

recitation "Darius Green and His Flying Machine," which took the audience by storm. Miss Bull's solo was rendered in her characteristic style in which her rendering is always wonderfully in harmony

with the spirit of the selection. The beautiful quartette, "Good Night," closed an evening's entertainment of which the students of Wesley College have reason to feel justly proud.

LOCAL NEWS

At a recent morning football match an enthusiastic young lady, who was cheering lustily for the winning side, was heard to ejaculate: "Ain't those elegant kicks, by Gosh?"

An uninitiated person, hearing the ejaculations of the shouters at a football match, would probably infer that the area within the ropes contained numbers of "bugs," "whales," "birds," etc., all of the largest size and in a very animated condition, besides such miscellaneous articles as peaches and stars. Here, however, as elsewhere, natural laws would be found to prevail; the bugs would be "chewing the rag," the whales "finding the net," and, of course, the stars would be "out of sight."

I had just paid my Fee, and having but a few Nicholls left, I ordered th butcher to send up a few pounds of Veale, and, being a good Walker, I determined to spend my Halladay in the country. Turning down the first Lane I came to, I met a Carter, whom I criticised for trading one of his Brown Mayers for a Small Campbell. He treated my remarks with disdain, and tying his ill-matched team to a White Oak Post, he began to Reid the first and second epistles of St. John. Tiring of his silence, I asked him to direct me to the fairest maiden in the town. Taking a couple of Sips from a flask, he replied, "I diinna Ken'er, but ye Kin-ley here and judge for yer sel." As the Winds ar (e) disagreeable at that season, I entered a house which had no Dor-on. It had formerly been a Goodwin and belonged to a Wylie Taylor, who propounds more Riddells than most people will take at Parr. Soon a little urchin—the son of

the Stewart of the Earle's estate—came in. For a Bob and a Tanner he told me how I might Woo-ten of the prettiest maidens in the town. But as they came not, I was at length obliged to return as Moodyly as I had wandered forth.

The following code of rules were seen occupying a conspicuous position on the walls of a wily student's room. We publish them for the benefit of the Alumni and others:—

NOTICE.

(1) Please ask for my shin-pads. They are lent at present, but when they come back you will get your turn. (2) Borrow my jersey. It is looking a little the worse for wear, but the owner has money in the bank. (3) Don't forget my shoes. I sometimes wear them myself; but the owner can stay in bed till you are through the game. (4) The football stockings have just been returned. Call early and avoid the rush. The owner is a millionaire, and can easily supply himself with another pair. (5) The belt and pants are also at your disposal. Please return before Sunday, so that the owner may have a change. (6) When you read this, get offended, and don't speak to the owner. He is an unsociable dog, and ought to be snubbed.

The Y. W. C. A. of Wesley College has entered upon the third year in its history with the following staff of officers:—

President—Sadie Ruttan.

Vice-President—Effie M. Peacock.

Rec. Sec.—Aggie C. Harris.

Cor. Sec.—Annie B. Jamieson.

Treasurer—Annie Dunfield.

We are glad to be able to report progress in this department of college life. We believe the society is steadily gaining