

anthems. We are glad that such opportunities occur now and then of expressing the spirit of international courtesy and generosity which prevails in our household.

It is not every college in Ontario that can boast of an omnibus—Moulton has one, and that one is of marvellous beauty. Has anyone seen a carriage with one wheel, two legs, two handles and a man behind? That is Moulton's omnibus. A passer-by cannot help noticing it on account of its color. He experiences a shock when he meets it. It is an electric blue. On the outside, in white letters, is painted MOULTON COLLEGE. Moulton College is not in the omnibus, nor is the omnibus Moulton College. It is simply a case of synecdoche. Moulton girls do not often ride in their omnibus, but they often pass it on the street and gaze upon it with mingled feelings of pride and affection.

THE MASQUERADE. When Moulton goes in for a good time she usually attains her end. Especially is this the case when the time of our annual masquerade approaches. Then even the most dignified and studious allow thoughts of the coming festivities to intrude. First of all comes the momentous question to be decided as to the character to be assumed. And then what hurrys to and fro, and what mysterious looks for nearly a week beforehand. Some of us were foolish enough, on the occasion of our recent masquerade, to don our costumes immediately after dinner, and thus have the felicity of being slowly roasted before the festivities proper commenced. However, eight o'clock found us all safely in the library, each one busying herself in trying to identify her neighbor. Then, exciting moment! came the march down to the dining-room! We must have presented a spectacle to defy the pen of the most ready writer. Marie Antoinette marching down hand in hand with Topsy and Sappho formed an equally incongruous pair. The ridiculous and the beautiful were well blended, and seldom before has our dining-room been the scene of so much unalloyed happiness. Unalloyed? Ah, no. Not quite; for was it not saddening to find that excitement had taken away our appetites? However, we managed fairly to do justice to Miss Harper's spread. When at last we reluctantly quitted the dining room, it was with "Weary steps and slow" that we ascended the stairs. Though these frolics are veritable oases in the desert of dry study, yet we are glad they do not come oftener, for the next day, ah! they are what we rue!

THOSE CURLING TONGS.

She stands at the mirror and curls her hair
With curling tongs nice and hot,
And thinks what a far-sighted girl she was
When those curling tongs she bought.

Five minutes later, with lip all burnt,
And eye screwed up with pain;
She walks the floor and swears she won't
Use curling tongs again.