

the oldest boarder on the 'Opposition' benches, and seemed to be acknowledged that side's leader. He was a little fellow, was this Mr. Stitches—a very little fellow—five feet five. He had a small head, the top of which he kept constantly shingled, so that it looked like a much cut-up patch on a skating-rink; his face was a very funny one, oval as an egg, flat as a grid-iron; nose that was all nostrils, and eyes so small that spectacles had to assist them to do their work. He sometimes wore a beard and moustache; occasionally wore neither; hair on his face became him better than hair off, as the lower part of his face was all angles and very shapeless. Stitches, when talking, had a peculiar habit of shaking his little scrubby head, and when he became excited it was quite amusing to hear his rapid utterance and note how well his head kept time to what he was saying. He was easily irritated—the least annoyance troubled him like sea-sickness. If a meal was delayed half an hour he fumed and fretted like a caged lion, and didn't get over it for a week. He was nearly always grumbling; he grumbled so much that we really believe his grumble was so much a part of his nature that without it he could not exist. One peculiarity about him was that he was always fancying himself ill, and what with his physicing, dieting, cold-bathing and flannel clothing, he might have been the most delicate consumptive that ever breathed. He had six medical works constantly on hand for easy reference if he felt a new ache or pain, and quite a drug store of patent medicines in his room. The poor little fellow, too, was always complaining of being cold; he seldom got warm even in summer. Before October was fairly in, he got out his winter wraps, fur cap and ulster, and every day met you with the same question, 'Isn't it cold?'

Mr. Arches and Mr. Dupernay occupied a room on the top flat adjoining Mr. Stitches. They were study-

ing for the ministry, hence the house spoke of them as the 'divines.' Mr. Arches was a long and lanky divine, quite six feet from the earth, a good specimen of Euclid's definition of a line—'length without breadth'—he had evidently grown faster than he ought to have done; his limbs didn't seem to have a proper understanding with the body, the arms hung from his side like two pump handles, and the legs, awkward and ungainly, one would think, had been nailed into position; they followed the body in such a loose, slovenly manner when walking. Mr. Arches had a long thin, though rather heavy-featured, face, high cheek-bones, and methodist-parson expression. He was not a bad fellow, seemed to be well-read and clever; like most divinity students was excessively nervous, blushed much, and once a week knocked his tea or coffee over.

His room-mate and brother divine, Mr. Dupernay, was a French Canadian. He lacked in length, and had in breadth what Arches had in length and lacked in breadth. Heavily made, with a back broad enough for a church foundation, and long, so long that his back was all you would notice if you saw him going before you down the street. When he walked, this back of his was bent, doubled and crooked like a railway car after a collision, especially if he walked fast; then it wriggled and twisted about most singularly. He had a big, thick head, heavy, loose kind of features, wore glasses, through which, somehow or other, he could never look at you; he would lift them—the eyes—occasionally, but drop them again hurriedly as soon as he caught yours upon him, with the sheepish expression generally seen on a fellow's face when caught kissing a girl. He simpered so innocently when he talked—which was seldom—as every time the mouth opened it sent a blush all over his face. In his movements he was as awkward as Arches was in appearance, falling