

an apology for pants; and a red-headed (gold?) bamboo cane, got out in imitation of itself, to play with and to relieve the cigarette when the latter becomes tired of the dude and takes a "night off." A dude is useful to society on account of its being a great ornament to a drawing room corner, and being more economical to ask one to a party, than to hire statuary. Some dudes lunch at fashionable restaurants, others at lodging houses. These latter after filling up with the proverbial "hash," return to pick the chicken feet from their teeth in front of the aforesaid fashionable eating houses. The first glimpse I caught of a tame dude gave me "calculation" of the spinal column; the second glimpse caused the tame dude to collide with an editor's "worm exterminator," then to rebound and hug itself in fond embrace amid endearing ejaculations. This adventure caused me to believe that after all there really was something in the dude—air. When taking subscriptions for THE OLIO in Africa, I saw a wild dude, or rather a dude in its natural state. This one didn't chew caramels, suck bamboo switches, or otherwise show the extent of its vacuum, but leaped from tree to tree, chewing nuts and enjoying itself generally.

Alas! how sad that the dude should have degenerated to its present insignificant condition.

JAY GEE.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

We have just received a communication from our late esteemed classical master, Mr. J. T. Fotheringham, Grenfell, N. W. T., bearing his regard to the Literary Society, and the friends in general, and we take the liberty of making the following excerpts from its pages:—

GRENFELL, N. W. T.,

April 6th, '86.

Dear Editor:

I am afraid that the editorial staff of the Whitby Collegiate Institute Press will consider me exceedingly derelict in duty and lacking in interest towards my old friend, THE OLIO, if they judge me by my long silence. I have long and often enough intended writing a line or two, just by the way of a shake-hands with the old school, and fortunately the excellence of our modern postal system is such that a metaphorical "shake," if not a literal one, can be indulged in even at a distance of 1,300 or 1,400 miles. Particularly since learning from one of the pupils, who has been so very good as to write me regularly, giving all the school news but modestly withholding his name, that there was now a Foreign Correspondence Department in connection with THE OLIO, I thought that I might claim room for a line or two there.

Naturally, I suppose, if one writes from foreign parts to such a centre of culture as a well-conducted Collegiate Institute like Whitby's is, he is expected to write about strange things and adventures by "flood and field," and if he talks of any animal that is not perfectly savage, or of any savage animal that is not, at least, as big as a bear, he will be considered a nobody and be thought not to have seen anything. I cannot relate any wonderful stories about buffaloes and Indians, for the romance and chivalry of R. M. Ballantyne's stories, read, I suppose, by most of the boys in the school, have altogether vanished. The Indian, although for a savage an uncommonly clever and likable pagan, is only a poor dependent beggar, with his scrap of rusty bacon and musty flour doled out to him by the agent of his reserve, and with a remarkable liking for dog. I don't mean dogs, but dog; a dog that has lain out all winter in a snow-drift is eaten with great gusto in the spring. Only two or three weeks ago my nearest neighbor was asked by two Indians for his dog, they wanted to eat him. He promptly gave them leave, and in an hour or so the odor of soup made out of the mortal remains of poor