

Some suspicious characters have lately created disturbances in some parts of the college formerly considered as sacred, and our friend Josh P.—who gets up so early in the morning to stir up his geese and worry his hogs, found on his way some remains of a night revelry—bottles, tin cans, etc. By a rare piece of luck one of our amateur photographers has been able to secure a flash light picture of the noise makers. This picture has revealed strange facts. . . . The fifth edition of it is now for sale.

The fight between Mill street and Hunt residents was so swift and terrific that our reporters present could give us but a short account of it: Eager to revenge the insults made to venerable old Jacobs, all Hunt luffers, guided by General Parker, poured upon Mill street. The latter made a desperate stand, but it was in vain for something *Black* striking right and left with a *Picket* soon laid down their best men. Sangster was thrown five times over the balister, but by chance he fell into Misner's mouth, who, well used to swallowing knives during meals, felt none the worse for it. Red Top soon was lying, a helpless mass, with Ikey on the top of him. During the midst of the fight a gentle voice could be heard: Gentlemen . . . Gentlemen . . . peace. These pleadings were unheeded and the struggle went on fiercely until a well known voice shouted "Get home with ye, ye hounds." . . . One second later the place was a wilderness but for a few drops of water, the result of the melting of Ice under the crushing weight of Ikey, who contracted a severe cold.

Our friends, Birdie "Shaks" and Molecule, used to take turns about every Sunday morning during church time—one stayed on the top of the bed, the other underneath. Unfortunately, old John has caught on to the trick, and now Birdie goes to church.

Echoes of Mrs. Craig's evening party.—Goye, and tell the boys I don't want to see them to-night.

Are you another one of those fools?

A farmer wrote to his lawyer as follows:—"Will you please tell me where you learned to write? I have a boy I wish to send to school, and I am afraid I may hit upon the same school that you went to." "There are others" than lawyers.

## Our Exchanges.

### Developing a Canadian National Spirit.

Will a Canadian national spirit weaken our loyalty to the Mother Land? No, if we make Canada great and prosperous we will, in that way, make her a more valuable part of our great British Empire.

The first thing to be done to foster a national spirit is for us to do all we can, as Canadians, to make a country to be proud of. To this end we should first aim to develop a high personal character in our citizens. Secondly, our young men should loyally devote themselves to the service of their country, and thirdly, we should know our country—its history, resources, beauty, constitution and literature.

—St. John's College Magazine.

KIPLINGESQUE.—The keen-eyed urchin espied the great writer as he landed from the boat.

Stepping forward briskly, he touched his hat, and pointing to the heavy valise in Rudyard Kipling's hand, smilingly remarked:

"Let me assume the white man's burden."

The great Kipling looked down into the blue eyes of the eager urchin.

"My boy," he said in even tones, "a burden the hand is worth two in the bush!"

And the boy passed on.—Ex.

### Not a Convert.

A short time ago a herd of bullocks dashed into a military camp in South Africa. A nigger who was in charge of them was using most terrible language, when he was asked by a minister, who was standing near, did he know where he would go when he died. "No," said the nigger, "I do not."

The minister—"You will not go to heaven."

The nigger—"Heben no good, sah."

"What?" replied the minister. "Heaven no good! Why how is that?"

Nigger—"Well, sah, if heben was much good the English would hab had it long ago."—Ex.

An Irishman in Illinois by the name of O'Clock is the father of thirteen children. After finding names for eight of the offspring, as they