

posed for some time to conduct its literary exercises. Principal Huston is appointed Governor-General and the Government consists of the following:—Hon. David Nimmo, Premier; Hon. Alfred Stone, Minister of Finance; Hon. John Vickert, Minister of Justice; Hon. E. Seldon, Minister of Education and Post-Master General; Hon. A. J. Darroch, Minister of War; Hon. W. J. Sparks, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Hon. Robert Robertson, Minister of the Interior. O. G. Langford is elected Speaker and John H. Millar, Sergeant at Arms. In the platform of government are included, Free Trade, Annexation, Penny Postage, Prohibition, Women Suffrage, Abolition of the Senate and the Abolition of Separate Schools. The Opposition is led by Mr. McCaw, and with his strong following he is likely to keep the Government from stagnation. The first session was held Dec. 5, and though but an inaugural meeting, at no time during the year has a keener interest been manifested, and the debating power that was displayed gives promise of lively times to come. The meetings this term have been very interesting and indeed almost exciting.

TACKOMANIA.—Woe be unto you, O ye students that are fond of pictures! For the principal has tackled the subject with the following result: That a tax of 10c. per dozen tacks, inserted in the walls, shall be levied. He wishes to keep the walls intact. We must, however, use all our tactics to ward off this attack upon the tin-tacks that are tacked upon the attractive paper attached to the walls.

It is a remarkable fact the majority of the third year men do not now keep later hours than 10:30 p.m., notwithstanding their great agitation last term for the privilege of burning midnight oil.

In the third year Geometry class the other day, W. C. S. proceeded momentarily to the board, and with the confidence inspired by a profound knowledge of his subject, in a deep sonorous voice thus began, "If a quadrilateral be circumscribed about a circle, the sum of —," but the remainder was lost in a universal roar of laughter.

We trust the following will cause the orchestra no offence, as it is a conversation truthfully reported, that took place at a recent recital.

"The orchestra deserves all praise
 For 'livening our weary days,
 His very best each member plays,"
 Said a fellow in the rear;
 "Oh, how you talk, I hate their noise;
 It turns to grief my many joys;
 They are a crowd of bungling boys,"
 Said a fellow who was near.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the sound, as well as view.