

WHY is the Gas Company like a class in English? Because it 'scans the meter.' But the 'feet' are of a different kind, so the class lacks the company's enthusiasm for hexameters.

YE DAIN'TIE DITTIES.

I.

'Tis a pity
That our ditty
Is not pretty; is not witty.
'Tis a pity
That it's just a plain and undesigning ditty.

SONG OF THE SENIOR :—

" Ah me ! Ah me !
How I long to see
My graduating day !
Faster,
Time ! oh, drop that scythe !
Travel, gallop,—be alive !
Let me write myself B.A.,
McMaster !

THE class of '96 heartily welcomes back to the University one of her former brightest and most promising members, Peter Mode. Peter has spent a delightful and beneficial summer in the West, at Hartney, Manitoba, with his friend, Rev. D. McArthur. He relates some interesting incidents about the 'Wild West,' especially of his hunting adventures. Although we as a class shall not enjoy his company as a mate, yet we wish him every success among his new associates. He will find '97 a jolly and diligent lot of students.

ON the evening of Dec. 19th, 1893, the Literary and Theological Society, with their friends, assembled in the Sunday-school hall of the Bloor St. Baptist Church. Representatives from 'Varsity, Knox, Victoria and Wycliffe were in attendance. Moulton, too, contributed a goodly number. The occasion was a lecture on the World's Fair, by the Rev. Dr. Withrow. President Cameron, '94, occupied the chair, and opened the meeting with a few fitting remarks. The Exposition was excellently illustrated by the stereopticon views of Mr. F. B. Whittemore, and both he and the entertaining lecturer of the evening were tendered a very hearty vote of thanks, moved by H. C. Priest, '94, and seconded by W. S. McAlpine, '95, which was endorsed and applauded by the whole audience.

OH GRIP ! GRIP ! Away ! away ! I didn't summon thee (for a chill damp air pervades the study as I put the exclamation marks after his name). Away ! and I will send thee a marked copy. "Take thy beak" —. What in the world could have made him vanish so quickly ! Now am I brave. Now will I revile him. The caress of the tarantula cannot be compared with the blandishments of my departed guest. He does not confine his attentions to Toronto, but is within calling distance