



A HINT FOR OLD NICK.

ALSO, A TIMELY ADMONITION TO A CERTAIN MATRON TO REPENT OF HER MUSTARD-PLASTER INIQUITIES. (RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE HERVEY INSTITUTE AT MONTREAL.)

Popular Mysteries.

No. I.

THE STUDENT.

The *genus* student may be divided into several classes, but all the classes have certain peculiarities in common. All students study, but all students do not study the same things. For example, at Toronto the students study "hazing" principally; at Queen's, Kingston, they study how to reduce the number of class-days; at McGill, they study "mob-fighting" in all its branches, special attention being paid to investigating the best method of routing the "peelers;" at Victoria, they study foot-ball and gymnastics, while at Trinity they study singing and "monotoning." Medical students, as a rule, prefer the more abstract branches, "poker" and "pool" being the favourites. They also study digging and pork-packing, but we must not rob a grave subject of its solemnity by making poor jokes. The law student is still another variety. He always reminds one of a bank-clerk who stumbled into a law-office by mistake. He displays a bank-clerk's devotion to breast-pins and gloves, but he gets the "bulge" on the bank-clerk in that he has read "Chitty on Contracts," and can swindle his tailor with impunity. The ordinary bank-clerk cannot do this, so he must resort to the somewhat vulgar expedient of doctoring the books. This is hard on the bank-clerk. It hurts his feelings, and yet what can he do?

But we digress; we were speaking of students, very well. All students wear gowns and "mortar-boards." No one knows why they do, but the fact remains, and it is exceedingly vulgar to pry into other people's concerns and try to find out the reason for everything. A "Freshman's" gown is always new and whole and lovely. A "Sophomore's" gown is generally somewhat faded and care-worn in appearance, while a "Senior's" gown consists of only a few shreds. Freshmen generally tear their gowns so that people will mistake them for old students, but people never do mistake them, strange to say. Students always get their

photographs taken in cap and gown. They do this as soon as they go to college, and the process is repeated as often as possible. The pictures are always sent home for the delectation of the student's sisters. Such a picture is never without its effect.

All students belong to some debating society. In Toronto the members of these societies discuss political and scientific problems: in Trinity they wrestle with the question, "Are we Ritualists or Romanists?"; in the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School they attempt to decide "whether we are Low Churchmen or Methodists?"; in Queen's they debate the advisability of totally abolishing the Senate, Board of Trustees, etc., and electing a committee of students to manage the affairs of the University. In the Royal Military College the subject which perplexes the cadet mind is, "Is the discipline existing among the officers and members of the staff satisfactory or otherwise?"

Students always carry canes—not the nobby, airy little wisps that one sees in the hands of a city swell—but huge knotted logs. A cane is as essential to the "get-up" of a student as is a cap or gown. He never uses a cane—though he has been seen to threaten a "small boy"—but still no monarch could feel less at home without his crown than would the undergraduate without his "stick."

Students always have the greatest contempt for professors, and regulations, and lectures, and such trivialities. They are above all such things, and if you want to make a student "real hopping mad" ask him if he "knows his lessons for to-morrow." If this fails to have the desired effect, tell him not to "play hooky" but to go to his class and "get head." This always does the business, for if there is anything a student hates it is a schoolboy.

Students generally come from the country, and their efforts to rise to the dignity of their new position are very funny. The process, however, is very simple. At the close of the first half year he discards paper collars and coloured flannel shirts. He is just beginning to realize who and what he is. At the beginning of his

Sophomore (second) year he buys a cane, and transfers his affections from the soft felt hat to the stiff Derby. In his junior (or third) year, he develops a remarkable fondness for pipes and neckties, while as a Senior he "dotes on" high hats and frock coats, gaiters and whiskers. Then he graduates and goes home. This graduation, by the way, is something not fully understood. All that is known is that a student goes up to the platform, kneels, gets slapped on the head by the Principal, and ever afterwards signs B. A. after his name. Different theories have been advanced as to the meaning of these letters. Scoffers say that they stand for Big Ass, but it would B. A. fruitless task to enquire into the correctness of this view. For ourselves we think—but on reflection, what right have we to thrust forward our opinions?

There are various other interesting peculiarities to be noticed in the student, for example: Most students are fond of writing to newspapers and using impressive *noms-de-plume*—"viator," "observer," "anti-humbog," "veritas," "dustitia," etc., etc. They also make frantic endeavours to make the authorship of their letters public, but as many people, not students, do this too, it is not worth dwelling on. Students are fond of jokes of all kinds and of all degrees of humour. Anything from slaughtering the janitor to marching through the streets shouting is regarded as funny, but the very acme of innocent amusement is reached when a College Rebellion can be brought about. Then students are in their element. They hold mass-meetings and denounce the faculty as infamous usurpers, they stand in the corridors and hoot and yell like—like students, let us say, for it is inimitable—varying the monotony occasionally by smashing a few panes of glass, they hold more mass-meetings and adjourn only to meet and "mass" again. Finally they all return to lectures, and things go on as before.

Most students are fond of whisk—but, holy fish-hooks! we mustn't give the boys away, so we'll stop.

ATCH BEE.



APROPOS OF THE LIBEL SUIT.

Gamin.—Say, Mister, — Parley-vous with Francois?

Latest from Paris.

An inventor shows the electric light to the conservative owner of a rural chateau.

"There, sir, what do you think of that? And now that you can have a small steam-engine put in, or one of the Faure batteries for the conservation of electric energy, you ought to replace your candles at once by—"

"Ye-es, I know. It gives a very good light, but how can you snuff it? That's where the candles have the advantage."