

ALL AMONG OURSELVES.

Language is utterly inadequate to describe the sounds that greeted the ears of the "good boys" who went to bed at the proper hour on the evening of Jan. 25th. Some two or three vagabonds who had gone out "to spend the evening," on their return—no man knows exactly at what hour in the morning—took to bawling: "There are no flies on us." Next they went to several of the rooms to assist the occupants to roll over, and sought game in Stewart's room, only to find the door securely locked. They then did the next best thing, viz., politely requested him to wake and turn on his other side. Just as they were beginning to glory in their fancied success, a low, ominous sound came to their ears, as from some mighty man of valor rudely awakened from his slumber, who might be preparing to take vengeance on the intruders with water-pail, etc. They took the hint, and if there were no "flies" on them at first, they each got a "fly" on, and took refuge in their "dens." They found next morning that they had done as the wicked who "flee when none pursue," for Stewart was safe, far away in the country, whither he had gone to pass a few days beside a hospitable fireside.

Swinton (to student at his door)—"I'm awfully busy."

J. D. M.—"Throw a book at him, Swinton."

Robertson—"He couldn't spare a book long enough."

H—b—n.—"Eggs are 50 cents a dozen, now."

Pidgeon.—"I wish I was a hen."

D. M.—"Well, fellows, did you find the walk long from Montreal West?"

*Fellows—"No, not at all; we stopped at the Half-way House."

Record breakers:

G. Y. at St. G. preaching 37 min. by the church clock, but 45 min. by the watches of the audience.

W. P. T. in suburban church preaching till the lights went out.