

The Chanticleer

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Worlds in a Web

Sweet is the weird, sad night and sweet the day;
But that strange, misted thing that hangs between,
[Being neither day nor night,
But shattered dark and light,]
Holds something sweeter far than than sleep or play.
Sweet is the wide, solw thought, and sweet the song;
But there is something neither song nor thought,
Bright but entangling, wrought
With all dear, rare things caught.
Within and down its web the river drifts;
The white rain wets and whips, the blue mist lifts;
The hills rise green and grey, the sun drops red;
The moon rolls white-gold high and orange low;
The winds from west and sea forever blow,—
For here are song and thought and night and day.
Within the heart of this I watch you play
With garlands of wild cherries in your hair
And press of scarlet berries to your lips.
The wet brown clover drips,
The half-formed red rose dips:
For all the swinging seasons linger here.
Strange and sweet and of old magic wrought.
This song unsung, this cadenced ghost of thought.

—D. G. Roberts.

A Hunting Trip

A short time ago, three noted hunters, who are included in the category of pupils attending F. H. S., went on a hunting trip into the New Brunswick wilds. One dark Friday night they left for their destination in a Ford car, which was piloted by an F. H. S. graduate. They drove out of the capital at the rate of 30 miles per hour, and it was not long before one of the more melodious members of the party let loose with that popular song "We Won't be Home 'Till Morning." All joined heartily in the ear-splitting chorus, and "the little old Ford she rambled right along."

All went well for the first three or four miles, and the merriment of the