

too long to do anything of the kind. One solemnly assures us he was severely wounded by a stampede of buffaloes out in the far west. We think he must have been asleep at the time. Another nearly ruined his constitution for life by too continuous application to mathematics and philosophy. This seems very strange indeed.

But stranger still the story of one who is looking forward to "750 and a manse" in the near future. He was out on mission work in Labrador; and, being fond of combining business with pleasure, was strolling one day over the bleak hills of that desolate country with a gun over his shoulder, when he met a young peasant girl who lived "just over the ridge." He stopped her and asked if there were any Presbyterians about there. "There, now!" was her reply. "It must have been one of them Jack shot yesterday. He didn't know what it was. Brother Joe thought it was a *ptarmigan*; father thought it was a *jermidgeon*, but I'll bet it was one o' them 'ar Presbyterians."

Now we think this is a strange story for a divinity student to tell, because we are almost certain he did not get it in Labrador, or anywhere near that lonely land. We have a vague recollection of having seen it ourselves about seven years ago in an almanac or something of that kind.

But really we did hear a true story from a worthy senior about his adventures in the far north. Neither his friends at home nor his landlady seemed to want him to stay with them during the holidays; and he had almost given up the hope of staying anywhere, when he met a tried companion of former days, who invited him to "Come along and spend the holidays away up north." This offer the senior accepted; and the two were soon off on their journey. From the railway station they had a long walk through the woods to their stopping place. When part of this was completed, and they were on a road in the depths of a thick wood, they suddenly came upon large tracks in the snow, which issued from the primeval forest on one side, and disappeared in its trackless mazes on the other. The senior stopped his companion and breathlessly asked him what these were the tracks of. The leader laughed at his excitement and

coolly replied, "An Indian, I guess." This was our friend's first fright. He almost confessed to us that his hair stood on end, and he involuntarily pulled his hat on tighter. "Well," he said, when he had recovered from his scare, "if an Indian is big enough to make tracks like that, and there are many Indians running round here, I'm going back home." He went on, however, and lives to tell it, but he didn't quite get over his Indian scare, and for aught we know he hasn't got over it yet.

He also had another experience in those chilly regions, which he recounted as follows: "Soon after my friend suggested 'a tramp' and skating. I didn't know what a tramp was, but I was not going to tell him so, and I was too much interested in the skating to care. He said there was a good lake at some distance to which we could 'tramp' through the bush. I supposed we could, while I shivered at the thought of more Indians. When we were ready to start, he hauled out four great ungainly tennis racquets and said we would have to wear them, the snow was so deep. I said, 'Wear them where? I don't fancy them as a chest protector—do you hang 'em over your shoulders?' He laid them on the snow, then without a word made me stand on them, and began tying them onto my feet, when I began to object and mildly suggested I might need my legs if we were going to walk. He had them tied on my legs, however, and said, 'You've got to walk in them. Come on, let's go.' I let go and immediately came onto my head in the snow. Yes, perhaps you've tried to walk on your elbows with a barrel tied to each foot. He got me started, however, and after a great many skirmishings with the profound depths of snow banks, etc., and being often dragged out from these depths by the heel, we arrived at the edge of the lake. But I did not feel any wild desire to skate. I said I'd rather go to bed. All I have to say to such friends as the one who tempted me to visit that lake is that they can walk round on a thing like that ugly tennis racquet and call it a snowshoe if they like, but it's *no shoe* for me."

M. C. LEAF.

Auctioneer Kellock—"Sprinkle pepper on the red beard of the prancing goat." Enter Postmaster-General Sinclair.