

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER?—A TRAGEDY IN ONE SECTION.

(Scene—Biological Lab., near Incubator).

Enter Chicks, singing—

Yes, by golly, we're the boys
Blastoderm to allantois,
Allantois to chicken salad;
That will end our little ballad.

Enter Hen—

What is this that I see here?
Twenty little chickens dear!
Where's your mamma, little men?

Chicks—

We weren't raised by any hen!
We were raised by an incubator.
Good-bye, hen, we'll see you later.

Enter Dr. A. P. K.—

Every student take his pick,
Every student kill his chick,
Slice 'em up in all directions,
See what's in the microsections.

Chicks—

Did you hear what that man said?
All those boys will kill us dead!
Think of that, O my, O me,
Salad we will never be.
We will call on mother dear
She will help us out of here.
(Louder) Incubator, save our lives;
Save us from the students' knives,
Save us, incubator dear!

Hen—

She is deaf and she can't hear.
Good-bye, chicks, I'll see you later.

Chicks—

Children, shun the incubator.

—*The News-Letter.*

We are glad that the students at McGill seem determined to make their new publication—*The Martlet*—a success. Of course, there are always individuals who are looking for an opportunity to "knock" efforts of this kind, but if, in the main, the student body supports the college paper, it is reasonably sure of success. We trust that *The Martlet* will have a successful and useful career.

"I do not number my borrowings; I weigh them. And had I designed to raise their value by their number, I had made them twice as many.—*Montaigne.*

The above, of course, refers to the borrowing of the exchange column, and not to the dealings of the business committee.