

ing awe the gestures and words of the master tragedian as he depicted the passion of revenge, we have been present at a championship lacrosse match, but, over and above all this, we have witnessed an old-time New versus Old Building fight. It was glorious ! It was almost worth while losing the gloves in the first instance and sleeping on the hard, hard floor in the last instance, to have been privileged to participate in such a holocaust—not that the victim was burnt at all, indeed, he came much nearer being drowned. Ontario did bravely on that eventful night, and dear old Scotia put on a bold front; the Persia-Ireland combination had practised assiduously for weeks, but came out second best after all. The picturesque garb of the Turk made a fine target; next time he turns out he will attire himself in darker hues. A set of gloves and a feather pillow have changed sides, but more than that, the sleeping wolf has been waked, and we are able to look forward to merry times in the intervals of study for the remainder of the session.

Pepper and Cress:—

Prof. —:—"Mr. Young Again."

Lord Byron.—"Awl roight."

McGinnis.—"I got enough at noon."

S. Y.—"The Third Year live for those who love them."

H. H. T.—"Game is scarce to-night. Confound the Glee Club."

W. W. McC.—"The verses given unto me are—"

W. D. T.—"Chestnuts ! Chestnuts ! Ten cents !"

Dseronian.—"I was sawked."

J. G. STEPHENS.