

repeatedly brought the College out of difficulties. Those playing for the College were:—

Goal—R. Musgrave.

Backs—A. Shantz and F. Esterbrook.

Half-backs—L. McCallum and McEavoy.

Forwards—E. Hall, J. A. Gelling, P. Bayne, Capt., J. C. Harris, S. Curzon.

Mr. A. S. S. Faithfull officiated as Referee to the entire satisfaction of both sides.

THE FIRST YEAR.

Our delicate-looking friend W—— hails from the land where glaciers were so freely dumped. He has been very studious, in fact we hardly ever remember seeing him spend an odd half-hour without either note or text book. It is reported he is a good plowman too. Stick to it and don't let the big fellows beat you.

Dear, good-natured Jack, now the boys do make fun of you! You have our full sympathy and respect too, for with all the baiting you keep your temper beautifully. You can make a good speech, but you do amuse us wonderfully by the comical way in which you manfully choke down the nervousness and recall the fast-slipping thoughts. Don't let them make you common waiter for your table, but let somebody else have a turn rushing so skilfully for the dishes.

We have a good Deputy-Critic in the person of Mr. Harris, one with a good knowledge of "English as she is spoke" and with an easy hand-in-pocket style of speaking. He's the boy to have in the football matches, let him get anywhere near when the ball is thrown out of touch and he will reach it without a footstool. He is the man to make fun during play, for evidently having had practice carrying small brothers pick-a-back, he coolly walks along with the ball and touches down though three or even four boys hang on to a lengthy limb.

Musgrave is another who shines at his best on the same lawn. Then only do his always-smiling features light up to fullest radiance, ten times increased when irate footballians shove and slang him. Never did British pluck and good humor shine to better advantage than when this sturdy fellow plants his feet firmly and smilingly declines to budge.

Poor old Moody, have you had a minute's peace since you entered our halls? Did ever a day pass during which your name did not appear on the blackboard? Your strength must have increased by having so many scrimmages with fun-loving boys. You have doubtless learned 'ere this the use of O. A. C. forks, and the advisability of knocking at doors before entering. Don't be discouraged or annoyed at the pranks of your fellow students but let them see you can take a joke or a hint, and stick closely to the present year's work. We cordially wish you every success with your studies.

Ruddy-faced youth with the golden red locks, do your spirits ever flag? When went there by the day on which you checked nobody? Oh, sweet little Harry, when advanced to long pants why did you not realize the importance of the *present*, and instead of waiting for the indefinite *sometime* get right down to work? We fear the company in the immediate vicinity of your "sleeping apartment" has not been conducive to hard study. Be patient, we beg you, and take a little friendly advice which is offered chiefly to you but also to some others who hardly seem to reflect on the benefits to be derived from a course here. "When a youth enters college he commences to make acquaintances, and continues to

make them through his entire stay; from among those he selects his intimate companions, and his success in college, at least, depends upon who these companions are. If those of one set are chosen there will be a tendency towards high morality and the forming of habits of industry, while on the other hand, if those of another class are selected habits of laziness and neglect are sure to follow, with a tendency towards lowering the moral condition." Remember that habits formed now will accompany you through life, and therefore, while not one instant wishing to see you relinquish your boyish fun, we would like to see some thought on your part beyond to-day's pleasure.

"Tottie" cannot yet say "rats" properly. He has beautiful notions of colorings and turns up to supper sometimes with flaring red football jersey, yellow hair and sky-blue pants. The picture is made the more attractive by the amusing walk of the individual.

We must not omit to notice the owner of the "Faithfull Love Gavotte" whose laughing, yet erstwhile love-sick eyes, and nimble fingers, so frequently are to be found at the piano. He and Alloway have the lion's share of the music out of the instrument. There is not another fellow in the College who has his cut of collar or who has such a graceful carriage of the head. When did he shave last?

Then there's that irrepressible Cucumber who is always wanting more "wope." He is the man (pardon, we should have written "boy") for the ladies. His nights out average 3 per week and his room is full of menus, programmes, dolls, ladies' gloves and other unconsidered trifles. His unceasing pranks, on one of the Editors especially, can only be kept in bounds when frequent spankings are administered with all the loving force of a would-be-substitute-for-a-mother's hand.

The first-half of the male bird that is the farmer's pest is the plague of Moody's life. He is developing into a blackboard artist and sketches rapidly and frequently life-size caricatures. He and the above mentioned student from Weston keep their flat lively with several trials by combat. He is in great favor round the rooms in his neighborhood, as who from Prince Edward County would not be?

For real genuine "Oirish" listen to A. Thompson speak for a few minutes. There is not much necessity to listen intently though, for when he starts talking either every other voice is hushed, or his comical tones soar above every body else's, and soon the gentle rippling laugh or the merry witticism compels the audible smile from his class-mates. His recitations seem to be stored in endless numbers in his memory and are really quite too funny when delivered with his own peculiar accent.

Gentle, quiet, studious Bobby, namesake of the immortal Burns, must here step forward. He is the boy to use the library and is to be seen almost every day lovingly hugging some enormous tome from whose depths he shortly will haul up and treasure innumerable truths. "This was the finest student of them all," as the Bard meant to say, he is a great thinker, but not a professor of department.

Grimy old Lancashire, with its distinctive race of human beings is fittingly represented in the person and aristocratic features of Bealey. Did you ever hear him talk of the "Ould Country?" Get him started and gently lead him on to tell marvellous travellers' tales and his airbreadth escapes while crossing the herring-pond. Don't be annoyed sweet Hybla bee, for you do not drop so many h's as Whitworth anyway.