

and brains—when he said, “Most extraordinary how the ingenuity of man will master the cunning of the lower animals.” Pretty smooth! we all thought. “It only remained for us to attach one end to each bank of the river and then—

“I was delegated to handle the paddle while two of my companions came with me to play out the line which had been carefully rolled up in the bottom of the canoe. I confess, or rather I claim, that I had certain misgivings as I watched the boys pile one hundred hooks and two hundred feet of line in the bottom of a sixteen-foot canoe; I said nothing, however, which was rather unfortunate in view of after events, for later on my claim to distinction, through these same misgivings was squelched by the fact that all the boys admitted afterwards that they knew from the start that it would never succeed.

“We started laying the line at eight o’clock. After we had paid out twenty-five feet, we noticed that it was tangled slightly in the bottom of the canoe; at thirty feet it was tangled less slightly, and at forty it was an inextricable mass of lines, hooks and rocks. Our chief was not at any time the essence of sweet temper—the hooks and line were his property; so we commenced disentangling the mess. At 10.30 we gave this up and commenced to draw in what we had already sunk; at 11.00 we gave this up also, and at 12.15 we sunk the whole thing—hooks, lines, rocks and all—in the deepest part of the river, and slunk into our tents, convinced that the blue envelope would await us in the morning. At breakfast the chief said, “Well, boys, did you sink the line?” Heavy silence. Then I replied, “Yes, we sank it, all right!” The chief covered a grin with a large hand!

R. T. QUAIN, '16.

A man whose manners and sentiments are decidedly below those of his class deserves to be called a blackguard.

—Macaulay.