

Moonoy (in Botany)—The Asclepiaceae—oh, yes, the Milkweed family; exudes a milky juice and has a papoose in the seed.

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Whigham (lecturing on Electricity to 2nd Year) in engine room:

This, gentlemen (pointing to fire pump) is the generator. The current passes from it to the motor here (motioning toward engine). The motor as you see runs the boilers, which provide steam to heat the College, and also turns the dynamo there in the corner." (The listening students were seized with peculiar fits at this point in the lecture, and many have not yet recovered. Unfortunately, the remainder of the lecture was lost.)

—o—

Echos from the Court room.—Charge against the prisoner: That on or about the sixth day of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, Jagoo, the boaster, did feloniously, villainously, and with intent to do injury to the sense of smell of the servants, cast from the window of his chamber, and into the window of the hall opposite the aforesaid chamber, and commonly known as the servants' dining hall, one or more of those products of the descendants of the prehistoric fowl which woke Noah every morn in the ark and which are commonly known as chicken-buds, for the purpose of obtaining revenge on the lady or ladies who prepare the daily repasts for the students' body and their tyrants, for the up-to-date manner in which the aforesaid persons dished up the aforesaid chicken-buds.

Murlock—"Was not an eye witness of the throwing of the egg, but saw it pursuing an erratic course towards the servants' hall."

Wilson—"Prisoner is a pretty nice fellow, though quite equal to the trick, as he has raked my bed. We are friends, and have smoked the pipe of peace together. We are not rivals in love, as I do not care for butter or cheese, and long not for the "inside track."

Canning—"Am sure the prisoner would not take another man's eggs, unless the man wasn't looking, and know that prisoner always ate his full ration of eggs at the table. Do not know the age of the egg, but was pretty sure it had reached maturity, or else prisoner would not have thrown it away."

Sentence pronounced by Judge Gamble. The prisoner having been found guilty by the jury, I command Mr. Jagoo to stand on the table, in the middle of the room, while Chief Constable McCalla pours two jugs of cold water down the region of his spinal column.

### Holding the Fort.

Ye Argument.—A Lower Pantou boy within a locked study discourseth as follows, after his own simple fashion, to several students, who seek to gain admittance therein, being uninvited visitors from a rival "street":

Oh no, it's not a bit of good to batter at the door.  
You will not gain admittance here, I told you so before;  
I'm left in charge by Allison, who means to have a "feed."  
And knows he can depend on me as destitute of greed.

Four or five have been invited to be here in half an hour—  
Now, Thompson, keep your temper, I'm afraid its turning sour:  
I remember how the other day you kicked me on the shin,  
It's ten to one you'd bag this cake if I should let you in.

What's that you say? You have some nuts you'd like to give to me?  
That isn't good enough, my boy, to make me turn the key.  
Ah, Schooley! so for me you wish to fetch a pot of jam?  
Unnecessary, thank you, I'm contented as I am.

And that reminds me, Schooley, as we're talking about tuck,  
A guest of Allison to-night is in the way of luck;  
It really seems a pity that you cannot see the show  
Of apple-sauce and prunes in pots all stuck up in a row.

There are half-a-dozen tins of "sorts" (enough and no mistake),  
With sardines, biscuits, honey, and a ripping kind of cake!  
You see there isn't any need of jam from such as you—  
Besides, this party is select, and limited to few.

What! trust you here inside a bit, to show I am not mean?  
Whatever do you take me for? I'm not so jolly green!  
There are several of you waiting in the passage I can tell,  
And if I let you have an inch you mean to take an ell.

You offer ten or fifteen cents to do as I am told?  
Not even for a quarter is my virtue to be sold.  
And then you come from Upper Hunt, and after knowing that,  
The fellow that would trust you would proclaim himself a flat.

You'll kick me, will you? Wait a while, our men will soon be here,  
You'll very quickly scatter when they take you in the rear.  
Who stole our notes, and tore the straps from borrowed pairs of pads?  
I'm glad I'm not a rowdy lot of low Huntonian cads.

Of all the aggravating kids! Why don't you go away?  
With patience and politeness I have begged you not to stay,  
And yet you get into a sweat and simply lose your hair;  
Why can't you learn from me the way to speak a fellow fair?

Hello! I think I hear a sound of somebody below—  
Hi! rescue! Allison's the one to make them cut and go.  
Yes, that is he with all our chaps, and any danger's past—  
Ya hoo, you cads! who bolted off and farked it at the last.

## Personals.

Mr. J. L. Webster, '80, is the proprietor of a large fruit farm near Vernon, B. C.

Mr. Harvey Mitchell, B. A., of our Dairy School staff, has been appointed instructor in dairying in New Brunswick with Mr. J. F. Tilly, '86 dairy class, as assistant.

F. W. Buscarlet, '90, who has been ranching in the N. W. T. lately received news of a legacy left to him in England, and has gone home to secure it.