

watchman in going his rounds. The owners' hands were full, and the mills were closed.

The millionaire in his chair swore a great oath and said, "Confound these jubilee holidays, it takes a week for the men to get sober after one of them."

As we previously remarked, his hands were full.—(Exchange.)

This is how Dr. A. Conan Doyle expresses his confidence in the Celt "Give him culture, give him that Catholic university of which we hear, and you will tap a most precious vein of literature, and Celtic Ireland may send its Renans and its Pierre Lotis to London as a Celtic Brittany sends them to Paris. And there is work for the Irish Literary Society to draw the Celt out, to modernize him, to teach him that there is a living present as well as a legendary past in literature, and to make him realize if he has any thought or any good worth saying, the grandest audience that ever the world knew is anxious to hear him, and that the grandest language that a writer could wish is waiting ready to his hand." These words were addressed to the Irish Literary Society of London.—(Ex).

"Is it right," asked the Freshman inquiringly,

"To use aids in pursuing our courses?"

"Of course," said the Soph., "read your Bible,

Was not Elijah translated by horses?"

(Colby Echo.)

Collis Campusque

As we go to press the Freshmen have not ceased telling about "Our Reception," meaning presumably the one given to the Sophomores and them at the Seminary the other evening. Only one of their number seems dissatisfied, a pessimistic mortal who would as soon *die as* live and who remarked as he swallowed his last spoonfull of ice cream: "I'll have my head knocked off if I go to another reception." Not so with the Sophs. They feel kind of blue now because a local paper associated their names with the Juniors in connection with the affair, but it is hoped their reputation will return to its normal condition. Great preparations were made for the event, especially at Chip. Hall where the Freshies could be seen flitting from door to door asking the Seniors points on etiquette or whispering about "Lending a shirt," etc. The Sophs took things easily and determinedly (especially the refreshments) except when it was found that some vain body had swiped the mirrors from the dressing room when a scene beyond description took place. Samson had not yet been shorn of his strength, and was looking around for curling tongs and combs and looking glasses. But all the good looking lasses were in the reception room, so he had to content himself with finding the state of his countenance in his watch case, which was of the metal best suited to reflect it. But