

the students never show up on Friday nights. Neither is it right to elect men to office, and then leave them with their solitary honors. Either let the students make up their minds to attend the literary meetings, or else let us close up the Literary Society and start entertainment clubs.

The following selection might be seen posted on the walls of one of the rooms in the top flat. It is reported to be a cure for "Bums," and we give it to the public, with apologies to Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Don't you know how hard it is for some people to get out of a room when their visit is over? They want to go, and you want them to go, but they don't know how to manage it. You would think they had been built in your room, and were waiting, like a ship in a dry-dock, to be launched. For such people we have contrived a sort of ceremonial inclined plane, well lubricated with smooth phrases, down which, metaphorically speaking, we back them stern foremost into their native element—the great ocean of out-doors."

The Previous Class, than which there is no more sociable class in the college, celebrated themselves in a skating party on the Assiniboine rink. The night being very chilly, and the attractions in the pleasant home of Mr. Breen being so great, the boys and girls did not long skim the shining ice, but soon found themselves cushioned in the soft embrace of arm-chairs and plush couches, where they "fought their battles o'er again" for the 20th or 30th time. The Previous men are easily managed, if you give them plenty to eat. Each lady had two of them under her control, except here and there one, more unruly, had to be taken single-handed. However, we hear them declare they had a good time and got home early, which is more than some of the others can do, even in the higher classes.

It is a hard thing sometimes to tell in what part of college life a new student is going to become more efficient. Some shine on the football field, others find a place in the religious or literary life of the college. To be able to spot a man on his entering college is the mark of a leader.

This is all very true, but some of the "boys" in the Prelim. class have manifested even greater powers of discrimination. They discovered the fact that Dr. Laird's fine St. Bernard dog had a weakness for mathematics, and with their charitable souls determined to assist this aspiring quadruped in his endeavor to put himself through college. One gave a coat, another a hat, another a neck-tie, etc., and after all these had been suitably and tastefully arranged, they ushered the new student into the preliminary arithmetic class and committed him to the tender mercies of Mr. F. W. Sparling, B. A., tutor. The perpetrators of this joke are unknown quantities.

A few weeks ago rumor threw into the midst of the wearying routine of college life, with its tiresome talk of lectures, football and professors, a stirring report, yea, for the moment, startling, not of war, not of engagements formed in the hallway, not of boys, whose sermon was likely to be so long that they must needs have a night key: not of a student, who, in a dark room, felt conscious of the presence of some one he could not see, but of an approaching wedding. Each student, to make sure it was not himself, proceeded forthwith to ask, with much repressed emotion, who? When it was ascertained that the person was no other than our distinguished junior, Miss H. E. Smith, a feeling of intense relief came to some to know that it was not another, while others anxiously asked to whom? To this question the name of Rev. A. B. Osterhout was answered. Then all, with one accord, made reply, "Good for you, Osterhout." On Wednesday, the 10th inst., the rumored event was happily consummated at the home of the bride's parents in the city. Prof. Osborne, with dignified gracefulness, supported Mr. Osterhout in the closing moment of that process leading to the acquisition of a partner in life. Prof. Riddell, with seeming reluctance over the loss of one who always came to his rescue in a Latin difficulty, ably assisted Rev. G. R. Turk and Rev. J. C. Walker to give crowning completion to the process. Mrs. Osterhout was one of Wesley's brightest students. She entered college in Novem-