

is. As President of the Dining Hall he holds the reins with a gentle yet firm hand.

Young, S.—Brother of the aforesaid Henry, and like him in some respects. Stephen has an infectious laugh, and his imitation of a certain member of the feathery tribe is said to be about perfect. Is a B.A. of McGill and has done much to foster college "esprit de corps." An athlete of respectable attainments, also violinist, bicyclist, basket-ball player and many other things besides. He will be missed as much as anybody next session.

Floreat '98 !

The shadow of the approaching examinations is over everybody. Faces which are usually wreathed in smiles are assuming a sad, heart-breaking, expression. The jolly air of "Merrily, my lads, yoho !" is giving way to "Home, sweet Home," "Where is now the merry party," or some other equally lugubrious melody. One grumbles on the slightest pretext—the butter is rank, the temperature of the room is unbearable, the weather is wretched, the men on the same flat with us are little better than heathens, everything is at sixes and sevens. The phantoms of wasted hours and misused opportunities harass by day, and night brings dreams in which the exquisite torture of merited failure is borne in upon the soul. Alack-a-day, what a weary world it is !

Geography class :—

Headmaster.—"Now, boys, what is the capital of the world ?"

English Boy.—"London, sir."

H.M.—"Wrong ; next."

Montreal Boy.—"Toronto, sir."

H.M.—"Right ; go up top."

"Such a metaphysic of morality, which must be entirely free from all admixture of empirical psychology, theology, physics and hyperphysics, and above all from all occult or, as