

COLLEGE journalism is becoming quite the thing in this country. Every college worthy the name has now its newspaper, and these publications are as various in merit and general style as the colleges from which they come are numerous. Ontario boasts nearly a dozen, three of which emanate from Ladies Colleges. The International News Bureau gives a list of these papers with their circulation. Of Ontario sheets Queen's College JOURNAL is conceded first place with a circulation of 800. The *Sunbeam* finds its way to the same number of readers. This must be as gratifying to our lady friends, as it is merited. The *Varsity*, of Toronto, takes next place, with a circulation of 500, though its eminent ability deserves a much larger support.

CLASS cries: Seniors—"Are you going to graduate?"  
Juniors—"Will you pass in Philosophy?"

WHY have some freshmen annual mouths? Because they reach from 'ear to 'ear.

Snatches of ditties the boys are singing about college:  
AIR—*Old Grimes (to be sung very slowly and with pathos.*

Examination time has come,  
The saddest of the year,  
When "cram" is substitute for "bum,"  
And "midnight oil" for beer.

AIR—*Salvation Army Song, (with more spirit.)*

When the *Final's* over we shall wear a crown,  
We shall wear a crown, we shall wear a crown, &c.

THE other day while two seniors were testing each others knowledge of grammar, one of them asked the other to parse the following sentence; "An old woman lived in a garret." This simple sentence our worthy senior accurately parsed, paying strict attention to all the rules given him in the best of Canadian High Schools.

A third senior who was listening to the profound knowledge of his two classmen, volunteered to parse the sentence according to the method taught in the parish schools of Scotland. As he considered it a more philosophical method, his two classmates gave him an opportunity of proving it, and he forthwith parsed the sentence in the following manner:

*an* an incomprehensible article.  
*old* a tough adjective o' a venerable degree.  
*woman* a noun feminine, sometimes masculine, but never neuter, for her tongue 's aye waggin'.  
*lived* a dear verb governed by circumstances.  
*in* a preposition o' a mongrel breed, for she 's whiles in an' whiles oot.  
*garret* a rickety neuter noun at the top c' an ancient stair governed by the old woman wha lives in 't.

NOTICE.—A student who is afflicted with absent-mindedness wishes us to insert the following:—

"Will the student who loaned another student a sum of money some time ago please remind his debtor of the fact, as he has forgotten from whom he got it."

It's the old, old story. Even theologs, irresistibly drawn by the seductive allurements of the weird and mystic strains that float upward from the unfathomable and gloomy depths of *Hades*, are enticed to our sanctum in these lower regions. More than one of such deluded men, tasting of its bitter sweets, have fallen, completely fallen, intoxicated by the exquisite beauty and delicacy of our F. E.'s touch.

It was with feelings of genuine delight and heartfelt pleasure, that we noted the appointment of a certain senior, to the highly honorable and much to be desired position of Trumpet-Major to the renowned Rifle Company of Queen's, Dianthus Barbatus is a too too young man, and makes a capital tooter, and his marked musical abilities being recognized by the gymnasium club, they have also secured him and his excellent troop, containing several well known stars, to give daily vocal and instrumental concerts on the steps of the gym. The use of tobacco is strictly prohibited among the members of the brass band.

THE other day upon entering the library we discovered to our intense astonishment two of our sweet girl undergrads nearly buried among several piles of books, which they were examining with anxious mien. We felt sure that some hidden treasure, some pearl of great price, was about to be unearthed, and some lasting boon was about to be bestowed upon mankind! That the glory and lustre of the female mind was at last to burst forth, dazzling the world with its brightness, and awing it with its grandeur. It was with the greatest admiration and deepest respect that we watched them leave, well laden with the *dusty* tomes of their choice, and high (fully 50 cents) had they risen in our estimation. We stepped up to the counter, hoping to get an inkling of the coming masterpiece, when what met our startled and horrified gaze? What were these volumes? Third class 19th century novels, gentlemen, the refuse of a domestic library which had been donated *in toto* to the college. Ah, blasted hopes, too late we remembered the adage: "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." Moral—Put not your trust in girls.

THE decorous, the gentle, the righteous theologs! where are they? No longer as of yore canst we draw the line of distinction between them and the common herd of Philistines. Truly they have become as other men are. For behold, didst we not lift up our eyes and discover them, in the gentleness and festiveness of their nature, with cries of Mo(o)re, and nothing more, cast one, even one of their own, to the off side of the counter in the library, which hath circled around about its summit a railing of pure brass? Didst we not see them, from the exuberance and sportiveness of their saintly characters, moved, we wean, by the exhilarating effect of oys—suppers, commit thoroughly demoralizing antics, before the children of men, who, with righteous indignation at such desecration, charged upon their fold? Then didst we not behold the fright that was depicted upon the ashen-hued faces of these holy men? How their knees knocked together, and their trembling frames quivered, as an aspen leaf? How their vaunted philosophical elocutionist clutched in mortal terror the back seat, while the cold clammy sweat of anguish stood in beads upon his brow? Nay, think not, O man, that we sawst not also thy T(h)om-foolery in a distant corner. And still further, didst we not see, through the dim religious light of the dust kicked up, just as two theologs didst try, in the language of a learned divine, to wipe up their hall, with a dearly beloved senior, who nevertheless was successfully using one of their reverences as a mop, the astonishment, grief, horror and indignation, that mingled themselves in the countenance of the entering Prof. Alas! alas! such are the disappointments of life. All is vanity and vexation of spirit.

NEW reading—Where the treasurer is, there the cash is also.