

costume and hat. Jack McAdams got a couple of tickets and took me. It was just lovely. We sat under one of the galleries, just where all these students could see us—and it was so nice to see them all singing. They were singing that hymn, "There's a land that is fairer than day," only the words sounded for all the world like—"There's a hole at the bottom of the sea!" Of course it was a fancy of mine all the same. I giggled—couldn't help it. The Governor was there and made a lovely speech. I can't remember anything he said, but I know it was lovely. Mr. Harcourt spoke too, but it was all about educational matters, so I didn't take any stock in it. When Mr. Blake got up—oh, my! every individual in that gallery got up too—why, I don't know. I suppose they've their own reasons for it—but really, when he's present, no other man seems to be of any account whatever. There were two or three ladies sitting behind us, and to hear them!—gracious! it was—"Look at Blake—ain't he just a darling."—"Don't he become that red scarf—and that gown."—"Do you know that, to my mind, he is just one of those high-bred old Romans."—"I could just hug the dear old boy." I turned round and just froze that girl with a look. Was she annihilated? not she!—she looked straight into my eyes and snapped—"Yes, sir!—the noblest Roman of them all!" There—*that's* the result of co education.



A STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

MANITOBA (to CONSTABLE GREENWAY)—"Shoo! those brutes, or they'll kill us."

IN MEMORIAM.

NOT to be behind the English scribblers who have written eulogistically in sepulchral versification respecting the obit of his deceased lyrical lordship, our Gaelic champion poet has worked off the following:—

Beul galianach agus atrochinopogh,
Mailfaichanagh troach geachshansprogh,
Na gruagh, na spuagh, na dhamarfa,
Vrechan shoolagh, vrechan moirgach.

This is very touching. It would be difficult to find an English equivalent for "Mailfaichanagh troach geachshansprogh," but our Lowland laureate apostrophises his departed brother in terms almost equally pathetic, thus:—

Croose craws ilk eident wallceh
Deil ding a' mensefu' cairns—
Wha drees the dreed o' Balloch
Bit Alfred o' sair airns.

We have some Welsh verses on the same subject, but our linguistic compositor became suddenly and seriously indisposed after setting up the foregoing, so that our Cambrian friends will kindly excuse us this week.

AN ASH-AN-TEA JOKE.

'ARRY—"I'm sick o' my bloomin' boardin'-ouse. We've 'ad 'ash for tea three times this week already, and this is only Thursday, ye know. If Ella, the waitress, asks me if I will take 'ash again to day, I'll not be responsible for what language I may use."

SMARTY—"Then you might ejaculate, 'No Cinder, Ella."

And 'Arry hasn't seen the point to this day.

W. T. JAMES.



FROM AN ARTISTIC STANDPOINT.

BEESELY—"It was awfully bad form of Golliper, don't you know, to describe McWatt's carbuncle at the dinner table last evening."

BRIXTON—"Well, it wasn't strictly conventional, I admit, but you know Golliper looks at everything from an artistic standpoint. And McWatt's last carbuncle really is a brilliant bit of color."

THE GRITS, like Tories, office love,
And willingly would grab it,
But there's one thing seems against them
And that's the force of 'Abbott.