

Florence Flasks, 2 Glass Retorts, Chloride of Calcium Tubes, Funnelles, Glass bottles (assorted sizes,) Lead dish, Blow-pipe Re-agent case, besides a number of smaller articles and a lot of chemicals.

EXAMINATIONS.

The following have headed the list in written examinations during this term. We give also the marks obtained:

Geometry, Jr., Alfred Wilson, 96.
Inter., James Stewart, 83. Sr., Mary Wilson, 77.

Algebra, Jr., Minnie Ross, 77.
Sr., Mary Wilson, 82.

Arithmetic, jr., Berta Meikle, 72.
Sr., S. G. Smith, 65.

Eng. Literature, A. D. Grant, 76.

B'k-keeping, Jessie Sutherland, 89.

Eng. Grammar, Maggie Smith, 84.

Universal History, A. D. Grant, 78.

British History. A. D. Grant, 75.

SCENES IN THE SANCTUM. 1.

Last Monday evening the editors of this paper met in convention and had an enjoyable meeting. Brother Gillen reverentially and with all due humility, informed our worthy ed-in-chief that he would henceforth be an avowed enemy to the occupant of the stool, who was none other than our beloved brother editor Hattie. Thereupon the last named worthy made it known unto Bro. Gillen that in the future all such remarks would be considered treasonable, and proceeded to make a motion to that effect. Bro. Graham, who had heretofore maintained a dignified silence, declared that he would join with the aforesaid Bro. Gillen in his efforts to

subdue the occupant of the stool. That unfortunate thereupon approached the ed-in-chief, and humbly begged his protection, which was most cheerfully furnished. Whereupon the first named of all named most decidedly objected, and proceeded to prove his decision by gripping the chief by the ear and landing him under the stand on which seven cases of type were peacefully reposing. Under the startling and sudden concussion caused by the descent of the chief, the stand proceeded to collapse, and before Bro. Gillen could ejaculate "Jack Robinson," their beloved chieftain was buried under 40 pounds of Long Primer type. The devil of the office, seeing so much pi, tendered his resignation, which was not accepted. Bro. Graham stood up and proclaimed that he and Bro. Gillen were henceforward to be known as the fighting editors of the MONTHLY. The occupant of the stool at once made it known to Bro. Graham, *et al*, that he was entirely too premature, and that unless he apologized to the chief, himself and the devil, (who was now in the corner drying his eyes with the office towel, which looked like a piece of extra black crape,) he would be forced to resign his position as associate editor. The effect was astounding. The devil emerged from the corner, transformed suddenly to a man of the Ethiopian race. The chieftain crawled from under the Long Primer and hurried for Hattie. Gillen made for the door, and Graham hid under the table. Hattie then moved that the meeting be adjourned, the devil seconded the motion, and the door was locked, leaving Graham still under the table, where his ghost remains to this day.