

considerable interval: "Well—you know—it's a joke—the boys say that the *curiosity is me without my mous-tache*." The rapidity with which that guileless maiden placed half a dozen blocks between herself and the curiosity is said to exceed belief.

A TRUE STORY.—That a new country like the North-West has a hardening effect upon men, none will deny. Even a church student who was a sojourner in the land could not escape contamination. We have heard marvellous stories regarding various things in the Prairie Province, but a story which is the product of the stretched and original imagination of a church student eclipses all others. At a tea-meeting a few nights ago, when soaring in an eloquent strain upon the beauties of Manitoba, the speaker mentioned that mosquitoes were a dreadful pest, and stated that "a man who was travelling with a yoke of oxen, encamped at night by the side of a stream. During the night he heard 5 or 6 large mosquitoes in the distance; but as his tent was a strong one he feared not, but when he arose in the morning and looked for his team they were gone. In despair he ran to the water's edge, thinking that they might be drowning, but nowhere could they be found. At last glancing up into a large tree, he saw a large mosquito sitting upon a branch, rolling its eyes, flapping its ears, and picking its teeth with the horn of an ox." What Divinity can beat this?

THE following weird, wild, touching little thing was found in one of the corridors a few days ago. It was written by a senior who has been meditating suicide for some time:

As I sat one evening, musing,
My pencil, crib, and note-book using,
Thinking of the blessed Spring-time,
When all this cramming should be o'er,
Suddenly a thought came o'er me,
And completely did it floor me,
So dreadful was the meaning that it bore.
"Plucked in classics"—there 'tis uttered,
"Plucked in classics"—echo muttered.
Plucked in classics.
Nothing more.

I started quickly from my musing,
Began my sleepiness abusing,
My note-book in an angry rage
From end to end I tore.
Was there ever other thought
Which to man such trouble brought?
Had any one e'er such thought before?
"Tis an idle fancy," said I,
"An unpleasant, gruesome fancy,
Only this and nothing more."

But the thought would still distress me,
Of it I could dispossess me,
By no means I had in store.
If I sat me down to grind,
Very shortly I would find
Stealing slowly o'er my mind,
Like echo from distant shore,
This—"plucked in classics"—plucked, plucked, plucked,
Plucked in classics,
Nothing more.

My happy dreams of laureation
As B.A., at Convocation,
Underwent sad alteration,
They hastily fled from me,
To return, alas! no more.

From day to day, from week to week,
I saw nought but a prospect bleak,
Of being plucked—aye, plucked—in Greek.
It grieved me to the very core
To think that I'd be plucked in Greek.
Plucked in Greek,
But nothing more.

Various changes my "pluck" vision undergoes—
Greek to Latin—thence to Prose—
Adding each time new burden to my woes,
And leaving me more wretched
Than e'er I was before.
But its main aspect changes never.
Despite all possible endeavour
Naught but "pluck" can it seem ever.
Really 'tis a horrid bore.
Plucked, plucked, plucked.
Plucked in classics,
Nothing more.

"Tell me, O oracle, I pray"—
This to a grad. who, people say,
Had swept the paper in his day.
(Perchance it might have been
He swept the paper off the floor)—
"Can not my pony bring me through?
Cans't give me any method—e'en a clue?"
"No?" "Then what, O what am I to do?"
He answered not and my sad fears
Found confirmation sore.
Plucked, plucked, plucked,
Plucked in classics,
Nothing more.

Then essayed I yet another,
Trying hard my fears to smother.
"Tell me," said I, "man and brother,
Tell, O tell me, I implore,
Knows't thou any way to pass
The dread Fletcher's awful class?"
Thou knowest none, alas! alas!
Let me here my grief outpour.
I'm plucked in classics,
Skinned, flunked, plucked,
Plucked by Fletcher.
Nothing more.

AMEN.

→ITEMS.←

SONG of the Salvation Army;
"If you can't get in at the golden gate,
Get over the garden wall."

"Oh, maid with laughing, laughing eye.
For what those tears? oh! why that sigh?"
She murmurs as the blushes come,
"I swallowed a chunk of chewin' gum."

SCENE—Lecture room, "not a thousand miles from N. Y."—Prof.: "In this stove there are two pipes, C and D. The cold air goes up C, and comes down D hot." Students, "Oh!"

LECTURE upon the rhinoceros. Professor: "I must beg you to give me your individual attention. It is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of this hideous animal unless you keep your eyes fixed upon me."