

cope, and shouting "gruniez pas," held it aloft. Five, ten seconds passed, and the grins of the men became looks of anguish. The policeman's hat had reached his nose, and tilted up and down regularly with the contortions of that organ in endeavoring to keep it in place. The scene was too comical. A peal of silvery laughter broke the silence, and at once the whole verandah burst into an uncontrollable roar, amid which Charley gathered up the instrument and retired from the scene.

Charley was instrumental in getting up a concert with charades, which very nearly upset the harmony of the whole colony. Several old ladies undertook to take charge of the charades, and either from maliciousness or with a view of obeying all the rules of etiquette, got the lovers hopelessly mixed. Clooney had promised to assist, as also had Miss Mayflower, so that they could not withdraw after the parts had been assigned, though both were disgusted. Miss Mayflower was given the part of the heroine, to whom vigorous love was to be made by an ardent admirer of hers, whose name was not Blake. She had no wish to appear as a lover at all, while Clooney saw in the innocent (?) mistake of the old ladies a direct attempt to influence Miss Mayflower in his rival's favor. To make matters worse Edith was a girl who was determined to make a success of anything she undertook, and though extremely nervous and unwilling to act, once her word was given, she entered fully into the spirit of the part.

Clooney's moralizing on the iniquity of the stage and of amateur theatricals in general, were exceedingly interesting to me, although, when he woke me up at 2 a.m. to deliver them, I rather tired of them. Clooney had to make love to another girl in a second play, and this led to jealous zeal on his part to succeed in his rendition of the extremely sentimental speeches he had to make. The girl's mother, so realistic was his acting, had, I afterwards learnt, some notion of asking him his intentions. As with Clooney, so with several others, and more sarcasm, bitterness, and wrath was pent up in Warren's Hotel than would have served to make a new Carlyle.

At last the night of the entertainment arrived. Charley and I had managed to get a certainty up that might possibly stay up, but whose tendency was rather to come half way down, and stick there. We painted scenery ("impressionist scenery," Charley called it,) all one night, laying on the paint with a white-wash brush. The same scenes that served for a "drawing-room in an uptown house," answered, when turned upside down, for a "Pass in the Hartz mountains, with a waterfall in the distance."—(To be continued.)

A PLEA FOR CLASSICS ! !

Arthur lived in the Townships, the particular hamlet does not matter, nor is it at all necessary to give his genealogical pedigree. He was a promising youth, —always promising, and is still promising—and was also a hard student, very hard. He could hardly study anything at all. His parents decided to send him to McGill. Arthur was deeply in love with a sweet damsel, with the sweet name of Jennie, and his de-

parture was anticipated by both the young lovers with many forebodings. The days wore on (what they wear is still undecided) till the clothes of the evening previous to the day set down for the journey into the great city, and the young lovers sat on a style. This is the fashion in the country. They encircled each other in loving fashion, and talked of their past joys, their present fears and their future hopes. A solitary tear was in Jennie's eye, and a heavy sob was on her lip, while away down Arthur's throat was a dreary sigh. It was a picture of Hearts and Sighlences. They kissed each other with one long kiss, which threatened to be adjourned till the next meeting. Then they parted.

II

Arthur was at college, attending strictly to the many calls upon his time. He passed his primary with more good luck than knowledge, and was a full-fledged undergraduate and a very freshman. He applied himself to night studies assiduously, and his fevered brain soon became stored with curious lore. He soon knew all the intricacies of a straight flush, and the mysterious influence of a jack pot on the finances of a young nation. He understood thoroughly the pathology of alcoholic compounds, and had perseveringly experimented with nicotine in its various forms. He was thoughtful, too, of his Jennie, and wrote her pretty regularly, and read her loving, sweet replies. In her later letters, however, he noticed a jealous, sorrowful tone, which he could not understand.

III

The session was over. Arthur returned to his father's cot. He hastened to Jennie's side. She received him coldly. Expostulations were useless. Explanations were in vain. Jennie was obdurate. "What have I done?" entreated Arthur. "Do not ask me," said Jennie. And Jennie left him, and never saw him more. And Jennie's people would have nothing more to do with Arthur. A month or so afterwards, Jennie's father bought another farm in the next county, and emigrated to the foreign shores. Jennie married another. About three weeks after the wedding, Arthur met Jennie's brother, and after some hot words, the latter asked Arthur how it was that when he had been engaged to Jennie, he had loved another, and had had the cruel unkindness to write Jennie about it. "It is not true," vehemently protested Arthur, "it is not true; who was the young lady any way?" "Her name was Alma, I think," replied Jennie's brother; "but here is your letter, which says 'Dear Jennie, I love Alma Mater better than you, and you must not blame me; ' that settles it' and off he went.

Arthur has now to content himself with Alma.

H. S.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

We are continually asking why certain things are so, and refuse to accept as an answer that it is because they have been so. And this is the question that is being asked about the facilities for physical culture at McGill.

The University acknowledges the necessity for such