

W. Percy Fletcher, though not ostentatiously brilliant, covered four years' work in three and will be a B.A. no matter what the issue of pending examinations. All members of '96 remember with pleasure his solo in "Vive la Compagnie." Being a diligent student, a genial gentleman, sociable and faithful in his attentions to the sex, we confidently predict his success and happiness as a christian preacher.

Robert Geddes comes from Deseronto, and as might be expected, brings with him a large stock of confidence and ambition. He reads Honours in Classics and English and expects to graduate. He plays basket ball, sings, skates and studies. His chief sphere of activity is the Y. M. C. A. He will not leave us as he is booked for Divinity Hall.

Jack Munroe is a skater with female Methodist proclivities, and a musician of no mean order. Although his stagger, and swagger, and porter—all assumed—once frightened the servant lass, that is all past, and Jack is swiftly gravitating to the sober theologian state. His jollity, always within the bounds of propriety, has become more and more spiritualized and he is ever known as a man of open heart and ready hand.

Jack Craig is one of the quietest and most easy-going men in the college. He is taking a pass course and does not aim at distinction. He is a regular attendant at Hatch's "at homes," and does his duty as a chavalier gladly and gallantly, and almost impartially. He was first secretary of '96, and must have found the work too hard, for he has carefully avoided office ever since.

J. B. McDougall, of Almonte, (called Julius Cæsar for his nose's sake) is a devotee of the Classic Muse. He writes English verse modelled on one of the most popular of the old masters of English song. He is a diligent student as well as a brilliant scholar, and has failed to win distinction only because of an unfortunate weakness of the eyes. As he is destined for the pedagogue's chair, we shall hear of him ere long as a classics master or professor, unless he devotes himself entirely to poetry.

TOM'S BHOYS.

Mr. Editor:

I take me pin to till ye about the bhoys who are lavin' my superintendence. They are a tricky set of bhoys and raised cane at the dinner when I wasn't there. Since last year the advancements in medicine enables me to make a more penetrating exam. On some I have used the microscope and I'll show ye what I see under the low and high power.

See that fellow powrin' plaster on another fellow's hair. That is Randy McLennan. He is swifter than grased lightnin' on skates, and trickier at hockey than Old Nick in darkness. He is a member of ivery hockey and lacrosse team in the city and as far down as Coteau and as far north as the pole. Sassiety and gurruls have no attrakshun for him. Besides hockey and chatin' Joe Downing at whist, he spends his whole time at his books. This year he has pasht a host of exams, played hockey all over the States, and picked out a place for his medical practice next year.

That lonesome lookin' fellow is Wager. As he only came from Trinity this year, I'll give ye his pedigree. He is a widow and is fast losing his hair. He often goes away to see his sick mother, so he says, but I nos all about him, for shure when he comes back don't I hear him singin "Seein' Nellie Home." Thin for memory's sake he takes walks down by the garrison. He tells me he has no fear of medicine, but he hates pathology. Under low power I find him composed largely of round, fat cells. The savashus glands and hair follicles on his head are in a state of decay.

Tom Mooney like misilf is Irish. He is noted for everythin', long hair, hockey, football, chief justice, student and good fellow. He was captin' of the Limestone team last year which was batin 13 to 1, and since thin he plays hockey no more.

Under low power one can see a large heart, sound tissues and healthy brain. With high power one can see a large number of green cells, which show their Irish propensities by attacking the Drummond cell when it appears. A dark substance is plentiful, which on clinical exam. I find to be nicotine.

What's thrump now? Joe Downing, B.A. Joe and I and two other fellows used to spend lots of time in the din. They tells me Joe wrote a book on How to Play Whist, but he comes to me yit for pinters. At the dinner he attempted a new line of work, makin, a spach, but he gave that up since he saw the principal. Joe attended every class where the roll is called, and in the spring passes iviry subject and well up at the top too. Low power shows a very nervous structure, especially at whist. High power shows a lot of dark substance which is nicotine.

James C. Gibson, M.A., after four years hard work is close to the midal. He has tried all my purscripshuns for growin' a mustache without success. My medical knowledge was severely taxed, so I sint him to the Principal, who has somethin' to start the hair. This hard work and disappointment has stunted his growth. The only bad thing I knows about him is that a suspicious looking kig addressed to him was sint to the college, and said to contain