

time and, concluding that an important addition had been made to astronomical lore, went in search of the Professor of that science to acquaint him of the fact. He was somewhat incredulous, but I *insinuated* induced him to rejoin our managing editor with me and level his telescope on the newly discovered star. What was our discomforture to find that it was, in reality, an electric light which had been that day placed upon the pinnacle of the central tower of the House of Commons. The fact that there was a series of essays on astronomical subjects at that time running in THE OWL and that one of them was to form a prominent feature of our great Christmas number was doubtless the *causa remota* of this excursus into the field of astronomical discovery on the party of our worthy chief.

The Ululatus column was at all times our bugbear, and of course our desire to make that of the Christmas number an unusually brilliant one rendered the evolution of its contents a hundred fold more difficult. Tri-weekly meetings of the whole board were called to accomplish this, and dreary meetings they were. Whatever our other qualifications were, there was not a wit amongst us, and in sheer desperation, it was at last resolved that the column should be eked out by illustrations. The rejoicings of the whole board at this cutting of the Gordian knot were somewhat damped after the issue came out and it was found out that our artist had, unwittingly he assured us, caricatured several of its prominent members to furnish amusement for our readers. Whether our artist was likewise affected by the prevalent tension and therefore knew not whereof he wrought, or whether he in cold blood selected his victims from among his unfortunate co-editors, I do not venture to decide. When at last the great day of the issue came, we felt tolerably confident that the verdict would be in our favor. And so it was emphatically. But lest we should be puffed up with vain pride there were given to us certain unkindly cuts just where our armour was thinnest. If there was one thing more than another upon which we rested our claims for applause in this great issue, it was its cover. This had been designed by our own artist and represented the

collective artistic thought of the whole board. What was our chagrin to find it almost the only feature which evoked adverse criticism. In fact one unkind ex-man dared to suggest—tell it not in Gath—that it would be more appropriate for a patent medicine almanac.

On the whole, however, we were well pleased with the result and any sacrifices that had to be made for the production of our holiday number were not without their compensating advantages as the sequel will show. Charity, says the Scriptures, covers a multitude of sins; in like manner the plea of working for the Xmas Owl covered many a peccadillo on the part of its editors. Of all the derelictions of duty thereby condoned, the dearest to our student hearts was our failure to retire to the dormitories at the regulation hour. We could, on the plea aforesaid, always obtain the key and when we did it was usually in "the wee sma' hours" that we finally reached that abode of Morpheus. Let not my readers suppose, however, (and they will not if they are college boys) that we were astride our editorial Pegasus through all these long hours. On these occasions "there was a sound of revelry by night" from out the "Corridor," that scene of so many episodes of college life of which the authorities knew nothing. I remember on Thanksgiving eve some of my co-eds. and myself had, as usual, obtained the key on the usual plea. We were holding high carnival in one of the Profs. rooms—the Profs. were all good-fellows in those days—when some one suggested that we descend to the culinary department and if possible forage on the stores. No sooner said than done. Down we went, and on our way met one of our co-eds. returning from a nocturnal visit to the city. It had been raining and he had an umbrella in his hand. We acquainted him with our project and he joined us. Once arrived in the region of the kitchen, we hunted high and low but found little to tempt us. The pantry door was found to be locked but it was equally apparent that if our mission was not to be bootless that door must be opened. Each one of the party thereupon produced his keys and after many unsuccessful attempts one of them finally fitted the door and we