

A Prairie Fire.

In the summer of 1891 I formed one of a party of five, which was to spend the summer in a pass of the Rocky Mountains called "The Crow's Nest." We had a drive of about 40 miles before us, so we set out about seven o'clock in the morning. The night before we had noticed a prairie fire, which seemed to be in the foot-hills of the mountains, and in the morning the smoke was very heavy. We had driven four or five miles when one of the party remarked that the fire appeared to be coming in our direction. No one took any notice of this, however, and we went rolling over the level prairie road for another mile; but as we topped a little knoll a hot current of air blew past us and a lurid glare was visible ahead, so we turned our horses and galloped back over the road we had come.

The fire was about ten miles distant and advancing at a terrific rate, while we had still six miles to travel. Nothing could be seen more than a hundred yards ahead of us for the dense smoke, and it was lucky for us that there were no hills to ascend. A stiff breeze was blowing, created by the fire itself. The line of flames came on, ever gaining on us, and at last when, with the fire a quarter of a mile behind us, we dashed down the steep road (the only one for miles) that led to the river bottom, and across the bridge that spanned the river, the horses were pretty well tired out.

By this time it was twelve o'clock, and we had to go by a road that led us ten miles out of our way, so we gave up the thought of finishing our journey that day, and made for the Indian reservé, where we were sure of hospitality from the missionary, my father. On our new route we had to pass over a high ridge of hills, a spur of the Rockies, and reaching this point at dusk, a grand sight presented itself. For twenty or thirty miles the great line of flame spread out, flanked here and there by lesser lines and still rapidly moving over the prairie.

Of how we reached our journey's end safely, and of all the fun we had; of how we got snowed in in the middle of June and went for two weeks on short rations, and how, after all, we did not stay all summer, is all too long a story to be told here.

C. E. BOURNE (IV)

Why would one think that cricket this season is a very quarrelsome game? Because the score book is just full of scraps.

Words of Wisdom.

[The office boy will be in on Wednesdays from 1.30 to 3 p. m., to explain these jokes to readers of Scotch extraction.]

"A mere empty form"—the Fourth.

"Twice Told Tales"—Mr. ——'s funny stories.

When the Maid of Orleans burned, what sort of light did she make? An arc light.

What's the difference between Gooderham's head and that of a drum? You can get things through the drum's head if they're sharp enough.

The following brilliant piece of composition was on the notice board a few weeks ago: "Lost.—A seal of a watch chain; the stone is a dark green color, and the rest is a horse jumping a fence. Finder please return and oblige." We hate to give him away, but it's a pity not to—C. S. Ball.

Cecil Von Bahl—Why does x usually stand for a kiss?

Algebra Fiend—Because x is used to represent an unknown quantity.

C. Von B.—Oh, no! It's because he'd rather take it that way than sitting down.

A. F.—He? Who?

C. Von B.—Why, Cross, of course.

Quick Wit—What is the difference between Cooke and a philosopher?

Slow Wit—I don't know; out with it.

Quick Wit—The philosopher says little, but thinks volumes; Cooke thinks little, but says volumes.

Slow Wit—That's good. Can you tell me the difference between Jamie Maclaren and a court-fool?

Quick Wit—No; what is it?

Slow Wit—I'm sure I don't know.

It may have been noticed that on the programmes of the Sports, Cooke's name was spelled without the final *e*. Cooke was very much grieved at this degradation of his family name, and though the printer had made a hash of Cooke, it looked for some time as if Cooke would go over and make mincemeat of the printer. Cooke's boiling indignation has now simmered down, though he is still sometimes roasted on the subject. He says, however, that the next man who tampers with his good name will get pounded to a jelly. Nobody minds what Cooke says; they have other fish to fry. If people took Cooke in earnest he would soon find himself in the soup, and too many Cookes (even one) spoil the broth.