

a canter. By Jove! how that fellow ran through that last game. The luck was all on his side."



"I'm sure I hardly know what to think about the affair," said Crinkle, "I'm afraid we did wrong to bet, Coddleby, and what is more, I'm afraid that honesty will compel us to chronicle the affair in our diary, which is to be laid before the Club on our return, and I certainly think we should consult with our leader and hear what he has to say."

"Well, do as you please, only I know there'll be a regular blowing up, if you do," remarked Yubbitts, who seemed to feel his defeat very keenly, "but I believe that fellow, Viner's, a 'leg'; he played so much better in that last game, eh?"

"Have any of you gentlemen been playing cards or billiards with that rascal Viner," enquired the gentleman who was writing, looking up from his letter, "because if so, I should advise you to let it be the last time you try that game?"

"Well, yes, sir," returned Yubbitts, "I'm sorry to say we have, or rather I have; but who is he?"

The person who had spoken smiled quietly as he replied. "He's one of the most notorious dead-beats in Canada; a professional swindler, sir; nothing else."

"Great heavens!" ejaculated poor Crinkle; "why, he seemed to be a perfect gentleman——"

"I see it all; we've been swindled, Yubbitts; what's to be done?" exclaimed Coddleby.

"That's more than I can tell; nothing, it seems to me," and then, after a pause, he asked the gentleman, who had resumed his writing, "Where do these fellows live, sir?"

"Everywhere; anywhere," was the reply, "wherever there are sheep to be fleeced."

"Coddleby," said Crinkle, very sadly, "I'm afraid we're sheep."

"Crinkle," assented Coddleby, "I fear we are."

"Yes," broke in Yubbitts passionately, "and I'm the bell-wether of the flock. By heavens! we'll leave this place to-morrow."

"I suppose, sir," he enquired of the gentleman who had enlightened them as to the characters of their late companions, "I suppose, sir, it would be no use attempting to get our money back?"

"None in the least," was the answer, "and would only make matters worse. You can't touch pitch—unless it is very hard, which the pitch I refer to is *not*—without blacking your hands, and if you'll take a fool's advice, you'll just say no more about it, but be more cautious in future."

"It seems to be the best thing we can do," remarked Yubbitts sadly. "Well, I'm going to bed; I wish I'd gone when Bramley did. Good night, sir, good night," and the three, very much crestfallen, betook themselves up-stairs, fully determined to leave Ottawa at a very early hour on the ensuing day.

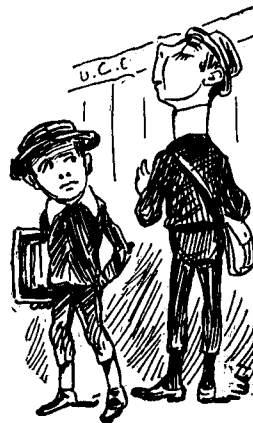
(To be continued.)

MAN'S WORLD.

Editor "Man's World":

DEAR OLD BOY,—Did you see that paragraph at the end of the "Woman's World" column in the *Globe* of the 23rd October about Upper Canada being a good place for a boy *because* there he did not need to come in contact with "the rabble of the earth," nor be compelled to sit at the same desk with "the great unwashed"? I would like to know what *you* think about it?

Yours democratically,
JOHN SMITH.



Hm! ah! let me stroke my moustache, *a la* Sam Jones, for a minute. Let's see, this was in the *Globe*, eh? Queer, rather—that sentiment, considering the election looming in the near future. Quite gratuitous; pity Upper Canada couldn't have been complimented without an insult to the majority of the *Globe's* readers. Still, John, when you consider that it was the work of a woman—there—there—you know how easily they are carried away by a bit of flattery or attention—Here is the whole thing in a nutshell:

It is the day of the distribution of prizes—the boys, fine fellows, are all agog and on their tip-top very best behavior—enter Lady *Globe* Reporter, whose previous experience of boys has been — —, the experience of all who know nothing at all about them. An embryo Chesterfield, or dancing master, bows, shows her to an excellent point of vantage, bows again, retires, leaving her to evolve into one large exclamation point, at the unusual, the unexpected, the matchless act of politeness. Evidently she expected the boy to bawl out to the Principal "Say, here's a woman!" She sees the boys, fine fellows, all get their prizes—a pleasant sight, truly, wish I had seen it myself.

From all of which she extracts, like a bee extracting honey from a flower—the glorious idea—of the young spirits budding into glorious manhood, and going forth to propagate in noble lives the grand lesson of universal brotherhood? No! Of using the knowledge they have gained—to the farther getting of understanding? No! Of using their superior advantages towards making the world better than they found it? Of raising the downtrodden, of succoring the oppressed, in short of the realization of duty which includes in every case the welfare of the less fortunate?

By no means, John Smith! Our reporter, if she is anything, is original. She seizes the tamborine and breaks forth:

Blessed are the boys of Upper Canada College!
For they mingle not with the rabble of the earth,
Neither come they in contact with the great unwashed.
Praise to the powers that be for such an institution!
Success and honor and glory to Upper Canada College!

* * *

And now, John Smith, hear me while I drop into poetry on my own hook:

Now from our would be friends, oh, save and deliver us!
And let the boys of Upper Canada go upon their knees,
And thank their stars that they are not as other boys are;
Boys "for whom compulsory letters are provided,"
The "rabble of the earth," "the great unwashed."