

sure death. It was a long battle, vicious, mean, fierce, merciless—the beast was bleeding, welts stood out on flanks and shoulders, its dry, spare muscles trembled like leaves shaken by the wind.

The boy hero of Aspen was hero still, and the dun horse walked quietly up to the judges' horses and allowed himself to be unsaddled without as much as a flinch, and he, too, was drenching wet, as well as bloody.

I did not see the last rider, for my train was soon to leave, and I barely had time to get aboard. But I got some fine kodak photographs, and have promised to send a set to the old, grey-headed rancher who stood near me and who almost cried for joy to see how these men rode. "I've seven boys," he said, "and every one of 'em's a broncho buster; even the gals can bust a broncho, that they can."

I have not learned who got the coveted prize belt, but I should divide it between Arizona Moore and Dandy Dick.

Farewell.

WE are very sorry to have to say goodbye in this issue to Mr. and Mrs. Miller, our House Master and our Matron. Mr. Miller has been here for eight years. His success as a teacher has been remarkable throughout, and it will be difficult to replace him for the R. M. C. Class as well as candidates in senior moderns and mathematics. For three years Mr. Miller has added to his duties as teacher the arduous work of House Master. Here his great energy has proved invaluable; the work of discipline as well as the responsibilities of the position have been ably maintained. Mr. Miller's coolness of judgment, his sympathetic insight into boys' needs and requirements in work as well as in their character, and a certain reasonableness in explaining his point of view or in presenting a situation to the School, these qualities have all united in securing him success as a House Master. His leaving is the more serious a blow to the School in that it involves the resignation of Mrs. Miller, so long Nurse and Matron in the School. Mr. Miller has accepted a post as mathematical master in the Montreal High School. We hope their lines will fall in pleasant places and we offer them our heartiest good wishes for future prosperity and happiness.

We lose also Mr. Worsfold, who goes to the Westmount High School, Montreal, and Mr. Ingles who has decided to complete his Theology at the New York Seminary; we regret very much to lose them and they may rest assured they take with them the School's best wishes.

Old Boys at Trinity.

C. J. S. Stuart has just graduated in Classics and is in Calgary for the summer