

"Well, I have just received another letter from De Koven, who is now in London, about that same Turkish Loan we were talking of the other day, and he says he can get me ten thousand more at the old price, although, as you know, they have gone up a point since I invested; but it must be cash down and before this time tomorrow. As I can't afford any more myself, knowing you had expressed an interest in the stock, I dropped over to see if you would like to take some."

"Well my dear boy, I have been thinking over the matter, but I do not wish to plunge blindly into any speculations, so just tell me candidly what is your opinion of the thing."

Here then was the baronet's opportunity, and he launched forth into a glowing diatribe on the advantages of loans in general and Turkish Loans in particular. Mr. Fairbank, however, was a cautious old gentleman, and it took quite a deal to persuade him, but in the end it was decided that Sir James should go up to London that afternoon to procure the stock, to the amount of ten thousand pounds, taking with him the money, and, returning as soon as he had secured it, to hand it over to Mr. Fairbank.

The next morning the baronet sent over the scrip, accompanied by a brief message to the effect that he was going away for a few days, but expected to return shortly, and left for the continent via Dover by the next train. Two days later the announcement was made that the government of Turkey was in serious financial difficulties, and had repudiated all its liabilities. Save for the hereditary mansion, with its lands and treasures, William Fairbank was penniless. When he recovered from the shock which his loss, aided by the fact that he had been betrayed by one whom he had loved and trusted next to his own son, had occasioned, he immediately sold all his possessions, his family heirlooms and other treasures the parting with which cost him many a pang, and retired to a modest little villa in the suburbs of Caseyville, one of the large watering places in the county of Dampshire. After a year, at great inconvenience to himself, he sent his son Percy into the army, where he took the rank of second lieutenant in the 4th Dampshire Light Infantry. At the time when

our story opens, six years later, Mr. Fairbank was still living in Caseyville, and the Dampshire regiment, in which Percival had risen to the rank of First Lieutenant, had been for a little over a year doing service in India.

To be continued.

Local and Personal.

Bricker's successor—Fitz.

It is rumored that Pud, "the jock," is going to leave.

Philly says his room is getting cold because "Reddy's" hair is turning black.

There's someone in this school who steals compositions. Who is he, Badenach?

The College grub is evidently improving, as one of the boys paid ten cents for a bun at lunch.

The Sargeant has been absent for the last two weeks on account of illness, but is now looking his old self again.

Our honored principal was ill-disposed for a day or so last week, but we are glad to say that it resulted in: nothing serious.

The boys are getting themselves in trim for the "At Home" by having some exciting dances in the reception room after dinner.

Bloss Corey, '88, is working in an Insurance office at Petrolia. He was in the city during the holidays looking up old friends.

We would advise Room 59 to leave their windows open during the week before the "At Home" if they intend to receive visitors.

We think that the hair restorer that Andy uses on his upper lip is quite the proper thing for infants (?) who are ambitious in that line.

We think it deplorable that more attention is not paid to the rinks, and grievously lament that more interest is not taken in hockey by some of the masters.

Mr. Sparling had the misfortune to hurt his leg again last week and was absent a couple of days on account of it, but apparently he is quite recovered as his smiling countenance is with us again.