

4.45—Mr. Bray gets out; ascends the stairs to call a friend and stamps his dainty-shod feet to keep away the cold.

5.15—Both go out gently (?)

6.00—First bell.

6.30—Breakfast.

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Monday evening, 10.15:

Eddy E., meeting Bray—"Hello, Bray. Just going out to farm cattle?"

Bray—"No; if I went out so early as this I might meet myself just coming in from down town."

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Alf., in despair—"I've eight appointments for this week, and only seven nights to fulfil them in."

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A recent bacteriological examination of the milk received from the farm stable by the dairy revealed the presence of the following bacili:—*Bacili Nodreamibus*, *Bacili Stableorum*, *Bacili Brayum*, *Bacili Dogisorum*, and *Bacili McIlwraithii distinctibus*.

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It's whispered around that Gregg had Barnum's circus side-tracked for five hours at Galt on his recent trip to Harrisburg.

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The angel, after watching Dysart carefully hoeing around the motherworts—"What are you leaving those for, apostle?"

Dysart—"Why, you don't want me to hoe off the young gooseberries, do you?"

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With this number of the Review the local editor's work is finished for another year. The position is not at all times an easy position to fill satisfactorily, and if by any means your name has been missed in these columns we beg to tender you our humblest apologies. We wish to thank those students who have aided us in collecting the material for this department, and to wish to all an exceedingly pleasant and profitable holiday after the term's hard work, and to our successor, every success in the editorship of this column.