

visitor asked, "Can you play ma 1 y t t dinner. Usually the friendly feast of on the concordance?"

The Political Situation—The men who occupy the room below the reading-room are reported as assistants to the "Patrons of Industry" in the roomy room below the reception-room.

Upon his manly face there grew

A beard thas's worthy of a G—oulx.

On the 31st of October, Lord Aberdeen opened the new library of McGill University, and a big time there was over there on the evening of that day. A big time there was, also, in our College, that evening; for it was Hallowe'en. There was a very practical illustration given of K.'s quotation, "It was a marcfil providence that made men holler"; for the freshmen served up apples and grapes on the marble floor of the long corridor, and our good steward added nuts to their bounty. Nuts were cracked, jokes were also cracked, and the wonder is that some skulls were not cracked in the scrambles. Earlier in the evening, probably when tea-time cleared the coasts, some stalwart fellows, who were lovers of fun more than lovers of ease, had searched the steward's cellar for the barrel of apples. The joke turned on the jokers, when the freshmen found their barrel safe in its proper place, and the steward announced that the barrel of potatoes would have to be brought back from the roof in time for the next day's

Hallowe'en is followed by a midnight raid. A prisoner was taken from the new building before the lights went out, that means, before war was declared. In retaliation three of the denizens of the old building were seized.

The first of these three captives vainly struggled for freedom; the second calmly submitted to the inevitable; the third, unsuspectingly entering from abroad, was carried to the Morrice Hall before he had time to doff his hat and lay aside his cane. However, all the prisoners were liberated, and peace prevailed till darkness again divided the college into two hostile camps. As soon as the lights went out, the guards of the new building seized the approaches and locked the doors. Some one sought admittance. "Who's there?" "It's me." "Who's me?" Professor ———. "Professor ——— would use better English," said one of the guards. "Professor ——— will have to sleep in the Morrice Hall," said another. The door was opened, and the guards fell back, for somehow, in spite of the darkness, they discovered that the professor was genuine. He, taking in the situation, quietly advanced to the next door; then one of the guards had to step out from his dark corner and unlock it for him. The boys were delighted with his clemency. Gladly would they have offered their services