

THE MODERN HIAWATHA.

"He killed the noble Mudgakivis.
 Of the skin he made his mittens,
 Made them with the fur side inside;
 Made them with the skin side outside,
 Put the inside skin outside,
 He to get the cold side outside,
 Put the warm side fur side inside.
 That's why he put the skin side outside,
 Why he turned them outside inside."

—*Exchange.*

Doctor—Do you know that your inside is in such an ulcerated condition that another glass of whisky would kill you?

Maclush—Ah, weel, I maun be contented with the half glass. We dinna want onmy risks.—*Exchange.*

A number of newspapers throughout the country seem to look on college "scraps" as an indication that the students—all and sundry—are on the "primrose path."

During the past few weeks the students at Toronto have had a number of clashes with the city police. It is to be regretted that these should have received so much attention from the city papers, for in this lies the chief danger of college parades. The rowdy element seeks notoriety, and is not over-particular about the means so long as this end is attained. If by performing some heathenish rites on guileless freshmen, or by making raids on down-town sign-boards, this element can get a write-up in the papers, the rites will in all probability be performed, or the raids made. That this state of affairs is not peculiar to Toronto is evidenced by the fact that many of our exchanges deal with the matter as it exists in their several colleges.

In placing the blame for the troubles in Toronto, "The Varsity" says:—"Blame, therefore, may be lodged among the newspapers, police and students. The attitude of the press has been censured by citizens, police and students alike. Likewise, both students and police recognize that they are far from blameless. May the heroes in this little drama discover the hidden treasure of common sense, and in its possession live happily ever after."

PROGRESS (?)

Does the world in its march through the ages
 Never weary of all it has won?
 Does it never reflect that the sages
 Have almost extinguished the fun?
 We fool with elaborate folly,
 We play on the very best plans—
 Yet is our existence more jolly
 Than Primitive Man's?