile to windward. The dog of course was no use to his master, having been killed a week or two before by a wolverine or some other animal larger than himself. However enough of this fragrant subject.

Down east I think that but few persons hear the word *prairie* without thinking of the great inhabitant of the prairie, the buffalo. I should have said, the *late* inhabitant of the prairie; for one of the saddest things that I know of out here is to see the great skeletons bleaching on the sod, and think that perhaps not 5,000 head of that noble animal are still in existence. Figures are confusing, but try to realize what these mean. Only ten years ago, one firm alone killed 30,000 buffaloes in one season, just for the skins and tongues, the flesh was left for the foxes. Many another firm did just as great execution. And now for hundreds of miles every few yards one can see buffalo-bones, but no buffalo. An old half-breed told me not very long since that within a few miles of Winnipeg only ten years ago he had seen herds so enormous that the green of the prairie was hidden from sight; and now only their wallows, or holes for dusting themselves in, and their paths, made by the passing of a herd in single file once over the prairie in each place, are left to let us know how countless in number they were, and how, almost in no time, they have passed out of existence.

Now, Mr. Editor, let me close my rambling letter by thanking those of my pupils who have written me, and wishing every one of them success at the examination of this summer, and general good health and happiness till I see them all again, if spared, in September.

Yours sincerely,

J. T. FOTHERINGHAM.

Life is but a misty path

Around a hill of sorrow;

And stiles that mark the wand'ring thought,

Decay upon the morrow.

## POETS' CORNER.

TO A CANARY.

Oh thou blithe and gay,  
Sweet as the blooming May,  
Pure and fresh as the morning air,  
Void of dull and anxious care,  
Canary.

Sing thy song of joy and love,  
Gentle as the cooing dove;  
Plume thyself in Nature's sun  
E'er thy day on earth is done,  
Canary.

Soon the carpet tacks will fly,  
And the skeeters sweetly sing;  
Soon the festive frog will sigh  
By the sparkling meadow spring.

The world is a vast and changeful sea,  
O'er-ruled by tides and breezes;  
Great minds that tower above the rest  
Is but the foam that pleases.

## LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

Thomas A. Scholes, critic and elocutionist, visited Lindsay recently.

Wm. McGillivray, at one time president of the W. C. I. L. S., is farming.

John O'Day, the sprinter, is teaching school "way west" at a salary of over \$400.

Sam King, ex-king of the Literary Society, spends his time in Toronto like a king.

John Winnacott, the popular comedian and chemist, contemplates a trip to Heligoland.

"Jim" Campbell, "Tacey" Collins, and "Johnny" Billings are studying hard in Toronto.

Tom Nolan, soloist, debater and humorist, will engage to sing at concerts at worn-out prices.

The fine days are coming, and the pupils are looking forward to the drill and calisthenic exercises.

We are glad to hear that our fellow-student, John H. Eastwood, who has been seriously ill, is able to be out again.

R. A. Farquharson, A Dundas, John Campbell, C. Starr, and V. McBrady are to try the matriculation this summer.