

And really, believe us, we think you are right,  
For, if you were dressed in the garb of a knight,  
We'd never, no never, get used to the sight,  
Oh, Danny, dear Danny, dear Danny!

Of course, we are bound to keep up with McGill,  
Oh, Danny, dear Danny, dear Danny,  
In honors of every description, but still—  
(Oh, Danny, dear Danny, dear Danny)—  
To accept is less honoring than to decline;  
For spurious splendor we never need pine—  
We need but *our* glory in beauty to shine,  
Oh, Danny, dear Danny, dear Danny.

We never should know you, at all as Sir Dan,  
Oh, Danny, dear Danny, dear Danny.  
"Sir Daniel" were surely a different man  
From Danny, our Danny, dear Danny.  
And, think you not, Doctor, it would be a shame  
To alter at so late a moment a name  
Eternally scratched in the Temple of Fame,  
Oh, Danny, dear Danny, dear Danny?

Without the fine folly of feathers and fuss,  
Oh, Danny, dear Danny, dear Danny!  
Sir Daniel or not, you are "Danny" to us,  
Oh, Danny, dear Danny, dear Danny!  
For, Doctor, 'tis not to such honors is due  
The love, the affection, we cherish for you,—  
'Tis firm on foundations more solid and true,  
Oh, Danny, dear Danny, dear Danny.

'Tis not the gay glamor a title imparts,  
Oh, Danny, dear Danny, dear Danny,  
That links a true heart to congerial hearts,  
Oh, Danny, dear Danny, dear Danny;  
'Tis not to such knighthood we bow the low knee,  
But to kindness and culture—the true chivalry,  
For this, dearest Doctor, you ever will be  
Our Danny, dear Danny, dear Danny!

The shocking irreverence of this effusion completed MR. GRIP's discomfiture. He sluttered feebly from his perch and out into the air and sought his sanctum, with his illusions dispelled. Collegians, then, were like other people, and enjoyed a joke! Sad and sinful pleasure!

But, by and by, the familiar air of soberness which hung about his retreat revived him. He began to think that perhaps in the *ode* no real irreverence was intended; that the gallery noises were rather the reaction after three weeks hard writing than the result of intended rudeness. And as, in GRIP's magnanimous and sympathetic heart, a kindlier feeling took the place of his first displeasure, the shock of his experience began to fade, and before long had wholly passed away, leaving him to believe it, not a reality but a dream, one of those "children of an idle brain"—as, indeed, gentle reader, it was!

#### A SNAKE STORY.

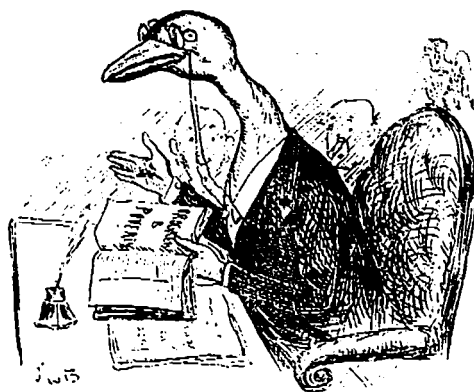


crawl into the window you know, and sting or bite, I drew the window half up and half down, and with a terrible

NAKES! Don't talk to me about snakes. I wonder now what you would feel like if you woke up as I did the other night, with a sense of suffocation, and something smooth and slippery coiled tight round your neck. It makes me feel cold yet to think about it. I always sleep with my window drawn down from the top, but that night, in spite of the warnings of the sixth sense which boded something, I didn't know what—something that might

misgiving of something going to happen, I fell asleep. It must have been well on into the morning when I awakened and found something folded tight round my throat. I turned over and it tightened, and as I instinctively put up my hand, a perspiration broke out on me. I felt faint with horror, for it felt cool and damp, and clung tightly to my throat. Oh my! every snake story I had ever read in my life flashed before my imagination; I thought of the way the boa-constrictors tighten their folds till they crush the very bones of their victims. I—oh heavens! could it be a boa! I dared not move, I could not scream, for my tongue was dry and clave to the roof of my mouth. To die thus and so young! it was too cruel, I rebelled against my fate, and collecting my energies together I determined to make one strong effort for life. Slowly and with set teeth, I raised my hand, a shriek broke from my lips, I grasped the monster firmly and—nearly yanked my hair out by the roots!

Yes indeed, it was my long plait that had got wound round somehow, but no snake could make me suffer more than I did while it lasted.



VICE-CHANCELLOR BIRD.

At very considerable expense we have secured the above striking likeness of the queer judicial Bird of New Jersey, who lately immortalized himself by a decision from the bench. The case was that of *Jawkins vs. Spencer*. It was an action brought by the heirs of one Jawkins to break the latter's will, in which he had left a bequest in aid of the circulation of the works of the defendant, Herbert Spencer. The learned Bird delivered a judgment which we briefly paraphrase for the enlightenment of the Canadian legal profession:

1st. It is unquestionably lawful to bequeath money or property for the circulation of a book or books, providing only that said works be not positively immoral.

2nd. Within this limitation, it matters nothing what the teachings of said book or books may be. Even the works under consideration,—in which it is taught that a Protective Tariff makes high wages for the laborer; that the earth is flat and not round; and that Poverty and Crime are blessings to the human race, cannot be excepted from the rule I have mentioned.

3rd. Freedom of speech and the press must be upheld, even in the case of such errors as the foregoing.

4th. In the books under consideration I find the statement that "private ownership of land is robbery." This statement is opposed to the law as it now exists.

I therefore annul the bequest. Defendant to pay all costs.