

Fletcher (Shouts of "oh, oh!" hisses and hooting. A voice from the back of the hall "Sit down." Another voice "Put him out." Cries of order). Gentlemen, ("Yah, yah!" from the passage outside the hall, and loud laughter.) Barlow was not a bishop (Terrific cheering. A voice "or any other man." Laughter). Neither did he belong to Barlow and West's minstrels. (Murmurs of dissent. Applause, laughter and uproar in the back of the hall.) I have another theory. (Intense excitement and suspense.) Yes, gentlemen, Barlow was none other than the hero of the old song "Billy Barlow." (Tremendous applause, the whole audience rising and rushing around the hall, stamping and shouting and carrying Dan on their shoulders. In the midst of the confusion, a messenger entered with a request from the Faculty that stamping, hooting and chair-breaking be as far as possible avoided and that the meeting adjourn as early as convenient after midnight. In a moment Tulip Vanderbilt was on top of a desk; he was pale and breathless and his classic features were flushed with anger. In a shrill and sonorous voice he protested against this tyrannical assumption of authority, this unjust invasion of the rights of individuals, this iniquitous restriction of the liberty of debate. He moved that the messenger be given the six months' hoist and the request be laid under the table. The motion was carried with enthusiasm, and Mr. Tulip Vanderbilt was made a life mem-

ber of the society. Four hours later the meeting adjourned singing "Billy Barlow," Mr. Dan McWind taking the solo and the audience joining in the chorus.

Johnnie Han Lee and Fo Lee Myke, the Chinese Ambassadors from the Tennis Court, are becoming regular sports. Johnnie likee footee ballee and Mykee likee basee ballee.

The astronomer from Manitoba, (not Vaully but W.W.W.W.W.W., the Wondrous Westerner from Winnipeg,) has made a remarkable discovery. He calls it 'The Mosquito Tormentor, Catcher and Killer.' The process is very simple. The little animals light on you and insert their stings; you hold your breath and thereby prevent them from escaping. They finally die of suffocation and starvation.

J. H-r-v-y was recently up before a local justice of the peace, on the charge of assault and battery. Several witnesses swore that the prisoner had, on three several occasions, struck three times at a certain city Taylor. The defence proved that though H. did strike, he did not hit. The judge found the point well taken and the prisoner was discharged. At the same sitting Joe C-pp-g was accused of larcency for having stolen a base. It was proved that he was incapable of such a crime and he was dismissed:

