

to take the long wished for degree in state, along with the rest. But now when that can be done with two or three "supps.," what's the use of working particularly hard for June?

Perhaps if the Reverend the Provost, offers his Greek Testament Prize again this year, his generosity will be better appreciated than last. Sc it is said.

To sleep, or not to sleep—that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler to arise and suffer
The never-ending chants and prayers and psalms,
Or to turn over in delicious comfort
And consequently miss them? To lie—to sleep
A while; and in that sleep renew my dream,
The visions and the thousand natural thoughts
The mind delights in—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To lie—and sleep;
To sleep! but to miss my term! Ay, there's the rule;
For in the sleep of sloth the chance we lose
(When we have shuffled off our friendly sheets)
Must give us thought; this is the very chance
That makes or hears collegiate careers;
For who would lie abed till half-past nine,
The phy's contempt, the athlete's derision,
The gyp's deep grievance, and the Dean's annoyance,
The insolence of unconcern, the scorn
That risen manhood for the unrisen feels
(When he might rival all the saints in virtue)
By a slight effort. Yet what man would rise
To dress and shave in the grim chill of dawn
But that a dread of what we lose by sleep—
That unkept chapel from whose consequence
No student ever recovers—bids us rise
And makes us rather bear this well-known ill
Than chance one which as yet we have escaped.

They were three denizens of Paradise Alley, and they evidently were temporarily weary of the quiet life of College during the last few weeks. Rumour has it that in

"Paradise Alley" they sleep when others are awake, and are awake when others are asleep. At any rate, two o'clock one moonlight morning found those gentlemen where they ought not to be. After an enthusiastic visit to the different rooms of College, much to the pleasure of the inmates, an adjournment was made to the upper regions, where in the delightful cool, their spirits were refreshed, and the powers of darkness were favoured with various melodies. An impulse seized them—why not?—and at once, though much too early, the chapel bell sounded its usual call, spreading to the regions of Crawford street the impression that a fire was in progress. But retribution awaited them—and unknown eyes were watching as they dropped one after another through the trap door to the Dean's corridor. A well-known voice accosted them, and "gentlemen, do you surrender?" assured them that escape was cut off, and a voice from a temp-retreat behind a door, remarked that "He guessed they did." The rest was not so interesting, so why narrate it?

We extend our congratulations to the "little freshies" of St. Hilda's College on winning the inter-year debate. Rumour has it that they won quite easily, despite the formidable Third Year eloquence and Second Year talent that was arrayed against them.

Every spring the small boy invades the College grounds. He uses his deadly catapult on the birds, walks across the crease, and is generally destructive—true to his small boys' nature. In the past, wholesale destruction of College property by this pest has been checked by a careful don at one time, and a patriotic student, at another. But this year a sure preventive of the evil has been found, for golf has started here, and there is no spot about the grounds which is safe from the deadly golf ball. Even *swipsie* must yield—his reign is over.



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