

your mouth and put your feet in," he roared. The idea of having to put such a loud pair of socks into his mouth so shocked the boy that he fainted.

Here you see the long hallway and rows of class rooms. Yes, ma'am, it has rather a prison aspect, but think how much more the boys appreciate home after a lengthy sojourn here. Right up this stairway, please. This long corridor here is the boarders' roost, or rather their sleeping apartments. We might take a peep into one of the rooms just to show you what they are like. This room is evidently the place where some boy from Montana or other uncivilized place hangs out, as you will notice all the different guns, belts and other cowboy paraphernalia on the walls. The owner of this room evidently has some connection with the school magazine as the funny looking little thing over there is the printing press with which they publish it. We will now go down here to the assembly hall, sometimes called the amusement arcade. The boys often gather here for a good laugh. Yes, sir, it is rather small, but then you must rememehr that "small things amuse small minds." At the end of the hall you will see the school coat-of-arms, also the motto which reads like this, "Sneerouski Andrugouski Skiddothereovitch," or words to that effect. On the raised dais in the far corner you will see the two cups which this school has won from Upper Canada College in football. In the far corner you will also see the vacant stands, the half-dozen or so cups from which have been won by U. C. C.

Now, ladies and gents, as it is getting rather late, I am afraid we will have to cease our sight-seeing for today. As the school is lighted by candle power we will not trouble the people to light up.

All down stairs again, please. Those wishing to see the city itself may do so on payment of an extra twenty-five cents, a quarter of a dollar.

All aboard. Let 'er go, Jim. Honk! Honk!

#### AND THE FORM GUFFAWED.

"Tell me," said the master, "what is a polygon?"

"A dead parrot," replied Willison, with his rare smile.

We wish to convey our congratulations to Coatsworth, who has lately been given a new collar and tie.

No, Christie, we haven't got a joke about you this time, but perhaps in our next number we can get something about you.

The gigantic jesters—Fen Brown, Ferdie Maculloch, Patterson 1 and 2.

"Your note, please," said the master to Harris, who had been absent.

The youth drew a folded paper from his pocket and gave it to the master with seeming nonchalance.

The worthy pedagogue opened it, and as he read a satisfied smile spread over his face. "By the way, Harris, you owe me 200 lines, do you not?"

"I don't think so, sir," replied he.

"Well, on this paper is written '200 lines for Mr. — for Wednesday.'"

Harris was resuscitated by some of his sympathetic classmates, and had almost regained complete consciousness by the end of the period.

#### TOO LATE.

"You'd better subscribe to *Anybody's Magazine*, ma'am," said the agent. "We send it to you for a year for \$1, and we give you besides a complete set of Kipling, bound in tree calf, a case of celluloid soap, a lawn mower, a baby carriage and a portrait of Secretary Root."

"You're too late," said the old lady, "I've just joined the sacred circle of readers of the *Ladies' Home Doodad*, and I gets it for 75 cents with the works of Laura Jean Libbey, four gross of Peters' Heney Balm for the complexion, in quarts; a clothes wringer, two wash bilers, a kitchen stove and a chromo of Roosevelt Crossin the Delaware in a gilt frame throwed in."