

Ontario, to be present at the meeting of 1895, and have some information to give regarding their experience along agricultural lines. In this way they will make the future meetings of the society a greater success than those of the past.

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McPhail to Knight—Let us woo him.

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I made a call last night but she wasn't in, "by ginger."—Rob.

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Anxious Enquirer—Nurse, how is your patient, Mr. Clark, this morning?

Nurse—His throat is a little better but his mind still wanders. He talks of nothing but exams.

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Student—D. Christie Murray's lecture was the best I have heard. Faust is on for next Monday.

Oh! indeed! I don't know him. Does he lecture along the same line?

Students hold their breath for a time, and meditate on the advantage of being brought up in a small island.

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A new society has been formed in the "tower." It has for its object the entertainment of visitors of the sight-seeing class. Kidd has been appointed usher, while Campbell performs some daring feats with the rope.

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At we are at present some distance from our sanctum in the tower of the O. A. C., and therefore unable to record the doings which have taken place within the walls of that noted institution for the past month, we ask our kind readers to bear with us if we picture some of the doings of the students and officers as seen in our imagination only.

Seated in our arm chair with our feet elevated, Yankee fashion, we close our eyes and, presto, we are entering the College halls.

After being warmly welcomed by our worthy President and other officers of the institution, who are not at present orating at the various Farmer's Institutes of our fair Province, the dinner bell, wielded vigorously by one of the fair damsels, peals forth its joyful sounds, dear to the heart of every hungry student.

In a moment or so we are seated at our accustomed tables and await the opening scene.

After the stern Resident Master has asked the blessing on the bountiful spread which is generally set in a residence College, we fall to our task by first sharpening our carving knives and setting our teeth.

We naturally gaze around the room, but to our dismay it is al-

most empty; only those from distant lands remain to grace the tables; the remainder are no doubt at home enjoying the family Christmas goose or their mother's New Year pudding. After our appetites, harped by travel, are satisfied with well-cooked tender beef, potatoes, bread, and water, we naturally look for something heavy to keep them down. Casting our eyes towards the kitchen we see through the partly opened door, the fair countenance of our worthy Matron, watching intently the effect of the preceding fare. While the mail is being read the female is in readiness with a delicious plum pudding which greatly exercises her muscles in carrying it to the table. Then the nursery rhyme, "Isn't this a dainty dish to set before the King," is sung, and after partaking of the delicacy, we rise with difficulty and with heavy tread wend our way through the College halls.

Knowing that friend King is always willing to receive and entertain company we wend our way to Number 26, where we receive a right royal welcome. Before him lies an open book of Shakespeare's works, while close at hand is Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and the *Empire's* account of Sir John Thompson's death. These our King reads carefully in close succession; for as a student he is a plugger, and in politics, a dyed-in-the-wool Conservative. As we take our departure he reluctantly drops his books and escorts us to the Managing Editor's sanctum. On entering we receive a Highland welcome and seat ourselves, when who rises and takes a sitting posture in the Editor's bed, but W. McCallum. He immediately urges on us the necessity of reading a certain article in to-day's *Globe*; it is exactly his sentiments; the Reform party are sure to win the next election, for the country is going to destruction under our present Government, and he finally ends his political oration by a hack at those terrible Patrons. As we have little time to spare we bid them adieu, and on peeking around the corner see at the end of Panton Flat the athletic form of Chr. Key, blowing as in times past his musical coronet. We withdraw and sweet strains of "Marching Through Georgia" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me" resound through the empty halls. Leaving him alone in his glory, we hasten to the tower and interview Cass and McCallan. The latter studiously reading Shakespeare's *Richard II*, while the former is trying to fathom the depths of Political Economy. "Alas," we say, "much study is a weariness of the flesh."

We next visit the engine room and find Engineer Green and Fireman Boyle at their post. Lang, of course, devotes his entire attention to talking to the former while the writer interviews Jim. They describe life at the College during the holiday season as monotonous in the extreme and wish for the speedy return of the students in full force.

Returning from the engine room we meet our worthy janitor in his new overcoat. He salutes us in true military style and with his usual "Good Land, are you back!" he proceeds to relate some interesting anecdote in his experience. Ending his conversation with one of his usual jokes he vanishes.

We then open our eyes, lower our extremities, and awake to find our visit but a dream.