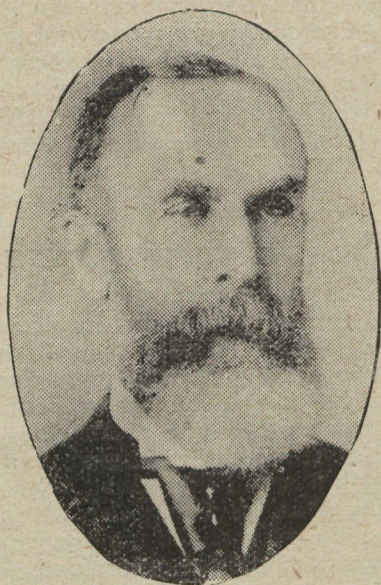


## WHAT OUR CHILDREN WILL READ

The Right Honorable Leo Buchanan, LL.B. P.L., whose photo we print below, was born some time in the dim past—in B.C. to be accurate. In due course Mr. Buchanan's natural poetic instincts made Woodstock College his in-



tellectual cradle—quite explaining some of his "rocky" verse. And here he met Robert C. Reade, now sole owner and publisher of the Reade periodicals. Together they indulged in frequent dedications to the Muse and each bore with heroic calm the other's, "Here, let me read you this bit I dashed off last night."

At the University of Toronto our friend and now public benefactor (he has recently ceased publishing) soon became the mainstay of the college journal.

But it is not of these youthful endeavors of our genius that we would speak. It is of the man himself, in his full prime, ripe in intellect, strong of purpose, wide in experience, great in all those divine attributes of the human soul of which the peripatetic poet, Charles Lazenby, another friend of Mr. Buchanan's youth, so feelingly speaks in those beautiful lines of his in "The Primal Is-ness of a Dish Rag."

"Who would be a bee and sip  
Sweet honey from the flowers lip,  
When he could be a fly, and steer,  
Straight into a can of beer?"

At an early period in his career Mr. Buchanan decided for the Law. In this he was wise, for the Law is down on anyone who decides against it. Moreover it gave full scope to his argumentative disposition.

But it is as a lawyer that our distinguished fellow-citizen has found his greatest success. In his first famous case, Year Book Peddler vs. The Advertiser, Mr. Buchanan proved conclusively that A Lack of Money maketh the Heart Sick while A Full Purse maketh a Merry Countenance—and won his case.

The following clipping from The London (Eng.) Times will be interesting in this connection. The article is dated April 1, 1936, and says:

"At the sale of the Cholmondeley library by public auction yesterday afternoon the offering that awoke the greatest interest among bibliophiles was a copy of "Some Undergraduate Poems," William Briggs, 12 mo. cloth boards, 1905. This famous book, perhaps the rarest first edition in the market, changed hands for £5,000. This price caused a sensation that has not been seen at a book sale since Jos. J. McGoe, the railroad magnate, purchased a Kilmarnock Burns for a similar sum eight years ago. "Some Undergraduate Poems" is a collection of Juvenalia from the pens of that coterie of brilliant men who in the first decade of the century commenced to enrich Canadiana. Buchanan, Larsen, Lazenby, Clarke, Freeman and Wallace made up this magic circle and their first effort has become in its edition princeps almost priceless. Lord Cholmondeley's copy of the book was in beautiful condition, even the leaves were uncut."

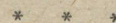
When our famous fellow-citizen is thus honored abroad what should be the esteem and honor with which he is held among us at home.



## OLD FRENCH METRES

## To a Pair of Dainty Feet Just Discernable

Little hermits hid from view  
Quit awhile your monastery,  
Venture from your crêpe purlien  
Little hermits hid from view;  
Come, the breeze shall ravage you,  
Far too fine such nuns to be.  
Little hermits hid from view  
Quit awhile your monastery.



## Co-Eds

## PHASE I.

A freshette shy  
And a sophomore bold—  
I'm ready to die,  
A freshette shy  
Makes me laugh till I cry—  
He's getting it cold.  
A freshette shy  
And a sophomore bold!

## PHASE II.

There's a senior with glasses  
And a soft juniorette.  
Tho' there 're plenty more lasses  
There's a senior with glasses—  
But men are such asses—  
Quite fast in her net.  
There's a senior with glassess  
And a soft juniorette.

## PHASE III.

Heard the news about Bill,  
It's all in the papers?  
Yes, married to Lil.  
Heard the news about Bill,  
With a foreboding thrill.  
—It's an end to his capers.  
Heard the news about Bill,  
It's all in the papers?