

"Know Gullen's barn? Know the corner 'twixt it and the forsaken woodshed? Don't forget to take a shovel."

"A box or a bottle," asked the miller, getting into details. He was quite glib now, and admired the secrecy of the "antis."

"A box—no less. Take Jack with you." Jack was the man who fired.

Some hours later saw the miller and his assistant in the vicinity of Eldorado. One held the lantern, the other the spade. Jacked kicked aside a few chips that were unnaturally scattered over the ground, and then set to work.

A minute or two passed.

"Do you see anything, Sister Ann?"

"No wood yet." He of the mill engine tugged at an obstruction in the earth.

"Whitakee! What's that?" Something hairy and brown had appeared.

"Only one thing it can look like. Dig a little to the other side." Another minute passed. "What's that? Looks like a cow's foot." "That" certainly belonged to a quadruped whose hoof was cloven.

"I'll be blowed!" The miller began to feel hotter than he had at the mention of a glass in the afternoon. He raised the lantern to the barn wall, and for the first time a chalked inscription met his eyes:

Died, July 8th,

Leo,

Pet Calf of Hattie Gullen.

North Patowawa went prohibitionist.

W. K. Millar.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Dr. Tracy addressed the regular meeting of the Association on Thursday. His address on "Prayer" was a very practical and timely one, touching those problems which meet one as he thinks of the place of prayer in his life.

We are looking forward to a visit from Mr. A. B. Williams, one of the student secretaries of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Williams will spend three days with us next week, during which he will carry on a series of training conferences for next year's committees.

We are glad to report that the attendance at our Bible classes is being steadily maintained.

The next sermon in the University series will be delivered by Rev. Chancellor Wallace, of McMaster University. Tickets will be in the hands of the members of the committee for distribution among the students.

CHESS CLUB.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 9th, the third match between the University and Central Y. M. C. A. Chess Clubs took place. It resulted in a victory for the Y. M. C. A., the score being 6 to 2. The teams were as follows:

U. of T.—Prof. Mavor, W. Eddis, Taylor, R. Hunter, E. Freeland, F. Moure, C. Freeman and J. Lang.

Y. M. C. A.—E. Willens, D. Meyer, E. Harrington, E. Muntz, D. McKinnon, W. Blythe, J. Powell and G. Crompton.

Wins for the University were made by Messrs. Eddis and Hunter.

On Tuesday evening, Feb. 23th, in the Undergraduates' Union, a match will be played between teams from the faculty and from the undergraduates.

Chas. E. H. Freeman, Sec. U. T. Chess Club.

EXCHANGES

AMOR INCONSTANS.

Oh, fickle love, my hut was bare,
Cheerless, and lone—no light was there—
And keen the winds—oh, how they blew!—
When first my lone heart called to you
To dwell with me and make life fair.

But laughing you passed to where
A palace reared its towers in air—
Who'd win you must with riches woo—
Oh fickle love!

I strove and won a royal share
Of fame and gold; my mansion's stair
Was thronged with friends—ah, were they true?—
But to a hovel mean to view,
Laughing you went, deaf to my prayer.

Oh fickle love!

—From Hampden-Sidney Magazine.

A ROUNDEL.

It all depends on whether you
Love the girl Dame Fortune sends;
And whether she is fair to view;
It all depends.

Whether she counts the sums she spends,
Whether her relatives are few,
Whether her "mops" will stay week-ends.
Whether her waist is not too—too—
Whether her figure gracefully bends,
Whether she knows a thing or two,
It all depends.

"There was a young man without shame,
Who wrote verses which were much to blame,
The girls screamed, 'How shocking,'
And never stopped knocking;
But read every one just the same.

—Ex.

SPORTS

P. J. MONTAGUE, Superintending Editor.

THE HOCKEY STANDING.

	Won.	Lost.	To play.	Pts.
Queen's	2	1	1	4
U. of T.	2	2	0	4
McGill	1	2	1	2

QUEEN'S 6, U. OF T. 1.

At the beginning of the season the hockey experts, looking at the paper line-up, concluded that McGill had slightly the better of U. of T., but that they would have to fight hard to win the championship. Queen's wasn't even considered a possibility. Then when we won the first game here it was a case of sure thing. But things have gone wrong. It seems as if we can smash McGill at any old time or place, but when we go up against the Kingston men we don't know how to play them. On Fri-