

other angles of the triangles are equal, and all the sides are equal, and the angles are equal to the sides, each to both, and all the angles are right angles." Everything being now equal, the examiner can take his pick.

The system, as I have detailed it, will admit of further elaboration. In the present stage of its development, exhaustive treatment would be impossible. The brightest minds and the best-trained abilities of our Alma Mater are constantly working towards its ultimate perfection. If anything that I have here said shall be helpful to induce any young man to throw aside the traditions of a mistaken system, and apply himself to a method which will render him equally fitted to be a Bachelor of Arts, an exponent of Scientific Agriculture, or a high-class Veterinary Surgeon, this paper has not been written in vain.

STEPHEN LEACOCK.

THE STATUE OF DESPAIR.

RETOLD FROM THE CAMP FIRE.

"Hello! that looks like a pretty storm coming up there in the West," exclaimed the chief of our surveying party, as we were about to launch the canoes. We had just finished a day's work surveying on the East shore of Big Snake Lake, situated in the Northern part of Canada, and had to paddle to the West shore to reach our camp.

"I think," he continued, "we had better save seven wet skins by getting under the canoes until it blows over. What do you say, Joe?"

"Yes! big storm—lots of thunder and rain," and the Indian's reply was punctuated by a distant peal of thunder coming rumbling along the wind.

"Oh! let's get home," said "Roddy," peevishly. "We don't want to stay here all night!"

At this outburst from our "giant pickaninny," as we called him in camp, we all laughed; for "Roddy"—or properly Roderick Burns—had, in his twenty-year-old, lanky frame, the qualities of a miniature Sandow, and a large head, on the face of which was written in no uncertain characters—SIMPLICITY. This characteristic, however, was rendered doubly conspicuous by his total lack of experience in backwoods life, as one of Her Majesty's surveyors, or as we irreverently called ourselves, Her Majesty's "Royal Road Trotters," or "Princely Paddle Pushers," accordingly as we were surveying the roads or lakes.

"That settles it!" shouted "Jim" Smith, between his guffaws, "if 'Roddy' says 'go,' then I for one say 'go,' too;" and then he added, in a painfully dramatic tone, "Do you think I will be undone by Signor Roderick?" "No! No!" and he slapped his chest heroically.

This called forth another burst of laughter, for when Jim Smith, the wag of our camp, was in one of his jovial, bantering moods, he was simply irresistible.

Come on, Bill," Jim shouted to me, "we will escort home the commander of H.M.S. 'Victory,'" as he had christened our sixteen-foot "birch;" and Jim in the stern, Roddy in the centre and myself bows-man, we pushed off from the shore.

There was no wind to speak of when we started, and we made easy headway, with the remaining four shouting after us at the top of their voices.

"Got a life-preserver for Roddy?" from the Chief, who knew Roddy couldn't swim.

"Big snake in Lake when much thunder," from "Joe," the Indian, who was never known to attempt a joke before.

"Hope you get your letter from your girl, Roddy," from another.

Then, as the breeze freshened, the canoeman's cry "Lift! lift! lift!" came struggling down against the wind, from the crowd on the shore.

We had been paddling quite easily, and soon left the land some distance behind; but every minute it appeared more and more certain that there was now no possibility of our escaping the storm—nor was it to be long deferred. The few lingering streaks of sunset were now lost in the almost continual blaze of light from the flashes of lightning; and a heavy black cloud was quickly spreading over the sky from the West to meet the approaching darkness from the East. In fact we were soon forced to rely wholly on the lightning to enable us to keep our course.

Hitherto, we had all maintained an ominous silence, Jim, I think to increase Roddy's misery, the latter, because he doubtless was miserable, and myself to cruelly second Jim's endeavors.

Suddenly, when we were about a mile out in the lake, the first blast of the storm struck us with terrific force, so that it almost lifted the bow of our little canoe out of the water, and this brought from Jim, in a scared voice, well-feigned: "We're in for it now! It's good we can all swim!"

"I—I can't," said Roddy, gasping, partly from fear, and partly from his exertions. "Don't you—think—we had better turn and run for it, Jim?"

"Roder-eek" (Jim always likes to accent the "eek," when pretending severity), "I am surprised;" and then desperately, "Not if we're drowned!"

There was silence for a minute or two, broken only by terrific peals of thunder, the splashing on the water of the torrents of rain, which had soon drenched us, and the breaking of the waves against the bows of our canoe.

"Lift! lift! lift!" shouted our steersman, desperately, to give us the stroke.

I turned for a moment and saw poor Roddy's face as white as this paper, and two lips set like the jaws of a vice.

"Good heavens! Look!" Roddy shouted in a minute, and he shook so much that Jim and I had hard work to balance our frail craft; and then there sounded above the storm a most heart-rending yell—that of a loon—which might, however, have emanated from a demon.

"What on earth's the matter?" shouted Jim, angrily, but as the next flash showed a long black log floating just ahead of us, he quickly took in the situation, and cried excitedly: "The snake! the snake! head her off bows-man—back water all!" Roddy, however, couldn't move, and was only relieved enough to paddle, when Jim said, "Mighty close shave that—Roddy saved us that time; now altogether ahead—Lift! lift! lift!" And ahead we went very slowly, to be sure, for the wind was blowing a small gale, and we were beaten back, too, by the waves which a heavy wind quickly piles up on these smaller Northern lakes.

It certainly would seem a somewhat dangerous position to the mind of a neophyte. Terrific peals of thunder succeeded the lightning flashes that seemed to strike all about us, and great luminous chains veined