

Help Me Be a Golden Year.

Quiet the tumult, stir and feet ;
 Quiet the din of throbbing street ;
 From steeples high and massive towers,
 The bells chime out the passing hours,
 "Midnight," and Fancy lighted laid,
 Her shadowy hand upon my head ;
 "Come at this hour and view with me,
 A sight not new, but strange to thee."

"And is this time?" I asked my guide.
 As we passed through an archway wide,
 She answered not by look or word,
 Nor seemed as if she even heard,
 But hurried on with nimble feet,
 Unto a place where two roads meet,
 "And this is Time," now answered she,
 "That way the past, this what's to be."

And while I gazed, in wonder lost,
 Something unseen at my feet tossed,
 In unsoiled robes, the New Year child,
 Who spoke to me in accents mild :
 "Though but the daughter of the past,
 Yet I the future can forecast,
 If—oh, to my request give ear !—
 You'll help me be a Golden Year."

I took the New Year by the hand,
 Her pleading voice could I withstand ?
 I felt the vow my heart had spoken,
 Would never thoughtlessly be broken.
 Oh, sons of men on every hand !
 Oh, sons of men from every land !
 In joy, in woe, in hope, in fear,
 Come, make me this a Golden Year.

Dr. McLellan—I have very little use for the so-called nature studies as they are now carried on.

Jealous youth—Nor I. Why do they gaze so steadfastly Woodward ?

ECHOES FROM THE AT HOME.—Maiden Fair—Do you know where my partner is ?

Young Gallant—No but I can get you one just Osgoode.

Can you? Where?

Oh, Summers.

There was once a ped—so 'tis said,
 Who a score of bristles had,
 And this student poor he walked the floor,
 For he wanted a moustache bad.
 He had hoped to stride with pomp and pride
 With the moustache down the street,
 And the boys would fear as he drew near,
 And the girls would say, "Aint it sweet?"
 But to his disgust—stop here we must,
 Cheer up, old comrade, if you can't raise her
 You can raze her with a razor.

Worse than Marriage.

A bachelor old and cranky
 Was sitting alone in his room ;
 His toes with the gout were aching,
 And his face was o'erspread with gloom.

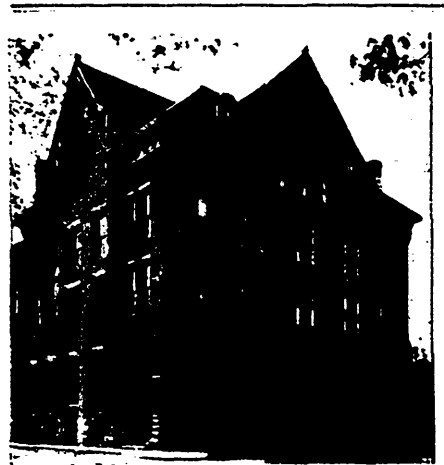
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 No little ones' shouts disturbed him,
 From noises the house was free ;
 In fact, from the attic to cellar
 'Twas quiet as quiet could be.

* * * * *
 No medical aid was lacking ;
 The servants answered his ring,
 Respectfully heard his orders,
 And supplied him with everything.

* * * * *
 But still there was something wanting,
 Something he couldn't command ;
 The kindly words of compassion,
 The touch of a gentle hand.

* * * * *
 And he said, as his brow grew darker,
 And he rang for the hireling nurse,
 "Well, marriage may be a failure,
 But this is a great sight worse."

N. B.—This is a true incident.



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