

Home Again.

As now at my final I slavishly toil
Its more than at midnight I'm burning
the oil,
As I said I've a final the end of the week,
Then see me go back to my home like a
streak.

Back to the land of toboggans and skates,
Back to the land of the old-fashioned
grates,
Back to the land of the snowshoes and
skis.

Back to the kids and their real Xmas
trees,
Back to a land where there sometimes is
ease,
Back to the land of the ponies and
sleighs,
Home where the genuine fireplaces blaze.

Home to the hearth of my father and
mother,
Home! the real place! like it there's no
other.
Back to the girl! Well am I going back?
Get out of my road if you hear me yell
track.

Father 'll be angry when told of our fun,
And say what we did we ought not to
have done,

When alone with the Mater he'll swallow
his rage,
"I was like him exactly when I was his
age."

Say, how do I know that the Turkey 'll
be good,
Do you think I'll refuse a good "second"
of pie,
If you've doubts on the subject just give
me a try.

At home for my Xmas am I going to
plug?
Now what are you giving us? Gee you
are "bug,"
For two weeks, at least, its away with
the books
And back where the girls really have
some good looks.

Do you wonder my eyes are just dancing
with glee,
And this gush is gooing and gurgling
from me,
I don't give a cent if exams are right
here,
So's a right Merry Xmas and Happy
New Year.



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