

A young country editor fell in love with the clergyman's daughter. The next time he went to church he was rather taken aback when the preacher announced his text. "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."—*Ex.*

"MERIT RECEIVES RECOGNITION more adequately to-day than ever before." Such was the conclusion reached in the public debate of the Literary and Scientific Society of University College, held Friday evening, Nov. 25th. The President's inaugural address, an essay on "The Influence of the Roman Empire," and a reading from Artemus Ward, together with music by the Glee Club and the Banjo and Guitar Club, contributed to make a most enjoyable programme. The presentation of the prizes won at the Annual Athletic Sports and Cross Country Run added much interest to the occasion.

The Seventeenth Public Meeting of the Knox College Students' Missionary Society was held in Convocation Hall on Friday evening, Nov. 25th. The President of the Society, Mr. W. R. McIntosh, B.A., read an excellent essay on "The Rational Basis of Missions," which was warmly received by his interested audience. "'Field Notes' of the West," was the subject of a paper interestingly and well handled by Mr. J. H. Courtney, and Rev. C. W. Gordon, B.A., drew forth repeated expressions of approbation as he spoke on "Mission Work on the 'Great Divide.'" The selections by the Quartette and Glee Club were excellently rendered.

Some of our students attended "Ye Old English Fayre" recently held at the Pavilion. They went presumably with a view to instruction as well as pleasure, considering it a good opportunity to study England in Shakespeare's time in some of its phases. They returned, possibly with full heads, certainly with empty purses, declaring that judging by the prices charged for relics and edibles by the picturesque maidens in the quaint little booths that tempted the passer by at every step Old England must have been a very expensive place to live in.

Wanted, the author of the following beautiful little poem entitled:—"Daily Reflections of Miss McK—, on her way Home."

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,  
That short horn cow I see,  
In vain, I glance the other way,  
She always looks at me.  
There's some hyena in her blood;  
There's fury in her "ee,"  
She might mistake me for her cud,  
And then where should I be?

The poem is full of rich pathos, and poetic imagery. The figure of the reflective lady being slowly munched by the said "short horn" is very touching.

Chesterfield spoke of Christ as the first true gentleman. The Golden Rule of Jesus followed may be said to insure every-day