

the rate the *Argosy* is now publishing them it will take about three years and a half to work off the lot, that on the whole most people will prefer to purchase and read them in the collected and cheaper form, so that if the *Argosy* is wise and possesses a poet of as much ability as its class historian, we would advise it (quite disinterestedly you know) to dispense with the D. O.'s effusions, and substitute some original matter in their stead.

ABOUT COLLEGE.

Exam. draweth nigh,—
 Put your trust not in Bohn,
 The fearful one's sigh
 "Exam. draweth nigh ;
 O, would now that I
 Had left 'ponies' alone,"
 Exam. draweth nigh,
 Put your trust not in Bohn.

The annual "At Home" at 49, The Wilderness, was attended by the year *en masse*. Well done 49, we would like you to come of age every month.

We believe that arrangements have been made to affiliate Wykeham Hall with the University of Trinity College, so that before long we may expect to have more than one sweet girl graduate upon our lists, and who will then say that our Museum of *rare* and *interesting* objects is incomplete.

Episcopon still exists, but no longer flourishes as of yore. This can only be accounted for by the general surmise that the *year* which has just left us, bore with it the chief bulk of the Venerable One's sometime contributors. Those who are left seem to be too much depressed at the thought of the burden they have to support, to do even as well as heretofore. It is to be hoped however that this state of things will be to some extent remedied before the next issue.

"The printer's devil is on deck,
 The typos they are done,
 And I must make a local,
 Before to-morrow's sun."

Thus the weary 'local man,'
 Grinding locals all he can,
 Sits and grinds the livelong day,
 Singing mournfully this lay.

A light has been placed in the vestibule which burns all night. This is as it should be, or rather should have been for some time past. The cases of mistaken identity on the gate list were becoming unpleasantly numerous. We were 'jerked' the other morning to be informed that we had come in the night or rather the morning before at 1.30 A. M. We were firmly convinced that we had

sought our downy (?) couch at 11 P. M. the previous evening. We were in a dilemma whether to relinquish our George Washington-like reputation for veracity and acknowledge the untruthful corn, or to remain virtuous, and acknowledge in effect that we had a counterpart in college. We passed the men in mental review before our mind's eye, but not one of them would fill the conception we had so vividly before us of our own Narcissus-like form. We groaned inwardly, but suddenly bethought us of the fine in store, found instant relief, and proved the *alibi*. Even our form is not worth the festive quarter.

Arrangements are being made with the Manager of the Grand Opera House, by which there will be a regular weekly night for students. On this night undergraduates of the universities will be allowed a discount of 25 per cent. on any seat in the house, and when they desire to occupy the part of the auditorium known as "the gods," they will be admitted through Mr. Sheppard's private room, and will thus be enabled to secure the best seats there. If students throughout the city would send representatives to form some central committee, the night could be chosen at once, and all necessary arrangements made in a short time. Mr. Sheppard has done all he can towards the movement, and will have special tickets printed as soon as the night is decided on. Judging from the list of popular attractions already secured, the season will be an excellent one, and we trust the promoters of this "special night" scheme will succeed in carrying it through.

The steward stood near the tempting roast,
 Whence all but him had fled,
 The knife though sharp, he could not boast
 Would cut through layers of lead.
 Yet beautiful and bright he stood
 As one we might adore,
 The roast, while here, was meant for food,
 But now has gone *bee-f-ore*.

We notice with pleasure that Mr. J. Travers Lewis, B.A., has entered into partnership with the following gentlemen for the the practice of the law in the City of Ottawa: James Cockburn, Q. C., and A. F. McIntyre, under the firm name of Cockburn, McIntyre and Lewis. Mr. Lewis, as one of the original founders of this paper, and for some years its chief supporter, always carries with him our best wishes for his success.

We also notice that Mr. G. W. Allan, B.A., has passed his final law examination in Winnipeg, and is now practising in that city.

Mr. T. O. Townley, B.A., '82, left us this week to study law in Winnipeg. We wish him all possible success.