

We would advise two of our students to remember that some geological specimens are breakable.

It is gratifying to all who are interested in the progress of the music pupils to know that one young lady practices before breakfast.

A certain young lady about to commence the study of Geology, exclaimed: "Oh, we will have to go to the Gymnasium for our practical work!" It is likely she meant the Museum.

We would advise any young ladies who sleep three in a room, which has only accommodation for two, to have another bed moved in for the comfort of their guest.

The *soup-scene* from *Oliver Twist* was re-enacted last Sunday evening with almost the same results.

The latest designation for the well-known and frequently mentioned landmark of Hamilton—the Mountain—is "The Hills," which is much to the indignation of certain of our loyal students. Now the Mountain is, we have been informed, really about three hundred feet high—not so little to be proud of after all. It is to be regretted it hems the City in so closely on the South, for we fear it may check its progress in that direction.

Once upon an evening dreary,
When their hearts were sad and weary,
While they nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a cracking
As of some one quickly packing
Trunks quite near their bed-room door,
"Tis some ghost" they muttered, "packing
Trunks quite near our bed-room door;
That it is and nothing more."

Then they thought it was the bed-post
Knocking 'gainst the bed-room wall,
Or the boards forever cracking
In the wide and gloomy hall.
"Oh laws!" they could not help agreeing
That no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing
Ghosts outside the bed-room door;
This agreed, they shut the door.

Round in bed they quickly turning,
Both their souls within them burning.
Soon again they heard a tapping
Somewhat louder than before;
"Surely," said they, "surely, 'hat is
Something at our window sashes,
Let us see then what there at is,
And this mystery explore.—
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

And the flimsy, soft, uncertain
Rustling of their window curtain
Thrilled them, filled them with fantastic
Terrors, never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating
Of their hearts, they kept repeating
Prayers and little bible verses
Learned in days of yore;
This they did and nothing more.