

The Reflections of Brother John.

The average man is like a football—he has to be kicked to make him go; and then he does not go far enough, e.g., the Editor-in-Chief's assistants.

The life of a student is like that of the street-piano man—it is a continual grind; only the student gets nothing when the hat is passed.

The average lecture is like the egg I had for breakfast this morning—it is good in spots.

Life is real—yes, real hard.

Doing the mile run in 4 minutes and 39 seconds is like starting a camp-fire—it looks dead easy until you try it.

Talking about fires, adversity is like a smudge—it may be unpleasant, but it drives off the mosquitoes.

A man's first love is like the newsboy who promised to change ten cents across the street for me—it never comes back.

A great big dinner and an uncomfortable feeling afterwards are like Chamberlain and his monocle—you can't have one without the other.

A few evenings ago some of the shades of the Presbyterian College revisited earth. At least, that would have been the opinion of any belated outsider who had happened to wander through the halls and to catch sight of many white-robed figures walking hither and thither like disembodied spirits in search of the scenes of their former escapades. If the aforementioned belated outsider had but watched the aforementioned ghostly figures he would have noted that there was lots of method in their apparent madness. Evidently during their sojourn in the world of spirits they had taken courses in the far-famed and much discredited water-cure, and now were looking for patients upon which to exercise their skill. And they found what they were looking for. One tall, good-looking ghost, armed with a new species of shot-gun, made the life of several victims very wretched for a time—but we believe that the after effects were revivifying. Another shorter, but no less good-looking ghost, had with him a porous marine sub-