



A new book from the pen of Mr. Julius Caesar has just been issued from the press. The style is somewhat similar to the previous efforts of this celebrated writer, and a copy should be in the hands of every Classical man. We give a rough

translation of a couple of chapters.

1. These matters having been settled, some of our men were in the habit of making foraging expeditions into the territory of the "Artsoni," who, though at first afraid of our men, gradually grew bolder, and finally attacked them openly. Our men easily repulsed them, and carried off a large amount of plunder. On the same day the "Scalpul," seeing how easy the "Artsoni" were, sent in a large band of their men who swiped everything in sight, and immediately sent part of their booty to Caesar, in order that he might not be angry, and also as a sign that they wished to cultivate our friendship. In the meantime the "Artsoni" had collected their forces and set out hot scud after the "Scalpul." These latter, seeing they were pursued, made a stand, and a hot engagement followed, lasting several hours, during which our men were interested spectators, though they held themselves in readiness to repel any attack on our quarters. Through his lieutenants, Caesar obtained some excellent snap-shots of the fight, which will be shown at the next meeting of the Senate (Senatu Volente). The "Artsoni" at length overwhelmed their opponents, and regained possession of all the plunder except that which had been sent to Caesar. Caesar was much pleased by the racket, for he thought that after so many being killed, neither side would want to attack our men.

2. Our share of the plunder being carelessly guarded, it was recaptured during the night by the "Artsoni," who were beginning to feel their oats after the victory of the previous day, and when the morning broke, their camp could be seen swarming with warriors ready for the fray. Several of their chiefs came out dancing and singing and challenged our men to battle. Caesar thought such insolence should not go unpunished. Accordingly he sent two regiments, consisting of the Queen's Own and the 48th Highlanders, with orders to recover the booty and bring back the leaders as hostages. Our men started out most eagerly and after the first charge it was quite evident to the "Artsoni," that they had run up against a snag. From this on they were never in it for a second. Our men then secured the plunder and took a run around the block to work up an appetite for breakfast. Caesar good-naturedly pardoned their leaders and promised them some yellow, blue and white paints with which to decorate their new bicycle racks. On their part they promised to be good in the future and not to molest us any more.

The forty odd students, who were present at the Caledonian Rink on Wednesday last, were amply repaid for their journey down there. The occasion was the first game in the Jennings' Series, and was between the School and Victoria. This explanation is for the benefit of the S.P.S. men who were not there.

When Referee Morison blew his whistle the following teams lined up:

Victoria.—(——).

S.P.S.—Goal, Boelmer (Capt.); Point, Benson; Cover Point, Father; Forwards, Thorne, MacDonald, Arthurs, Ritchie.

From beginning to end the game was fast and clean, with not a single instance of rough play to mar it. Victoria scored the first goal, but in a minute School had evened up, and a few seconds later were one ahead. Then Victoria scored again. Father grew ambitious and lifted a goal from half-way, whereat Jock Davidson raised aloud his voice and wept for joy. Half-time was called, with the score 4—4.

On resuming hostilities the score was run up in a see-saw fashion to 7 all. Then as the electric lights shone out, and the call to dinner grew stronger, the School forwards swept down the ice together and planted in the two winning shots. Victoria made a determined effort to retrieve her losses, but time was called before they could get past the School's stubborn defence.

Benson at point played a star game. (On the forwards, MacDonald and Arthurs were most conspicuous, and played well together.

Referee Morison gave entire satisfaction to both sides.

Winters and
of the Victoria team.

were the shining lights

School's weak point is their shooting. They missed several sure things through their inability to shoot.

Even the staid Scientists of the School seem to be affected by the spring weather. Below are a few of the sayings collected in the Draughting rooms, (The Third Year men composed theirs out in the corridor).
"And turning every hair to threads of living gold."
—Hare.

"Then remember the Red River Valley,
And the half-breed that loves you so true."

—Davidson.

"His beard grows with the tale of his blunders."
—Revell.

Suddenly I heard a rapping,
As of someone gently tapping,
Tapping at my window-pane.

—F. F. Clarke.

Snif announces that he will shortly deliver an address on "The Probable Causes of the Formation of Pot-Holes." The Second Year are looking forward to this with great interest.

SALE OF UNIVERSITY PROPERTY.

Negotiations are reported to be under way for the sale of the old Upper Canada College grounds on King Street West, to a syndicate. The price to be paid is said to be \$350,000, with \$50,000 cash. This is somewhat reassuring, in consideration of the deficit of the past year, and it is to be hoped that a way out of the financial difficulty may be found in this direction, if in no other.