

should be shunned by all the rigidly-moral army of freshmen. The author may be met near the Queen's Hall at eight o'clock almost any evening, when he will be ready to give introductions at the moderate charge of 3 sous per head. Applicants must carry canes. The watch-word is "Oxford."

A LECTURE ON BURGLARS WITH BEDSIDE DEMONSTRATION.

"I was a stranger and ye took me in." Such must have been the mournful exclamation of a freshie who was introduced to a burglar a few nights ago. He had fallen among a set of hardened, wily sophs and seniors who had related tales of robbery and murder, each more horrible than the preceding, until even the limits of his credulity were passed and he smiled a smile of doubt. This put them on their mettle and they "laid for the freshie." It was a gloomy midnight, and freshie lay blissfully dreaming, when the door opened and a form stole through the darkness towards the sleeper. It was masked and carried a revolver in each hand, and bending over the slumbering youth hissed in his ears: "Put up your hands!" There was a convulsive movement under the bed clothes, and then out came a pair of hands that extended themselves piteously towards the midnight intruder. At the same time, freshie kicked his bed fellow surreptitiously under the sheets, but his comrade was sleeping the guileless, deep sleep of the senior, and would not awaken. "Up with your hands" hissed the ruffian; "yes sir, yes sir," replied freshie in agony, and up went his hands. "Higher;" and higher they went until he lay with his arms extended at full length over his head. "Now get up and open your trunk," continued the burglar, and freshie rose, trembling in his *robe de nuit*, to obey the order. Those who were spectators of the scene may have found comedy in the sight of the agitated freshie tumbling the contents of his trunk over the floor and the heartless burglar standing by with his weapons held threateningly, but to one actor the play was a tragedy, and a tragedy of most vital interest. Yet the play was destined to end soon. The sleeping senior began to have disturbing dreams. He wriggled about in bed and uttered a series of inarticulate groans; sometimes he gnawed the quilt in the anguish of his nightmare. Even the burglar began to have qualms. His face twisted under the mask, and his body became bent as he darted glances at the bed of the sleeper. Surely, armed as he was, he had no fear, yet as he stood by the shivering white-robed, kneeling figure at the trunk, the pistols began to waver and he, also, moaned to himself. The climax came at last when, with a shriek of demoniacal laughter, the sleeper sat up and pointed at the freshie, for at this the burglar dropped his weapon and clasping his hands over his stomach rushed shrieking from the room. Freshie rose to his feet and glanced around him. Black doubt whispered in his heart and doubt became certainty as he heard the cry, "Sold again" echo through the room. We refrain from depicting his feelings, but should you ever meet him do not say "yes sir, yes sir," unless you are bigger than he.

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