



"RESTRAINING" THE MAD DOG.

THE LAW—"Hello, there! What in the world are you afraid of? Don't you see the animal has a tag on?"

"'Liver of blaspheming Jew' (jaundiced imagination).

"'Gall of goat,' and this last swollen and enshrouded in a grey coat of prudery.

"All these symbols of evil have at one time been materialized and re-embodied, and then was the human child which was born of a woman spirited away in the night and this changeling incarnation known by the name of 'Old Roman' placed in its stead. And in truth the changeling might have remained undiscovered but for the betrayal of his origin by this Shibboleth which he hath spoken in the columns of *The Varsity*. For verily unto the pure all things are pure, even as to the impure all things are impure; even the gentle and sweet speech of men and maidens, walking in the sunlight unto the Halls of Learning in company together. Neither is it possible that an incarnation such as 'Old Roman' can understand or conceive how the devotees of Learning, men and women, can together bow at the pure shrine of Minerva and not become even as he himself in their imaginings. Such sinister souls have oft-times waxed so bold in prudery as to bring the great Father of Life himself to book, for introducing such a scandalous phenomenon as difference of sex upon this

planet. At the same time, in their innermost soul there is nothing these incarnations desire more than to be favored by the smiles of the sex which they insist make monkeys of men by reverse evolution, and only too happy would they be to be made fools of by them, would the maidens but be persuaded to turn their eyes in their direction, condescend to put a ring in the nose of the scornor and so lead him about. But this kind of man the fair devotees of Minerva shrink from instinctively; hence the spite of 'Old Roman.' And now, O Scott-airlie, concentrate thine energies, fix thine eye upon yonder spot in the great white wall of Thibet, nor wink nor move until thou has precipitated this that I have told thee in a letter unto the sable bird who openeth his beak and speaketh wisdom in the far city of the Indian name of Toronto. And do thou also bestow my benison on those strong and benignant spirits who, with their faces set steadfastly toward Nirvana, have done battle in defence of sister students against the prudery of an irresponsible astral changeling."

"Eh, man!" says I, "what a relief ye've gi'en me! That 'Old Roman' maist made me ashamed o' my mankindness; but noo when ye've explained that the