

resorted to it to find pleasure and relief. A carnival was held last month and was the means of bringing out the usual collection of motley characters, redeemed from tiresomeness by several really good and original features, the best of which were awarded the prizes. But something should be given—leather medals—to the pallid darkies, paleface Indians, imitation Irishmen, hobos, Klondykers, and other curiosities that turn up each carnival and haunt us like ghosts.

A terrible story is told me by a friend of mine in the 82nd Battalion. He tells me that a principal member of the battalion band was attacked and rendered hors de combat by an unknown enemy. No one suspected the crime till one band practice night when the victim was called upon for duty and uttered only a dismal shriek and then collapsed. In other words the head was cut off the big drum and the decapitated instrument now lies silent and alone while the indignant members of the battalion are looking for the blood of the perpetrator of the deed.

To go to another branch of the Militia, the entertainments given by the Engineers a short time ago were very creditable achievements. They put on the stage an entertainment full of the true military flavor, and proved that the "Saps," "Mound-Builders," "Grave Diggers" as they are variously termed are the most accomplished troops in the service. Haven't you read "Sappers" by Kipling?

At the Prince of Wales College the women's rights question has exercised the Principal and the students in a small degree. It seems that the boys have been conducting a Mock Trial, and the proceedings became so interesting that they thought the young ladies would like to be spectators of their efforts in the forensic line. Very thoughtful of the boys, wasn't it.