

J. J. Tilley, Model School Inspector, F. Z. Michell, and W. H. Ballard, P. S. Inspectors received within her walls the early training, which, with their own untiring perseverance, has made them what they are.

Foremost among those who have become divines stands the Rev. George Bruce.

Among her medical Alumni are Drs. Eastwood and Webster, and there are many younger sawbones already in process of development at the different medical colleges.

Wherever a pupil of the Whitby Collegiate Institute has gone he has taken with him her motto "*per aspera ad alta*" as the key which opens the doors of all high offices and positions. He has learned that nothing is attainable without perseverance and labor and as he has labored so has he succeeded.

Though all are busily engaged in the duties of life we are sure that they sometimes turn their thoughts to their junior *alma mater*, and on hearing of her success they become boys in spirit once more and and throw their caps into the air with the cry, "*floreat perennius*."

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

AN ESSAY ON CHEMISTRY.

The other day I went into the chemistry room and I saw girls, and boys, and bottles, and big letters on the black board with little figures at the bottom, and lots of *other things*—and lots of things I didn't see. I didn't see why the figures were at the bottom of the letters. I don't see yet. This is the way it was put, H_2S and they called it gas—what is gas anyhow? I couldn't see any. The boys looked at the gas, the girls looked at the gas,

and the boys looked at the girls, and *vice versa*. I don't know what *vice versa* means, but some people use it like that. All at once there was a bad smell in the room—Say, is gas a bad smell? The girls looked at me and began to grin, and *vice versa*. Some girls grin and some don't, and *vice versa*. Some girls are queer; you can't tell when they are going to cry, or when they are going to blush, and *vice versa*. Some girls blush and some don't, and *vice versa*. Those that don't blush have powder on their face. Some use powder and some don't, and *vice versa*. Others use chalk instead of powder. How dry they must feel! I guess they get the chalk from school. My, wouldn't I catch it, if they knew what I am saying about them. But they don't. Some boys and girls like chemistry and some don't, and *vice versa*. I like chemistry but I don't like a bad smell. Has chemistry always a bad smell? If it has, I don't want it, and *vice versa*. I don't mean that I don't want *vice versa*. I mean that I don't want chemistry—no, that's not it. I don't want a bad smell. That's it, and *vice versa*. The OLIO man says, I have written enough, so I must bid him and you and chemistry good-bye, and *vice versa*.

A SMALL BOY.

PEN PICTURES, No. 6.

Y^e DUDE.

The dude is the flimsy and well varnished object usually seen at the rear end of a cheap cigarette. The cheaper the cigarette the more expensive the dude. The essentials of a well organized and fully developed dude are—a stove pipe link to hold up its head; scows with the front end coming to a climax for its feet; a yellow puppy chain with which to tie itself to its brass pocket kettle; a swallow tail coat, with the coat left out and the tails remaining; a pair of lengthened coat sleeves as