

stance commonly called a sponge, with which he displayed his talent.

Two Freshmen (and Freshmen, by the way, seem to constitute the best constituency for the working of the water-cure), had received telepathic warnings, and were prepared. One took sick very conveniently—and the water-cure is not for sick people. The other, one of the many Macs, barricaded his door very successfully by means of a chain of various bits of furniture from wall to wall.

The visit of these unearthly messengers resulted in a perfect torrent of groans from many a terrified throat—perhaps if you saw a ghost (particularly with a jug of water in his hand), you would groan too. Above this unintelligible chorus a few distinct utterances could be heard. One man on the Dean's Flat confessed rather hastily that he, at any rate, couldn't and wouldn't fight. McIlroy was heard to say that he knew his tormenters. Where could he have met them before? The Count asked in a bewildered sort of way: "Vat ees de matter?" Elliot repeated the chorus of a song which he had learned and which runs something like this, "I have waited long for you!" As for the Sphinxes, they never spoke.

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We should like, through these columns, to thank heartily our friends of St. Gabriel's who tendered us such a pleasant "At Home" on the evening of October 22. If the hearty cheering indulged in at the close spoke the minds of the men, there were evidently very few who didn't enjoy themselves.

M. B. D.

