

Back from the lofty hills,
 When the work of the day is done,
 Back from the frozen rills,
 When the doughty game is won ;
 'Neath beauty's smile we stand,
 And bow to beauty's eyes,
 And receive from beauty's hand
 The victor's jewelled prize ;
 Tramp, tramp, tramp,
 Vive la Tuque Bleue !

There was a tremendous burst of applause, *obligato*.
 Then the universal cry arose :

" Author, author ! "

A blushing and innocent-looking youth made his appearance, whereat there were cat-calls, explosions of horse-play, and volleys of Kentish fire.

" Why, it is only a reporter ! " was the exclamation, accompanied by shouts of laughter.

Yes, " only a reporter," a picker up of unconsidered trifles and wisps of news along the sidewalks during the day—but when his work is over, a poet, a musician, an orator and one of the best runners in the Club. In a word—a universal favorite.

" Bully boy ! " and they tossed him up to the ceiling
 and then they caught him tenderly in their
 arms and held him close to their hearts.

this amusement, and about the middle of the evening
 when Laclede, who had stood waiting for him
 of evening as they gathered over the hills, plucked his
 sleeve and muttered :

" Won't you come now ? "