

In the centre, upright and happy, sits a noted chemist, characterized perhaps for his great repugnance to 'honey.' To his right, his head resting on one hand, sits zee gentleman wiz zee foreign accent, the same one who was to write the story for the Review (for which story the Lit. was to give a prize you remember). Next on the left is another chemist, a famous gunner who never missed a pheasant, (at least on the fly) a strong and mighty man. His face no longer expresses the anxiety it showed the evening following the analytic chemistry exam. Brown bread has effaced the last line from his broad deep brow, and the summer's sun has completely overcome his recent tendency to paleness. Other faces, too, appear in the front row, and on the left (farthest from the athletic foreign gentleman) is the great reader, a biologist (botanist, geologist, zoologist, entomologist, etc.) He was of a highly philanthropic turn of mind, and like others he has a history, like many others he endeavored to right many things at the O. A. C., and in doing so disturbed the sacred protectorate of the chairman of the managing committee of the Literary Society, and with what dire results we all know. Nevertheless he is here, a worshipful degree man of '00.

Many more faces we see to complete the picture, though doubtless one would think that it needed nothing more than the sad and pensive face, the lanky body, and the wasted arms of Gladstone Hall H—who stands behind (since leaving college board for a few weeks no chair will hold him). But we must pass even this broad subject. There sits the tall dairyman whose deep frowning visage, smiling so sourly at the toast every morning, must often have turned its brown hue to a charry black, and whose bad jokes on Father B—would almost cause the sausages to resume their old vocation, turn tail and howl in dismay.

Standing in the back row beside Cinna's solid figure (looking as any safety valve should look) just ready to blow off, is the frog and turtle man, last fall's winner of the broad jump. We pass, but no, examine closely—on a little stool beneath Linklater's shadowy figure sits the curly headed man from Mark Twain's onion isle. But the rest of the picture we leave our readers to draw for themselves, and we all join in wishing the '00 boys success.