

a hat is not common on this side of the Atlantic, it must have been imported and perhaps its owner is an importation also. To test the truth of this we remark. "That's quite a hat you have, we don't see many like it around here." "Indeed and we don't sir, it's a clatty sort of a hat" is the reply with a county Cavan accent. Our next test is made on an individual a little above the ordinary height with an abstracted air and full, large well rounded Derby which fails to harmonize with the angular features below it. "Here's a man that jumps to a conclusion too rapidly, one who decides first and thinks afterwards," we opine and again we are correct in our reasoning, for the question "why did you buy such a hat," brings forth the ready reply "Poor judgement, sir, poor judgement." Then we see the "pass round the hat" style: a nice brown felt, surmounting a phiz so winning and confidential that you imagine you see the hat coming off and you instinctively put your hand in your pocket. A few minutes afterwards you see this bland smile "borrowing" some tobacco from a new student. A yawn close by startles you; turning you see leaning up against a tree box in a most nonchalant attitude the wearer of a well fitting Derby, but the hat rests as if it had been thrown negligently on the head, it is inclined to one side, and you immediately surmise that the youth himself is inclined—to be lazy.

"Pretty as a picture" you exclaim, not at sight of a hat alone, but at the view of a combination in wool—a grey felt hat and a mustache, the curves of both harmonizing so well that you suspect they were made to plans and specifications. You hear the owner humming a versse of "Hurrah for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee" and upon inquiry you find this article is quite a proper party. But not a whit more painstaking is he than this young man who takes a pocket mirror out and adjusts his hair beneath a diminutive brimless—I'm at a loss to name it, but had it some flowers on it I would call it a "duck of a bonnet." "You see that? I came near being shot this vacation" is a remark that startles you as a student hands his hat for examination to several friends. You draw near to investigate and perceive a somewhat delapidated looking hat marked on the sweat band "Real Goat Leather" and with what appears to

be a bullet hole through the crown of the hat. "I was out hunting this vacation with a chum, when I was tackled by a bear. I tried to choke him off, but t'was no go, and I was almost a goner when my chum shot the bear. But the bullet went clean through my hat. I tell you it was a close call." "He's a blower" you say, for you observe from the location of the bullet hole that either the wearer of the hat had a remarkably thick skull, or else it was worn by the unfortunate bear.

But why multiply examples. There is no need of mentioning the cerulean blue hat from Alfred, Ont., or the "ailing fawn" tinted one from Springfield, Mass. We will have to pass by the brown canopy that covers the citizen of Picton, Ont., and the antique tile that allows the rain to trickle slowly on the sprig of Clan Ronald.

There is one species of hat which we have not yet dwelt upon, it is a fragile article and does not bear much handling. I refer to the hat rejoicing in the various and euphonious titles of beaver, castor, tile, stove pipe, etc. This is the professorial hat, very uncommon amongst the students. One shocking example has come to my notice. It happened to a friend of mine and is the history of his first tall hat. He had worn it but a few days, when, placing it upon a chair for a moment it was inadvertently and emphatically sat upon by a very dear friend upon whom gravity exerted considerable attraction. It was crushed as relentlessly as ever the car of Juggernaut ever compressed its victims. After treatment in a hospital for diseased hats it was made once more wearable by a man of considerable courage. And this my friend proved to be. A few days afterwards the lightning struck again, but not in the same place. Riding in a horse car one day, the wearer sat in a draught which he tried to prevent by closing the door, a sliding one. The door was tight and resisted his efforts. He bent forward to see if the door was fastened outside, at the same time tugging vigorously at it. All of a sudden the door gave away and he barely escaped suicide by guillotining. He saved his head, but the hat—it was a pitiful sight. All the passengers were in tears. Again it went to the hospital and issued a few days afterwards in splinters. Once again my friend's courage stood him in good stead. He wore it. But not for long. This time the very elements