


It may not be out of place to remind some of the gentlemen who rush away in such a hurry from the Literary and Scientific Society's meetings that the ladies may possibly prefer to leave the hall first. Men who have climbed to the dignity of attending Normal College may feel a genuine disdain for conventionalities. They trample them under their feet in the amphitheatre. In the hall they show their heels to them. But usage is usage, especially when it embodies good sense. The men can get their hats and coats on faster than the ladies.

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SOME of our friends have complained of editorial negligence in the matter of consistently prefixing the word Mr. to the names of prominent students. A general apology is here offered to those who have been injured in this way. Perhaps not even departed celebrities, men whose glories are fading into secondary magnitude with the onward march of Time and Science, such as Mr. Wm. Shakespeare, Mr. C. J. Caesar, or M. N. Buonaparte should be referred to without a precise formality. Some college papers have been extremely shy of blurting out a man's name in all its unscreened effulgence. With a commendable spirit of deference they have found it convenient to just hint at a name like this, M—n, D—T, or C—g—n. The only objection to this style of etiquette is that there is one person above all others eminently entitled by tradition and custom to have his name thus spelled. The name of his Residence is similarly treated in polite literature. Partly conscious of this and its analogies was that English gardener who came

to Canada, prospered, and in the sunset of his days penned a treatise on gardening in Canada, for English readers. One weed that had haunted him with an unconquerable pertinacity he could not consistently with reverent feeling abide to mention except in a whisper, but delicately indicated it as p—y, wherever he had occasion to recount its ravages. Analogies are far-reaching. It seems good therefore not to follow after the devices of some short-sighted journals, but to take the advice of our friends and consistently print the Mr.

Rudyard Kipling.

 IN a beautiful evening some 37 years ago J. L. Kipling, Head of Lahore School of Art and Miss Alice MacDonald were strolling along the shore of Rudyard Mere a short distance from the Indian City of Lahore, and there he asked her the question which makes or mars so many men's happiness. It made his and when in 1864 a son was born to them in Bombay they called him Rudyard in commemoration of that evening.

When but a lad Kipling's father sent him to England to be educated in the United Services College at Westward Ho, Devonshire, a school under the direction of old Indian officers in which most of the pupils were sons of officers intending to go out to India for service. The Indian Military atmosphere of the place greatly influenced the growing genius of Kipling and gave to his literary instincts the bent which they afterwards followed. His holidays were passed with two uncles, well-known artists, Mr Burne-Jones and Mr. Poynter R. A. from whom he learned much about art, being himself clever though careless at sketching. He spent much of his time in the society