

His assistant was in earlier years known as *Falstaff*. Ha ! a libel ! Our genial Assistant Professor has outgrown his youthful regard for the fair sex and through many years of sleepless nights has become inured to hardships. Wilson is to blame for it, for does not the chronicle say :

Gamble : "Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more ! Wilson doth murder sleep,'"

Again we read about one known as G. B. McCalla "as not much to look at but a good one to go" and also that he was secretary of the Y. M. C. A. "once upon

a time," no doubt very near its inception.

We shall conclude these vagaries with a quotation from a poetical description of the wild charge of the College Fire Brigade on the Dairy Piggery, in which

"Hopkins to the right of them,  
Grisdale to the left of them,  
Andy behind them,  
Volleyed and thundered.  
No longer a rush pell-mell,  
All their work was done so well,  
Not e'en one hero fell,  
But they had scared to death,  
So I heard Morgan tell.  
Two pigs that had heard Hume's yell ;  
Mighty half-hundred."

## THE STRANGER IN GUELPH HEARS A SOUND.

Hush ! did ye hear that sound ?  
Like the dull deep rumble of the trembling  
ground ;

When hidden fires demonstrate their  
wrath,

And lava streams make dangerous every  
path.

Whence comes that sound ?

Hark ! Listen to the roar !

It rises higher, louder

Echoes longer than before.

Has a meteor struck our planet,

And gone boring to the pods ;

Can it be the fearful wailings,

Of great Rome's forgotten gods.

Now it soundeth like the pounding,

Of a thousand angry Thor's

Or the fierce and furious tumult,

Of a hundred bloody wars.

Hark ! it cometh from yon hill-top ;

Where the College buildings stand !

Are those stalwart students fighting,

Back to back and hand to hand ?

### THE SOUND EXPLAINED.

Easy stranger, you're excited ;

That er sound ain't new to Guelph ;

'Tis but the students yelling ;

O'er the abundance served on delf.

Smooth yer fur now, calm your bristles,

And I'll tell ye what's the jig.

It is noon-tide at the College ;

And they're dining awful big.

I have been up there at meal time,

And it's awful how they eat ;

Why ! they'd do a hefty bullock,

From the horns clear to the feet.

Them er students, ain't mouse stomached ;

You should see them sup bone juice,

Why ! I've seen a dozen of 'em,

Swallow down a six-pound goose.

Do not doubt my statement, stranger ;

But that crowd of hungry men ;

Eat most as much good butter

As a family of ten.

Like to know the regular menu ?

Well, I think, I have it pat ;

If I haven't lost the memory,

From the thing beneath my hat.

First, there's pure and sparkling water,

That's been introduced to tea ;

Sir, a barrel full of that nectar,

Would intoxicate a b'ar.

Then potatoes, mealy beauties—

With the skins off, mind you, too—

Served up most very generous,

In the ratio, one to two.