

before they would leave off chasing the routed. At last they stopped and though wearied and hungry few of the soldiers forgot to take part in the "looting" of the place. Then the dead bodies of both sides had to be buried, and this took a long time. They were ordered to pile up all the arms they could find in a heap and there they were set on fire—the wood burned and the iron lay there twisted and spoiled. At last they marched back to Alexandria for their return home. The men were dismissed in the streets, and Sergeant wandered into a deserted music store, where he found a fine brass cornet. He strapped this on the small of his back to take home. Every private within reach took every chance offered to give the thing a kick. Each was soundly execrated and threatened, but all to no end, for Sergeant had to throw away the battered instrument. And now the men received the welcome news that they were to go home. Later, however, they were told that they must go to Malta again. Here Sergeant continued his gymnastics, applying himself so zealously that he was soon made an instructor in the army. At last orders were received to return. But, now, Sergeant had finished his term of seven years and was placed in the first-class army reserve, *i.e.*, he was only liable to be called out for active service. He returned to Egypt and stayed there two years longer in naval employment. At the end of this time he left for Liverpool by the P. & O. steamer *Nepaul*. A mysterious thing happened—four men answered the roll one night, and next morning they were gone no one knew where, and no one could tell anything about them. Two courts of enquiry were held, but absolutely nothing could be found about them. Sergeant reached Liverpool all right, and stayed there only fourteen days.

(To be Continued.)

Local and Personal.

The Hercules of the College—C. T. H.

Where's the bay mare, Freddy?

A star in the dining-room—Kelly.

Sharon Graham, '91, is attending McGill.

I must go and see about MY company. F.F.H.

We hear that Philly has lost his umber—Ellie.

Where did you get that pin you're wearing, Gonad?

Reg. Geary, '89, is attending lectures at Osgoode Hall.

"Dutch" Wells is working in a wholesale house in St. Louis.

Who did you sell your wool to, Blondie? You look light-headed.

What happened to your pillow the night of the Cricketers' ball, Blondie?

Jack Primrose, of football team of '90, is playing for 1st McGill this year.

There are ten old College boys on the 1st Varsity football team this year.

"Art." Macdonald, of last year's football team, is working in a wholesale house in the city.

"Baldie" McKenzie, of the football team of '90, is working in his father's office in Sarnia.

"Dago" Fulton, '90, was in town on Thanksgiving. He is working in the bank at Fergus.

Subscriptions are earnestly solicited, to supply Charles Haskell with a few decent books of his own.

Pat Ferguson, captain of the 1st fifteen of '88, is this year captain of the 2nd Osgoode football team.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—November 28, 29, 30, Mrs. Potter in Zola's "Therese." December 1, 2, 3, Temyson's "Forresters" from Daly's Theatre, N.Y. Week, December 5, Ramsay Morris Stock Co. in "Joseph."

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