

raising, as far as his mustache was concerned, although he employed them in the cultivation of his beard. He held to this determination manfully throughout the whole year, but the mustache that he longed for never came. Grown wise by experience he has concluded to extend the use of modern improvements to his mustache also. Well may the Scripture say that none are so blind as they who will not see. A newly fledged philosopher began three years ago to till a field then utterly devoid of vegetation. To-day it is as barren as ever, yet he toils on, although he must know that he toils in vain. If asked why yonder prominent philosopher is so morose and gloomy of late, you would no doubt reply that such is the consequence of pondering deeply on metaphysical subjects. You are farther from the truth than is the moon from the earth. Metaphysics never produced such an effect. No, it is disappointed ambition. Many an hour has he spent before his tell-tale mirror gazing longingly on the image of that barren upper lip, like a shipwrecked sailor on a desert isle, scanning the horizon for the sail that came not. Many a quarter has he paid for such preparations as "Prof. So and So's celebrated whisker sprouter," but all in vain. To-day his upper lip resembles a vast desert plain, and he inveighs against the injustice of nature in stocking the dime museums of the land with such monstrosities as bearded women while deserving applicants are refused. But this is not all. The green eyed monster has taken possession of him. It is whispered about that he has sworn to dabble his hands in the gore of two or three of his companions who have been more successful in their cultivation. Therefore, beware all ye possessors of mustaches though indeed ye are few. Where is the agility and cheerfulness of yon noted member of the first team? Surely one whose brow has so often been encircled with the laurels of victory should have no

cause to repine. Sad to say, such is the lot of man. He is never content with what he has. This star in the athletic firmament had set his heart on the possession of a luxuriant mustache. Long and faithfully has he toiled to attain his desire but alas, though not a vast expanse, his lip presents more the appearance of the shaggy highland than of the waving meadow. More happy is the fate of a presumptive matriculant. From constantly thinking of himself as possessed of a beard he at last fell into the hallucination that he actually did possess one. Some time ago this gentleman had a quarrel with one of his classmates. He was about to go in for slaughter when one of his friends warned him to be careful, as his opponent was somewhat of a boxer. "What! that little fellow!" replied he in a voice of inexpressible scorn, "why he hasn't any whiskers yet!" Of the few who are partly satisfied with the result of their attempts a promising young philosopher deserves to be noticed. Although his mustache has stopped short never to grow again yet is he happy. And well may he be for, with the exception of one other, it is second to none. Would that I had the pen of a Homer or a Virgil with which to depict the feelings of the possessor of this exception. A footballer, he probably owes his success to the fact that he is always able to touch down on his face. By "touchdown" however it must not be inferred that his mustache has a downward tendency. On the contrary its extremities show as great a tendency to point towards the zenith as the magnetic needle does to point to the north pole. Strange to say, the zenith does not mind it in the least. But let all those who are inclined to raise a mustache remember that where he has partly succeeded a hundred have failed. From all this, the unpalatable truth forces itself upon us that the trials of the mustache-grower are many, and his joys are few.

