



UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

The jester was writhing on the floor of the rotunda. He writhed because the Supreme High Editor-in-Chief was pressing his heel on his throat, while the editor of "Wycliffe College Notes" was dancing on his abdomen. At length: "All-right—I'll-try-to-do it!" he gasped out between breaths. On hearing this the assistant editor and his chief got off the body. "Let him up," said the chief. "All right," responded the Wycliffite, "I guess he's had enough."

Thus it was that the jester was prevailed upon to contribute to the Christmas Varsity. He had determined that the number before Christmas should see his last contribution—but that was before he knew the weight of the feet of certain other members of the staff. "I feel so different now," he murmured as he sat up weakly, in an obscure corner of the rotunda. And then leaning his back against the wall, he began the

attempt to conjure up thoughts of humour aforesought. But before he could crack a single joke a tinkling sound was heard passing from room to room. "One o'clock," thought the remains of the jester as they sat in the shadow, where they were invisible, but whence they could see all that passed. First came S. A. Cudmore. "Tempus fugit" he murmured, as he glanced up at the clock; and then, in less classical strain, "That blankety-blank clock's on the bias, anyway." Thus saying, he passed on his way to the library.

As he pushed open the swinging door a little flurry of snow and H. E. Collins burst into the rotunda. His coat was but half-buttoned, and the peak of his cap stuck out behind like the handle of a saucepan. Thus his face was visible, and a look of stern determination glittered in his eyes. Stopping to look neither to the right hand nor to the left he hurried along the west corridor. "Was ist das?" said the jester, in his corner. "Is he going to dinner or is one of those doggerels biting him?"

Before he could settle this question to his satisfaction, along came J. A. C. Mason with a girl on both arms.

(No, not a girl on each arm.) The jester modestly averted his eyes until the sound of his footfalls was out of sight.

It might have been mentioned that during this time and for several hours before and after, Jack De Larry had been hanging about, looking up wistfully from time to time at the multitudinous announcements of lectures on the business side of the bulletin board. But he looked so solemn that the man who sat in the corner couldn't conscientiously crack a joke at him.

He was still pondering on this strange phenomenon when along came D. A. Gilchrist and W. D. McDonald. An almost supernatural glow lit up the features of the good Dugald. "I tell you she's a dream!" he exclaimed. Mac looked at his companion strangely. "O, I know she's pretty, all right, all right. I'll just tell you those." Then turning to W. W. Hutton, who was close alongside, he whispered, "Walter, I'm afraid Gil's got 'em again!" "Fraid so, Mac," responded the latter, with a more or less sympathetic look towards the ecstatic Gilchrist.

Now several entered the rotunda together, among them A. M. Manson, with his coat plaidwise over his shoulder, and W. P. Barclay. A.M.M. was frowning heavily and spreading out his hands in an agitated manner. Barclay didn't seem to be paying much attention to him. "I tell you the party is pure," said A. M. M. "The Globe says so." "I don't give a hang," said W. P. B. "for any party, nor for any paper either, except the Varsity, which has a rather good man for Business Manager."

The next striking scene was an encounter between Bilkey and Bitzer. They were accidentally brought face to face. There was something sheepish in the way they looked at one another, and each seemed to be trying to avoid looking at the other's upper lip. The scene was so peculiar that it made a deep impression on the silent onlooker.

R. Wherry and his spouse, R. W. McNeel, were now seen coming along the corridor, the latter leaning on her husband's arm. The jester thought he had never seen a more amicable couple, but as they passed close to him he overheard them squabbling about divorce. It required all the tact of Mr. McTavish, who was coming along behind, to keep them from coming to blows.

When Prof. Alexander witnessed the success with which Prof. Wrong's witticisms smote the student ear, he was fired with the zeal to excel. Fourth year students will now be regaled occasionally with such bits as "Carlyle undertook the somewhat large contract of the whitewashing of Henry VIII." and "Carlyle was one who remained himself all his life." This last is mirabile dictu.

Prof. Squair also enters the lists with a little definition of Hermes. When we heard it our mind wandered away to the much-suffering-from-yellow-journals Carrie Nation. Hermes" said the Professor "was a man to whom a large number of things were attributed with which he had nothing to do."



"Hoots, toots, mon! Ye dinna ken Andra Carnagie? Why, he's the mon wha gied twa million pun' tae iddecate the Scotch!"

"Shure, he niver thought that 'ud do it, did he?"