

could hardly drag his steps over them. In the darkness he struck his naked foot against one sharp flint larger than the rest; he stumbled and with a low cry fell headlong upon the jagged surface. His hands were wounded and the blood trickled from them in the dark, wetting the stones more quickly than did the falling snow; his face, too had been cut. For some mementos he struggled to rise, but he was too weak, too utterly spent; then he rolled upon one side and rested his bruised face upon his torn hands and lay quite still, while the wind howled louder and the snow-flakes fell more thickly upon his rags and his wounds upon the sorrow of his soul, and the pains of the body. One long breath he drew—it was more than an hour since he had fallen.

"God be merciful to me!" he murmured, and again, "God be merciful to me for I think it is the end." And the Angel of the Lord came in the storm, and the darkness and touched his forehead; and it was the end. The snow buried him that night and the north wind sang his funeral dirge.

M. C.

Locals.

One morning Cato met a friend,
Whose eyes were dim with tears,
What happened in the early morn
Had filled his soul with fears.

And Cato full of sympathy,
Asked wherefore this ado?
That morning he had seen a mouse
A-gnawing at his shoe.

Oh calm yourself Cato replied,
That prodigy was nought,
Now if the shoe had gnawed the mouse
You then might me have sought.

Table drapes as shoulder capes!—Sure
cure for La Grippe.

Charity implies sacrifice—It gives. Its
beauty is precisely in its liberty.

Don't be hard on an Irishman for saying,
"I axe you now this question."—consider,
isn't it more than probable that he is quot-
ing from Chaucer.

McILWRAITH & TREGENZA, FOR DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING.

There is no greater charm in woman,
than a sweet, sympathetic voice.

"Nothing is more simple than greatness;
indeed to be simple is to be great"—
R. W. Emerson.

What is the similarity, if any, between
the feelings of an Editor and those of a
sufferer from La Grippe?

They both have a tendency to commit
suicide.

Of Madade de Stael, Curran said,

"Mde. de Stael talks herself into a
beauty." and

Antoine Berryer whose characteristic
was gallantry, said one day. "There are
no ugly women; there are only women
who do not know how to look pretty."

Romance is a beautiful woman, with a
dead pale skin and starry eyes and stream-
ing raven hair, and when I look into her
sweet dark face I could wear a ton of ar-
mour on my back and cleave a Saracen to
the chin with my huge blade for her sake or
go barefoot to Jerusalem. But she looks
so strangely at me with her great black eyes,
that I am never quite sure whether she is
quite real and quite serious, I only know
that she is very, very beautiful, and that I
love her to distraction.

Marion Crawford.

What do you think of a senior about to
face the stern realities of a whole world full
of trials and tribulations, who actually got
homesick after spending one night at
Boarding School; who, because the inno-
cent little mice gave a dance (and that in a
Methodist College, the mice were probably
Episcopalians) in her room at night in
honor of her distinguished presence, became
frightened to death, and called for them to
"take her back to home and mother?"
what do you think of her, I repeat? since
the other members of the senior class are
models of human perfection, both as regards
force of character and infinite courage.
I should say that if the mice had taken the
aforesaid senior home to their own little
haunts, that she would hardly have been
missed by class 92. I give this evidence